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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
July, 1928
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation

Wages *Will Go Up* and Prices *Come Down* Says Henry Ford

An interview by William S. Dutton

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HENRY FORD, at sixty-five years of age, considers himself just at the beginning of his life's real work. At present he is engaged in the biggest and hardest job that he has yet undertaken. On ahead he sees vastly bigger and vastly harder work still to be done. He intends to do what he can of it.

Ford told me:

"Up to the age of forty, a man is in training—every man is. He is assembling the tools with which to work. When the tools are at hand, they can be put to their real uses. Should he quit then, he would quit a failure. Should he sell out and retire, he would be the sorriest failure of all.

"You say I am already successful. I am not, except as an assembler of tools. The failure is that man who, with his tools at hand, locks them away and stops work. Money is but a tool. As soon as it becomes other than a tool in use it is a menace. Nonproductive private fortunes—well, there isn't any such thing any more. Once they cease to produce, they disappear. They scatter to find hands that can put them to use."

He continued:

"You give a boy a kite, and expect him to fly it. You put a pick and shovel into his hands when he becomes a man, and expect him to dig a ditch. Later, you give him a steam shovel and expect him to help dig a subway. When he has gained wisdom and experience, you give him men, money, and a hundred steam shovels, and expect him to build a subway system. You expect his accomplishments to measure up to the size of his tools.

"This business is a tool. If it is the largest tool of its kind, it should do the greatest work. With every added man and machine and factory, its responsibility

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is increased. Today, because we are a bigger business than ever before, we are charged with doing a greater work than we've ever done before. You remember the parable in the Gospel of the servant who was given a talent and buried it; he was judged unfaithful, and the talent was taken from him. That parable points to a fundamental law which is as sound today as it was nineteen hundred years ago. We are going to live up to that law."

THAT was Ford's answer to the question, "Why doesn't Ford quit?"—at an age when countless men do quit.

It is one of the questions most commonly asked about Ford. The newspapers style him the "world's richest man." Business men marvel at his "profits," while bankers gasp at the size of his cash balances. The professional charity workers wonder "why he doesn't give away some of his money;" and they ask, "What is he going to do with all of it?"

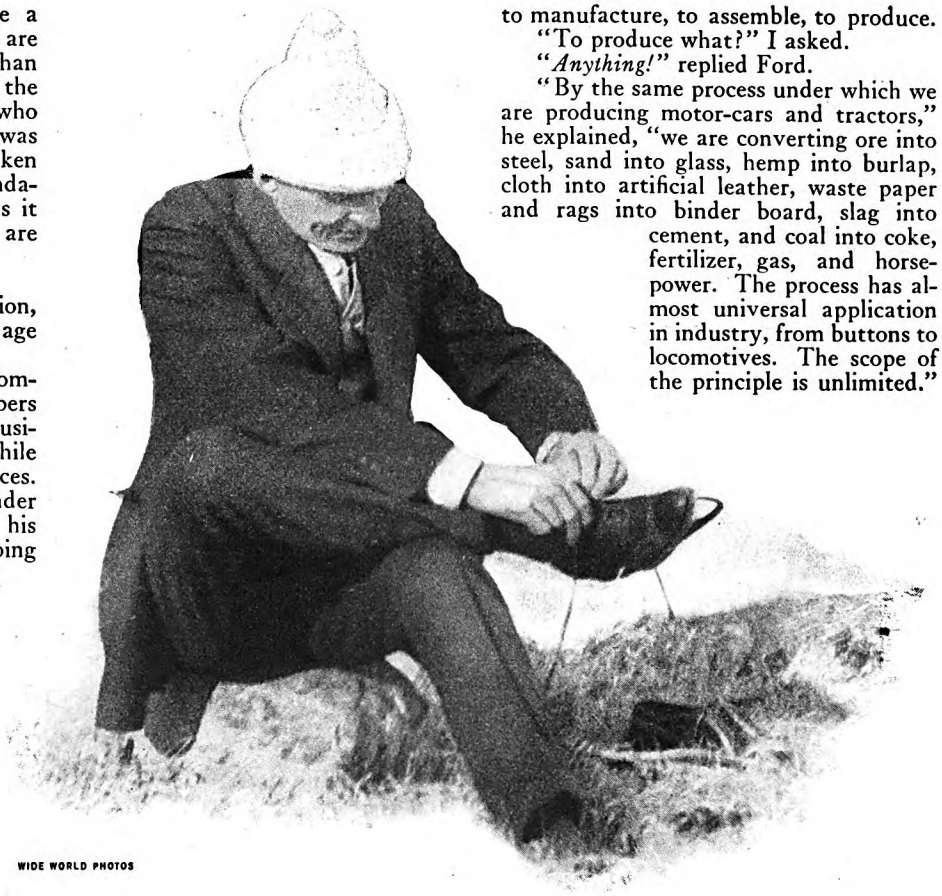
Ford does not consider that he has built a fortune. He refuses, in spite of public insistence, even to regard himself as a rich man. The simple fact is he doesn't think in terms of money any more than he thinks in terms of coal. His coal pile and his money pile are in the same category: they are the raw materials of industry. To use his own term, with help he has built a "machine." This machine, even like the automobiles and tractors and by-products which it produces, has been the outgrowth of lengthy experiment, and labor, and testing. Today, after twenty-five years, it is not perfect by any means; but, what is more important, it is sound in principle; and it works! The fact that many thousands of men are required to operate it, and tens of millions of dollars to feed it and keep it running, does not change its basic character in the least.

It is a gigantic machine—a machine designed to convert, to manufacture, to assemble, to produce.

"To produce what?" I asked.

"*Anything!*" replied Ford.

"By the same process under which we are producing motor-cars and tractors," he explained, "we are converting ore into steel, sand into glass, hemp into burlap, cloth into artificial leather, waste paper and rags into binder board, slag into cement, and coal into coke, fertilizer, gas, and horsepower. The process has almost universal application in industry, from buttons to locomotives. The scope of the principle is unlimited."

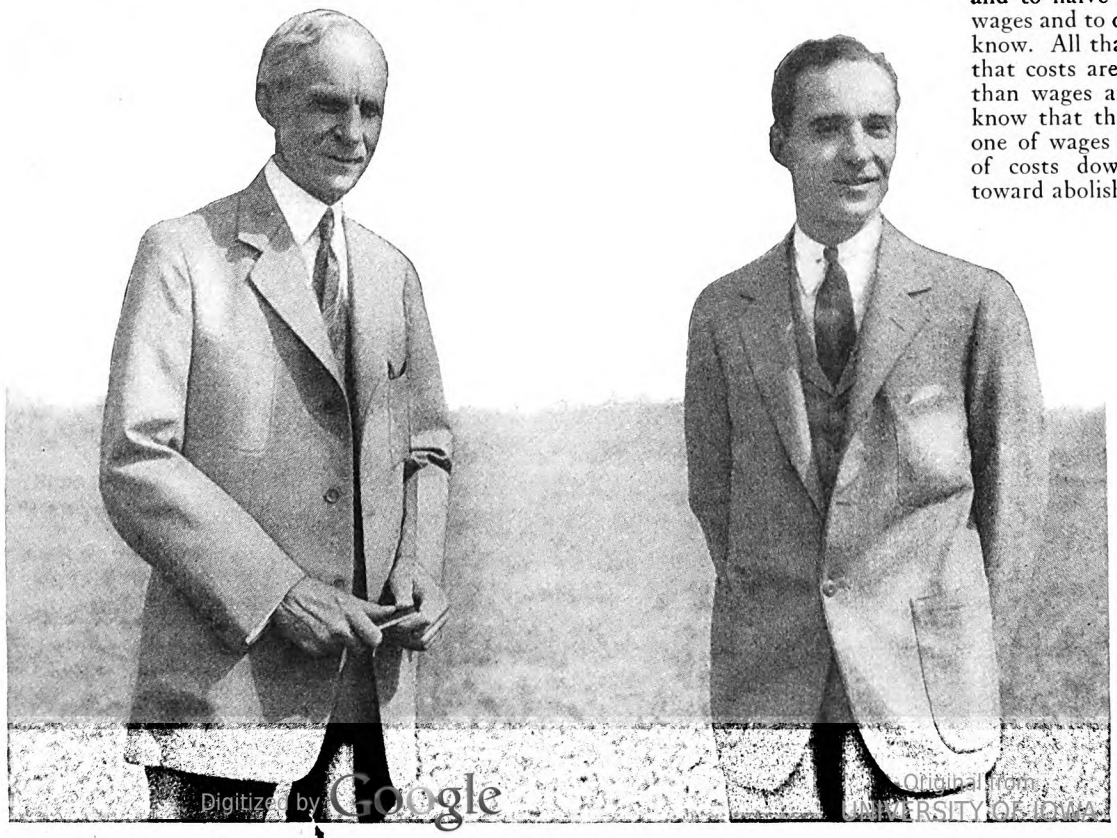


WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

He added that one of the most important things that the Ford industrial machine was designed to produce is jobs—better jobs, more jobs at higher wages and shorter hours.

"There are a number of things we have learned in the building of this machine," said Mr. Ford. "One is that what we look upon today as high wages may be low wages ten years hence. Nobody knows how high men's wages eventually will go; and, likewise, nobody knows just how cheaply goods eventually will be produced. It may be possible to double wages and to halve costs, or to quadruple wages and to quarter costs—we don't know. All that we know certainly is that costs are no nearer the bottom than wages are to the top; and we know that the two movements, the one of wages upward and the other of costs downward, will do more toward abolishing poverty than all of the professional charity agencies combined.

"We have found, also, that prosperity is not the product of charity but of industry, not of receiving but of producing. Money, as such, has little to do with prosperity,



(At top of page) Henry Ford playing truant from business, near the Wayside Inn, South Sudbury, Mass., a famous historical building which he recently bought and restored as it was in Revolutionary days. (Left) A recent picture of Mr. Ford and his son Edsel

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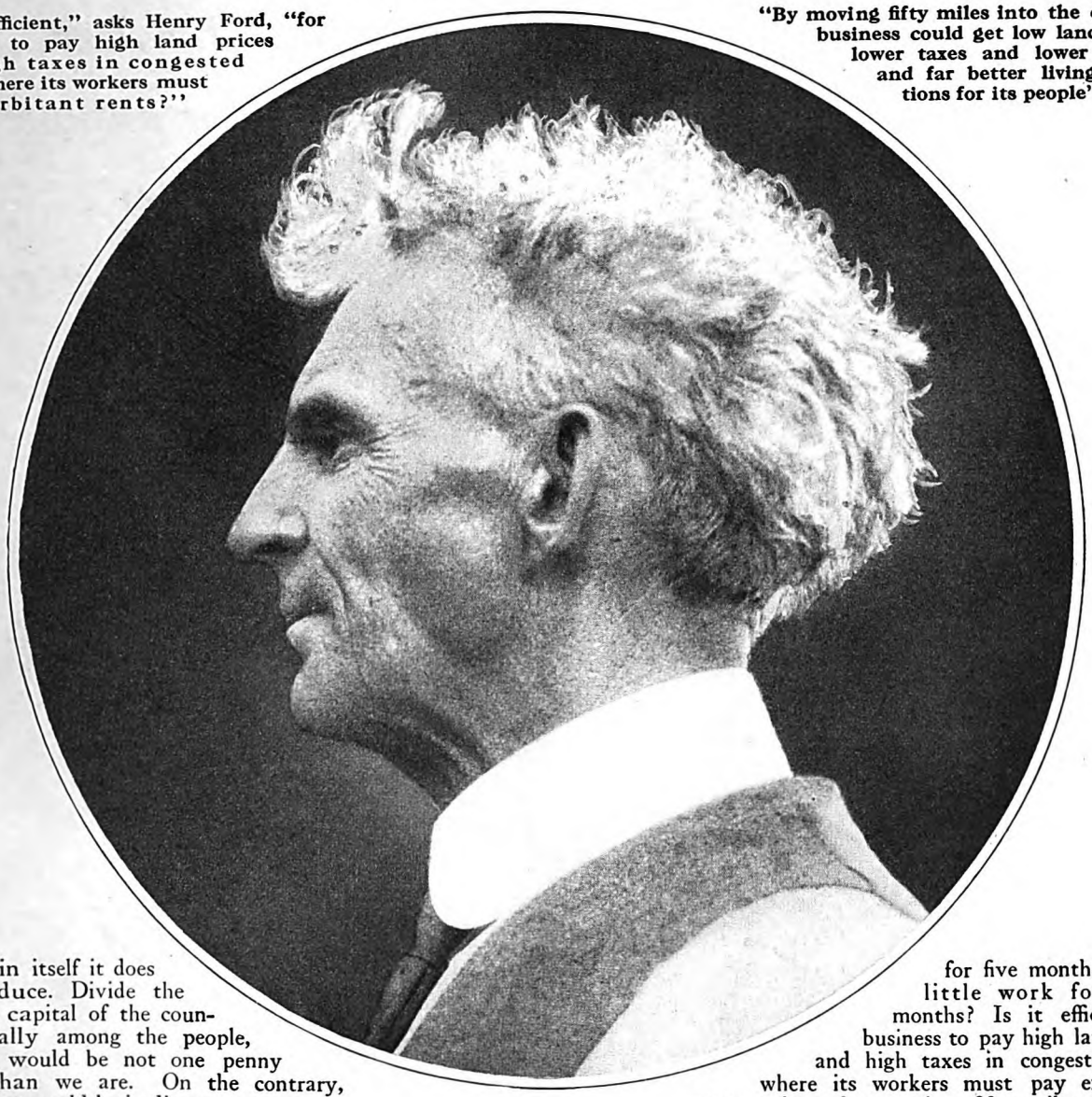
"Is it efficient," asks Henry Ford, "for business to pay high land prices and high taxes in congested cities, where its workers must pay exorbitant rents?"

"By moving fifty miles into the country, business could get low land prices, lower taxes and lower rents—and far better living conditions for its people"



because in itself it does not produce. Divide the business capital of the country equally among the people, and we would be not one penny richer than we are. On the contrary, shortly we would be in distress.

"Money represents an earned right to participate in the general production; but if everyone partook and no one produced, what good would money be? We make a fundamental mistake in confusing wealth with money. You can use real wealth: you cannot *use* money: you can only accept it in exchange of uses. That is, real wealth gives value to money; money gives no value to wealth. But let every man in the land produce one useful thing, or reclaim one idle acre more, and wealth increases—real, usable wealth.

"INDUSTRY—that is, efficient industry—is the sole key to prosperity. Therefore it is the most effective means to do away with poverty. It strikes at the cause of poverty. Already, through efficient industrial operation, we have attained a level of material life unparalleled in the world's history. But we have only begun to practice efficiency: the methods we have put into use scarcely scratch the surface; our economies have been molehills compared to which those of tomorrow will be mountains!

"There was a time, not long ago, when engineers pronounced our Highland Park plant one of the most efficient in the world: it was the main unit in our production of Model T Ford cars. But the main unit in our production of the new Model A cars is the River Rouge plant. Highland Park has become obsolete; its efficiency is of the past. That shows how fast we are moving.

"This is just one instance having to do with one factory; but it is true of whole branches of our industrial system. We talk of the efficiency of our railroads, but is it efficiency to grow steers in Texas, haul them as live stock to Chicago, and then haul them as beef back to Texas? Is a factory in New England efficient which must send all the way to Pennsylvania to get water power, when water power at its door is running away? In agriculture, is it efficient for some millions of men to work for five months and do little work for seven months? Is it efficient for business to pay high land prices and high taxes in congested cities where its workers must pay exorbitant rents, when, by moving fifty miles into the country it could get low land prices, lower taxes and lower rents—and far better living conditions for its people?

"Instead of boasting of the degree of efficiency we have attained, we should be appalled by the prodigious amount of waste and inefficiency yet to be eliminated. The building of this machine, this business, has opened our eyes to that waste. We used to pride ourselves on utilizing waste; now we simply eliminate it—there is no waste to utilize. The same principles that enter into the making of an efficient factory should enter into the making of an efficient nation. The shops of this country should be its laboratories, for they are proving on a laboratory scale what can be applied and accomplished on a national scale.

"Finally, we have learned that 'best' is but a relative term. The 'best' of today is simply an improvement on what preceded it yesterday. Tomorrow we marvel at our shortsightedness of today, and establish a new standard entirely—a new 'best' process, a new 'best' price, a new 'best' wage, and, in the case of individuals, a new 'best' measure of performance.

"We always see better today than we did yesterday, because we are one day richer in experience. One new discovery tomorrow may make all the accomplishment of our past look foolish and puny. That is why we don't consider very highly what we have done in the past, and why we think so confidently of the future. That is why I say we have only begun to work, and that this business is but a tool to work with."

OF SUCH is the real Ford machine. The Ford cars you see running over the roads no more represent his mechanical masterpiece than eggs do the hen. His masterpiece is not his car, but his factory. Like the true poultry fancier, whose chief interest is in the hen that produces the eggs, so Henry Ford's chief interest is in the great stationary (*Continued on page 111*)

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Illustrated by
WORTH BREHM

Braddy and Jim-Jams and Click go in for antiques—the "antiquer" the better!

Late American Lowboy

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

WHEN Braddy was a baby, he was rocked in a paneled oak cradle which was dated about 1680. Later, he sat up for nourishment to the precious Heppelwhite, in a genuine comb-back Windsor high chair with legs like a straddlebug. His juvenile clothing was kept in that awfully good-looking carved chest-on-frame.

When he began to navigate under his own power, he tripped over a funny old hooked rug and bumped his darling head on the shapely legs of a unique butterfly table that had helped to start off the eighteenth century properly. Braddy got his first burned finger by touching the loveliest fireplace tongs in Pequot.

When he violated the laws of civilization, he was made to stand in the corner behind the perfectly gorgeous herringbone walnut highboy that had "come down from Mother's Grandmother Bradford." Instead of reflecting on his sins, he spent such penal terms wishing that he had been present when the highboy came down.

Once, when lying on the grass near the sun dial, he saw a curious cloud, and he thought for an exciting moment that Great-grandmother Bradford was sending down some more furniture from heaven to Pequot.

Such was the atmosphere and such the vocabulary in which Bradford Sillinger grew up—if forty-six inches can be called "up." At seven his yellow curly head came exactly to the top of that terribly effective whitewood secretary at which Mother wrote letters for him to mail.

He was about the only thing in the lovely old Colonial mansion which was not antique. He represented the merger of two noble houses, retaining—so his parents felt—the best features of both. Father called him "Brad," and Mother called him "Angel-heart," "Ducky," "Honeybunch," or "Mr. Yellowby." And sometimes, in moments of especial tenderness, she referred to him as her "late American lowboy."

By seven he had mastered life's great lesson: that only old things were beautiful, that modern stuff was atrocious. Bottles, china, and rusty old hardware might be junk to some boys, but to this antiquarian they were possible "bargains," "finds," and "pick-ups." He had learned to speak with reverence such holy names as Heppelwhite, Chippendale, and Sheraton, and to wrinkle his little fat nose in disgust at the mention of "Golden-oak."

The words apple, cherry, maple, and walnut, which to grosser natures meant eatables, set up in Braddy's mind a reaction of woods with mellow, velvety surfaces, pleasing to the fingers.

THIS passion for the past came to Braddy from constant association with his mother, Bettina Bradford Sillinger, who on this spring morning sat at the ancient secretary writing a note. Dad did not care so much about antiques as he did about stocks and bonds. Nicholas Sillinger was a gold-hunter and a seven-forty-niner.

Every week-day morning he took the train for the city at eleven minutes to eight, and he returned to Pequot when he had found enough money to keep things going. The job must have been pretty easy, because Braddy had heard Dad speak of it as "a dog's life," and everybody that had a dog knew how little a dog had to do.

For instance, Blimp, an Airedale puppy of tender months now romping with Braddy on the beautiful wide-board oak floor while Mother finished her letters. Blimp was a fat, troublesome, and delightful dog who also had a weakness for antiques. He was forever dragging things out of unlikely places for chewing purposes—tasteful old shoes, authentic pre-war bones, and terribly effective scrubbing brushes.

"If the lowboy and the lowdog would kindly make a little less hullabaloo this would be over quicker." Mother looked at

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the antique Willard banjo clock and added, "My goodness!"

Presently the letters were finished, and Braddy had a nice walk with Blimp, and ten cents for private use. After his visit to the post office, he invested this personal dime in a bargain, or pick-up.

One James Jameson, vulgarly known as "Jim-Jams," got the dime, and Braddy got a charming old alarm clock which would never tick or be alarming again. Long before Braddy had reached home with this antique, the so-called Jim-Jams was at the Red Cross Drug Store, nose deep in soda.

"I stung Braddy Sillinger on an old busted clock I found behind Mrs. Tackley's cow shed," this confidence boy explained to the fountain operator. "Braddy is a nut about junk!"

What Mother said when shown the gem was, "Bless his darling heart!" Father, told at supper, said it was "heredity."

"He catches it from you, Bet. That disease doesn't run in my family."

"He's at the collecting age," said Mother. "Every child has to have that, like mumps."

"Some people never get over it."

"Ouch!" exclaimed Mother. "Well, I'd rather have him spend his money on antiques than on candy. Better for teeth and tummy."

DESPITE this tribute, Braddy realized that his pick-up was not old enough to be beautiful. He therefore decided to put it away to age in a secret place in the cellar. "It'll get more antiquer after while," he thought.

Father said something else, but Braddy didn't quite get the hang of it: "Let's lay off the antiques for a little while, Bet. Bonds are not doing so well."

Mother said, "All right, dear, I'll try to restrain my appetite. It's not early American furniture that bothers me just now, anyhow, but late American clothes. I'm practically all rags!"

Dad said that was a different matter. The conversation then got beyond Braddy's depth, and something was said about a hundred dollars as Mother's birthday present. Everything was quite happy and pleasant, and Braddy was permitted a small piece of pie.

The cellar of the Sillinger home contained a large iron pressure tank filled from the well by an electric pump. Behind this modern atrocity there was a considerable space, which made a splendid private apartment, because the entrance to it was too small for anybody who disliked crawling on hands and knees over a dusty floor.

Braddy had no such prejudice, and he often squeezed in there with Blimp, whose stature and tastes were also low. In this secluded spot, Braddy, the next morning, deposited his passé alarm clock, and began to look about for other antiques to keep it company. Part of a former phonograph record joined this collection, so did several bolts and nuts jarred from passing cars, a piece of electric light cable, a talcum box in pretty fair condition, and some charming medicine bottles.

Braddy was enjoying a week's holiday from education and he had lots of time to be an antiquarian. He used the outside cellar door when entering with treasures, and Mother did not know of the growing collection of Americana behind the tank. All she said was, as she was giving him his bedtime scrubbing:

"That's exactly the wrong shade of hair for a boy who crawls around under dirty things." She gave him what seemed an unnecessarily violent shampoo. "Why do you spend so much time in the cellar?"

"It's a secret," said Braddy. "I can't tell now."

Tilly's formula for a happy life was to take nourishment before and after meals, and she had been absorbing chocolate cake on the gate post when the slicker came along and disclosed his plans

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Conscious of her impending birthday, Mother was in a delicate position and did not press the inquiry. She bore with fortitude several days during which Angel-heart looked like the coal man's little boy.

"My husband grubs in Wall Street and my son grubs in the cellar," she said to Nicholas one night after removing anthracite from Braddy's ears. "That's the kind of life I lead!"

Nicholas chuckled.

"After all, we don't want him to be a sissy, do we?"

THE next morning he went into Braddy's room and gave him three dollars for Mother's birthday present. There were no strings upon this princely gift. Braddy was to buy whatever he thought would please Mother most. The Sillinger family were great believers in self-expression.

"Don't make up your mind too quickly. Take your time. A present for Mother must be pretty fine, you know."

"I'll buy careful and not waste my money," Braddy promised.

"Right-o. I'll leave it to your judgment."

"That's the most dollars I ever had to spend. Prob'ly I won't spend it all for just one thing."

Braddy's last word was a whispered confidence as Daddy was leaving for the train.

"I won't buy anything 'trocious or Mission or anything!"

This was so good that Nicholas Sillinger had to tell it to his fellow seven-forty-niners at the morning auction game.

"Following in Mother's footsteps," said Lon Jameson, father of the so-called Jim-Jams. Lon was no worshiper of the eighteenth century. He was a skeptic and an unbeliever in these matters, and forever poking fun at the Sillingers for their obsession.

"Brad will get his money's worth, all right," Nicholas boasted. "They don't put anything over on *that* boy."

That forenoon Bradley did some window shopping in the marts of trade, but he saw nothing that met his exacting tastes, and all he actually bought was three dollars' worth of nickels and dimes. This small change he rattled at Jim-Jams, and hinted that he might be in the market for genuine antiques after lunch.

When the midday meal was over Braddy said to Mother:

"Maybe I might take a little walk with Blimp. It's a pretty nice day." He looked innocently out the window, where the weather was kept.

"All right, Ducky." Mother pretended not to know what this was all about. "I'm going over to Milltown in the car on some errands, but I don't expect to be gone very long."

So Braddy took his three dollars and his love of the aged and the beautiful and went forth into the busy world. The news that Braddy Sillinger was in funds and on the loose had been pretty thoroughly spread by this time, and Pequoters less than four feet high were prepared to give him a hearty welcome.

The too-talkative Jim-Jams, against his own best interests, had advertised the matter. A shrewder financier would have isolated the antique fiend and cornered the market.

The whole party assisted physically or morally in delivering these goods to Braddy's back yard

As a matter of fact, it was Clinton Smedlay, known in the younger set as "Click," who was the first to lay hands upon the promising customer. Click was a tow-headed boy with a pretty taste in hardware, preferably greasy.

He was not an antique hound but a maker of do-funnies, thingamajigs, and contraptions. The Smedlay barn was rich in iron and tin, replete with straps, buckles, wire, spools, former sewing machines, dismembered express wagons, partial wheelbarrows and ex-baby-carriages.

This mechanical genius could take things discarded by society, and fashion cunning devices which almost worked. Click had all the qualifications of a future inventor—including

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bitter, grinding poverty. He was now in desperate need of a quarter for certain bolts and screws, and the news about Braddy sounded like the hand of Providence.

Click therefore happened to be examining a loose picket on the Smedlay fence at the exact moment when the solvent junk-lover hove into sight.

"W'y, hello, Brad?" he called out. "How are you?"

"I'm very well." Braddy was several sizes smaller than Click, and getting any attention whatever from the older boy was a new experience in his life.

"How's Blimp?" The sociable one patted the lowdog.

"He's very well."

"Nice pup, I'll say. This here picket is a little loose. Le's us get a hammer and nail from the barn and fix 'er up. They're dangerous when they're loose."

"Why?" asked Braddy. Loose pickets were a new idea to him.

"They fall out. You might be walking along here at night and this here picket might fall out, and you'd trip over it and, bing! Down you'd go! Hundreds of people have been bad hurt by loose pickets falling out on sidewalks. Prob'ly thousands. You'd be lucky if you didn't break your arm or leg or something!"

Click put this matter in such a direct personal way that Braddy had to help avert this calamity. As they started back toward the barn he told Click that he couldn't stay long because he had to spend three dollars for old antiques.

Their going, however, was not unobserved. A pair of sharp and envious eyes diagonally across the street had taken in the shameless hold-up. They belonged to Jim-Jams, who had made other plans for the spendthrift's afternoon. He therefore crossed the street quickly and followed Click, Braddy, and Blimp down the alley.

Nor was *his* going unobserved. Jim-Jams had boasted and prognosticated to one Tilly Rickhill, a spherical, good-natured child, and a habitual eater. Tilly's formula for a happy life was to take nourishment before and after meals, and she had been absorbing chocolate cake on the gate post when the slicker came along and disclosed his plans.

"I don't think you ought to cheat a little boy like Braddy," she said. "I'm going to tell him!"

"What's the matter with you, Till? He's got a right to buy stuff with his own money if he wants to, ain't he? Don't be so dumb."

"I'm going to tell him. It's not right to pick on such a little small boy."

"All right, tell him—if you don't want any peanut brittle, or caramels, or gum-drops." Jim-Jams paused for breath. "Or hot dogs, or chewing gum, or—"

"Or lollypops, or éclairs, or milk chocolate." It was clear that Tilly relished this conversation. "Oranges, bananas, nuts, raisins, figs, dates," she murmured.

"Well, good-by. I'll see you later," said Jim-Jams. He hurried away, leaving Tilly Rickhill sitting on the gate post and feeding the inner girl. No specific promises had been exchanged; but it was understood that she had sold her silence for a mess of confectionery.

From her observation post she kept her eye on her investment, for it was her experience that boys could be trusted, if watched. When she saw Jim-Jams (*Continued on page 135*)

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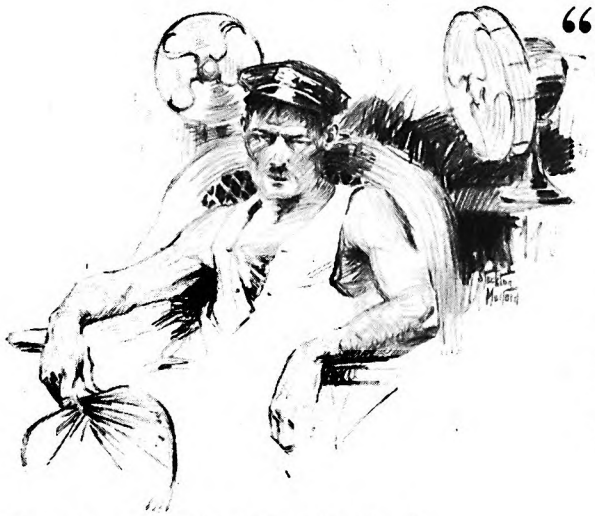
The terrors and the challenge of



"BLASTED EARTH *And* BLASTING SKY"

Hot countries lure me, but there have been times when I would have given a king's ransom for a cool breeze or a sip of water

Drawings by Stockton Mulford

By Eugene Wright

I HAVE a leaning toward hot countries. They lure me into strange adventures. Once I chipped rust on the deck of a steamer when my shipmates were dropping unconscious from the heat, and I walked the streets of Soerabaya when the equatorial sun hung over the city like a thundercloud, and there was not a white man to be seen. In Death Valley I tramped and perspired like a boiled turnip, when the thermometer registered one hundred and twenty-eight degrees, and even the rattlesnakes were under cover; and I have had my lips baked black and my eyesight blinded in the Persian deserts.

I like to feel the sun burning into my skin. I like to feel its oppressive, smothering heat crushing in upon me, for it is such moments that make me acutely aware of how precious life is.

The degrees and kinds of heat which a white man can stand are truly amazing. He will prospect for diamonds under a sun that sends the crocodile into the shade, and, provided he has water, he can endure a dry heat that kills his camel beneath him. He can be on his feet and marching under a sun that will strike a horse dead. Desert trails of the Southwest are strewn with the bones of animals that died as their masters went on, and the route from Jeddah to Mecca is one great boneyard for camels. In southern Persia I met a mail carrier walking across the arid plateaus with a water skin and food bags upon his back. Through my interpreter I learned that his donkey had died from the heat; but he had taken its load upon his own bare shoulders, and was walking the eighteen blistering miles to the next oasis. Somehow, a man's nervous energy seems to carry him on when the lesser animals drop.

No man, however, can endure extremely hot weather without losing something very vital to his nature. If you have seen any of the tea planters, prospectors, rubber planters, or men who have lived long under the burning sun, you know at once what they lack. Their faces are grave, and yellowed with the heat; their eyes have a washed-out look. They seem to have lost the fire and vigor of their Northern fellow men, and are mere husks of their former selves. And at any of the jumping-off places for the tropics—Port Said, Havana, Mexico City, Singapore—you can see the contrasts: young men fresh and eager from the North, bubbling with vitality and hungering for the tropic life they have heard so much about; and beside them the hard, washed-out faces of the "old-timers," men who pity the fate of the newcomers, and wish they had their chance again. They would never go down to that heat, never! Some day, I suppose I shall be like that.

If you have never experienced terrific heat and are of a skeptical frame of mind, you may doubt the truth of this article. You may say that it is impossible there should be such heat as I have encountered, and demand authorities and statistics to be convinced. But I have very few figures, for in some cases I have been where a thermometer is unknown and unnecessary, and at other times and other places it has been too hot to bother to turn the head and look at a thermometer.

On the other hand, if you have experienced the desperate sensation the extreme heat of the sun produces, you will need no figures, and will recognize that merciless sun which is a myth to most people and a nightmare to others.

I THINK the hottest five days I ever knew were spent on the Red Sea in June. I was on a merchant ship at the time, and we were sailing East from Port Said. On the Suez Canal it was not very bad, for we still had the winds from the Mediterranean to cool us off; but when we passed the lights of Suez and struck the Red Sea it was like sailing into the open door of a furnace.

I came off watch at the fo'castle head at four A. M., just as the glow of the sun was beginning to clear the horizon. At the time I was wearing only a singlet and a pair of dungarees, yet they were soaked with perspiration. I changed to another shirt and pants and turned in: My bunk was swung beneath the awning on the after-deck.

I could not have slept for more than three hours when I dreamed that I was being scorched by flames from which I could not escape. They burned my skin and seared my face, yet in the stupor of utter fatigue I slept on. The dream persisted: I became unbearably uncomfortable, and finally the reality of the heat and the mental exhaustion of trying to escape it awakened me. The awning was about three feet above my face, and the sun was up and beating down through it as if it were a pane of glass. Still drowsy with sleep, I tumbled down from my bunk and lay upon the deck near the taffrail. There, the heat was less intense.

Not long afterward, semiconsciously I became aware of a cool, sharp breeze upon my left arm. I thought a wind had sprung up, and was thankful. Then the breeze seemed to come in gasps, short and quick. I awakened to find that the breeze was merely the slow, regular exhalations of breath through my nostrils striking my arm.

Let me quote from my diary:

"MONDAY, JUNE 14th. I have not attempted to write during the past forty-eight hours. The heat has been too intense, and I believe if I had touched this notebook with my arm it would have turned into a soggy pulp. Even now I must write with two blotters under my (*Continued on page 78*)

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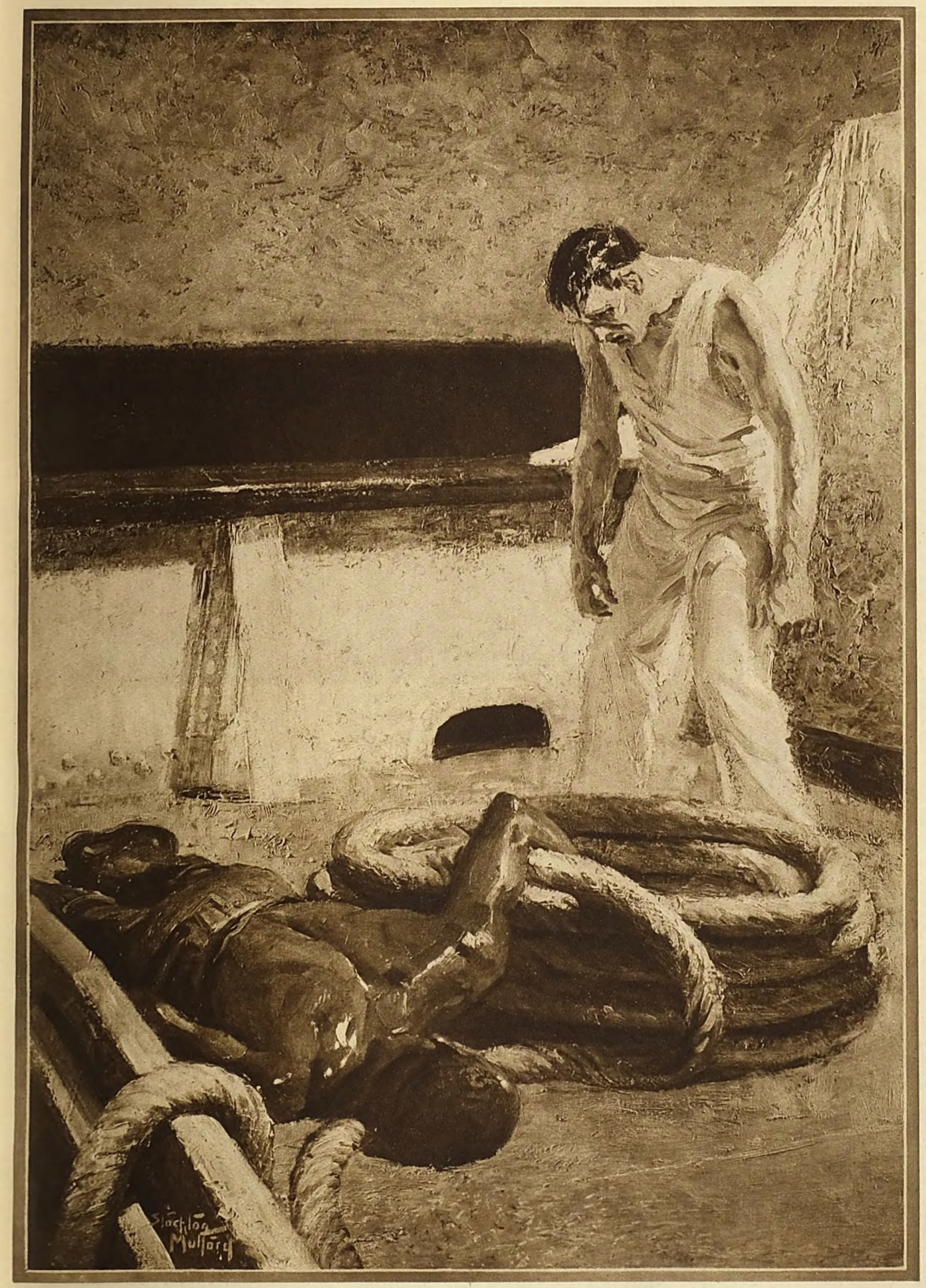

One day of this heat is enough for any mortal man to bear, and we had had five!

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JOHN J. BERNET, president of the Erie Railroad, right-hand man of the Van Sweringen brothers, is a downright, forthright railroader of the old school. He was a blacksmith before the ticking of a telegraph key lured him away from the forge and started him on one of the most picturesque of modern railroad careers. When the Van Sweringens—those silent financial geniuses of whom you hear so much but from whom you hear nothing—bought the "poor old Nickel Plate" they took Bernet from the New York Central and made him president of their road. He set the Nickel Plate up in great style, and now the Van Sweringens have handed him a bigger job—the presidency of the Erie. Bernet was born in Brandt, New York, sixty years ago. (Left) Mr. Bernet and one of his locomotive engineers.

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Who said *The Day of* Railroad Giants is Over?

By Sherman Gwinn

TWELVE years ago two young real-estate men of Cleveland bought a single-track run-down railroad five hundred and twenty-three miles long. They had a hard time to raise the initial payment on the purchase price. They knew nothing of railroading. The road they bought was regarded as one of the "joke" railroads of the country.

Twelve years ago this was, I said, and as time goes that is but a tick of the clock!

Today, these two Clevelanders own and control a network of railroads that aggregates more than nine thousand miles of track, more than one hundred and thirty-five thousand employees, and a billion and a half dollars in assets. Their personal fortune probably never has been estimated accurately, but runs into many million dollars, which gives an indication of how wisely they have built. These two —the brothers, O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen—have become the most powerful and astonishing individual figures in the present day of American railroading!

And the question of how they did it has become one of the mysteries of the day. From where, in such magic fashion, did these two local real-estate dealers get their enormous resources and their uncanny knowledge of needs and methods in a field to which they came as utter novices?

It is granted that the answer to much of this mystery reposes in the genius, vision, and boldness of the Van Sweringen brothers alone, and they are silent; but the other day, in the unpretentious New York headquarters of the Erie Railroad, which they control, I found the answer to other parts of it. It is personified in a hard-boiled ex-blacksmith railroad executive named John J. Bernet.

When the Van Sweringens bought their first railroad, the Nickel Plate, from the New York Central, they wisely looked around for an experienced railroad man to run it. To the consternation and dismay of his friends, John J. Bernet took the job. At the time he was a vice president of the New York Central System and ahead, at no great distance, his friends saw the presidency awaiting him. To quit such prospects for the "poor old Nickel Plate" was like quitting an ocean liner for a tub.

"The old fool!" stormed Bernet's friends. "The young fools!" lamented the friends of the Van Sweringens. The elder of the brothers was only thirty-seven, and the other was thirty-five. They had paid $2,000,000 in cash for the Nickel Plate, and had obligated themselves to pay $650,000 a year for ten years. Only crazy men would think the road could earn that much. It had never paid a dividend on its common stock, pointed out the friends.

Built in the early '80s, largely for promotional purposes, the road had never even achieved the objectives stated in its corporate name—the New York, Chicago and St. Louis. It began at Chicago and ended at Buffalo, getting nowhere near St. Louis or New York. In its general territory, three greater lines paralleled it and divided the cream of the business. Even its sobriquet, "The Nickel Plate," had been given it as a joke, based on William Vanderbilt's rueful remark upon acquiring the road for the New York Central, that if the "thing had been nickel-plated" it couldn't have cost him more than it did.

But Bernet, with shrewd eyes, long had been studying the Nickel Plate. During the twenty-seven years that he had been rising from country blacksmith to telegraph operator, and to one of the biggest railroad jobs in the country, he had upset more than one railroad tradition. In the Nickel Plate he saw but the beginning, but the nucleus of what might be; and in the soft-spoken Van Sweringen brothers he glimpsed a daring that was an equal to his own. They, too, were tradition smashers.

"We don't know railroading," explained the Van Sweringens.

"Good!" said Bernet. "Neither do a lot of railroaders who think they do. The difference is that you admit it."

IT WAS characteristic of both the Van Sweringens and Bernet that nothing was said about salary. It was characteristic that no contract was written. And in four years' time Bernet had plated the Nickel Plate in gold!

In 1916, the road's operating revenue was $23,969 a mile; by 1920 Bernet had raised it to $44,867 a mile. When he took the road its average revenue trainload was 355 tons; in four years he had increased this to 771 tons. Its earnings per freight mile in 1915 were $1.82; in 1919 they were $6.32, and to go higher. And while traffic expenses were $1,075 per mile in 1915, they were down to $604 per mile in 1919; while gross income increased more than 100 per cent, a rise of only 25 per cent in operating expenses took care of the new business.

Simultaneously, Bernet rebuilt the road. He double-tracked much of it, bought new cars and locomotives, erected new stations and freight houses, and paid that $650,000 a year to the New York Central. Also, he paid dividends of 11 per cent on the common stock—and that stock which had been at $35 a share leaped far above $200 a share.

"To get Western business our tracks should penetrate the West," Bernet told the brothers, and his blunt forefinger traced over two lines on the railroad map: The first line, that of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western, linked the Nickel Plate with Toledo and St. Louis—it had just emerged from a receivership. The second, the Lake Erie and Western, ran from Sandusky, Ohio, to Peoria, Illinois, making junctions with both of the other lines. The Van Sweringens bought them, within three years of their purchase of the Nickel Plate! The three roads became one under Bernet management.

AND again the finger of the ex-blacksmith traced over a line on the map—a line that began at the Atlantic Coast in Virginia and cut westward through the rich Pocahontas coal fields to Chicago. This was the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, with 2,651 miles of track and paying four per cent dividends on its common stock, dividends that shortly were to be more than doubled.

"We need new industries along the Nickel Plate," said Bernet; "but they won't come in until we can supply them with steam coal. The C. and O. is a coal-hauling road and through the Hocking Valley, which it owns, we make junction with it at two places. It can send us its cars loaded with coal, and we can send them back to it loaded with merchandise."

The Van Sweringens bought the Chesapeake and Ohio.

Then followed in rapid order similar purchases, of the Père Marquette and of the Erie, two roads which totaled almost five thousand miles of track. No longer tyros but masters in railroading, the brothers now envisioned the formation of a fourth great Eastern railroad system that would rank with the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, and with the Baltimore and Ohio. Their dream had become one of empire, and this in a scant half-dozen years!

That dream of the Van Sweringens lacks only Federal consent to become a reality. They have the roads, able managements, and the money. Their properties yearly are paying them new fortunes in dividends. They are the largest individual owners of railroads in America. And their chief-of-staff, their probable choice to head the proposed system, is John J. Bernet. They make no secret of the fact that, in their opinion, Bernet is (*Continued on page 129*)

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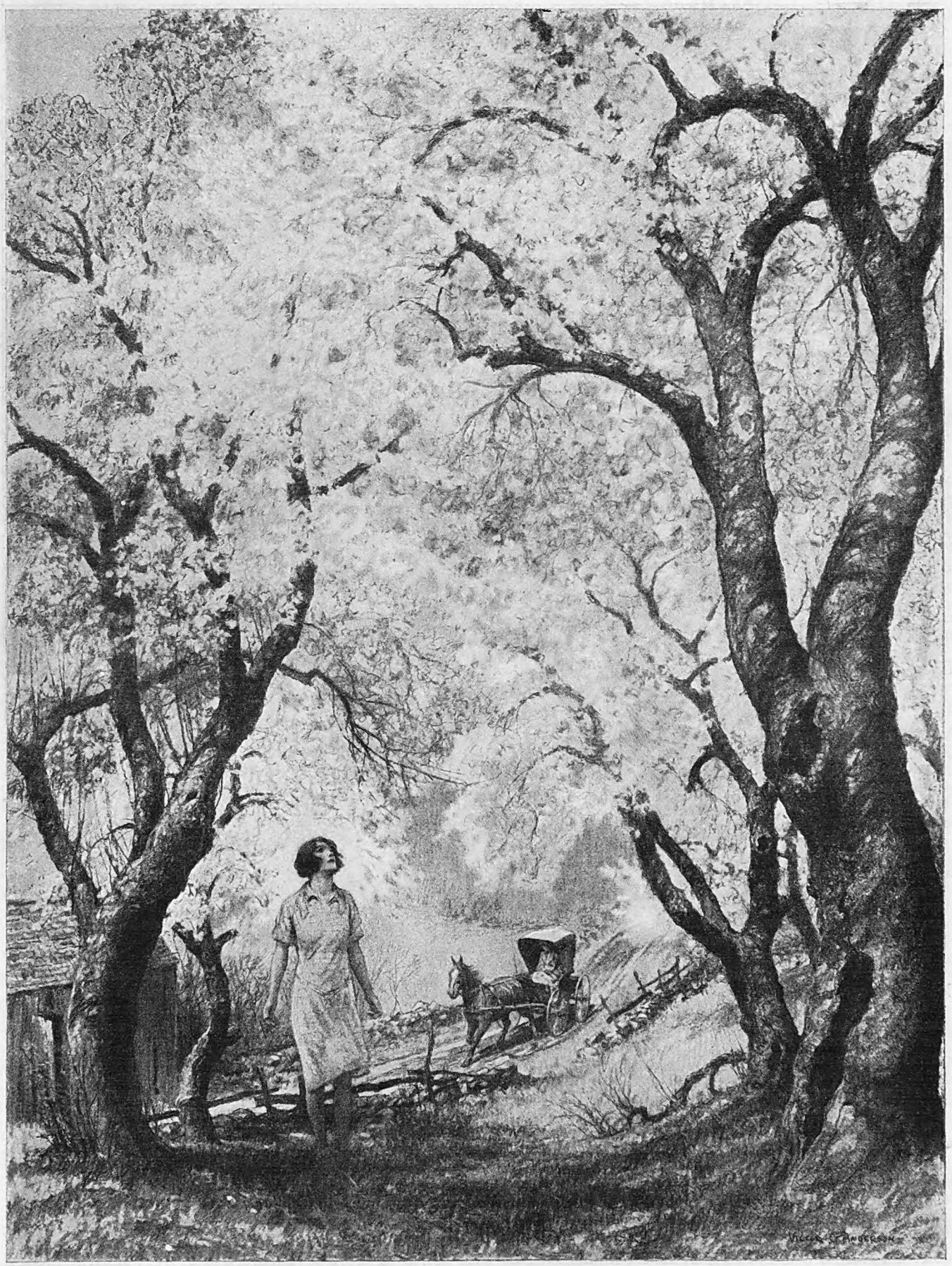

Joy was standing there in the wet orchard, running away, just for a minute, from the weight thrust upon her young shoulders

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"Things don't matter so much—
but wanting them does, and working for them"

Swooping Hawk And Weeping Willow

By Nelia Gardner White

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

HELGA LIND, mail carrier for the Sweden Hollow Route, drove into the rainy morning gladly. She liked rain. She liked snow too—beat of sun and whip of wind. There was something about rain, though, especially on a spring morning like this, that released some seed of joy in her, as it released the upward-reaching, winter-bound things of earth. The world was so quickened into tender greenness by it. And when the sun came out after a May rain, Helga hurt sometimes within, because it was so sweet and beautiful and there seemed to be so few to see the beauty.

When she came to the top of the little hill just out of Sweden Hollow the light rain broke into a rush of blue sky and sunlight, and she could see below on the slope the Puddles orchard. It was a run-down orchard; there was nothing about the Puddles place that was not run down. But the apple orchard was doing its best to cover that up. Helga had many bright moments stored up for remembering; but she crowded them back and let this one have a big place. So pink, so fresh and rain-washed—the fragrance came up to her on a little wind and she took down the front curtain to let it in.

As she drove past the orchard she saw the eldest Puddles girl standing in the wet grass beneath an apple tree, and she wondered a little. There was no mail for the Puddleses. There never was any. But sometimes Helga drew up and talked a moment to the children, and at Christmas she always managed a little remembrance for all ten of them.

She did not stop to-day. Some of the children were running, barefooted, in the muddy back yard, and she could hear a baby crying somewhere. The chickens went scurrying about across the littered front yard for after-shower worms. Helga looked away from the house. It was too ugly, too shiftless and unbeautiful, after the orchard. *"Lazy as Sam Puddles!"* the neighbors were wont to say.

But she did not get by, after all. "Miss Lind! Hoo—oo—*Miss Lind!*"

She stopped old Net and looked back. It was the eldest Puddles girl running down the hill from the orchard through the mud and the wet grass. There had been a kind of desperation in her voice. When she came, breathless, to the side of the buggy, Helga saw that there was desperation in her eyes also. It surprised her into a quick interest, for the shiftlessness of the Puddleses had always been measured by their placidity. And here was Joy Puddles, with eyes rebellious and bewildered and anxious.

"Hello, Joy."

"Oh, Miss Lind—I wonder if you'd tell Mr. Trent, down to the drug store, to fill out this prescription; and if he'd go in next door and get some safety pins and half a yard of flannel—for baby's bands, you know—and if you'll ask Lars Larsen to stop and get it on his way up to-night—"

"Why, Joy! *There isn't—!*"

Joy Puddles tossed back her dark head, with its careless, home-done shingle.

"Yes, there is; and Ma's awfully bad. And the baby's so little—it doesn't weigh five pounds, even. And the kids are all so noisy. Seemed as if I couldn't stand it—that's why I was up in the orchard just a minute. Doc Davy didn't get here till it was all over, and I got scared, all alone. Pa, he's no good to help. . . . Gee, Miss Lind, I hate babies!"

Helga felt a queer shock at the passion in Joy Puddles's voice. And she could think of nothing to say, because, she admitted to herself, why wouldn't Joy hate babies?

The girl turned away. "Well, I'll have to get back to Ma. I'll be awfully obliged to you for telling Mr. Trent."

HELGA went on, but the day's beauty was forgotten now. Which was why Helga Lind was loved all along R. F. D. No. 3. People were more important to her than days, and Joy Puddles had suddenly become, to her, not one of the ten—no, eleven now—Puddles young 'uns, but a person in herself, a person with longings and responsibilities and repressions.

Helga remembered her face, thin and too old for seventeen—but pretty in a stormy, dark way. And wasn't it like the Puddleses not to have flannel bands, or *safety pins*, on hand? Helga would have laughed at that had it not been for the remembrance of Joy, standing there in the wet orchard, running away, just for a minute, from the weight thrust upon her young shoulders.

Sairy Overhiser, a little crocheted shawl around her shoulders, came down to the road. "Well, what's the news to-day?" she called to Helga. Sairy did love gossip. But in a friendly, interested way, and Helga gave gossip as freely as she gave service of any kind.

"OLD Mr. Manning's had another stroke," she told Sairy; "and the Puddleses have another baby."

"No! You don't tell me!" Sairy healthily put aside old Mr. Manning's nearness to eternity for the life just beginning. "Land! That must make nine."

"Eleven," Helga said dryly.

"*'Leven!* Is that right? Well, I like big families—I always said that an only child didn't know what livin' was—but, I dunno. 'Leven's a good many, when there ain't more'n a livin' for two in that old Puddles place. What'd she name it?"

"I don't know; Joy didn't say."

"*'Leven!* Well, I got a little dress I was makin' for Cousin Joe's baby; I guess I'll take it down. Joe's wife has made dozens of everything, and she won't miss it."

Helga gave Sairy a quick smile. "That's nice of you," she said.

When she told the family that night, the Linds found it very funny. There were a good many of the Linds—but not eleven! They began to name the Puddleses: "Joy; Archibald; Marcella, the cross-eyed one; Philomena, the dirty one; Theodore, the foolish one. . . . Heavens, that was only five."

"Marj'ry Alicia—you didn't say her," put in Emil.

"And Junior."

"And Calvin Coolidge Puddles—that was last year's baby."

Before they had finished supper, Sairy Overhiser called up: "Say, Helga, what in time do you suppose they've named that new baby of Puddleses? *Gladiolus!*"

The Linds went into a gale of merriment.

But Helga was sober as she cleared the table: *"Gee, Miss Lind, I hate babies!"* Joy had said. And presently her brother Carl stood in the doorway.

"Those fool lazy Puddleses," he said. "It's a wonder they wouldn't give Joy a rest!"

Afterward, Helga remembered the passion of resentment and feeling in his voice, and wondered why she had not

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"It's like that hawk up there," he said, with a kind of fierce soberness. "You just get to doing something you want to do, and something always seems to sort of swoop down on you and kill it"

known at that moment what it showed.

The next week, when Rush Sloan came for a visit to his little artist's cabin above the Linds' orchard, Helga told him of Joy.

He laughed at her, ever so little, and with tenderness, "Helga, don't dare tell me you've found somebody else to worry about. Worry about *me!*"

"Oh, *you*—you can take care of yourself; but Joy can't."

But she was glad he had come. Very glad.

WHEN Gladiolus was three weeks old, Joy brought her down to the mail box for Helga to see. "She's awfully little," Joy said. "But she's pretty, isn't she? Isn't her hair curly!"

Helga laughed. "I thought you hated babies," she said.

Joy's thin, vivid face became hard with its rebellion. "Well, I do," she said; and then she laughed, looking in direct contrition at Helga. "Only not *this* one."

After that, Helga loved Joy. She wanted to help her; but she could think of no way. You could not give the Puddleses charity. They were too proud for that, in spite of their shiftlessness. And what was there you could do? She talked to Carl about it.

"Don't know," he said, a little shortly. "She won't let you do anything—she's touchy."

But there was something. Helga found it out one late June day. As she crossed the little bridge down past the Puddleses she came upon Joy, on the bank of the creek beneath the big willows, and she was crying.

Helga put aside her government duties for duties more important, drew up by the roadside, and went down the bank to Joy. "What is it, Joy?" she demanded.

Joy sat up, looked resentfully up at Helga, so tall and fair and serenely beautiful, with her soft braids about her head, and her steady, understanding gray eyes.

"Nothing," she said sullenly.

Helga felt definitely repulsed, but she couldn't go. "Is the baby all right?"

"I guess so."

Helga flushed a little. She wasn't used to being pushed away, and it hurt her. But she refused to be pushed. She dropped down on the grass beside Joy. "Joy, what's the matter? Is the work so hard you can't stand it?"

Joy would not look at her; but some of the enmity went from her voice: "Oh, I don't know. It's just everything! The dirt . . . and the crying . . . and never getting done . . . and nobody happy! If only the kids would be happy, I wouldn't care how naughty they were. But they whine and tease—oh, I can't stand it! You get to thinking there isn't any use trying." Her voice was fierce, and not young enough. It made Helga want to cry.

"I know," Helga said gently.

"No, you don't! Nobody knows that hasn't lived it. You folks—there's a lot of you, but you all help, and you keep things up. But once you get behind, you never get caught up again. If only the kids would mind; but they go to Ma—she's easy—she always lets them have their own way. Oh, I get to feeling so blue, I want to die. I used to go off like this and kind of pull myself together, but now, even down here, I have awful thoughts.

"I looked at that willow tree that I've always loved so, and even that seemed like me—reaching out a million branches after things, and then just weeping; and me, I've wanted so many things too. I wanted a pretty yard once and I tried to get it; but it's no use, with chickens running loose and the children digging everywhere.

"And I wanted to get the house painted, and saved egg money and saved it—and there was another baby, and it took it all. And I wanted to go to high school; and I did go, in spite of everything; but I couldn't finish, not with Ma sick and all the work to be done nights. I wanted to be a teacher—*gee!* All the reaching, just like those willow branches—and now just a feeling like crying inside all the time. . . . Gee, Miss Lind, I wish I was dead!"

HELGA wanted to put out a hand to Joy's slender brown hand on the grass; but she had a feeling that Joy would fly, like a wild thing, if she touched her. She sought desperately for the right words to say.

"Listen, Joy! Why don't you finish up your high-school work at home? I've got all my books yet, and I'll bring them up, shall I? If you could get to be a teacher, why, it would help out more at home than any other way, wouldn't it?"

Joy stared at her. "I couldn't," she said at last. "There's no time to study, except late at night—I couldn't!"

"Yes, you could. I'll help you all I can. You could get a little time Sundays, couldn't you?"

In spite of herself, Joy's eyes grew hopeful. "Maybe. But, Miss Lind, I get so tired."

"I know. But it's always seemed to me, you don't mind the tiredness when you're working toward something special. It took me a long time to go through high school. I was nineteen. Everything went wrong on the farm those years. I'll bring up my books anyway, and Carl can keep you posted on things. I know you can do it."

Joy had scrambled to her feet, and stood with her back to the hundred-year-old willow. "Gee!" she said. "Gee—I guess I will try!"

When Helga had driven on a way, she looked back and saw Joy still standing there against the willow tree. She felt a hurt so deep that her eyes stung with tears. It was too cruel, to have life mean that to seventeen—a reaching and a weeping.

And yet, Helga sensed, it was better to

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think of life even that way, than never at all.

She hunted out her old schoolbooks the next morning. Carl came to her as she searched. "What you looking for?" he asked.

"Books, for Joy Puddles. Did you have my Cicero?"

"It's in my room. What does Joy want of it?"

"She's going to study—finish up her high-school work and get ready to teach."

Carl did not go on with his questions. He became very quiet, sitting there on the edge of Helga's bed, one knee pulled up into the circle of his arms. Carl was the moody Lind boy, and Helga was used to his sudden silences; but there seemed a more special quality to this silence. Helga reached for a chemistry book, forgetting Joy in concern over Carl. But Carl spoke presently.

"I'll walk up with you and take the books," he said suddenly.

So presently they started, their arms filled. But when they came to the top of the hill, Carl said, "Let's go up there under that chestnut tree for a while."

They did—stretched out on the thin green grass in the Sunday stillness. Carl, his dark eyes unhappy, leaned on an elbow. Helga knew he wanted something; but what was it? Why had mention of Joy stirred him so?

She said, abruptly, "I feel terribly sorry for Joy. Do you know what she said?" And she told him of Joy and the weeping willow tree.

"Well—*'tis* like that," he said, with a kind of fierce soberness. "It's like that hawk up there—you just get to doing something you want to do, and something always seems to sort of swoop down on you and kill it—or you—or something! How'll Joy Puddles ever get to be anybody? How'll I?"

HELGA turned her head and looked at him. He was staring straight up at the blue now. But there was something in his face, some feeling so intense, some groping so fierce, that Helga felt her throat throb with pity.

She looked away again as if she had had no right to see. "What is it, Carl? Your . . . drawing?"

He gave a fierce nod. "Here I am—past seventeen—and no more chance of getting ahead than Joy has of being a teacher!"

"Why, Carl!"

"Well, have I? After you've plowed all day or picked apples, you're too tired. And it's hard to sneak off and have folks laugh at you. There isn't any place, without the boys running in—and—and, Helga, I *can't* do it with 'em looking on!"

"No, of course not," Helga said quietly. "I—I didn't understand. I didn't know it meant quite so much to you."

"Seems as if I've got to draw! I suppose Joy feels like that about teaching. I get to feeling terrible inside, just hating everybody because I can't. But how're you going to get away? You can't study without money, 'n' you can't go off and leave your folks when they are counting on you."

Helga's throat throbbed harder. "No," she agreed simply. No more. They were still then. All the world seemed stilled. Helga's mind, though, was filled with a strange confusion. *Two* of them—Joy and Carl—reaching!

When Carl spoke again, his voice had pleading in it. "Do you think I'm a fool, Helga? Maybe I never could draw, maybe I just think I can because I want to so. Only—when I look down there and see the steeple coming up, so white, and all the trees so green after the rain, and the air so clear—" Sudden, hot, boy's tears came down across his face, and he put up his arm quickly across his eyes. "Gosh—I'm a fool!"

"No, you aren't! No, you aren't, Bud!"

"Well, what do you feel like that for, then, 'n' then never get a chance to do anything? What (*Continued on page 114*)

Helga sought desperately for the right words to say

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PHOTOGRAPH BY
STRAUSS PEYTON, K. C.

My Fourth Of July *Wish*

By Edgar A. Guest

YOU probably never have had to write Fourth of July verse. I have! It has been my annual job for a long time. Several years ago, the Glorious Fourth being near at hand, I was sitting in my office, trying to think of something appropriate to write for the Detroit "Free Press."

It wasn't easy! I had been doing Fourth of July verses so long that I couldn't think of anything new to say. So my mind wandered to other matters.

The first thing I knew, I was thinking about my boy Buddy: wondering what kind of man he will grow up to be; trying to figure out just the kind of man I *want* him to be.

"If some good fairy should appear right now," I said to myself, "and promise you one wish about Bud, what would you ask for?"

At first I thought I'd ask that he should be honest. But then I hesitated. The meanest man I ever knew was absolutely honest! He paid his just debts to the penny.

But that man was bitter and hard and quarrelsome; mean with his neighbors and a penurious tyrant in his family. No! Honesty alone would not be enough.

Then I thought I'd ask for Bud to be brilliant. But I gave that up, because I've known of too many clever men who, nevertheless, landed in jail.

What I wanted was a blanket wish; one that would cover his career as a man, a neighbor, a friend, a stranger; one that would hold him safe, no matter where he went or with whom he was thrown.

Out of a clear sky, my wish came to me with lightning-like clearness. If I can have only one wish for my boy, I said to myself, it is this: That all his life he shall love his country.

The wish I made that day still stands. If my boy does his best as an American citizen, I shall have no fears for him.

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But I hope Bud won't make any mistake about the real meaning of the word "patriotism." It is something more than cheering the flag on the Fourth of July, or at other times when everybody else is doing it.

Mob patriotism is common enough; sometimes it is tawdry and undignified. It is easy to cheer for the flag when everybody else is doing it. It is fun to sing patriotic songs with the crowd. In moments of excitement and general enthusiasm, even traitors have been known to cheer.

What I want Bud to feel is that patriotism is a personal responsibility with *him!* Not a dozen times a year, but *all* the time. It is not an occasional enthusiasm for parades and declarations of war. It is something to influence his life every single day.

I want him to look upon his country as he looks upon his mother and me. We are not perfect. We have our faults. But he loves us for the good that is in us; and because we give him love, protection, and a home.

I want him to feel that way about his country. It is not perfect. But I want him to love all that is good and fine and wonderful in it. And I want him to be grateful and loyal to the land which gives him protection and a home.

I WANT him to appreciate all this, and to give his best in return. I don't want him to cheer the flag—and then go out and break the first law which interferes with his own notions.

I want him to respect other nations, just as I want him to respect the neighbors who live on our street. I don't want him to think that all the good is on his side of the fence.

I hope some day to send him to Europe, to learn. But I hope that when he gets there he will also teach. Not by boasting about his country! But by giving an example of a modest, tolerant, courteous American citizen; a walking advertisement of the best traits of a man and a gentleman.

I don't want him to go to Europe and be a ridiculous American, a pompous and boastful American, a drunken and riotous American. I want him to feel that, as the Flag represents him abroad, so he represents the Flag. And I want him to respect his country too much to disgrace her in the eyes of others.

I want him to remember the impression made by Colonel Charles Lindbergh. For the first time in history, that youngster flew from New York to Paris, carrying his country's flag with him. And though all Europe cheered him, statesmen showered him with praise, and kings and queens delighted to do him honor, the boy remained unspoiled. He was representing his country, and he knew it. He realized that his responsibility was a grave and beautiful thing. (*Continued on page 134*)

If You Ask Me:

There is a spark of the divine in every man

ALL great religions contain the doctrine that men are equal in the sight of God. They admit no ultimate distinctions among human beings. Every person is infinitely precious, because he has in him that mysterious power which philosophy calls life, and which religion knows as soul.

Modern science tends to replace this stimulating and challenging conception with the picture of human machines strutting mechanically across a little stage of space and time. It has become the mode (for there are fashions in physics too) to think of man in terms of his chemical components—which make him but a highly unstable compound of solids, liquids, and gases, operating solely on the principles that appear to hold in mechanics and chemistry. Thus, science tends to think of man as similar in all essentials to the engines that run our motor-cars, and the great presses that strive to satiate the metropolitan appetite for "news." Man has made so many and such marvelous machines that at last he has become enslaved to them in thought as well as in action, in philosophy as well as in life.

Scientists write of "the mechanistic interpretation of life," and saddened men, from La Mettrie to Clarence Darrow, announce to the world that they and their children are machines.

Perhaps they have been a little hasty, and have done injustice to their own natures and the nobility of their own lives. Even the blindest motion of the lowliest organism might have made them pause. The patient plant curling its roots around an obdurate obstacle, the little protozoön veering about to find some opening to the food it seeks, already smile in the face of the mechanist. The living cell is everywhere selecting, digesting, transforming, rebuilding, creating, reproducing. The severed structure is resolutely regrown; the gaping wound is bridged over and healed with vital power and unconscious skill. What principle of mechanics or physics can explain this self-directive purpose in the simplest life?

Or who shall interpret mechanically the growth of a child? Here at every moment is something new under the sun. Never have the atoms shaped themselves precisely so before. And now how they throb with a new vitality, and the eyes sparkle, and the face brightens with smiles, and the little fingers close hungrily upon this novel and delectable world. What magic alchemy is it that changes the lad into the mature and responsible man, and transforms the light-hearted girl into a mother self-forgotten in her child? So the radiant energy of life overrides, in reproduction, the black chasm of death, leaping from generation to generation, drinking at love's fountain of perpetual youth, and laughing at all mortality. How shall we capture that divine exuberance and imprison it in our impoverished formulæ?

We know, with a direct perception surer than any science, that we are not machines. There is more in genius than all the elements, and more in consciousness than an automaton's dream. We feel in ourselves a certain power of creation.

We perceive that we are not quite the victims of our environment; that there are times when the Living Will of the world, embodied in us transiently, strikes out upon the brute inertia of encompassing things, and remolds the earth a trifle nearer to the heart's desire.

It is that power which scientists forget when they judge themselves machines. They have seen life harassed and driven from a thousand sides; they do not see with what creative patience it rises from the germ to the genius, how it covers the earth with its conquests and its beauty, how it grows from brutality and greed to generosity and gentleness, how it flowers out into the sacrifices of motherhood and the forgiving wisdom of the sage. They lose the kernel of life in studying its changing shells and homes. It has slipped through their fingers as they have dissected corpses and pored over dead tissues on microscopic slides. But let them look again into their children's eyes, and they will know that man is greater than their philosophies, and harbors in him, even in his downfall and his desolation, some ennobling fragment of the Creative Power that fills every field with flowers, and every wood and stream with incalculable life.

Will Durant

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"Carry Your

By Mildred

DRAWINGS BY R.

HALF a dozen trains had just pulled into the Grand Central Terminal in New York City.

Through the gates that lead from the tracks poured line after line of incoming passengers. Outside the ropes several hundred men, women, and children waited with varying degrees of impatience for friends or relatives to arrive. Hundreds of persons scurried here and there, buying tickets and magazines, or looking up schedules. Still other hundreds rushed to and from the streets, or up and down the stairs to the subway trains that rumble ceaselessly beneath the station.

Through this milling mass of humanity, a little old woman pushed her bewildered way. She was alone and she was frightened. All her life she had lived in a quiet little Vermont village whose entire population would have been swallowed up in this hurly-burly as completely as a handful of sand is swallowed up by the ocean.

Now and then the little old woman paused and peered up anxiously at the strange faces above her. It was plain that she was looking for somebody. Presently she caught sight of a colored man in uniform. She hurried up to him. "Do they call you a red cap?" she asked breathlessly.

"That's what they *calls* me, lady, and that's what I *is*," was the cheerful reply. "Can I help you, lady?"

The little traveler handed over her bag and umbrella and straightened her bonnet. There was a look of immense relief in her nearsighted eyes.

"My daughter is sick and couldn't come to meet me," she explained: "she said not to trust anybody but a red cap, and to watch out for pickpockets and such. I'm going to live with my daughter," she added, as she fumbled in her old-fashioned reticule for a bit of paper. "Here's her address."

The red cap copied the name and address in a small vest-pocket book, so that he could notify the daughter that her mother was on the way. Then he put his patron aboard the proper subway train in charge of a conductor who promised to see that she got off at the right station.

As the colored man turned to leave, the old lady thrust a roll of bills into his hand.

"You keep it till tomorrow," she whispered. "It's the money I got for my house. My son-in-law will stop by for it on his way home from work. I'm afraid of pickpockets."

A few minutes later, the red cap spent a nickel of his dime tip to telephone the daughter that her mother's three thousand dollars were safe in the keeping of the station master, from whom it could be obtained on demand.

I ASKED Chief Jim Williams, who for nearly a quarter of a century has been head of the red cap service at the Grand Central Terminal, if many people use station attendants as safety deposit vaults. His answer was in the negative; but for all the evidence to the contrary, any man on the staff could without serious risk be picked for such a responsibility. From the beginning, every attendant has it thoroughly drilled into him that his red

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Bags, Sir?"

Harrington

M. BRINKERHOFF

cap is a badge of integrity. "And I'm proud to say," the chief told me, "that it is. During the twenty-odd years I have been on the job, I have never had to discharge a man for dishonesty. Just the same, where the human element is involved it is always well to take every precaution.

"Travelers ought never, under any circumstances, give their bags or parcels over to a station attendant without making a mental note of the number on his cap. It is put there for the protection of the public. If you have a porter's number and anything goes wrong, you have a way of checking up. Without it, you are helpless.

"MAYBE you will be surprised," Williams went on, "to hear that carrying hand bags is by no means the only job that a red cap is called on to do. The fact is, he must be ready to try his hand at almost anything.

"He must for instance be a regular walking information bureau. In dozens of important matters, he is the traveler's guide. He is asked anything, from 'Is my face clean?' to, 'What is the best hotel for a woman who is alone?' And if he can't answer offhand all the questions fired at him, he is pretty sure to know some official who can.

"Last-minute shopping is a common chore. A man who has been to the city on business dashes in to buy his ticket, and remembers that he has forgotten to buy a present for his wife. He sends a red cap out for a box of candy. Or maybe he wants a clean collar for himself.

"Not long ago, a man in the waiting-room called an attendant and said he wanted some live flies, and he wanted 'em quick. He said he would pay a nickel apiece for all he could get. At first, the boy was stumped. Then he thought of a certain basement restaurant not far away where he sometimes got a 'sinker' and a cup of coffee. It seems that this place is always well supplied with flies, summer or winter. The boy beat it around the corner, got permission from the proprietor, and went to work. Fifteen minutes later, he returned with a small bottle full of flies.

"Lordy, Cap'n," exclaimed the red cap, "what's in he'ah?"

"The purchaser seemed satisfied with the catch. At any rate, he didn't bother about checking up, but handed the boy a couple of silver dollars. He then proceeded to empty the bottle into a long pasteboard box with air holes punched in it. He explained that inside the box was a Gila monster, a sort of big lizard he had caught in Arizona, and made a pet of; flies were its favorite tidbit, and it got restless when it had to go too long without them.

"EVERY now and then, one of the boys is called on to help out a mother with several small children on her hands. Most of our attendants, especially the married ones, would just as soon carry babies as suit cases. But during the war we had a boy of eighteen or nineteen who always dodged acting as nursemaid, even for five minutes. You can imagine how wild he was one day when it looked as if he was going to be left with a six-months-old infant on his hands.

"This is the way it happened: He was standing near the gates when the Montreal Express pulled in. Right next to him was a very excited young lady with a baby in her arms. We afterward found that she had come to meet her husband, a Canadian officer who had lost a leg overseas and had just been let out of the hospital. The baby had been born after he got to France, and he had never seen it.

"Well, when the young lady saw her husband, who had gone away so strong and gay, coming through the gate hitching himself along on his crutches, she clean forgot everything else in the world. She pushed the baby into the arms of the nearest red cap, who happened to be the boy I was telling you about, and she just naturally flew to meet that thin, white-faced young man.

"For a long time, they just stood there holding on to each other, and looking as if they couldn't believe it wasn't all a dream. Then, laughing and crying at the same time, she took one of his crutches and made him put his arm over her shoulder. Walking like this, they started for the cab stand, followed by the porter who was carrying the young officer's bags. The red cap with the (*Continued on page 84*)

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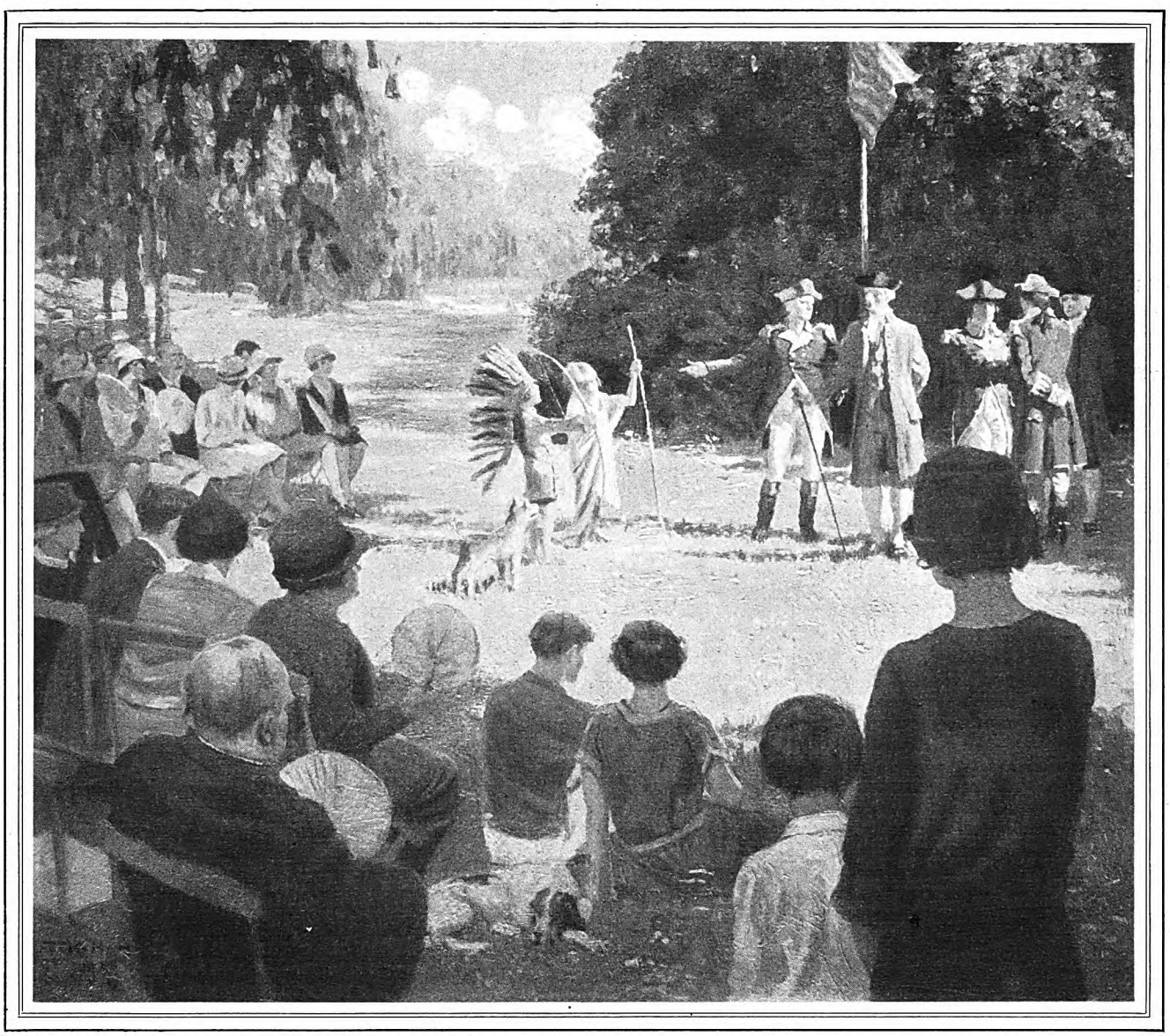

I couldn't escape the feeling that practically nobody was being made to realize the true meaning of the Fourth of July

"*I Just Love* Americans"

FANNIE KILBOURNE'S

latest story about the

Adventures of DOT AND WILL

EVERYBODY in Montrose appreciates Miss Prescott; but there's no denying that she makes life harder at times for pretty nearly every one of us.

If she isn't nagging the merchants to close up Saturday nights, or the Ladies' Aid Societies to do more for the new hospital, she's running the school board ragged. She's the only woman member; but she can dig up more trouble in a day than two men members can in a month.

Everybody thought when she adopted little Ben Brace that that would keep her busy and quiet—but, mercy, it has just seemed to give her added strength.

There's no doubt that a woman like that's fine for any town; but she certainly doesn't make it any more restful. One of Miss Prescott's favorite stunts is making people remember the meaning of things. She's always saying, "Now, with all the presents and parties of holiday time, we mustn't forget the meaning of Christmas." Or, "Of course it's very nice for you girls to have a pleasant time in your Charity Club, but you mustn't let the fun make you forget the meaning of charity." And so on.

We've remembered the meaning of everything, from state song-bird week to Valentine's Day. It's odd that not till this year did she take up the Fourth of July.

WE ALWAYS have a grand time on the Fourth of July. Of course there's the parade in the morning, and a lot of our husbands march in it. Then there are the lodges and the fire department and the societies and both of the bands. But the parade starts assembling at nine and is all over by noon. Then comes the real fun.

For I can't even count back how many years, we've always had a Fourth of July picnic out at Smiley's Grove. It started, I guess, ten or fifteen years ago with just six or eight families. But what with people bringing along friends, and marriages, and new in-laws, and new children, it's grown and grown till it must be a quarter of the town, now, that goes.

The picnic is always just the same. The bunch from Verblen is always there when we get there—the grove being nearer Verblen—and every year they pretend they've eaten their part of the lunch already. Mrs. Long always brings some of her famous home-baked beans and brown bread. Some old lady always looks at our young married crowd and says to some other old lady:

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"My, doesn't it make you feel old to look at these children all grown up!"

We pay the Smileys ten dollars for the use of their grove, and they let us go in the farmhouse kitchen and make coffee, and move their little old organ out under the trees to sing by. We always start with the popular songs, but usually wind up with the old-timers; "S'wanee River" and "The Banks of the Wabash" and "Clementine."

Usually, someone strikes up "Marching Through Georgia;" but long before we get to "So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the Sea," the Marks and the Van Cleves, who come from Down South, pull whoever's playing off the stool, and this starts a riot. Then we all sing "Dixie," and the fun goes on. We all chip in for fireworks in the evening and stay till the last rocket's been set off.

Of course there are always little things that are different each year, like the time Roger, who was setting off the fireworks, absent-mindedly stuck a piece of punk in his pocket, and went around smoking for the longest time before anyone noticed that he was on fire. And the year that Frankie Kirsted, who is a perfect little pest, threw the youngest Merton baby in the creek, to see if she'd float.

But, in the main, the picnic is usually about the same. The children all get cross and tired before it's over, and go dead asleep in the cars on the way home, and we girls usually say that it's more bother than it's worth. But we know that it isn't. Not one of us would miss it for anything.

IF ANYONE had asked me if we'd ever consider making it any different I'd have said emphatically that nobody would. But I would have been reckoning without Miss Prescott. When she gets an idea in her head, it's as good as carried out already. I never did see anything like the way she can make people do what she wants them to. And this Fourth, if she didn't get the idea that we ought to have something patriotic at the picnic!

She spoke about it first to Rosemary and Dulcie and Mrs. Frank Kirsted and me. Said that it was always the married girls who were the most enterprising and that, as we were the leaders, if we were enthusiastic, the rest would follow suit. It is queer, how stimulating it is to realize that you are a leader. You're so anxious to prove it that you'll lead almost anything!

Miss Prescott said she was afraid that, in the fun of the picnic, we were forgetting the real meaning of Fourth of July.

"You mean the Declaration of Independence?" asked Dulcie dubiously.

"That," Miss Prescott agreed, "and everything that America has made out of her independence—liberty, and courage, and coöperation, a welcome to the alien—everything that is free and brave and helpful and fine. The thing that wells up inside you and makes you thankful that you're an American!"

We girls looked at each other uneasily. I don't know of anything that makes me more uncomfortable and embarrassed than to have people talk about feelings welling up in me. It's something that practically never happens, and when it does it's very private, and not about large and solemn things like patriotism. It was as though Miss Prescott had read my mind.

"We all take our blessings too much for granted. Do you ever, once, during the Fourth of July, stop for a moment and say to yourself: 'I am grateful for having been born an American.'"

"Well, you see," said Rosemary apologetically, "we're always so busy all day, the Fourth. In the morning I have the lunch to put up and get Howard off to march in the parade. And then at the picnic, there are the children to keep an eye on, and then we usually pitch horseshoes with the boys or have three-legged races, or something like that—"

"Exactly," said Miss Prescott triumphantly. "We're all too busy celebrating the Fourth of July to spare one single minute for remembering what it really means."

"I'm sure we've all put ourselves out to be nice to Fritz Schaufmeister," said Mrs. Frank Kirsted.

For a minute, I couldn't think why she should be talking about Corinne's sister's husband at this particular time. But shortly I figured it out. Mrs. Frank Kirsted has the slowest mind I've ever seen in a peppy girl. She always works out ideas in their proper order, and she's always a mile behind the rest of us. She had just got now to what Miss Prescott had said about welcoming the alien.

Corinne's elder sister met Fritz Schaufmeister when she was visiting in New York, and married him, and they live here, now that he has gone into business with her father. Fritz really seems to be awfully nice, in spite of speaking with an accent, and though I never expected to have anything to do with anybody who had actually fought in the Kaiser's army, we've all tried to be as nice and polite to Fritz as though he really belonged in Montrose.

Corinne told us, though, that her sister said that Fritz often felt very lonely and alien here, in spite of our politeness. Of course it was both Elizabeth's and Miss Prescott's using the same word "alien" that had set Mrs. Kirsted off on Fritz Schaufmeister.

WELL, what it came down to was that Miss Prescott thought we should have an Independence Day pageant. Not a big affair, of course, like the one the school children in Verblen have every spring. Just, as she said, an intimate pageant.

She said the grove made a perfect natural amphitheatre, and she knew of a lovely little pageant that wouldn't be hard to get up, and that wouldn't take more than an hour. It wouldn't interfere with the picnic at all. We could have it late in the afternoon, instead of the sports, after the lunch was all over and before it was dark enough for the fireworks.

"I'm sure nobody will mind giving up an hour of sports for a beautiful ceremony to remind us all that, after all, the Fourth of July is something more than just a picnic day."

We all agreed, of course. Nobody could be so crude as to say that you would rather have a potato race than a pageant. Even if you suspected that you would.

And the first thing we knew, we had not only agreed to have a pageant but were already at work getting it up. That's the way Miss Prescott does things. She is certainly a wonder—you don't know where you're going till you're on your way. They tell of old Mr. Porteous going to call on her to protest against her new More-Playgrounds Committee, and coming out sort of dazed and having promised to act as chairman.

As for the idea of a little pageant not being any work to get up—well, mention that to anyone who has ever helped get one up, and see what you hear! And it all fell on us girls, just as I knew it would. As far as I have been able to observe human nature, I have noticed that men, as a class, don't put their hearts into pageants.

BUT Miss Prescott said that it was perfectly amazing to her the way we married girls could twist our husbands around our little fingers—and that, as you might say, put us on our mettle. Even the most strong-minded man does have *some* little joint in his armor, and usually his wife knows just where it is!

Rosie, for instance, knows that Howard thinks he has a fine, rolling voice, and he secretly loves to read out loud, so we got him to read the lines for the pageant.

Roger Lane is rather small and has ears that stick out in a way that—till we got to know how nice he is—used to make us wonder how Dulcie ever came to marry him. We've discovered that he will take part in anything if he just thinks he's taking the most important part, so, though it didn't seem quite fair to Washington, we let Roger be the Father of his Country.

It wasn't so terribly hard to get the boys to agree to be something like George Washington or Daniel Boone or Davy Crocket; but when we got into the spirit of this and that we struck our troubles. Will's susceptible point is that you can get him to do almost anything by putting it on the Boost Montrose basis. Working from that angle, I got him to agree to be the Spirit of Our Mighty Rivers.

The pageant directions said that was an adult male part; but when Will found that the costume was pale blue mosquito netting he was fit to be tied. He seemed to resent my even having suggested the part to him. In fact, before we got through, all the adult male spirit parts had to be taken by the little girls in Miss Prescott's Sunday-school class. They were the only ones who would wear the costumes.

Take it altogether, that pageant took just about all our spare time for three weeks before the Fourth. And they were three of the hottest weeks I can ever remember in June. I was either up in somebody's attic—that must have been a hundred and fifty—rooting around for costumes, or sitting at the machine stitching up bunting, or helping rehearse the spirits.

But it is just as they say it is about bringing up children—the mother gets to love best the one that she has to take the most trouble over. When I started I was practically indifferent to that pageant, but by noon of the Fourth of July I had gone to so much trouble for it that what little there was left of me that hadn't melted away was crazy about it, and very anxious for it to be a success.

Of course, I don't suppose I should say that it wasn't a success. It's very hard to be sure about pageants. People are

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always so polite about them, and then, when you have several children in them, the parents, at least, will always pay good attention.

Little Polly Burbank, for instance, had about the smallest part in the whole pageant—she was, in fact, just one of the grains of corn at the Colonists' first Thanksgiving—but I happened to hear somebody say something afterward to Mrs. Burbank about, "Wasn't the pageant nice?" And Mrs. Burbank said, "Why, yes, I thought she did very well, considering her age."

OF COURSE, nobody is ever mean enough to tell the mother of a grain of corn that her child's part is one of the lesser features of the entertainment.

That was, as a matter of fact, the great trouble with the entire pageant. Everything about it was so terribly polite. Everybody who wasn't in it sat around on army blankets on the grass or, if they were elderly, on folding chairs, and watched politely. They clapped at the right time and everything like that, but there was a sort of limpness about the whole thing. Everybody had eaten too much lunch, of course, as you always do at picnics, and it was frightfully hot. So many people fanning themselves with palm-leaf fans made a sort of sleepy rustle in the audience.

Some little boys did snicker when Howard Merton read sonorously:

"And who, of all the forces that are growing in our nation
Is this one, mysterious, potent, infant still, but growing
Wiser, growing stronger, growing greater—"

Because, in spite of his bunting costume, they could recognize the youngest Witherspoon child, who isn't any too bright and has certainly got a long way to grow if he ever gets wise and strong and great.

And they laughed out loud when Billy Purser's dog kept following Billy around through his part, and finally got between the feet of the Spirit of Our Mighty Huntsmen and tipped her over. But the older people all said "sh-hh," and there was no harm done.

Still, as the pageant drew near the end, I began to feel that it had hardly been worth all the work we'd put on it. My part was over. Mother was minding the twins for me, so I had nothing to do but watch the audience—and I couldn't escape the feeling that practically nobody was being made to realize the true meaning of the Fourth of July.

I saw Scott look at his watch. Old Mr.

Illustrated by
T. K. HANNA

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Porteous had dozed off in a precarious position in his camp chair, and the people who were sitting near him were so absorbed in waiting hopefully to see if the chair was going to tip over that the real climax of the pageant couldn't compete for a minute.

Except for the people who had children in it, and who were each watching their own, I couldn't see, in fact, that anybody was responding to the pageant at all. It certainly didn't make me humbly glad I was an American. In fact, I was kind of irritated at my countrymen. It seemed to me that, after all the work we'd put on the pageant, the least they could do would be to feel patriotic about it.

The last part of the pageant was the "Welcoming the Alien to Our Friendly Shores," and during this part the Howland boys—concealed behind bushes—played a medley of "Airs of Other Lands" on their mandolins. They had "The Wearing of the Green," but I couldn't see that the O'Sheas or the Callahans, who, of course, were all born in this country, even noticed it. And when they were playing "The Watch on the Rhine," which Miss Prescott had insisted on including, saying we must be magnanimous and gracious, I happened to glance at Fritz Schaufmeister. He and Elizabeth were holding hands, but he was looking off into the distance as though he were bored.

At first, this made me kind of mad—when you've gone to the trouble of being gracious and magnanimous you like to have it noticed—but then suddenly, I felt sorry for Fritz instead. There was something about that far-away look that was kind of pathetic.

I suddenly thought of myself having to go and live all the rest of my life in Germany or some other country. I knew I'd feel just the way Fritz looked. His look wasn't bored, it was lonesome, right in a crowd. And I knew how he felt. It would take a lot more than just three mandolins playing the "Star-Spangled Banner" to make me feel at home.

TOWARD the end of the pageant everybody seemed to brighten up a little. This may have been because a heavenly brisk breeze suddenly sprang up, which relieved everybody's feelings and stopped the sleepy rustle of the palm-leaf fans. But I've a strong suspicion that the real cause of the brightening was that everybody sensed that the pageant was nearing its end.

For a finale, everybody in the pageant drew out squares or stars of red or white or blue and held them in such a way that they formed a flag. The pageant directions said that at this point the audience would rise to its feet and cheer. Of course the audience hadn't read the directions, and it took them some little time to get the idea of what they were supposed to do.

They all did get up at last, but I must admit they didn't do it in any way to make a dramatic climax. The fat ones who'd been sitting on the ground had to be pulled to their feet, and even those who had been sitting in camp chairs were so busy groaning and grunting and stretching that the cheers were half-hearted.

The mandolins struck up the national anthem, and Miss Prescott signaled to the audience to all join in. But it was, as usual, pitched too high and nobody seemed to know the words after the "Oh, say, can you see?" In spite of Miss Prescott's encouraging looks and energetic beating of time, all we got from the audience was a few people singing tum-te-tum-tum-tum-tum, and some faint humming and whistling. (*Continued on page 92*)

My arms were aching till they were ready to fall off; but if you slowed down a second they yelled at you from the ladder

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"Women Haven't Enough To Do!"

Says

Mrs. Henrietta W. Calvin, director of home economics for the public schools of Philadelphia

By

Graham Pierce

PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH

Mrs. Henrietta W. Calvin

THERE are too many wives who haven't enough to do. They have too much leisure, and not enough work. Modern household appliances have taken them out of the kitchen and given them time which they don't know how to occupy profitably. We are becoming a nation of bored women, and bored women don't make good wives."

I am quoting Mrs. Henrietta W. Calvin, of Philadelphia, to whom I had gone with the question, "What is the matter with our modern homes?"

Our divorce courts are dangerously busy. Too many of our homes are childless and mere "stopping places" where we eat and sleep. What is the trouble? What is the remedy?

Mrs. Calvin is a woman eminently qualified to discuss this question and to suggest remedies. She is a nationally known home economist and teacher; also she is a mother, and a most unusual one. She herself has done a glorious work as a home-builder against terrific odds.

Left a widow at the age of thirty-six, with a few hundred dollars and five children to raise, Henrietta Calvin secured the post of librarian of the Kansas State Agricultural College, where she had been a student. Two years later she became a professor of domestic science. Up and up she went in her profession. For seven years as specialist in home economics she traveled all over the Union for the Bureau of Education of the United States Department of Agriculture. Then Philadelphia appointed her to the directorship of home economics for all its public schools, the position which Mrs. Calvin holds to-day.

During all these years, as long as she had children to put in it, Mrs. Calvin kept a home intact. She nursed her children when they were ill; she cooked for them, sewed for them, educated them, and earned for them. To-day all of her boys are doing splendidly in business and professional pursuits. The daughter, in Indiana, is most happily married.

Her husband, had he lived, could have done no more for his family.

Therefore it was to no theorist that I took the question thousands of us have been asking, "What is the matter with our homes?" It was to a wife who had known want and need; to a mother who had seen the shadows, as well as the lights of parenthood; to a widow who had felt the pangs of "work as usual" while, blocks away, a child of hers lay unconscious with pneumonia, alone because stark necessity bade it should be thus.

And Mrs. Calvin did not theorize nor quibble in her answer.

"There isn't so much the matter with our homes," Mrs. Calvin told me, "as there is with us. The home has gone ahead and we haven't caught up with it. When I say, for example, that the average housewife needs more *work*, I don't mean that she needs more *housework*. The freedom she now enjoys from the kitchen, due largely to the modern labor-saving devices, is a good thing: But too often, instead of profiting by this spare time, she fritters it away on nonsense. She becomes bored—and boredom makes a mountain of trouble in any home.

"Where do we find the highest rate of divorce? In the ranks of the leisured and moneyed. The fewest divorces are found in the farming class, where the housewife invariably has plenty of work to do. It is a paradox that the less a husband requires his wife to do the more he is in danger of losing her.

"We used to train our daughters to be housekeepers. Nowadays we send them to business school and, if we can afford it, to college. We are turning out nurses, stenographers, teachers, and manicurists, and expect them upon marriage to settle down as their grandmothers did, with some knitting for diversion when the work is done. We forget that our modernly reared young women are not knitters and sitters. They are goers, alive to life and wise in the ways of the world.

"'They need children,' you say. 'Children will keep them busy, and also keep them home.'

"ENOUGH children will, but we are not having that many any more. Two or three children, especially after they are of school age, won't in themselves keep the up-to-date wife busy at home. Besides, children often signify that the home can afford a maid or a nurse—otherwise there would be no children there.

"No, children as mere producers of household work don't furnish the remedy. Drudgery can bore, as well as pleasure. We will accomplish no lasting good by insisting that the modern wife give up the movies, and darn socks and wash diapers. These utilitarian jobs must be done, but what is big, and important, and thrilling about them?

"It's the whole job of motherhood that must be made thrilling. Mothers must learn that, instead of merely doing a good job, they must do a superlative job—turn motherhood into a profession.

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Sunshine for Saturday, *Please!*

As told by PATRICK CONNOR, *veteran forecaster of the United States Weather Bureau, to* COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

I NEVER tell exactly how long I have been in the business of providing weather; if I did, people might get the impression that I am a doddering old man. I suppose, however, from a point of service, that I am one of the real veterans, owing to the fact that I entered government employ when barely past the knickerbocker stage—and liked the uncertain task of trying to read the minds of the elements sufficiently to give the rest of my life to it.

It is far from a dull job. I've played my part in weddings, funerals, and christenings; in business, in public health; there are great buildings that I can look upon and, in a sense, call mine; to a degree, I command the throngs which flock to the big stores on sales days or to places of celebration; my fingers are literally in every pie; I've even withstood the temptations of money aimed to lead me from the straight and narrow path as defined by my meteorological instruments, and I've experienced the threat of death, all in a day's work.

Many people take the weather as a personal affair, and hold the forecaster as in some way responsible. Perhaps this is more pronounced in my case than in others: it happens that for more than thirty-five years I have dispensed weather in the same locality, that of Kansas City, Missouri. During all these years, it has been the practice of the newspapers in this particular region to personalize my bureau; from childhood up, its inhabitants have read the prediction of tomorrow's rain or sunshine, not as a statement from an agency of the United States Department of Agriculture, but as a personal prognostication for which I must be held definitely responsible. The result is that the telephone rings often when the forecast goes awry. Frequently it carries a woman's voice:

"And if it is anything to you, Mr. Connor, I want you to know that I think you are perfectly horrible! You predicted sunshine for today, and look at it! Look at it—raining pitchforks and me with fifty people invited to my party!"

To which I answer pleasantly—and mean it:

"Well, the next time you're thinking of giving a party, call me up beforehand and I'll see if I can't arrange a better day for you."

Silly, to make such promises? Not at all; in fact, the business of providing the kind of weather which people want is a big part of a forecaster's job these days. Not only is it possible, but plausible; and hardly a day goes by in my office that this matter of "weather to order" does not enter into my work.

Strangely enough, it is sometimes easier in my particular district to make a long forecast than a short one. Kansas City, Missouri, is situated practically in the heart of the United States, midway between the northern and southern storm paths, which, if they run true to form, are comparatively easy to diagnose. However, if a heavy atmospheric disturbance is sweeping across the country, gathering fury as it comes, an offshoot may upset temporary forecasts.

On the other hand, since these storms move from the west to the east, if the Far West is clear the indications are that fair weather will prevail for several days, hence the ability to predict a settled period in advance. Also, if a storm center is developing, it is likewise possible to figure fairly closely when bad weather will strike. Hence the dependency upon what might be called unofficial forecasts, and the myriad ways in which they take their place in human life.

TIME was when the work of the Weather Bureau was little more than giving cut-and-dried information, and justifying its existence by the gathering of statistics on precipitation, wind velocity, and temperature, without much attention being paid it other than by captains of vessels on the Great Lakes and our seacoasts, farmers, and those who desired to satisfy their curiosity as to what the atmospheric conditions might be on the morrow. But today's complexities of life and their interdependencies have changed all that.

There is a merchant in Oklahoma, for instance, to whom I send a telegram each week at his expense, giving my opinion of what the weather will be in his city on Saturday. This telegram governs his advertising; if clear weather is on the way, he spends more money than usual; if a storm is brewing, he retrenches. The same is true on a closer basis with merchants in my own city; there are at least a half-dozen, who, before they decide upon a special-sale day, particularly when great crowds are necessary to offset unusual advertising expenditures, bring their plans to the Weather Bureau for consultation as to the possibilities of sunshine. Recently a merchant called at my office, announcing:

"Connor, I'm going to spend ten thousand dollars on advertising a special sale. Is Saturday going to be clear?"

"You're putting too much responsibility on me," I answered. "I won't say."

"Then change the wording: Suppose you were spending ten thousand dollars. Would you be willing to risk that money on next Saturday?"

"I would," I answered. "There will be rain in the meantime, but Saturday will be fair and pleasant"—which proved to be so, and the merchant did a record-breaking business.

This sort of thing illustrates what I mean by unofficial forecasts, and the work of a weather man goes even farther than that. Sometimes he must be a cheerleader for a community as well.

THE psychological effect of sunshine or of rain is tremendous. When days are fair, my telephone, always a barometer of public feeling, carries nothing but pleasantries. But when the rain comes! Then all is different, especially if the wet spell be a protracted one. Often it is the merchant who is calling, begging for fair weather as earnestly, as though, by manipulating a lever, I could shut off the downpour. All I can do, of course, is to give my opinion regarding the future: a bright sign of clearing in the places whence the storm has come, winds which may bring fairer skies, an indication here and there of coming change, and I have often been able to tide merchants and others over periods of utmost despondency, holding them down on their expenditures and ventures on which they might lose money, until such time as I can see clear weather in the offing. In one or two instances I recall, it has meant the difference between a going business and failure.

But business is only one angle of the weather man's life, just as the perfunctory duties, like the notification of florists at the approach of a cold wave or hint of hail, the warnings to shippers that they may prepare for frigidity in transportation, have become another part of a day's work. Beyond this, there is what one might call the angle of "personal service," which is as variegated as the human race. One naturally wouldn't expect a weather man to act as a mentor of wardrobes—but I've done it, times without number.

"I'm going to Colorado for my vacation," comes the voice over the telephone. "Are the nights really cold there? And what clothes should I take for the daytime?"

I've packed trunks for various parts of the United States until I can recite the necessary wardrobes by heart. I've told people when to wear rubbers and when to leave them at (*Continued on page 102*)

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Grab It!

By Earl Chapin May

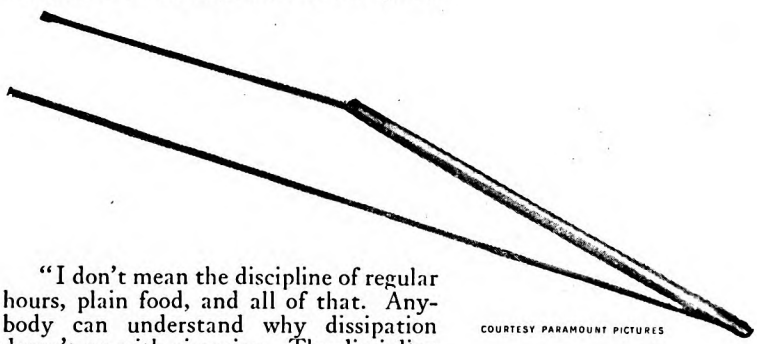
FOR nearly two hours the circus performers had competed with trained tigers, lions, elephants, and horses for applause, and the rapidly-moving program neared its close. The clowns did their last grotesque "walk-around," while perspiring property men in drab uniforms hastily stretched a long rope net above the center ring. The tireless circus band burst into a march. Eight athletes in silver spangles and white silk tights strode, single file, into the tent. A sturdy man with heavy shoulders set the pace. Five trim-built girls followed him. Two youths, square-shouldered but thin of limb, brought up the rear. Eddie Ward's Flyers, exponents of "the fling-return," were about to "stop the show" and thrill the multitude.

As the circus flyers climbed on rope ladders to various perches and trapeze bars suspended from steel rigging near the big-top peaks, the band began a lilting waltz. Thereafter, for twelve minutes, the towners got their thrill as the aërialists flew from bar to bar or, turning somersaults in the air, were caught by companions hanging upside down on swinging trapeze bars, and were, by these companions, returned through the air to other swinging trapeze bars which in their turn carried the flyers to safety on a lofty perch.

After the various pupils of Eddie Ward finished their part of the performance by dropping gracefully into the long rope net, diving daringly into it, or still more daringly leaping into space and turning over and over like balls, which "straightened out" in time to avoid breaking well-muscled necks, all eight lined up and "took their bow" in front of the reserved seats. Then I followed Eddie Ward into his canvas dressing-room.

"YOU have some nervy flyers working for you this season," I said to the veteran.

Eddie smiled in the wisdom of his forty years. "It takes more than nerve to make a circus flyer," he answered as he rested on a flat-topped wardrobe trunk. "I've been training boys and girls for the flying-return for over twenty years. I've put a hundred of them in the business in my time. Too much nerve is a dangerous thing. What keeps me and my pupils in the circus business is strict attention to discipline.



COURTESY PARAMOUNT PICTURES

"I don't mean the discipline of regular hours, plain food, and all of that. Anybody can understand why dissipation doesn't go with circusing. The discipline I'm referring to is the discipline of taking orders from the boss. The boss is the chief catcher of the flying-return act. In this case, I happen to be the boss, for I employ the people who fly and catch with me.

"Although all of us are known as flyers, technically, the flyers are those who do the spectacular work. They fly from the trapeze bar to the catcher's hands, and are returned by the catcher to the trapeze bar which carries them back to the flyers' perch. So the flyers are the folks who get the applause. The catchers, hanging by their knees or hocks get little credit from the towners on the circus seats. But if the chief catcher did not know how to *time* each trick in the routine of our act, most of my flyers would end their days in hospitals. That's why flyers must have nerve; but what they need most is discipline.

"Aërialists, as the word suggests, must do their work up in the air. A mistake is followed by a fall. With aërialists trained to do the flying-return the fall is usually softened by the net, although such a fall can and does sometimes end fatally. But in straight trapeze work, which I began when I was ten, a fall is finished on the ground, and it isn't just a fall from a horse or a fellow performer's shoulders but a fall of from ten to forty feet.

"MY SISTER Jennie and I did a trapeze act for twelve years before either of us had a nasty fall. Our star trick was a drop she did from a trapeze above me to a foot-to-foot catch; that is, she would drop head downward, and her feet would catch in mine as I sat, with legs extended, on a lower trapeze bar. It took close timing to do that act.

"We had been doing it for nearly three years, when, one day, in hurrying through our routine before the equestrian director's whistle blew to announce that all acts working in that program number were through—and they must all be through at the same minute—Jennie slipped from her trapeze bar. I let go one hand and reached for her. But she fell too fast for me, and her body landed across the wooden ring curb.

"The impossible happened in that fall. Her neck broke a two-by-four in that ring curb, but the ring curb didn't break her neck. Why? Partly because luck was with her at the time, but principally because her well-developed neck and shoulder muscles protected her. Most of the physical development gained by aërialists is in the shoulders, chest, and arms. Youth and perfect condition helped Jennie live through that forty-foot fall. She was only twenty at the time.

"After five weeks in the hospital, she rejoined the show. For three more weeks she couldn't work. Her back was bent into a half circle, but she straightened it. Every day she'd take hold of a side rope leading from a tent stake to a side pole of the tent, and gradually, day by day, pull herself erect. It was punishment of the toughest kind. But she worked with me eight more years, until she was killed in the circus train wreck at Gary, in 1918—killed outright in the berth next to mine after we had worked together more than twenty years.

"But Jennie's fall while doing the foot-to-foot catch that no other double trapeze performers could ever do was caused by

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forgetting discipline. She didn't time her movements accurately.

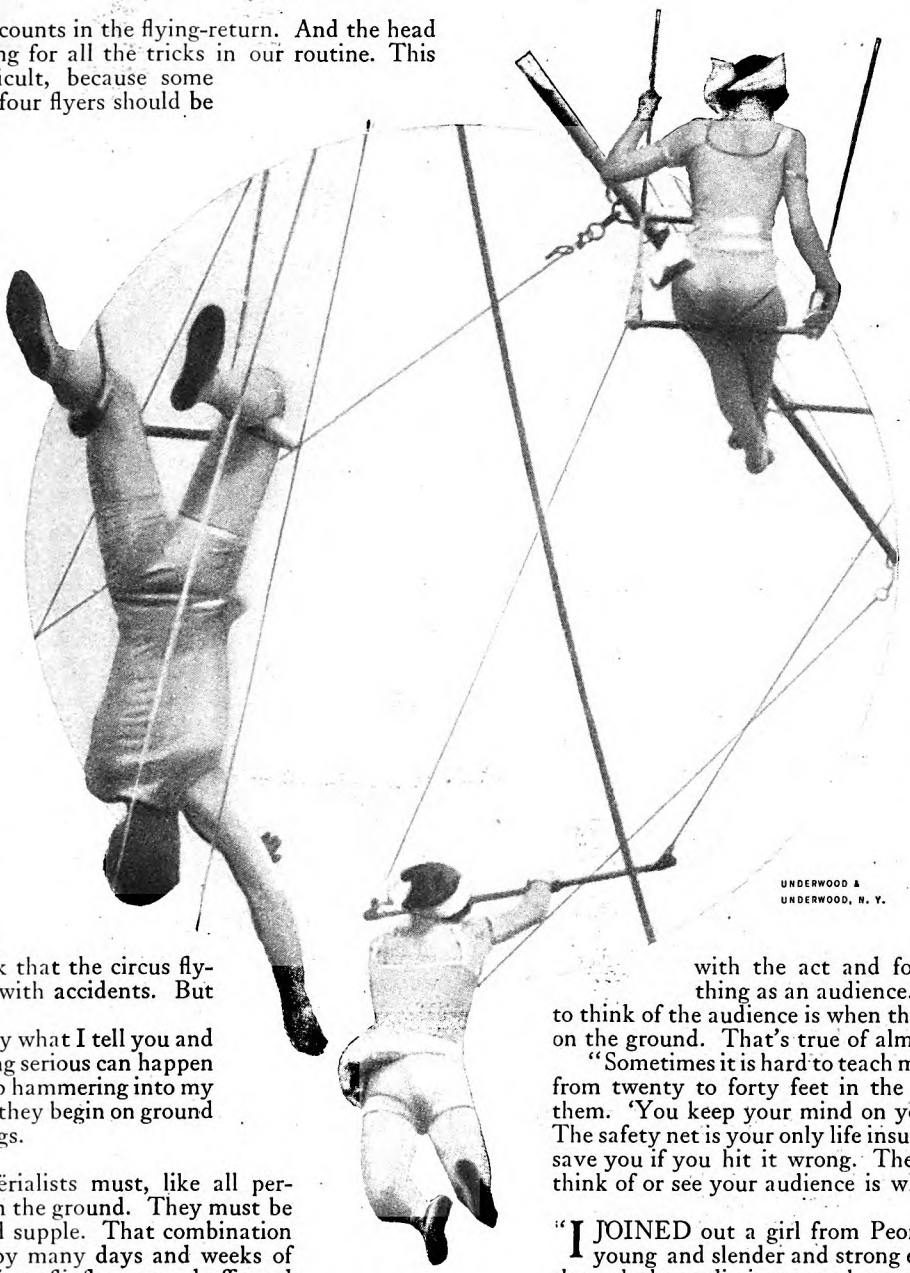
"That's why, since I've been specializing in the flying-return, I make all my pupils listen to me. Each flyer leaves the perch when I tell him or her to grasp the trapeze bar and 'go.' Each flyer leaves the swinging trapeze bar when I say, 'Leave it.' Each flyer reaches for the catcher's hands when I say, 'Grab it.' Each catcher—sometimes there are three of us catching all at once, or nearly so—returns the flyer to the swinging bar when I command it.

"It's timing that counts in the flying-return. And the head catcher does the timing for all the tricks in our routine. This timing is pretty difficult, because some one of the three or four flyers should be flying all the time. And if the whole act is not done gracefully and with apparent ease, the act would lose its strongest pull.

"When a new pupil reaches my training barn, on my farm near Bloomington, I make sure he has plenty of nerve by sending him up to the flyer's perch, thirty feet above the ground, then telling him to jump, back-downward, into the net. I am careful to explain just why he must land on back or shoulders. If he lands face forward, he may break his neck; if he lands on his feet he may break a leg. I'm not trying to scare newcomers needlessly. I'm just stating facts and starting them off right.

"You might think that the circus flying business is filled with accidents. But bad falls are rare.

"'If you do exactly what I tell you and *when* I tell you, nothing serious can happen to you,' is what I keep hammering into my pupils, from the time they begin on ground work and Roman rings.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

"SUCCESSFUL aërialists must, like all performers, begin on the ground. They must be strong and quick and supple. That combination can be secured only by many days and weeks of back-bends, hand-springs, flipflaps, round-offs, and somersaults on the ground. This preliminary course must be completed by long hours of exercise on Roman rings, to give them arm and shoulder development. These tests of their ability to respond to discipline come long before I let them try to fly from bar to catcher in the air. If they can't stand the monotony of this gymnasium practice, or if they balk or weaken on this work they're out, as far as I'm concerned. But it would surprise you to see the number of boys and girls who will go through this tedious practice just to be tested in the flyer's rig.

"This rig consists of a pair of jumpers, for each girl, regular gymnasium clothes for the boys, plus a mechanic. A mechanic is a safety belt around the pupil's waist, which belt is swiveled to a half-inch safety rope running over a pulley in the roof of the barn.

In the old days, when I was broken into the flying game, the pupil, or 'punk,' to use a professional term, did his first net falling and flying without any kind of safety appliance. His boss gave him plenty of good advice; but after that the pupil took his chances with the veterans. He got his first lesson in ground work by turning a back somersault with the upturned teeth of a garden rake just back of where he was supposed to land. He had to alight on the spot he left. Consequently, he turned his somersaults pretty close. When he began to fly he was just as careful not to make mistakes. We are easier with our 'punks' now.

"Every flyer in my company learned his complete routine, including the double aërial somersault, with a safety belt around his waist. I held the other end of the safety rope, if I wasn't catching him. If I was catching, one of my heavier assistants held the rope. If the flyer missed a trick, the safety rope saved him from a fall. That sort of training gives the beginners confidence. The only trouble is that it gives them too much confidence.

"You take healthy boys and girls of seventeen and make them believe they cannot fall, then take them into a big top jammed with towners, the circus band playing like all get out, and the towners applauding every trick, and first-season flyers may lose their heads. They are likely to have their minds on hurrying back to the perch so they can take their bows, whereas the important thing with all of us is to climb into the rigging, go through with the act and forget there is such a thing as an audience. The time for a flyer to think of the audience is when the act is over and he is on the ground. That's true of almost any line of work.

"Sometimes it is hard to teach my flyers this. 'You're from twenty to forty feet in the air,' I keep warning them. 'You keep your mind on your work and on me. The safety net is your only life insurance, and that won't save you if you hit it wrong. The first time you may think of or see your audience is when the act is over.'

"I JOINED out a girl from Peoria in 1922. She was young and slender and strong enough, and she went through the preliminary work so well that I put her into the regular act in 1924. That was pretty short training for a flying act. It takes about four years to make a professional flyer out of anyone. But she was naturally a graceful girl and unusually quick, mentally and physically. Flying and somersaulting seemed to come natural to her. Moreover, she had plenty of nerve.

"But she couldn't get her mind off her audience. She had good looks and knew how to sell herself, so she was always in a hurry to get back to her perch and take her bow. Finally, she got to looking sidewise at her audience as she swung toward me on her bar. That made a great impression on the audience, but it didn't make a hit with me.

"'You'll get hurt if you don't keep your mind on your business,' I warned her after we had been performing under the canvas a week or so. 'It's me and not the audience that's catching you.'

"But she wouldn't take my warning seriously. One day at Binghamton, New York, she was trying to do a double cutaway. That's a trick that needs concentration. But she was thinking of her audience. She didn't come within a yard of me. Luckily, she struck on her shoulders in the net, (*Continued on page 158*)

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PHOTO BY HAROLD STEIN, N. Y.

Babe Ruth listens in with nature's own receiving set while Graham McNamee broadcasts a baseball game. Contrast McNamee's favored position with his place in the old picture on the opposite page

My Adventures In BROAD-

By Graham

WE WILL now take you back to the studio."

How many times you hear that over your radio as the announcer brings a program to a close. Well, the time has come when I can say:

"We will now take you back to the grand-stand or, perhaps, to the bleachers."

For the good old outdoor sports season is here. The ball teams are at it again, and have been for a month. We are moving along toward another big outdoor heavy-weight championship fight. Half the country is already out on the tennis courts, the golf links, and the sand lots. All of which means that sports are the order of the day, over the air, as well as upon the earth.

I was going into a baseball park once with a very serious business man who was also a great baseball fan. As we passed into the main entrance, he said:

"Here is the point at which I always check my brains."

Maybe it will be good to remember that in connection with some of the things I want to tell you about this month. When I asked my companion what he meant, he laughingly replied:

"Oh, when I go to a baseball game, I always take my brains off the job, and do my thinking with my heart."

And that about expresses it. At our baseball games, and our prize fights, and our football matches, we look and listen and think with our hearts. Naturally, this makes us a little unreasonable at times. Once at a prize fight, when Tommy Gibbons fought Billy Miske, Gibbons was making Miske look quite foolish. He hit Miske at will. Finally, Gibbons had poor Billy so weak and groggy that he could hardly stand up. Suddenly, a young chap beside me yelled out:

"'Go ahead, Billy, finish him up!'"

NOW I'm an ardent sports fan myself, and, like all the other fans, I love to think with my heart when I'm witnessing a big game or fight. But an announcer can't do this. He has to take into the microphone whatever little supply of brains he has. He can't give free rein to his feelings. He must try to see correctly, and then report accurately what he sees. Like the newspaper men, he must also try to report impartially. But the crowd at the game, and the million who tune in on the "mike" are seeing and listening with their hearts. This makes it a bit hard on the announcer at times, for, naturally, the two points of view don't always tally. Let me give you a case in point:

After the World Series games between Washington and the New York Giants, the National Broadcasting Company got the following letter from a Washington rooter:

GENTLEMEN: The City of Washington and the entire country must feel grateful to Station WEAF for furnishing play by play description of the recent World Series baseball games.

There was only one phase of the broadcasting that was not pleasing to Washingtonians, and I do not feel it can be passed over without comment. I have reference to the partiality of the announcer, Graham McNamee, toward the New York Giants. This partiality was marked to such an extreme degree that it has caused most unfavorable comment from all sections of the city. It was even so pronounced as to warrant the press of Washington to comment on it in headlines.

A man acting as a radio announcer should be impartial to both sides when reporting a sporting event.

Almost the same day, the following letter was received about the same series from a New York fan:

GENTLEMEN: In the recent broadcasting of the World Series games by your man, McNamee, the last of which I have just finished listening to, here is one person that wants to make a tremendous kick at the unfairness of this man. I never supposed there was a human being, and I suppose he is a New Yorker at that, that could show such partiality to two baseball teams playing a series of such importance as the one just played. Why, the Washington players couldn't even brush the dust off their pants nor pull down their caps, without it being

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PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

A crowd waiting for tickets to the Gibbons-Miske fight, in front of the old Madison Square Garden, years ago. McNamee is the man in the derby hat with his right hand clasping his left wrist

CASTING SPORTING EVENTS

McNamee

"a beautiful play." Everything they did was "a beautiful play," but not once did he give praise to a Giant player except in a disappointed and grudging voice.

When Nehf struck out his idol Goslin on three straight pitches, not one word of praise for the pitcher, but a world of disappointment for the poor Goslin. Again, today, when Barnes struck out Goslin, not one word of praise for Barnes, who must have pitched a wonderful game. No; I mean "a beautiful game." And to show how far he went with Kelly at bat, this was the remark, the unfair remark, your broadcaster made: "I hope he doesn't put one over the center of the plate, for that is what Kelly likes."

If that wasn't rank pulling for Washington and by a New Yorker at that, I don't know what was. Don't think that I wanted to see him pull for New York either, but I did want to see a man in his position play fair with both teams. I must say right here if this is the kind of man you have to broadcast your sports, then the good Lord help the opposing side. I am off WEAF for some time to come for having a man like this on their staff.

I trust you will pass this letter on to McNamee, so that he will know at least how one fair fan thinks of him.

It is interesting to note here that I have never received a complaint or a criticism from a ball player, or a fighter, or a football player, or coach, about the treatment of their performances over the air. I have received a number of very interesting and highly prized letters from old umpires speaking in very kindly terms of my accounts of games. Perhaps these old veterans, who have known the ordeal of being compelled to see with the eye, while the crowd around was watching with their hearts, have felt some sympathy for the announcer.

Occasionally, I have heard from some player's wife who resented my account of the game *her* ball player was in. But, Lord bless their hearts, who wants a ball-player's wife to look at a game with anything else than her heart!

As a boy, I played on my high-school team, and later I put in three years on third base as a semi-pro ball player. This experience has stood me in good stead before the mike. I learned the rules of the game then, and, of course, I have studied them faithfully since. But that doesn't save me from criticism at the hands of the experts who sit in the bleachers. After every World's Series game, I get scores of letters "putting me wise" to some rules of which I seemed to be ignorant. I also get all kinds of instructions about everything, from the way to use my voice and pronounce my words to the fine points of inside diamond strategy.

The letters from the newly-made fans are interesting. Every baseball enthusiast knows, of course, about the spit-ball. This pitch is accomplished by spitting on the ball a moment before it is delivered. The small particles of extraneous matter cause the ball to deflect in a peculiar manner in its flight. And because this effect is achieved by putting something on the ball which is foreign to it, the pitch has been barred by the rules. Only those pitchers who were using it prior to a date fixed in the rules are permitted to continue its use, and they must be registered as spit-ball pitchers. There are but three men in the major leagues now allowed to use it. Now, in the game I was broadcasting, whenever a spit-ball was pitched, I announced it. The following week, a letter came from a gentleman in Pittsburgh—a very kindly and appreciative letter indeed. But it included the following paragraph:

> You ask for friendly criticism. All right—here goes. In describing the Washington pitcher's delivery, unfortunately you used again and again that vulgar word "spit." This was offensive to my wife and, frankly speaking, to me. Your story would have been detailed enough had you omitted the word entirely. It is a filthy pitch that cannot be outlawed too soon.

This was not the only reference to that subject. Another letter from the junior master of a high school in Massachusetts, said: "Wouldn't it be well for you to say 'expectoration ball' next time."

Incidentally, (*Continued on page 139*)

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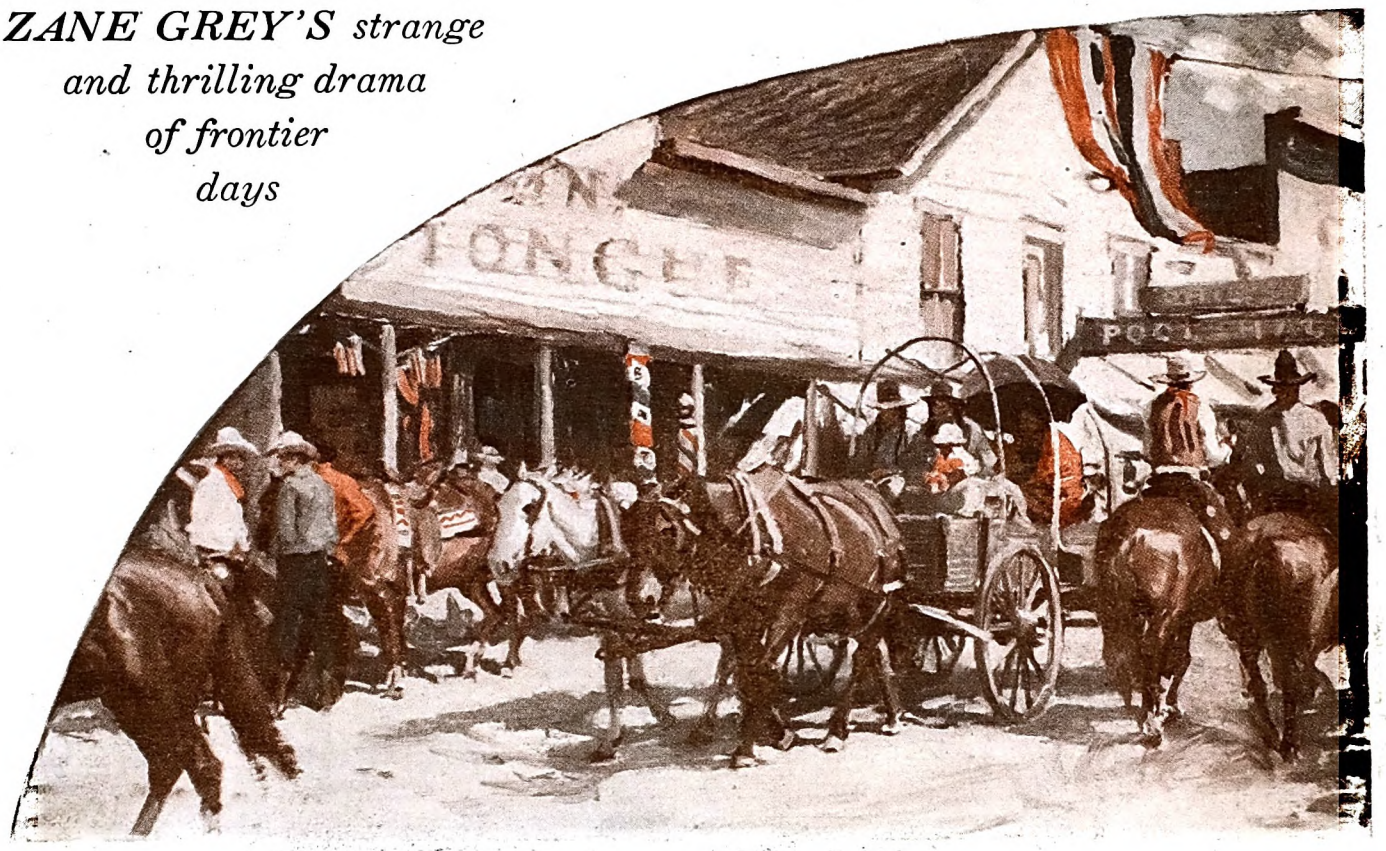
ZANE GREY'S strange and thrilling drama of frontier days



SUNSET PASS

IT WAS six years since Trueman Rock had killed a man and ridden away from Wagontongue, a fugitive from justice. In those years the truth had come out, the rascality of the man he shot had been discovered, and Rock's name had been cleared. All this he learned only when he came boldly back to Wagontongue, to greet old friends and pass on again. He had prospered greatly in a cattle deal in Texas; he had ten thousand dollars in his pocket, a gorgeous Mexican riding outfit—and he was the same handsome, reckless, irresistible True Rock who had been the most famous cowpuncher and heart-breaker on all the range around Wagontongue.

But on that very first day, in Sol Winter's store, he met Thiry Preston—and Rock the philanderer was lost forever in Rock the lover. The Prestons were newcomers—the "thirteen Prestons of Sunset Pass" they were called—and Rock had heard nothing but ill of Ash, the eldest brother, and of the men of the family, since he alighted from the train that morning. No definite accusations were made, but there were ugly rumors everywhere. And when Ash, in a drunken rage, ordered Trueman to leave his sister Thiry alone, True knocked him down, and went back to Winter's store to announce his plan of getting a job on the Preston ranch. Winter warned and pleaded, but True paid no heed. He had resolved, come what might, to solve the mystery of the whispers about the Prestons, and to banish the tragic look from Thiry Preston's lovely eyes.

He gave his money into Winter's keeping, bought a magnificent white horse, Egypt, and rode the sixty miles to Sunset Pass. Ash ordered him from the place, but Gage Preston, the father, interfered, and gave him the job of bossing the younger boys in an outfit separate from himself and Ash and the three older brothers. True found himself liking all of the family except Ash, especially Mrs. Preston and Alice; and he fell more deeply in love than ever with Thiry.

But every day on the prosperous ranch confirmed his suspicion that something was very wrong; and he determined to set it right if he lost his life in the process. Gage Preston had run out Slagle, a neighboring rancher, and was using his buildings for slaughtering cattle, which he shipped away as beef, while the hides were taken separately to town and sold. Rock was sure that the clue to the mystery was here.

The morning of True's first day on the range, Ash calmly rode off for a long absence with his outfit—on Egypt! And then Thiry, with tears in her eyes, implored True not to stay on at Sunset Pass. But nothing could shake him. And soon the opportunity he wanted came. They were all going to a Fourth of July ball in Wagontongue given by Amy Dabb, an old sweetheart of True's, and he got permission to ride in a day ahead of the family. He stopped at Slagle's ranch—and found just what he had feared: There were hides with the Preston brand about, and concealed in a thicket True watched a group of horsemen, led by a rider with a red scarf, inspect these and ride away. But there were also traces of quicklime, and—carefully hidden under a big culvert—True found sacks filled with fresh hides and quicklime. The hides were marked with a Half Moon brand that Rock had never seen. There were footprints in the culvert, and these he measured carefully. Then he rode on with a heavy heart toward Wagontongue.

EGYPT, left to choose his gait, had started off on his fast trot. He had many gaits, but this was his favorite and it covered distance rapidly. He held to it steadily, except on the hills, when he slowed to a walk.

Rock scarcely saw the beautiful range land. He rode past Pringle's place before noon, scarcely aware of it. He was in no mood for friends. But in due time his emotion spent itself upon the resolve to save Thiry, if he had to die to do it.

After that he gradually rounded to a coherent, if not a logically connected sequence of thoughts. When cattle disappeared off the range, any range, in more than a negligible number, it always led, sooner or later, to speculation and private suspicion by every outfit, and usually investigation, also private, by the outfit that had suffered most. Rock recalled cases where quite extensive rustling had never been cleared up. Ranchers worked slowly in this regard. They might step on someone's toes. Generally, when the perpetrators of crooked work were unearthed, it was accomplished by the cowboys rather than the ranchers.

Rock had no idea how far this extraor-

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In this instalment True Rock faces a crisis in his love

Illustrated by

W. H. D. KOERNER

The man was a tall rider. He wore a red scarf, and his face was almost as red. "See heah, sweetheart, you cain't come thet with me," he drawled, blocking her way

dinary dealing of the Prestons had gone. It would take considerable time to find that out, if it were possible at all. But it had proceeded far enough to be extremely hazardous for them, and, in fact, for any riders connected with them. The situation would certainly become a delicate one for Rock, unless he betrayed Preston at once. This was unthinkable. Rock knew his own reputation had always been above reproach, as far as honesty was concerned. It would still hold good with the old cattlemen who knew him. But that could scarcely apply to the new ranchers, new outfits, who had come into the Wagontongue range of late years.

Rock believed that, before another year was out, if the Prestons kept up this amazing and foolhardy stealing, they would be found out. Why could not Preston see this? He certainly did not lack intelligence. One remark he had made to Thiry had been thought-provoking. It might well be true that Ash Preston, having led or forced his father into criminal practice, dominated him wholly. Ash Preston struck Rock as a man without fear or conscience, and even without a heart, except where Thiry was concerned.

As the hours passed, Rock reviewed the whole knotty question again, without further enlightenment. He strove to bring reason and intelligence to bear, instead of a mounting antipathy for Ash Preston.

It was long past dark when Rock arrived at Wagontongue. Upon inquiring of a Mexican, he found a stable where Egypt would be well looked after. Next, he hunted up a restaurant to appease his own hunger, and then he went to the hotel and to bed. The long ride and the long hours of emotional and mental conflict had exhausted him. Not for years had he been so sunk in gloom. The urge to drink came upon him, and he laughed it away. He had need of stimulant, yes; but not that false kind. It was well that he fell asleep at once.

THE sawmill whistle disrupted his deep slumber at six o'clock, but he enjoyed the luxury of the soft bed and linen sheets a while before rising. Rested and fresh again, and with the bright gold of sunrise shining in his window, Rock felt far removed from the brooding, fagged rider of the night before. He would find a way. He dared to pit himself against Ash Preston in anything.

After breakfast, he went around to see Sol Winter. And meanwhile he had subdued himself to some semblance of his old order of cool insouciance, which state really had been natural before the fair face of Thiry Preston had disturbed his equilibrium forever.

Winter was sweeping out the store, his back to the door, and he did not see or hear Rock.

"Hands up!" said Rock, in harsh disguised voice, as he gave Winter a hard dig in the back with his forefinger, to imitate the prod of a gun.

"Oh, lord!" ejaculated Winter, swiftly dropping the broom and elevating his hands high. He had once been held up by a robber.

"Turn 'round," ordered Rock.

Stiff as a poker, the storekeeper obeyed, white and tight of face.

Then, "Rock! . . . You—dod—blasted—son of a sea cook!" he gasped out.

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"Scared me—'most to death! Same old cowboy! My, you look good. All browned-up. Dog-gone, I'm glad to see you."

"Same here, old-timer," replied Rock, heartily. "Reckon you look a little brighter, Sol."

"I've less worry, son, an' at my age worry tells. Fact is, I'm doin' fine again. Since payin' my debts, I've laid in more stock, an' advertised it. We're goin' to make money, pardner."

"Fine. I'm sure tickled. Reckon I'll need a pile one of these days. . . . Any news, Sol?"

"Not much. Everybody comin' in for the Fourth. Amy Dabb's givin' the biggest dance ever held in these parts. How're things out Sunset Pass way?"

"Pretty bad, Sol. But there's too much of it to tell now."

"Bet you had a run-in with Ash."

"Nope. Outside of stealin' my horse, Ash acted tolerable nice, for *him*."

"Stole your horse! . . . An' he's alive yet?" ejaculated Winter, his shrewd old eyes warm upon Rock.

"Sol, I took it as if I was complimented. Honest. I'm tellin' you truth. Now what do you say?"

"Wal, all I can say is love works wonders."

"Does it? All right, old-timer. Let's hope it lasts. . . . But, to leave off and talk serious, Sol. I want to find out somethin'."

"What?" asked Winter, as Rock led him back into the store.

She greeted him shyly, with absence of that inhibited expression which marked her meetings with him at Sunset Pass

"PRESTON drove in here a couple of days ago," went on Rock, lowering his voice. "In the outfit were three wagons I know of. One was full of hides, which I helped pack. The other two were loaded with meat. Beeves! Now, I want to find out how many beeves there were and where they went. But I don't want this information unless we can get it absolutely without 'rousin' the slightest curiosity or question. Savvy, old pardner?"

"Wal, I'll be darned if that ain't funny! I shore can tell you right now what you're so keen about knowin'."

"Good lord!" exclaimed Rock, with a quick breath, and he sat down heavily upon the counter. He had actually to nerve himself for the disclosure.

"Heard it quite by accident," went on Winter. "Jackson, who runs Dabb's butcher shop, once worked for me. An' if I do say it myself, he liked workin' for me better than for Dabb. Wal, I went in last night to buy some beefsteak to take home. An' I seen a lot of fresh meat hangin' up. Shore, I always was curious, but I never let on I was. All I said was, 'See you're stocked up plenty an' fresh. How're you ever goin' to sell all that meat before it spoils?'"

"'It won't last over the Fourth,' he said. 'Long as I got plenty an' can sell cheap to the Mexicans an' lumbermen, it shore goes fast. Wagontongue will soon stand another butcher shop, Sol; an' any time you want to talk business with me I'm ready.'

"'I'll think it over, Jackson,' I said. 'But where'll we get the meat? Reckon we couldn't cut in on Dabb's supply?'

"'No, we can't,' he told me; "'but Preston is killin' now altogether instead of sellin' any more on the hoof. He's gettin' thirty dollars more by killin', on each head of stock. He'll sell to anybody. To-day he shipped thirty-six beeves. Driscoll told me. Shipped them to Marigold.'"

Winter paused to see what effect this news might have upon Rock.

"Thirty-six!" muttered Rock, with unreadable face and voice.

"Yep. An' I counted ten beeves hangin' up on Jackson's hooks. All fresh. So that makes forty-six. What you want to know all this for?"

"Gee, Sol, you're a gabby old lady," returned Rock. "I was just askin', because you and I might go into the meat business. . . . And, say, who runs the Half Moon brand?"

"New cattleman named Hesbitt," replied Winter. "He's been on the range over two years. I've seen him but don't know him. They say he hails from Wyomin', has got lots of money, an' runs a hard outfit. Clink Peoples is foreman. You ought to know him, Rock."

"Clink Peoples. By gum, that sounds familiar. I've heard his name, anyway. What does he look like, Sol?"

"Onusual tall puncher. Sandy-complected. Eyes sharp like a hawk's, but tawny. Light tawny. Somethin' of a dandy, leastways in town. Always wears a red scarf. An' he's one of the gun-packin' fraternity. Clink will be in town shore over the Fourth."

"Red scarf? Ahum," said Rock. "Well, Sol, I'll run along, and drop in again."

REACHING Dabb's new store, Rock went in and hunted up the suit department. It chanced that there was in stock a black broadcloth suit, with frock coat, which might have been made for him, so well did it fit. Rock purchased it and an embroidered vest of fancy design, a white shirt with ruffles on the bosom, a wide white collar, and a black flowing bow tie to go with it. Lastly, he bought shining leather shoes, rather light and soft, which augured well for dancing. Not forgetting a mask, he asked for a plain black one. None of any kind was available. All false faces, and masks of humorous design had been sold.

Rock carried his possessions back to the hotel, certain that some of his youthful cowboy sensations were not wholly dead. While in his room, he cut a pattern of a mask out of paper, and taking this back to the store he bought a piece of black

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cloth and fashioned it after the paper pattern he had cut.

After supper the hotel man, Clark, got hold of him and, in a genial way whose intent was obvious to Rock, tried to pump him about the Prestons. Rock had met that same attitude before during the day, and without apparent evasion he did not commit himself. Then who but Jem Slagle stamped into the hotel lobby, in his rough range garb.

Slagle had been trifling with the bottle, but he was not by any means drunk. He was, however, under the influence of rum, and his happened to be a disposition adversely affected by it.

"Howdy thar, Sunset Pass puncher," he said, loud and leering.

"Hello, Jem. How are you? I called on you on the way in."

"Left home yesterday. Stayin' till after the fireworks. Are you goin' back to Preston?"

"Why, certainly. Like my new job fine," responded Rock. "I'm sort of a foreman over the younger Prestons."

"Rock, it was a thunderin' good bet that Gage Preston would never put *you* to butcherin'. Want a drink with me?"

"No, thanks; I've sworn off," replied Rock shortly, and he went out to walk in the darkness. Slagle's remarks did not set lightly upon Rock. They were trenchant with meaning. Slagle, of course, hated Preston, and naturally would be prone to cast slurs. But would he make two-sided remarks like that, just out of rancor? It would go severely with him if one of them ever came to Preston's ears. And rattlesnake Ash Preston would strike at less than that.

ROCK strolled to and fro between the hotel lights and those on the corner. As he came once into the yellow flare of light, a hand, small, eager, and strong, seized his arm, and a feminine voice he knew rang under his ear.

"True Rock, I've been on your trail all afternoon!"

Rock stared down into the piquant flushed face of his old sweetheart, Amy Wund.

"Now I've got you, and I'm going to hang on to you," she said, with a roguishness that did not altogether conceal a firm determination.

"Why . . . how-do . . . Mrs. Dabb, you sure—"

"'Oh, Mrs. Dabb!'" she interrupted, flashing dark passionate eyes up at him. "Call me Amy, can't you? What's the sense of being so formal? You used to call me 'darling Amy'."

There was no gainsaying that. "Well, good evenin', Amy," he drawled. "I've forgotten what I used to call you. Reckon it's not just good taste for you to remind me."

"Perhaps not, True. But you make me furious. Let's get out of the light. I've got to talk to you."

And pressing his arm tight she hurried him down the dark street.

"Amy, listen to sense. Oughtn't you be home?" asked Rock, gravely.

"Sense, from True Rock? Ye gods! When I was sixteen you *made* me meet you out, at night, because my father wouldn't let you come to our house," she retorted.

"That's so, Amy. I guess I was no good. But I've learned a little in all these years—at least enough to consider a woman's name."

"Thank you. I believe you have. And it's not true you were no good. . . . Now, about my being at home. I suppose I ought to be there, since I took the responsibility of it. But it's an empty home, Trueman. I am alone most of the time. John has men come there to drink and play cards and talk business. He objects to my friends. He is jealous of everyone. Just a selfish, rich old man!"

"Aw, too bad, Amy," replied Rock, deeply touched. "You never should have married Dabb."

"Father was in debt to John. . . . And I had to foot that bill, True," she returned, bitterly. "But I didn't waylay you to talk about myself. Did you get the invitation to my dance?"

"I did. Many thanks, Amy. It was good of you. I rather expected to be left out."

"Are you coming, True?"

"Well, now, that's a horse of another color," he said. "I'd sure like to. I might drop in for a little—to look on."

"True Rock! You look on at a dance! Why, cowboy, are you growing old?"

"No, Amy, I feel far from being old. But there are reasons. You should know one of them, anyhow."

"You mean my husband?"

"Sure do. He never had any use for me, after I quit him."

"ALL the same, Trueman, I'd like you to come—for several reasons."

"All right, fire away," he said lightly.

"First for old time's sake. Then because certain of my friends say you won't come. Next because—well, True, I've been a darned fool. I've gone—a—a little too far with a certain cowboy. And I'm afraid of him. He's coming to my dance. And I thought—if you were there—I'd not be afraid, anyhow."

"Who is he, Amy?"

"I don't know his real first name. His last is Peoples. Clink, they call him."

"Clink Peoples. I've sure heard of him. Rides for this new rancher, Hesbitt."

"Yes. And Hesbitt—"

"One thing at a time, Amy. Is this the last reason you have for wanting me at that dance?"

"No, Trueman, there's another. A woman's reason, and therefore the most important."

"What is it?"

"I won't tell you."

"Very well, I reckon your third reason is enough to fetch me. I'll come."

"Oh, thank you, Trueman," she replied, in delight, squeezing his hand. "You always were the dearest, kindest fellow, when anyone was in trouble. . . . Trueman, you could steady me. Heaven knows I need it."

"Amy, I don't exactly trust you," said Rock, dubiously. "I never did. But that

(*Cont'd on page 74*)

Rock heard Winter, but only vaguely, for he was rushing out to the door, where through the window he had espied Thiry Preston

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I Like To Take A Bath
But I'm Not An Old Soak

By H. I. Phillips

IN THIS country, bathing, like college football, is suffering from over-emphasis.

The bathtub is occupying a place of exaggerated importance in life.

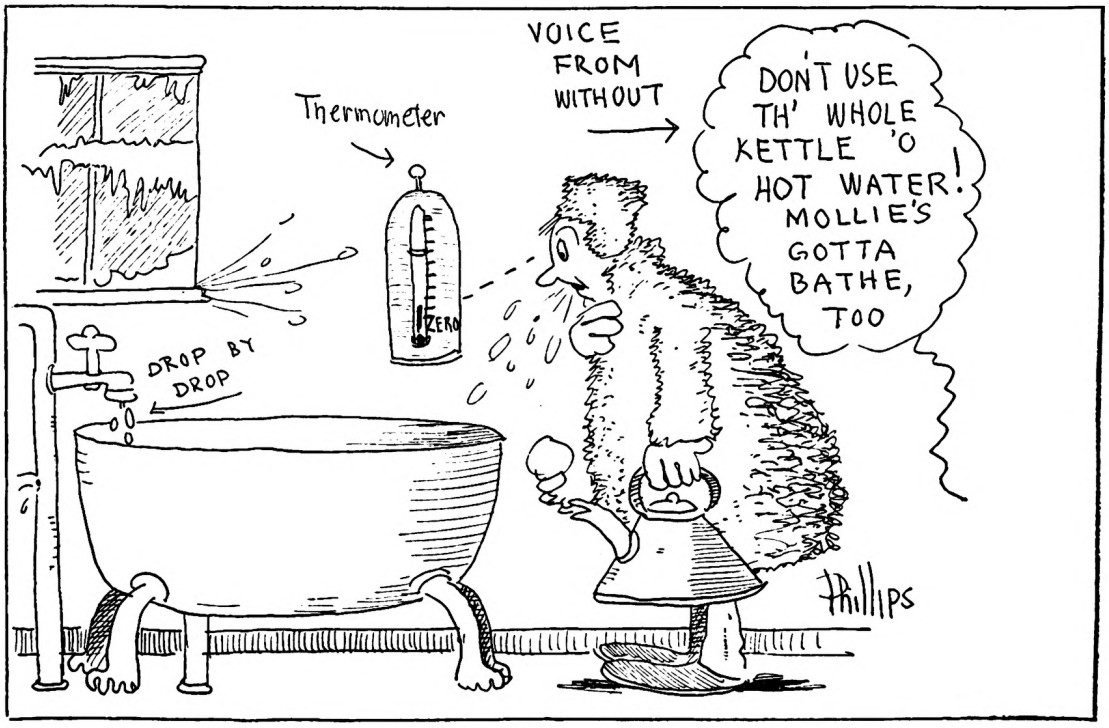
Cleanliness should perhaps be next to godliness, but there are disturbing indications that it is away ahead of it in modern civilization. There are lots of people who would show no resentment if accused of not saying their prayers more than once a week, but who would snap your head off if you expressed the slightest skepticism about their leaping gleefully into a hot tub twice a day.

There are times when it would seem that America's chief diversion is the working up of a lather.

Life, to hear some folks talk, is just one tub after another.

It is a matter of faucets, water temperatures, plugs, soaps, Turkish towels, bath mats and refrains from "Pagliacci," "La Bohême," and a Liszt "Rhapsodie Hongroise," whistled, gurgled, and inhaled. Indeed, you would gather the idea that Americans are happy only when floundering around a bathtub in pursuit of a cake of playfully elusive soap.

The bathtub influence is reflected everywhere. On the billboards, in the newspapers, buses, surface cars, and subway trains, the advertisements emphasize the importance of keeping awash. Most modern novels devote a chapter or two to the bathroom. There is at least one bathroom skit in most every musical show, and a famous Broadway producer is but recently out of the hoosegow as a result of over-emphasis of the bathtub motif at an informal back-stage party.



WHEN you go apartment hunting, the landlord's consuming pride is in his bathroom. He will point to the tiled floors, mosaic wallwork, streamline tub and built-in fixtures.

The up-to-date apartment house may have a cramped living-room, a dining-room the size of a telephone booth, and a decidedly demi-tasse boudoir, but you can bet the works that it has a bathroom by Caracalla, out of Diocletian.

Recently, in a house-hunting tour, I complained to the agent who conducted me about that the floors of the apartment were terrible, that most of the doors were out of plumb, and that the walls were beginning to crack wide open. He took all these criticisms calmly. But when I suggested that the bathroom color scheme was not so good, I wounded him so deeply that he bled from the nose and ears.

It is difficult to convince the modern renting agent that a tenant doesn't move from one place to another merely to get a change of swimming atmosphere, or to float in hot and cold water under a new landlord.

He seems to have a notion that a house-hunter is changing his residence so he can reach in a different direction or to a new level for his built-in soap-dish.

You find the same general situation in choosing a private home for rent or purchase. The builder may skimp on the heating plant, shirk on the foundations, play short in the design and construction of the rooms in which the tenant will live, but his bathrooms will be the kind you would not hesitate to show to a Roman emperor. The plural is used advisedly. There is no such thing as "a bathroom" in the up-to-date home. "The bathrooms," if you know your stuff. Even a five-room bungalow has at least two spacious bathrooms these days, and it is no novelty to see an advertisement reading like this:

OPPORTUNITY of a lifetime: charming little suburban home; just the thing for small family; 9 rooms and 6 baths; room for wing with two more baths if desired. If you are looking for a small well-planned home this is it.

A FEW years ago, I bought a house in the suburbs. Mrs. Phillips had pronounced it ideal for alterations. She has an alteration complex. After we had altered it and lived in it about a month, I began to notice that she was not altogether happy in it. I found out later that the bathroom was to blame. She had been reading the bathroom advertisements and studying the pictures. She really didn't want the house; all she wanted was a chance to tear out a couple of old-fashioned bathrooms and put in some up-to-date ones. They set me back so much hard-earned cash that I figured every bath I took cost me about fifteen dollars. And during our occupancy of that house, I took three baths a day, as a matter of getting my money's worth. I reached what was my bathing peak at that time.

After giving up that rural home, we returned to the apartment-house life, where tenants are not allowed to change the general contour or equipment of a bathroom. However, I have just been persuaded to buy another little place in the country. I did so with the understanding that the house was satisfactory to Mrs. Phillips, and that no remodeling would be expected. She has just finished

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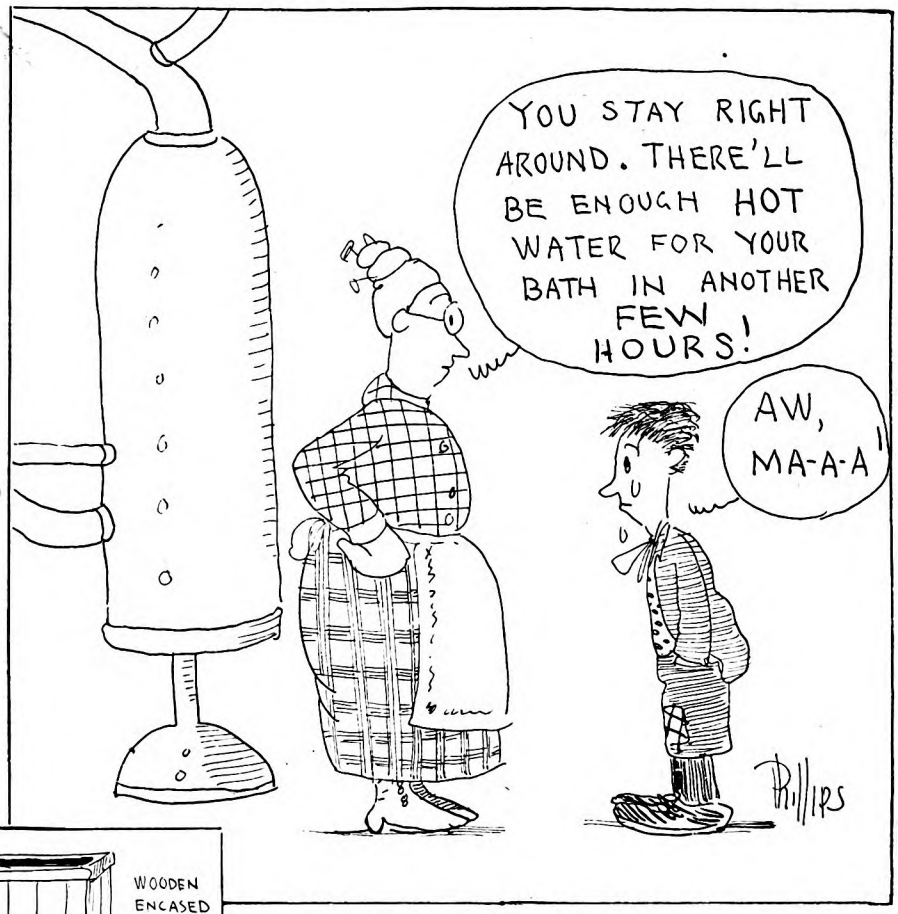
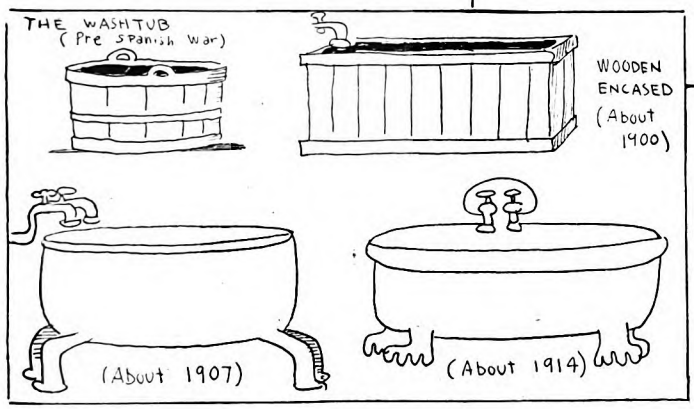
a post-purchase inspection and decided that to give it the right touch she will have to rip out the baths now there and put in some modern ones.

It serves me right!

WE ARE now occupying "a five-room apartment" in the city. It has three rooms and two baths. This, it seems to me, is carrying the bathroom motif to extremes. Last year, we had an apartment of similar size, in which the bathrooms were almost as large as the living-room. They had been the builder's joy and pride. They had more attachments than a concert organ in a modern movie cathedral. I never did master all the handles and knobs, and during two years' occupancy of the apartment I was never able to get water at the right temperature.

One of the bathrooms had an enormous shower of most bewildering ramifications. It always looked to me like a combination chicken rotisserie, automatic sprinkling device, rain-making machine, bear trap, and electric chair. I was always afraid of the darned contrivance. It had exactly nine faucets on it. There were two thermometers attached to the mizzenmast, and on the aftdeck was a huge handle of the type used to throw switches. Although I always pointed to it with that same satisfaction a man feels when showing off





a foreign car, a Stradivarius violin, or an electric refrigerator, I never got up enough courage to get into it and challenge it to a finish fight. Two or three times I stepped inside and experimented cautiously with some of the handles; but it gave me more scares than my first ride at the wheel of an automobile.

I still think that a complete understanding of its intricacies would have enabled me to bathe, bake a cake, get WEAF, have my teeth X-rayed, and make a telephone connection with London. On the other hand, it may have been nothing more than the model for a concrete mixer.

The day I moved out, I sounded the janitor on the matter and asked him why he didn't furnish a set of directions with the shower. He said that would ruin everything. "Listen," he told me. "That shower always rents this apartment. Some of the other apartments are hard to lease, but this one always goes quick, and I think it's the shower that turns the trick. People look at it, and look at it, and look at it. No matter how many times they go through the apartment they always turn to the shower. It gets them somehow, and I can see 'em ache to operate it."

"I'll make a confession," I said. "In all the time I lived here I never got the blamed thing to work."

"I don't think it ever worked," said the janitor, who could be frank with departing tenants. "Anyhow, I never had a complaint about it. But it's an impressive thing to have around the house, and people certainly fall for it."

The fuss made over a bath on a steamship cruise is just about the limit. No member of a ship's personnel is so zealous about his work, so heavily impressed with his obligations and responsibilities, as the bath steward. On the transatlantic liners a passenger has to take a bath, no matter whether he wants it or not.

You are hardly aboard the ship before the bathroom steward knocks, and demands to know what time you would like your bath mornings. There is no evading the question.

He will either bulldoze you into setting the hour, or, if he is of an emotional nature, he breaks down and cries until you are all broken up yourself, and say, "I had no idea you would take it like that, old man. Now brace up and dry those tears . . . I'll agree to take my bath at eight-ten sharp every morning. I'm not really a bad fellow, Steward. I'll bathe any time to please a friend."

You may have a notion that when he knocks on the door the next morning and cries "Bath, sir!" you will pull the blankets over your eyes and play dead. Don't be silly! It can't be done. The steward will pound with his fists. Then he will try to kick the door open. Ultimately, he will break it down with a fire ax and drag you to your bath by the ears.

Now, I think bathing is a good thing. I regard it as important. Far be it from me to padlock a single bathroom, or to knock a solitary "hot" knob off a tub. I am moderately fond of bathtubbing, but I am not an old soak. I think a bath is just a bath, and am never carried away by the notion it is a sacred ceremony, an Oriental rite, a carnival, a great sport, or a picnic. Frankly, there are a lot of things I'd rather do than bathe.

AS a matter of fact, bathing is no credit to anybody any more. It is made too easy. There are so many bathtubs in this country that it is harder for a man not to bathe than for him to frolic about in the suds three times a day.

Whereas a few years ago hotels were erected with only a small percentage of the rooms "with bath," the ultra-modern hotel today has a bath with every room. There were always two hotel rates, one with and one without.

When a client asked for a room, the hotel clerk inquired with a cold and supercilious look, "With a bath, sir?" And, while the applicant might lack the nerve to say "without," thus conveying the impression that he could get along overnight in such deprivation, it was certainly within his power to make a choice. I have all my life cherished a burning hatred for hotel clerks as a class, and I think it all comes from their habit of going out of their way to bark "With bath, sir?" whenever I sought a $2.50 room. Of course I always let them (*Continued on page 154*)

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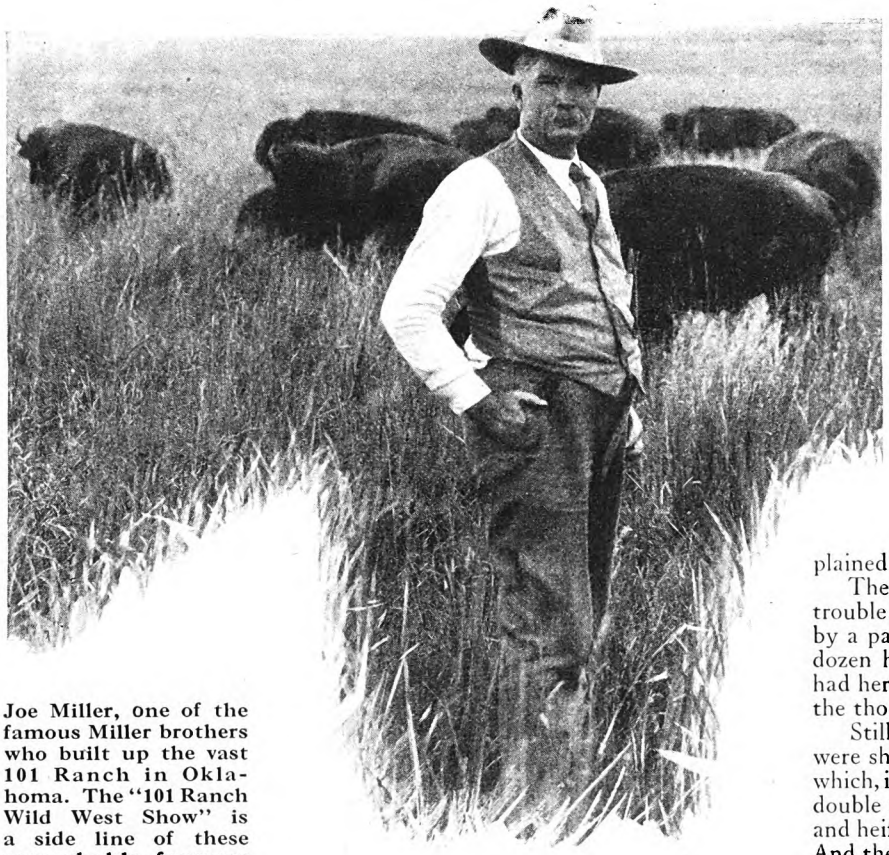
The Story
101

The daring Miller broth-
000 acres, its Wild West
amazing features, will
once, and if it doesn't work

By CHARLES



Joe Miller, one of the famous Miller brothers who built up the vast 101 Ranch in Oklahoma. The "101 Ranch Wild West Show" is a side line of these remarkable farmers

WHAT old-time Western cowmen will describe to you as the "greatest single movement of cattle in forty years," and as one of the greatest in the history of the country, took place during the spring months of 1927, out of Florida.

That spring, Florida put into effect new and drastic regulations to govern and clean up its previously unregulated cattle industry. Vast expanses of land in the state, unfenced and used for years as open ranges for grazing cattle, were to be fenced, under the new law. The thousands of half-wild cattle of these ranges were to be subjected to the treatment known as "dipping." Other regulations were imposed, striking panic into the ranks of the state's big cattle raisers, who faced the necessity of expending tens of thousands of dollars. Cattle became a drug on the Florida market, as one big landowner after another quit the business and offered his herds for sale.

At the height of this crisis, two men arrived in Florida. One was big-shouldered, browned, and bluff in his manner and speech, and he wore the broad-brimmed felt hat of the Western cowman.

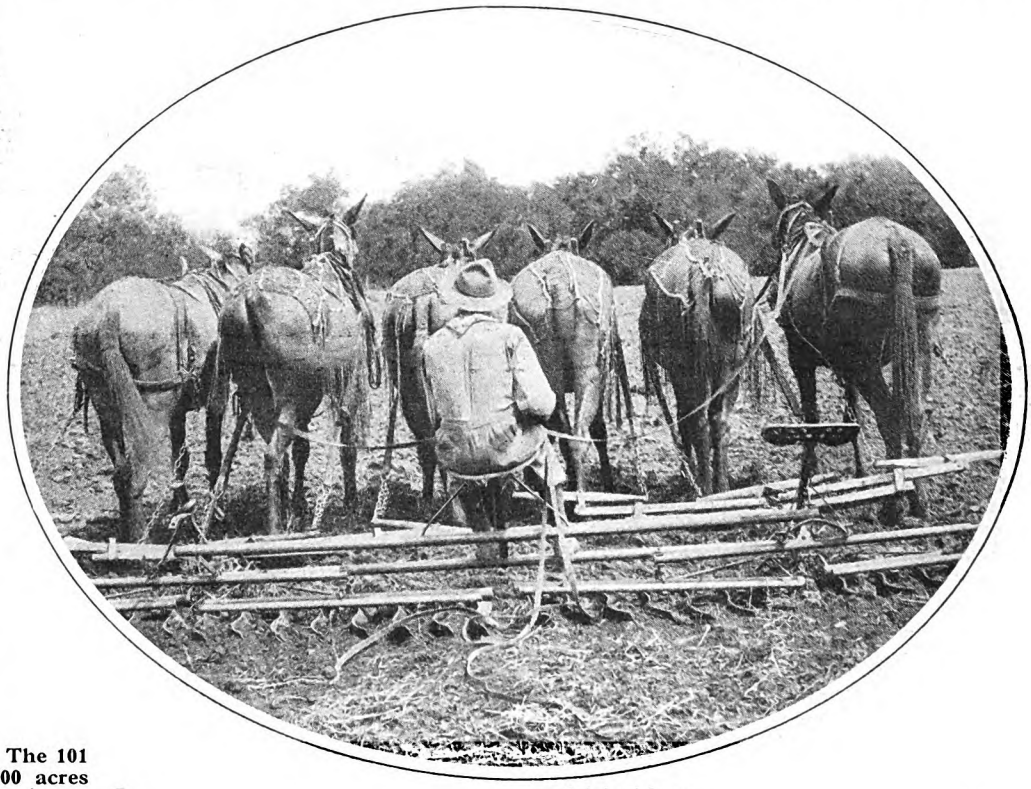
The other—tall, slender, courteous, businesslike—might have been a banker or a corporation president. Yet the two introduced themselves as brothers, Zack and George Miller.

"We're just a couple of Oklahoma farmers here to see if we can't pick up a few head of cattle," Zack Miller explained. "We heard that you're selling cheap."

The Florida landowners looked bored. They had trouble enough on their hands without being pestered by a pair of farmers who probably would consider a dozen heifers a big purchase. Florida, that spring, had herds to sell: not cows by the dozen but cows by the thousand.

Still, a buyer was a buyer. The Miller brothers were shown over the range. They saw young steers which, if fattened and properly marketed, would bring double and treble the price asked. They saw calves and heifers which needed only age to give them value. And they saw these in far-flung herds that numbered tens of thousands! Whole droves were as wild as buffaloes, untouched as yet by rope or hand of man. Everywhere cattle were for sale in this state known to the world mainly in the terms of its pleasure resorts.

THEN these Oklahoma farmers began to buy. One pasturage contained a thousand cattle; they bought the thousand intact. Another herd was estimated at thrice that number. "Sold," nodded Zack Miller, as if a calf were on the block. George Miller, the businesslike one of the brothers, handled the financial details, while the big-shouldered Zack picked the cattle. They bought ranges full of cattle, by the hundreds and by the thousands. In one bold stroke they purchased a single herd that



Preparing a field for planting. The 101 Ranch owns or controls 110,000 acres

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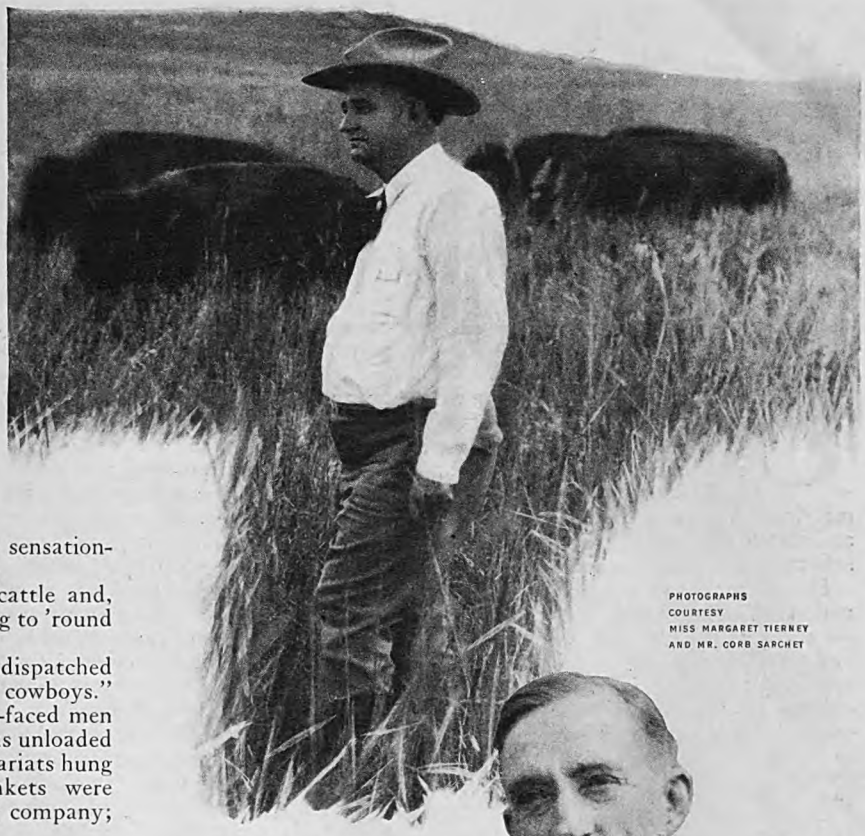
of the Great Ranch

ers, who operate its 110,- Show, and its many other try anything within reason that time they'll try it again!

LANE CALLEN



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY MISS MARGARET TIERNEY AND MR. CORB SARCHET

numbered nine thousand head, at which even sensation-weary Florida opened its eyes.

"What are you going to do with all these cattle and, now that you've bought them, how are you going to 'round 'em up?" asked the amazed landowners.

Zack Miller's reply was action, a telegram dispatched to Marland, Oklahoma: "Send me a bunch of cowboys."

A few days later a company of lean, brown-faced men and small tough ponies of the Oklahoma plains unloaded in Florida. The men were spurred and booted, lariats hung from their saddle horns, and sleeping blankets were strapped to their cantles. It was a hard-riding company; and the round-up began.

AT Old Town, at Clara, at Cross City, Hines, and Pineland the cattle were assembled. It was like the mobilization of an army, an event unparalleled since the great cattle drives of the Chisolm Trail back in the '70's. For, when those cattle were counted, it was found that the Millers had purchased thirty-six thousand head!

"Where will they put them?" gasped spectators.

In the old days of the West such herds were moved overland, feeding off the country as they went. These thirty-six thousand head had to be moved by railroad. Pastures had to be leased for them in which they could fatten, and pastures of such size were not to be had offhand.

Zack Miller (above), one of the owners and managers of the famous farm. (Right) George, another of the Miller boys who helped to create a farm that is known around the world. (Below) Watering horses in Salt Fork River, which flows through the Miller lands

The herd included two thousand cows with spring calves, requiring special handling and pasturage.

An army, indeed; but the Millers, it proved, were capable generals. In the middle of April, as if the whole movement had been carefully rehearsed for months, the cattle horde began to move westward out of Florida. In Alabama, near Montgomery, seven hundred acres of pasture had been leased for the cows (*Continued on page 147*)

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UNCLE EPHRAIM

By Don Marquis

DRAWINGS BY NORMAN PRICE

UNCLE EPHRAIM was a man who enjoyed a vast reputation for wisdom in our town. At a nod of his head, men bought and sold, married or refrained from matrimony, plowed and planted, reaped and sowed, engaged in speculation, stayed safe at home, or went upon journeys.

He must have looked wise and experienced and solemnly judicial, even in his early youth. Indeed, I know that he had a reticent, considering air even in the cradle. I have seen a picture of him in an old family album, actually sitting in that cradle holding a rattle in his hands; and he is looking at the rattle with a deep, thoughtful concern, as if he were a young Plato or an early Einstein determining just what the rattle's significance might be in relation to the core of the cosmos.

I knew him for many, many years, and I am certain that he was more communicative to me than to most other persons; but even I never heard him utter more than fifty consecutive words, and then only at most infrequent intervals. A hundred words from Uncle Ephraim would have been equal to a wild and whirling outburst of fevered eloquence from anyone else.

It was his reticence, his air of judicious and calm consideration, his slow and pondering manner, that gained him his reputation as the local Solomon.

Uncle Ephraim was a shoemaker and fairly prosperous, as prosperity went in small American towns a generation ago. He really *made* shoes, as well as sold them. He had learned his trade of cobbler as a very young man, and he stuck to his last; he loved good, sound, honest work. He loved to turn it out, to look at it and to handle it, to feel its neat perfection, and to realize that he was the author of it, the artist who had created this minor masterpiece.

He might have retired from his cobbler's bench many years before his death, if money had been his sole consideration; but his heart was there amongst the rolls of goodly leather and the sleek knives and the pungent wax. His place of business was divided into two departments: the Store in front and the Shop in the rear.

In the store, there were always a couple of spick-and-span young clerks to wait on the trade, and as fine and complete a line of up-to-date footwear as any small city could boast. In the shop was Uncle Ephraim, who employed these well-dressed salesmen, in his workman's leather apron, with his rolled-up sleeves and his waxy hands. Merely *selling* shoes and boots, although it was from selling that he gained most of his prosperity in later years, could never be as interesting to Uncle Ephraim as *making* them. To the end of his days he had half a dozen old customers who scorned to wear anything but his worthy handiwork, although most of the jobs on which he expended his artistic inspiration were, of course, repairing jobs.

It was to the shop that people came who wanted advice, guidance in affairs material or moral. He would sit working steadily and saying nothing while they talked, apparent wisdom crowning his high bald forehead, and with a most prodigious chew of tobacco in his cheek; for he was a constant and devoted chewer of tobacco.

I remember being in there one day when Mal Graham, who ran a flour mill, came in to consult him. I was a lad in my teens, and was busily engaged in sewing a cover upon a homemade baseball; and I suppose, on account of my youth and my obvious intentness on the job, Mal spoke before me without hesitation. The conversation, if it can be called a conversation, went something like this:

"Uncle Eph," said Mal, "I'm kind o' worried about that boy Henry of mine, and I thought I'd drop in and talk things over with you."

UNCLE EPHRAIM took from the leather pocket on the front of his apron a most amazing quantity of fine-cut tobacco, combed out of it three or four wooden shoe-pegs with his awl, and crammed it into his cheek. He looked solemnly at Mal while he did this, and then sighed and soberly returned to his wax ends and his work. Mal took the sigh, evidently, for an invitation to proceed.

"I sent Hen to college," said Mal, "on the idea he was going to study for a preacher; but now he's got all footballed up, and the last time I saw him he was wearin' a pair of these yellow toothpick shoes."

"Humph!" grunted Uncle Ephraim, but went on working.

"HIS ma wanted he should be a preacher, and so did his granddad, and I ain't anyways averse to it; and his granddad put up most of the college money. But now he writes me he's entirely off the idea of bein' a preacher. He wants to keep on at college; but he says he's going to make a newspaper journalist out of himself; says he's got doubts about whether he believes the Old Testament or not. His granddad's sore, and wrote him if he wanted to be a printer, why didn't he start here at home, without a college education, and says he won't get another cent from him without he sticks to bein' a preacher; and if he hears any more nonsense about him not knowing what his Bible beliefs are, he'll larrup him good when he comes home and teach him what to believe in.

"And I'm in doubts about it myself. If I put up all the money to carry Hen through college myself, it'll cramp and cripple me—you know, payments on the house and everything. It's my notion I ought to tell the boy to work his own way through college, and then be what he wants to. But I don't like to go against his ma and his granddad, neither. What you think I ought to do, Eph?"

Uncle Ephraim looked up from his work; his eyes wandered past Mal's intent face to a spot on the wall above and behind Mal, and he said:

"Humph!"

It certainly wasn't an unfriendly grunt, but to my juvenile mind it conveyed very little in the way of guidance. But Mal Graham was evidently impressed and satisfied; he apparently felt that he had received his answer. Perhaps he construed it as affirming his own inner convictions; and the result was that Mal's boy did work his way through college, because he was forced to, and turned into a very capable newspaper man.

Nods. Grunts. Movements of the luxuriant eyebrows. Ambiguous pursings of the lips. Motions of the stained and waxy fingers when he scratched his ears or rubbed his benign bald head. Occasional slight frowns. Infrequent chucklings. Wrinklings of the enormous forehead. Deep sighs. These were all I ever saw or heard anyone get out of Uncle Ephraim in the way of comment. But they seemed to be enough. And year by year his repute for wisdom grew and spread.

He could have been a member of (*Continued on page 144*)

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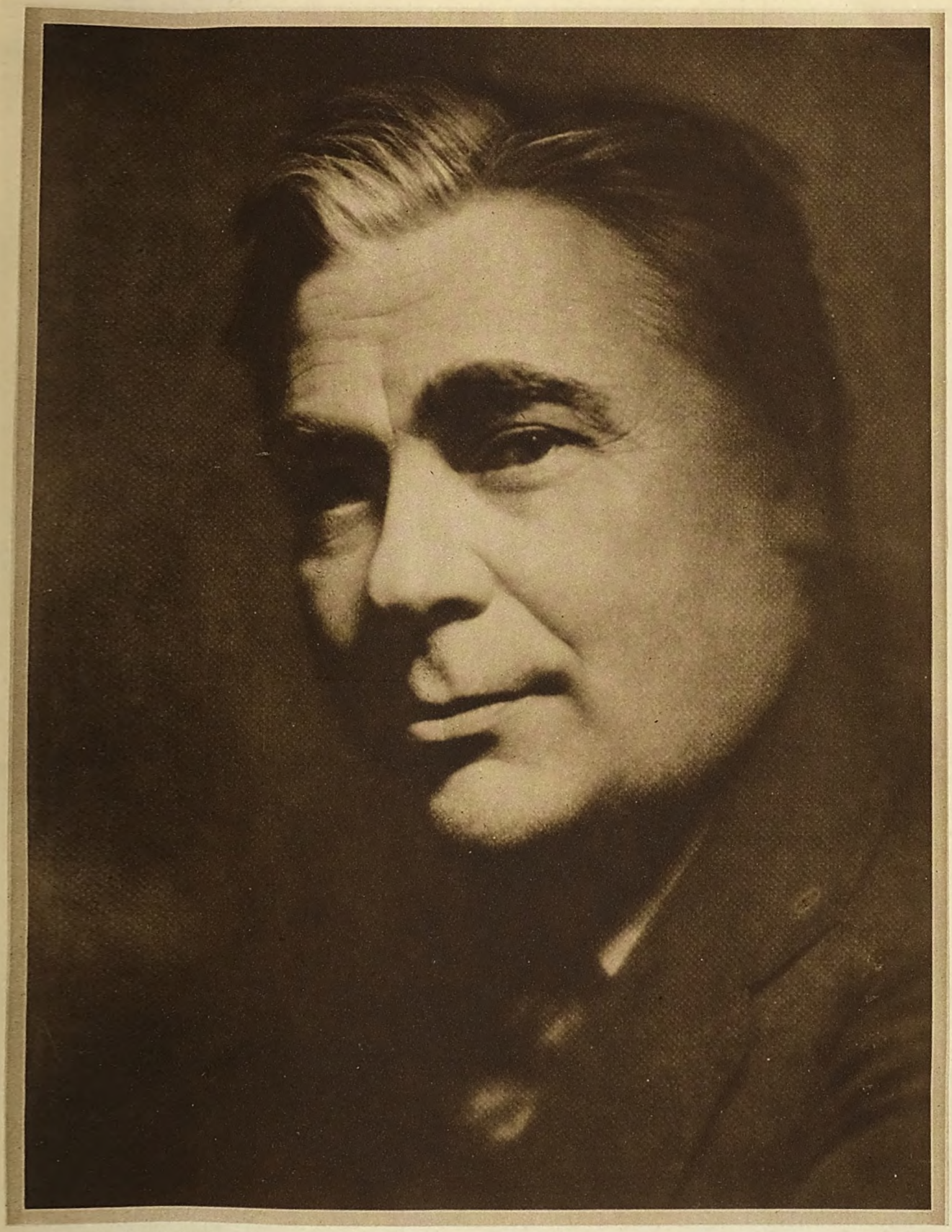

Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

Don Marquis

DONALD ROBERT PERRY MARQUIS, otherwise and universally known as Don Marquis, is one of the most versatile and distinguished of American newspaper men. He is author of "The Old Soak," "The Dark Hours," "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith," and many other books, poems, and plays. While a New York newspaper columnist he created several famous characters, among them Archie, the cockroach; Mehitable, the high-toned cat, and Captain Fitzurse. Mr. Marquis is best known as a humorist, but his genius is not limited to fun-making; it includes among other facets, philosophy, and poetry. He was born in Walnut, Bureau County (that's right!) Illinois, in 1878, and resides in New York City.

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"Oh, Dan, don't pay any attention to her," said Mrs. Linden. "June's just tired out with all this excitement and everything. She doesn't mean a word of that. I know!"

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A Love Story by MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Accepted *Without* Pleasure

Illustrated by
JOSEPH SIMONT

"OF COURSE we will go," said Mrs. Linden.

She used a certain manner which she kept on hand to quell incipient attacks of temperament. But June only drew the tangerine coolie coat still more unbecomingly about her, and sat huddled in apathy on the edge of her chaise longue.

"Can't you tell them I'm sick or dead or something?" she suggested. "They won't care. It isn't as if it were a man dropping out."

Her mother, already very splendid in silver velvet which made her white hair only an adornment, showed no sympathy with that plan and certainly no hint of coöperation.

"Don't be absurd, June. I wish you wouldn't act like this. You accepted the invitation, didn't you?"

"I did," said June. "They've got it on me in writing all right. I accepted with pleasure. But my pen slipped. I meant without pleasure!"

"It isn't much wonder that you don't enjoy yourself when you go to a party in such a mood. Come! Please get your dress on, June. There isn't any too much time."

June could read her mother's face, without looking at it. The full measure of Mrs. Linden's frustration was always in it at times like this. It might be thinly washed over by restraint and a determination not to say die, but there it was just the same.

There was the irritation caused by years of forbearing with a daughter who had failed utterly to wear with any grace the social mantle which she had inherited; the impatience with these strung-out years of trying to get June settled, before it would be possible for her mother to arrange her own life as she wished.

Mrs. Linden made no secret of what that arrangement would be. She wanted to give up this big, expensive house which she had kept so long against the possibility of marrying June from it. The hallways almost demanded a wedding. June was her mother's only child, and of course must therefore be her inevitable companion. But sometimes, now that June was twenty-nine and growing steadily more ineffective in the part she should play, Mrs. Linden felt that it was going to be impossible to drag this girl—who was no longer a child but a reluctant and uncongenial woman—about with her forever.

It was so absurd to have named such a girl June, who could never carry off the mood of the month or rise to its possibilities as a wedding time. The very way June could ruin the way clothes ought to look was getting on her mother's nerves.

Those things she thought but did not say. She had taken several classes in psychology, and never allowed despondency or what she called "the negative thought" to master her. Instead, she repeated, "Come, dear;" and June, with a whimsical, compassionate little grimace, got up from the chaise longue.

"All right. I'll be ready in ten minutes," she promised.

"Don't hurry too much. You must look your best. Do you want any help?"

"No, thanks."

"Call Elsa if you do. I'll be down-stairs." Mrs. Linden paused, obviously wishing she could inject some of her own deliberate brightness into June. "I'm sure you're going to have a good time to-night, dear. The Dovers do things so beautifully."

"Dinners look alike to me," said June, brushing her hair as if she had a grudge against it, and eying herself inimically in the glass.

"But that's just how you mustn't feel. Mrs. Dover often has new people. She may have a very interesting young man picked out for you to-night."

"Not for me. I'll draw either a wind-blown, sun-dried, heart-embalmed old one, or some young bird with pimples that none of the younger girls would stand for and Mr. Dover insisted on asking," prophesied June. "However, I don't care, Mother. It's nothing to me. Pimply or doddering, I'll take him on for a meal."

"You ought to care," said Mrs. Linden, her heart sinking at the probable truth of the prophecy, "and if you did, everything would be different."

June had refused to join any classes in either psychology or poise. Her mother felt that was why she got like this—blankly dejected or hard and cynical. Either way she sent men scattering away from her into other bridal arms.

"It's no good, Mother. I know the way you feel. But parties that set *you* up simply let me down. I'm sorry to be the ball and chain; but you just forget about me and give old Sam Stoddard the time of his life. Let him give you an oration about how much prettier you are than any of the younger crowd."

Mrs. Linden couldn't help smiling faintly. She belonged to a generation which was instinctively coquettish under flattery from any source.

"It's just being nice to him that makes him like me, June. You might remember that."

"I don't feel nice," said June, and drew on several layers of chiffon. "I feel mean and ugly!"

"Just remember that a man likes a nice, cheerful girl."

"I've been cheerful," answered June, with accent on the past, "and I've been gay. But after twelve years of it your smiles get chapped from exposure."

Mrs. Linden, feeling the imminent recurrence of the mood of depression, only lifted her head as the poise teacher had taught her, tossed a fragment of negative thought away, and went down-stairs. June did not look in the mirror again. There wasn't much need of it, anyway. She felt reasonably familiar with what the glass had to show and you couldn't blame results on it. Men didn't turn away in pain from the sight of her. It wasn't that.

Perhaps, June felt sometimes, if she hadn't had that sense of her mother expecting her to be popular, waiting for her to be married, she might have made a better job of it. It was like living under a spotlight that made her self-conscious, stiff, and edgy. And as man after man passed her by, the spotlight grew brighter, and began to bring out defects and failures.

The only answer to that was not to take the whole marriage business seriously, but to burlesque it more or less. Of course one couldn't get a husband that way, but June did not want a husband. Except for her mother's sake. She couldn't help feeling that her mother had been given a rather raw deal on the whole. Other women of her age were comfortable grandmothers or distinguished mothers-in-law, but Mrs. Linden had to keep on pretending that her daughter was a débutante, just toppling over the edge of marriage.

June went over to her desk and looked at the letter she had just finished reading when her mother came in. It was, as usual, an answer to a request for a job, and it stated that, since she had no training, it was impossible to consider her application. She couldn't get a job without some training, and she couldn't get training because she had no money, except what her mother gave her.

"It's time to go, June dear. Cochran has brought the electric around."

June pulled an evening coat off a hanger and went down-stairs.

SHE had a certain Sibylline gift. As she had foretold to her mother, her partners at dinner were the elderly but still sportive Cal Wetherell, and a pimply young man. No; on looking at

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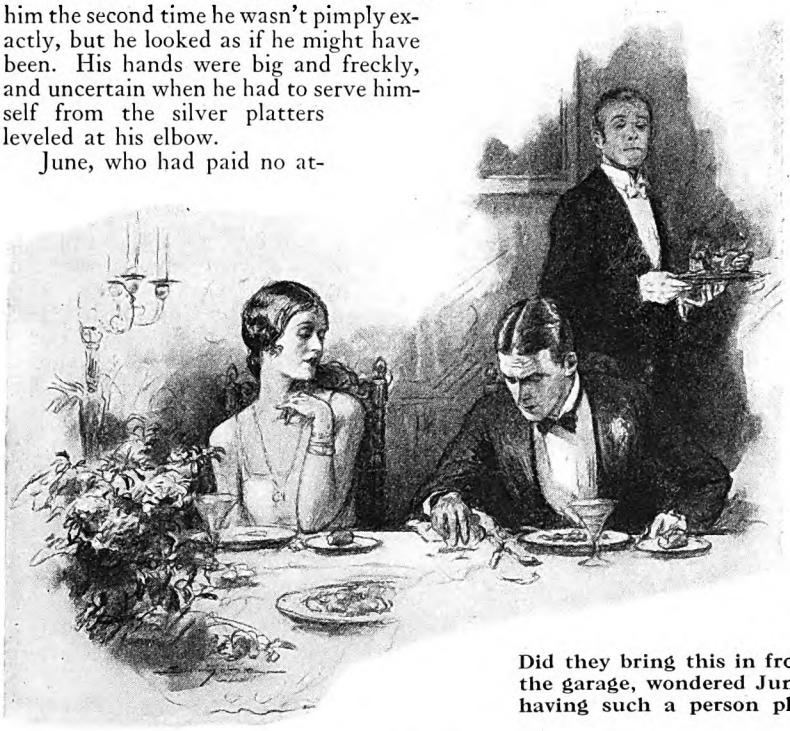
him the second time he wasn't pimply exactly, but he looked as if he might have been. His hands were big and freckly, and uncertain when he had to serve himself from the silver platters leveled at his elbow.

June, who had paid no attention to him through the first two courses but had been listening indifferently to the cackles of Wetherell, found herself amused at the struggle on her left. The young man was very red by the time he had landed his food on his plate. He had done it rather badly, taken too much asparagus and only a sliver of meat, but he was obviously very much relieved to have it over.



Did they bring this in from the garden or the garage, wondered June, a little hot at having such a person placed beside her

"Did you get enough to eat?" she asked.

He looked at her sheepishly. Obviously, he was a very inferior young man. His clothes were unadjusted, his collar too high and his tie too large.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

Did they bring this in from the garden or the garage, wondered June, a little hot at having such a person placed beside her. "Ma'am!" She was accustomed to take the social leavings more or less, but there was an outside limit! His card read "Mr. Delancey;" and that meant nothing at all to June. Nor did she want it to mean anything at any future time.

AT THAT point he spilled Hollandaise sauce, and tried to wipe it off the cloth with his napkin.

"Let it go," advised June, leaning on her elbow and watching him as if he were in a cage, "they wash every week, I think."

"I'm awfully clumsy," he said. "You see, I'm hardly used to dinners like this."

"Aren't you?" she asked coldly, pushing away his attempt at confidence.

"No, ma'am. I live rather plain as a general thing."

She looked at him with those satirical, unhappy eyes which had kept so many men at a distance.

"Do you like it better plain or fancy?" she inquired.

He knew then that there was humor in the offing, and grinned.

"I don't really know, myself," he admitted. "I suppose, if I had done the easiest thing to-night I'd have stayed home and put my feet up and read the paper."

"Then why on earth didn't you do what you wanted to?"

"Well," he said, "I suppose you might say it's a matter of self-improvement. A man likes to get on in the world. Meet nice people, you know. Now, just sitting next to a beautiful young lady like you is an experience for a fellow like me."

It was a long time since June had been called a young lady. She had thought both phrase and idea obsolete. It was also novel to have social climbing so freely acknowledged.

"And you can't help but feel," said Mr. Delancey, pursuing his reasons further, "that if anybody's kind enough to ask you to dinner, you ought to go."

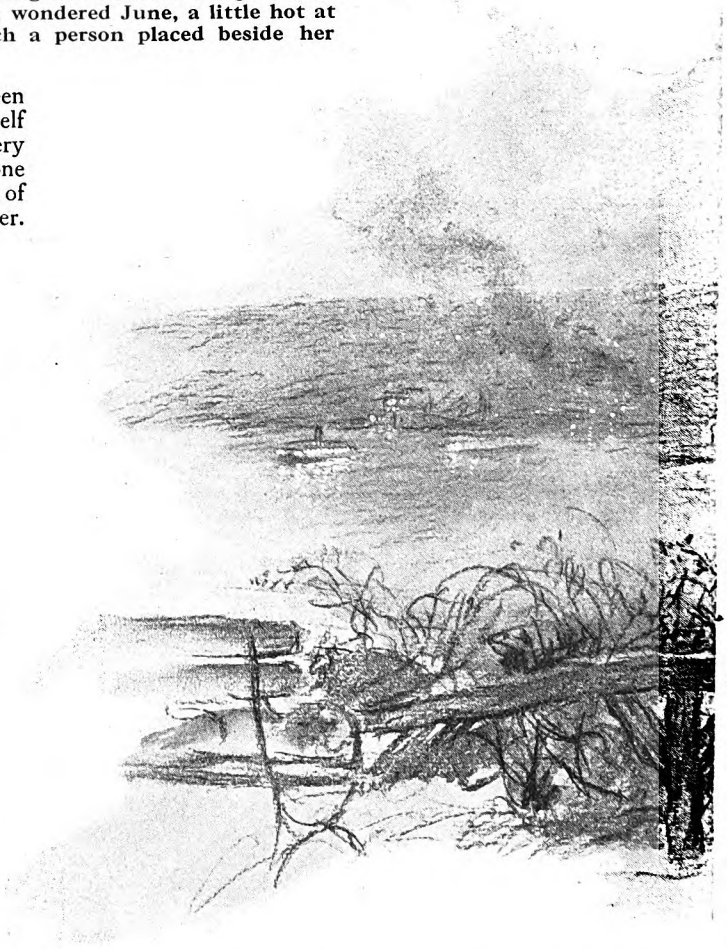
June wanted to say that the Dovers always had a reason for asking everyone, and that it rarely had anything to do with conferring enjoyment on their guests. But she checked herself, thinking that the young man might possibly be one of their relatives. It was pretty thick to plant him beside her, anyway.

She made a couple of rather devastating and subtle remarks, but the young man did not seem to get their meaning. She could see that he was admiring her by this time, and that he was fascinated by her white shoulders and her dress. Probably it's the first time he ever had dinner with anyone who wore anything more radical than elbow sleeves, she thought.

"DO you live here?" she asked, to check that annoying admiration he was bestowing too freely.

"Yes, ma'am. For the present, that is. I've got a little job up here in the copper country that will keep me busy for a couple of years. A mining engineer hardly knows where he'll land next. For about three years I was in Rhodesia."

She wasn't entirely sure where Rhodesia was, so she let that pass. But Delancey went on talking, now in unregulated bursts of confidence, now with apology and self-depreciation. The ice was broken, and floating about on the sea of his relief at being able to talk to someone. He was awkward and absurd, and when at the end of dinner he took it upon himself to thank her for her company she felt only humiliated.



They were silent driving home, Mrs. Linden and her daughter. Mrs. Linden had heard that Mrs. Tom West and Mary Jameson were going abroad on one of those foot-loose trips which elderly ladies of means can take with such unchaperoned delight. It made her envious, chafing at her own restraints, and irritated at the very sight of June sitting there silently wrapped in her evening coat and her own brooding thoughts.

"Sue West and Mary Jameson are going to Europe," said Mrs. Linden, driving the high-stomached electric at a careful fifteen miles an hour. "They're going to have a wonderful time. They asked me to go with them."

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"Why don't you?"

"My dear June, how can I? With this house and all the other things. They can. I can't afford it."

June knew. Her mother meant that the other ladies lived in apartment hotels, that they had no unmarried daughters.

"I'll get a job pretty soon," she said, "and be off your hands. Look here, Mother, let me go off and try it. Just give me enough money to land me in New York, and I'll take care of myself."

"I don't know what you'd do."

"I could sell clothes. I'd find something."

"Perfectly ridiculous!" exclaimed Mrs. Linden.

"Well, then let me start a shop of my own here. It wouldn't take so much. And I'm sure I could make a go of it."

"I've no money for silly ventures," said her mother.

June knew. She understood the fine points of her mother's economy. There had always been money enough for hand-embroidered dresses, for nurses, for expensive schools—but once, when she had wanted a book so terribly that the very thought of being denied it still hurt, her mother had refused. The book had cost five dollars; had been out of the question. And June had no money of her own, and never would have until her mother died or she could earn some or marry some. She could have a wardrobe, a home, but no money.

"Who was the man next to you at dinner?" asked Mrs. Linden.

"Some bum Mrs. Dover wished on me."

"What was his name?"

"Delancey."

"I never heard of him," said Mrs. Linden.

"You probably never will, Mother. His shadow just passed across the sun."

"He seemed very attentive. Is he unmarried?"

"I don't know. I think so, unless he has a wife tucked away in Rhodesia. He was all worked up at being in high society, and grateful and everything."

"You shouldn't talk like that, June. Perhaps he does want to raise himself. That's to his credit. You ought to be more open-minded. And, after all—"

"Spinsters shouldn't be choosers," finished June. "Would you like me to marry young red-neck, Mother? I might be able to put it over, barring wives in Rhodesia."

"You mean—"

"I MEAN he doesn't know anything about women. He's been off the map. He says, 'ma'am.'"

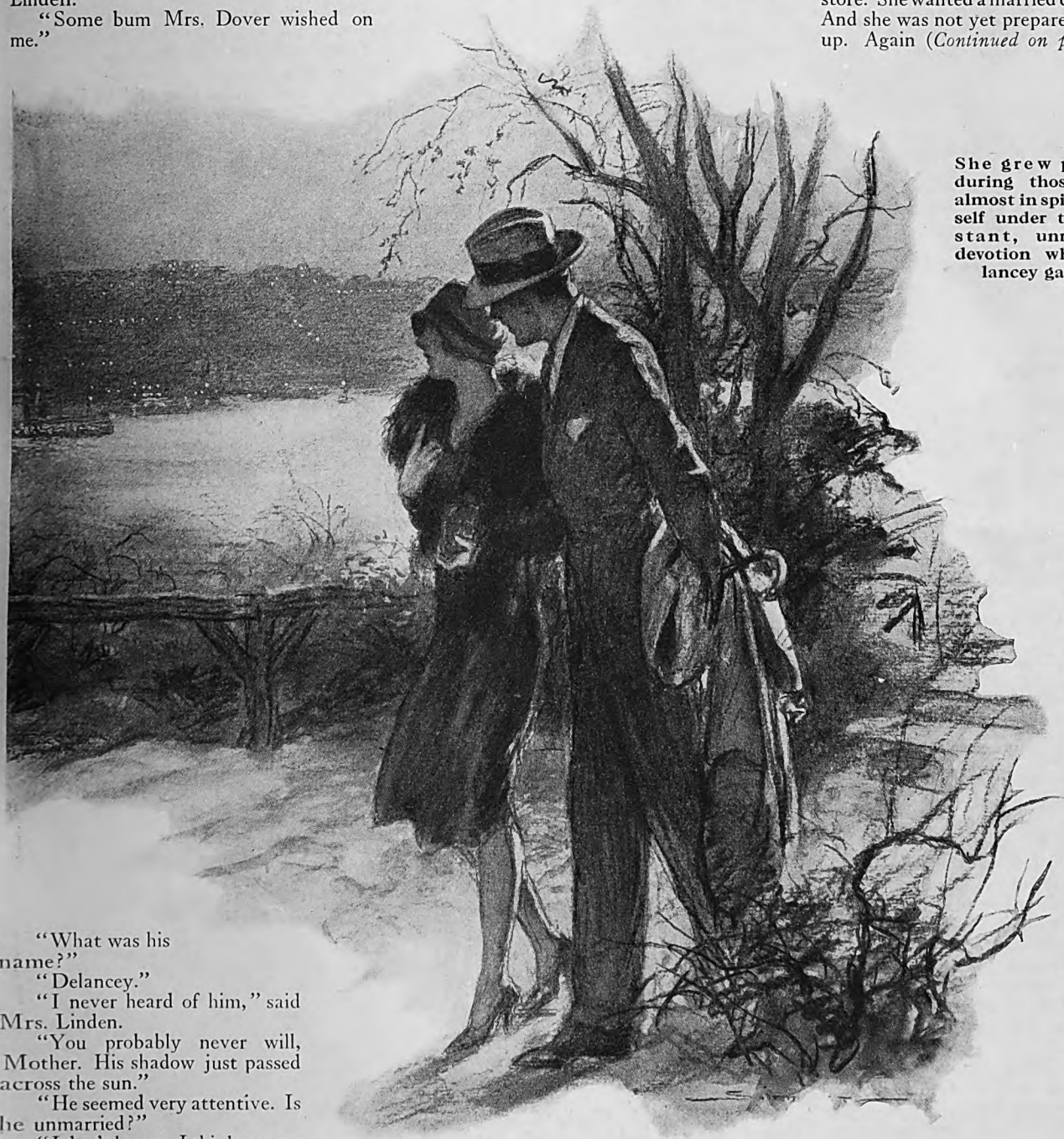
"Did you like him?"

"No," said June, "not in the least. But I don't see that that matters. He wants to improve himself. He's hot-foot after culture and bigger and better table manners. And we need a husband for me. We might make a very good deal with him."

"That's no way to talk, June. I only want you to be happy."

"I know, Mother," said June, with a kind of penitence at having rubbed the truth in too bitterly. "But if I had it my own way—"

Mrs. Linden's face hardened. She didn't want a daughter running a tea-shop or teaching or working in a department store. She wanted a married daughter. And she was not yet prepared to give up. Again (*Continued on page 124*)



She grew prettier during those weeks almost in spite of herself under that constant, unremitting devotion which Delancey gave her

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How Many Of *Do You*

By FREDERICK

The names of the thirteen men and women whose pictures appear here will be found at the end of the article on page 72

WHO was Guy Empey? What happened to Harry Hawker?

On which side did Admiral Kolchak fight?

Who were Alcock and Brown?

What did Ole Hansen do?

What office did Adolphe Max hold?

These are not catch questions. They haven't been dug out of any "Ask Me Another" book. They are the everyday front-page stuff of newspaper commerce. At least, they were, within the experience, and presumably within the memory, of most of the readers of this page.

The answers should be easy.

But are they?

Guy Empey wrote "Over the Top."

Harry Hawker was the Australian aviator who in an attempt to fly the Atlantic was for a long time lost at sea.

Admiral Kolchak was the white hope of the darkest days of red Russia.

Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown made the first transatlantic airplane flight.

Ole Hansen was the mayor of Seattle who broke the sympathetic strike and helped to stamp out Bolshevism in the Northwest.

Adolphe Max was burgomaster of Brussels.

And you had forgotten most of them!

Discouraging, isn't it? One is inclined almost to agree with Marcus Aurelius that "all is ephemeral—fame and the famous as well."

Suppose we had before us a list of erstwhile front-page names—not all of them of heroic stature but all of them newspaper luminaries of very considerable wattage—could we pick the good from the bad, the consequent from the inconsequent? For instance:

Sir William Osler
Francis Edward Clark
Bruce Ismay
E. Coué
Steve Brodie
"Chief" Myers
Cleofonte Campanini
Frances Heenan
Franz von Ritelen
Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice

Jeannette Rankin
Annie Oakley
Bela Kun

Perhaps it isn't necessary to identify all these ladies and gentlemen of the public prints; but for the benefit of those who, like myself, may have forgotten one or two, here goes:

Sir William Osler was the Canadian physician with revolutionary ideas about old age.

Francis Edward Clark founded the United States Society of Christian Endeavor.

Bruce Ismay was saved from the "Titanic."

E. Coue was the French chemist who said:

Every day in every way,
I am getting better and better.

Steve Brodie was the celebrity who jumped off Brooklyn Bridge.

"Chief" Myers was the Indian catcher of the New York Giants.

Cleofonte Campanini was general director of the Chicago Opera Association.

Frances Heenan was "Peaches" Browning's maiden name.

Franz von Ritelen was said to be the head of a German spy plot in this country.

Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice was British Ambassador to the United States during the war.

Jeannette Rankin was the first woman member of the House of Representatives.

Annie Oakley was the champion "shot" who starred in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Bela Kun was Soviet dictator of Hungary.

Let's put it another way:

Who took the

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These Celebrities *Recall?*

L. COLLINS

"Oregon" from the Pacific to the Atlantic during the Spanish War?

Who was Flo Ziegfeld's first wife?

Who was "The Grandmother of the Russian Revolution"?

Who was head of the French High Commission to the United States?

Who was the woman who was United States Senator for a day?

Who was the orchestra leader who played in Carnegie Hall under guard?

Who was the fourth member of "The Big Four"?

Who married Prince Christopher of Greece?

What recent governor of Texas gave Gifford Pinchot a black hat?

Who was General Pershing's chauffeur?

Who was the commander of "The Battalion of Death"?

Who fined the Standard Oil Company $29,000,000?

Who was the bearded fanatic who terrorized Czarist Russia?

Who was the man picked by General Pershing as the ideal soldier of the World War?

Who was the man to whom Marshal Foch said: "What you did was the greatest thing accomplished by any soldier of any of the armies of Europe."

Whose army marched on Washington during the gay nineties?

Was Dorothy Arnold ever found?

Who was Uncle Joe?

Who was the manager of the Cincinnati baseball team that resigned to enter the army in the World War?

Credits for photographs will be found at end of article

Who was the commander of the NC-4?

Who was in charge of our Red Cross work in France?

Who was "The Millionaire Kid"?

Who was head of the German Peace Commission at the Paris conference?

Who was the girl in the bathtub?

Who was Ponzi?

The last one is too easy. So I'll begin at the beginning. Captain C. E. Clark was the skipper of the "Oregon." Anna Held was the first Mrs. Ziegfeld. Catherine Breshkovskaya was the Russian lady. André Tardieu was the French Commissioner. Mrs. W. H. Felton, of Cartersville, Georgia, was senator for a day. Karl Muck was the orchestra leader. Orlando, with Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau, made up the "Big Four." Mrs. W. B. Leeds was the Grecian princess. Pat Neff was the governor. Eddie Rickenbacker chauffed for General Pershing. Maria Botchkarova commanded "The Battalion of Death." Kenesaw Mountain Landis was the judge. Rasputin was the man behind the Czar.

Samuel F. Woodfill was the ideal soldier. Sergeant Alvin C. York received—and deserved—Marshal Foch's praise. Coxey's Army marched on Washington. Dorothy Arnold is still missing. Uncle Joe Cannon was speaker of the House of Representatives. Christopher Matthewson was the baseball manager.

Lt. Colonel Albert C. Read was hailed as "The Columbus of the Air." Major Grayson M. P. Murphy was head of the Red Cross work in France. Byron D. Candler was "The Millionaire Kid." Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau represented the Germans at the peace table. Joyce Hawley was in the bathtub. And Ponzi is the "financial wizard" who caught hundreds of investors in his fake scheme.

I am covering a good deal of ground and skipping fast. If anyone thinks I am choosing unfairly, let him pick the people in whom he is (*Continued on page 69*)

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

This Boy is Off to a Famous Start!

AT THE age of fourteen, Deric Nusbaum is a veteran archæologist. As Deric himself would tell you, that means finding out about folks who lived thousands of years ago by the things they left behind them. From his first-hand adventures among the Indian ruins in the Southwest he has acquired a lot of fascinating information, and he has a whale of a good time.

Deric's father is head of Mesa Verde Park, in Colorado. His mother is the author of several books. Deric himself has written two books about his experiences in exploring Indian ruins and in tramping about Mesa Verde. From the sales of his books, he has already realized enough money to see him through college when he is ready to go. He is *big* enough to go now, for he is a blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked young giant who comes within an inch of his father's six feet one of height.

"Deric was born in Paris in 1913," Mr. Nusbaum told me. "His mother saw to it that he spoke both German and French before he spoke any English. We figured this would help him with his languages later on.

"He returned to America with us before America got into the war. Since then he has spent most of his life right out here in the West. He alternates between our ranch outside of Santa Fé and our headquarters down here in the Park.

"Deric knows his homeland of the Southwest fairly well," Mr. Nusbaum went on. "His mother and I believe that every boy and girl should know a whole lot about one locality: the kinds of birds, and trees, and flowers that live there; something about the local geological system; something about the written history of the neighborhood; and, if possible, something about the history that is unwritten."

Later, Deric told me about some of his experiences in reconstructing history from the relics that he finds.

"I had a wonderful time when first visiting ever made to Frijoles Canyon," he said. "That is where one of the best cliff-dweller ruins lies. I was only about six years old at the time. But I remember standing by the little stream that runs along the floor of the canyon and looking up at the cliffs on both sides of me.

"Two summers later we went to Hawikah, an old ruined village of the prehistoric Indians. There Dad and Mr. F. W. Dodge set about excavating the whole place. For the first time, I saw a city of ancient America grow out of a pile of rubbish.

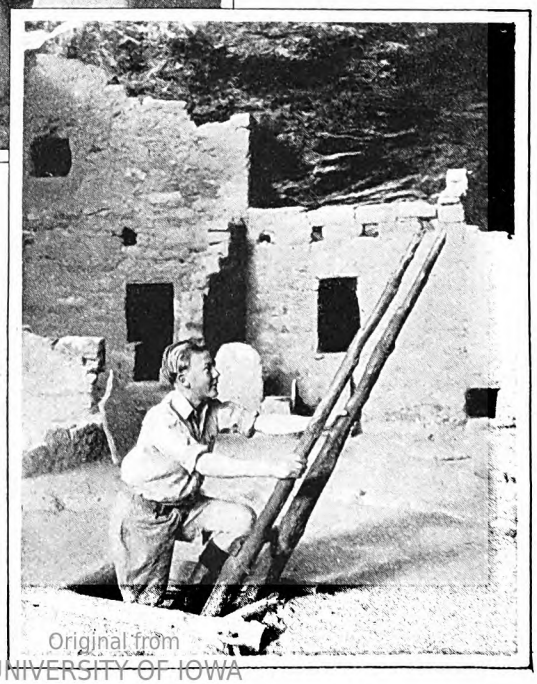
"After a while, I began to meet some of the Zuñi Indians, who descended from the original people. At first, I was scared of them. They were so silent and wild-looking in their dress of skins and their long black hair.

"But after while I met an old man who could speak a little English he had learned at the mission house. He began to teach me some of his own language. Then I could play with the Indian boys, and know what they were talking about.

I have since learned that these people have their history and traditions, just as we have. They have their ideas of religion, which they follow just as honestly as we do ours. They love their children, take pride in their work, and gossip about each other the same way white people do."

"We make it a point to encourage other boys and girls to come and visit us," Deric's mother told me. "Both Mr. Nusbaum and I believe that all the brains and teachings in the world can't take the place of a certain amount of the right sort of contacts between young people.

"As a result, despite the great deal of time Deric spends reading at home and prowling around the country, he



Deric Nusbaum, fourteen-year-old archæologist of Colorado, taking his turn at the wheel during the Putnam Expedition, which he accompanied to Baffin Land. (Right) Deric exploring one of the ancient Indian cities of the Southwest

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makes friends easily, and keeps them."

The old adage says "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." In the case of Deric, his practical test came last summer when he left his accustomed environment and went to sea with the Putnam Baffin Land Expedition.

In a dozen different ways, he faced an entirely new set of circumstances. He had to associate with a rough crowd of sailormen on one hand, and with a mixed party of college men and erudite scientists on the other. He had to endure the hardships of cold and heavy weather. He had to take his turn at pump and windlass, halliard and winch.

Let the vessel's master, Captain Bob Bartlett of North Polar fame, tell how the young archæologist got his sea legs.

"I took two looks at the lad when first I set eye on him," said the captain. "He was fine upstanding timber in the way he was built. But I've seen them look shipshape before—on the beach, that is; and turn sour as a fisherman's forehold soon as they got out on blue water.

"Well, this lad Deric somehow eased along quietly the first week or so after we left New York. 'Twas a case of quartering wind and easy sea up the coast.

"Then out of the northwest she came on to blow. Right in the midwatch it hit us too.

"We weren't carrying much of a crew: five men and a cook to handle a two-masted schooner is plenty. But in the darkness and with pretty nearly full canvas on her that is a small company.

"I figured we'd better use some of the scientists we had aboard to help us slack sail. So I let go a yell down aft where the intellectual fellows slept. And what do you think I raised first try? An archæologist! Fourteen years old, too! Can you tie that? The lad was like two men when it came to laying hands on the right line, and grabbing reef points out of the dark. And once when Tom Gushue, my mate, got a lantern for a look at the hatch combings I saw young Deric was laughing! 'There,' said I to myself, 'is the making of a sailorman!'"

So it went through the whole summer. The ship was nearly lost by ice; her propeller was smashed; fog and gale vied to coax her tender keel across uncharted shoals. But through it all our archæological bookworm won and held the affection of his shipmates. Best of all, when things were at their worst, he *laughed.* That in itself seems to me a pretty fair test of the sort of stuff the boy is made of.

FITZHUGH GREEN

Maud Howell, School Ma'am, is Now a Stage Manager

IT WAS the morning before the night on which George Arliss's new play was to open in Philadelphia. The final rehearsal was due to start at any moment. The entire cast, nervous and excited, were assembled in the theatre. They were waiting for the stage manager to arrive. Without him, they were helpless, for, as everybody knows, the carpenters, the electricians, and the property man all work under the direction of the stage manager; and the actors must be familiar with the sets, the lighting, and the "props" before they can go on in a performance in a strange theatre.

Finally, just as somebody was about to telephone the stage manager's hotel, a messenger dashed in with the information that the young man had suddenly been taken ill with acute appendicitis. He was already on his way to a hospital.

At this piece of news, the eyes of the entire company, including those of the stage hands and the producer, Winthrop Ames, turned to a slim, brown-eyed girl who stood quietly in the wings.

"All right, young woman," Ames said; "that means that you're *it!*"

Quite unflurried, the brown-eyed girl stepped into the middle of a very difficult situation, and began to make things happen. It was instantly apparent that she had already figured out just where each "prop" was to go; that she had thought out her lighting scheme in detail; that she had in mind a definite chore for each stage hand.

Surely and steadily order emerged from chaos. The stage ceased to be a cross between a lumberyard and a furniture warehouse. In an incredibly short time, it had flowered into an enchanting setting for the play.

And that is the way that Maud Howell, young school ma'am from California, became stage manager for Winthrop Ames's productions starring George Arliss.

She had come down to Philadelphia as assistant stage manager, with the distinct understanding that she would probably return to New York jobless. For even so short as eight years ago, stage managing was looked upon as one of those things that just aren't done by women. Today you could count on the fingers of one hand all the women who have tackled the job and who have made a go of it. And of these few Miss Howell is the only one who has become stage manager for a star of anything like the magnitude of George Arliss.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FLORENCE VANDAMM, N. Y.

Maud Howell, stage manager for the Winthrop Ames Productions starring George Arliss, has always been interested in the theatre. She was born in California, and acted in plays at Stanford University when a student there. Later she became dramatic director in a Los Angeles high school

"I've always been interested in the stage," Miss Howell confided to me the other morning as we talked together in her office in a New York theatre. "When I was a student at Stanford University—I was born and grew up in California, you know—I was forever working my head off to get into the plays put on by the various college organizations. And, like every other girl who has thrilled to the applause of her friends, I dreamed of being a great actress and of taking New York by storm.

"Fortunately, I had gumption enough to know that even if an inexperienced actress is lucky enough to find an engagement, she won't have much of an income. It was absolutely necessary for me to earn a living wage from the start, so I looked around and landed a job as dramatic director in a Los Angeles high school.

"There is a pretty widely circulated idea that teaching is a very drab, thankless sort of task. Nothing could be further from my experience. Why, you can discover more fascinating and thrilling things in a roomful of youngsters in a single day than Robinson Crusoe ever found

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during his whole stay on his famous island!"

Miss Howell taught in Los Angeles until America entered the World War. Then she went to Washington to do her bit in the service of the Government. As soon as the Armistice was signed, she set out for New York to look for work that might lead to the stage. The best that she could get was a job putting on plays for working-girls' clubs. A year of this, and she got a chance to go to Detroit to play small parts in Jessie Bonstelle's stock company. She also acted as Miss Bonstelle's stage manager.

It was her ability as a stage manager that attracted the attention of Guthrie McClintic, who was then playing leads in the Bonstelle company.

Mr. McClintic recommended Miss Howell so warmly to his friend Winthrop Ames that the latter was persuaded to give the young woman a try-out as assistant stage manager in the new Arliss production.

When the triumphant Mr. McClintic asked Miss Howell how she would like this job, she promptly replied, "I'd like being his stage manager much better!"

"I admire your spirit, Maud," said Mr. McClintic; "but some things are impossible."

"Nothing's impossible," she retorted.

And, as we have already seen, Miss Howell was right! FRANCIS PETERS

William Creamer Has Sold Dry Goods to the Wives of Many Presidents

FOR sixty-six years, William Creamer, dean of New York floor-managers, has been an employee of Arnold, Constable and Company, one of the oldest and largest department stores in New York. Mr. Creamer, who is just turning the corner into his seventy-seventh year, started working for his present employers when he was ten years old. His salary was a dollar a week—in gold.

"I got most of my schooling right here in the store," he told me, with a lift of pride in his voice. "And although I can't write a degree after my name, I believe I've had a pretty liberal education.

"I've never traveled much. Didn't have to. Sooner or later, the whole world comes to a big department store—in packing cases: Perfumes from France, silks and pottery from China, fine glass from Venice and Bohemia, tooled leather from Spain and Morocco, prayer rugs from Persia—you can look at 'em, and handle 'em, and smell 'em, and dream about 'em to your heart's content without so much as the price of a ticket to Jersey City in your pocket!

"In the old days," Mr. Creamer went on, "when big families were the fashion, ladies used to fetch their children along when they came a-shopping. I've seen them come in with three, four, or even five little ones, often in charge of a nurse. They just sat and behaved themselves while their mothers fingered silks and tested linens by wetting a spot with a dampened finger tip.

"One chubby little lad who used to come often with his mother to my counter when I was in the silk department grew up to be President of the United States. His mother addressed him as 'Theodore,' but later the whole world called him 'Teddy.' For all his energy, he was a patient little lad. He always sat very quietly while his mother examined the goods at my counter. People were a never-ending source of interest to him. I can see him now, with his round eyes following the motions of the shoppers.

"I have waited on many famous persons in my day. I was a junior salesman when I sold silks to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. Her enemies and some of the newspapers used to say that she was wickedly extravagant. I recall distinctly that she was always rather plainly dressed than otherwise. She was 'choosy' and somewhat hard to please. I considered her anything but extravagant. In fact, I always thought that she was inclined to drive a good bargain.

"Mrs. Ulysses Grant was one of my customers for eighteen years. She was a woman with a kindly face and kindly manners.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland was another White House lady it was my honor to serve.

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

William Creamer, seventy-six-year-old floor-manager of Arnold, Constable and Company, got his first job there at the age of ten. He has served many famous people

"Mark Twain was one of our regular customers up to the time of his death. As a rule, he was quite solemn-looking, not to say glum in appearance. I waited on him hundreds of times, and I never in my life heard him make a joke, or a facetious remark.

"Miss Lillian Russell, a well-known stage beauty of a generation ago, used to cause quite a sensation when she came into the store. I shall never forget the day that a nervous young clerk ran his shears quite through a handsome piece of brocade when the actress paused at his counter to ask for a sample.

"Fashions in shopping have changed a great deal in the last fifty years," said Mr. Creamer. "Thirty years ago, when a woman went shopping for the makings of an afternoon gown, she carried in her bag a list of minimum requirements which read something like this:

15 yards of wide silk
5 yards of skirt lining
3 yards of horsehair cloth to stiffen the skirt
4 yards of silk for a dust ruffle
5 yards of velveteen skirt binding
24 inches of skirt belting
24 inches of waist belting
1½ yards of sleeve lining
1 yard of crinoline to stiffen the skirt
12 inches of buckram for the collar
4 dozen fancy buttons
1 card of large hooks and eyes
2 cards of medium hooks and eyes
1 card of invisible hooks and eyes for the skirt placket
5 spools of silk thread
3 spools of cotton for basting
4 spools of buttonhole twist
2½ yards of featherbone for waist
1 yard of small boning for the collar
1 bolt of seam binding.

"Today she simply buys four yards of silk and a spool of thread!

"What could better tell the story of woman's emancipation!

"There wasn't a woman clerk in any fashionable shop when I started my career at Arnold's," Mr. Creamer went on to say. "Indeed, we have had women clerks in New York for only a little more than fifty years. I want to say that I'm all for the modern woman. I've watched her grow from the sweet, old-fashioned girl, whose boast was that she wore a number two boot and didn't know how to boil water, to her present competent status, when she makes a man hump himself to keep up with her.

MILDRED HARRINGTON

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More popular than ever in summer!

SOUP

as the one-hot-dish of summer meals

DELICIOUS, invigorating soup! In the midst of all the cold meats, salads, iced desserts and beverages of the summer dining-table, good hot soup is a welcome contrast. It appeals to the appetite now with even greater charm. It has a bracing, tonic effect in the cold meal, which makes soup especially beneficial and healthful in the summertime. The hot, wholesome liquid food sets the digestive juices flowing more freely and in this way gives a renewed activity to a digestion steadily confronted with the task of assimilating so many cold foods.

NATURALLY enough at this season, every woman seeks to spread before her family all the cooling, refreshing foods which are so inviting. She also knows the little secret of the one-hot-dish in meals of this kind—how healthful it is, how necessary to make all the other dishes taste their very best.

ADDING an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and simmering a few minutes. That is all the famous Campbell's Soups require before serving on the table! And they are of such delicious quality that the proudest housewife is glad to serve them.

Read the full list of twenty-one Campbell's Soups printed on every label. Make your selections and order from your grocer. He has, or will get for you, any of the Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.

15 vegetables
Beef broth
Cereals
Fresh herbs
Seasoning

. . . 32 different ingredients
12 cents a can

My how Campbell's makes us grow!
Everybody tells us so.
We just beam with health and pride
With our Campbell's Soup inside!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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5 years old - - - and 52 teeth

By the time that youngster playing so happily at your feet reaches the age of five he will have more teeth to care for than at any other time in his life! For underneath his twenty temporary teeth, the thirty-two permanent ones are being formed. As these grow, the roots of the baby teeth are gradually absorbed, leaving the crowns free to drop out.

It is easy to see that under these circumstances decayed temporary teeth can seriously affect those which will replace them. As a result they can also influence the actual growth and shape of a child's jaws and even his physical health and development.

Acid-decay, the destroyer of permanent teeth, is no less an enemy of these first fledgling molars and incisors. Particles of food lodge in the pits on the grinding surfaces of the teeth and in the tiny V-shaped crevices at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. They ferment. Acids form which attack the teeth and irritate the delicate gum tissues.

A tooth-brush cannot possibly reach into all these crevices. So it is necessary to use a dentifrice that will both cleanse the teeth and neutralize these dangerous acids.

Squibb's Dental Cream is made with 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, more than enough to neutralize the acids in these pits and at The Danger Line and to give needed protection. Moreover, Squibb's Dental Cream contains no grit, no astringents, nothing that can injure the sensitive mouth of a child. It helps to keep the mouth in a healthy condition. It is pleasant to the taste and harmless if swallowed.

It is essential to have your dentist inspect your child's teeth regularly. By exercising this precaution, and by having your child form the habit of using Squibb's Dental Cream at least twice a day, you will help him secure a sound, permanent set of teeth which should serve him through life. At your druggist's, 40c a large tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia promotes proper alimentation by virtue of its twofold action. Its antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. And its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from fermenting foods. At druggists, 25c and 50c a bottle. The Standard of Quality.

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Guard The Danger Line

SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM
The "priceless ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

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How Many of These Celebrities Do You Recall?

(*Continued from page 63*)

especially interested. Let him see if he knows:

Six members of Roosevelt's Cabinet.
Of Taft's.
Of Wilson's.
Of Coolidge's.
Six men who went down with the "Lusitania."
With the "Titanic."
The wireless operator of either ship.
Any six vice presidents.
Any six murderers.

Murder "heroes" are seldom heroic, I know. But they are often excellent examples of public forgetfulness applied to individuals who have held for a time the top of the page and the spot of the light.

Some people say that if we gave less thought to criminals, we might give longer life to "regular" heroes who don't get into jail. I wonder. We do forget the people who have done the really worthwhile things. But do we do any better for our murderers and our scandal-makers?

A FEW months ago, I picked up my paper and found that Lizzie Borden was dead. I didn't know that she was alive. If anyone had asked me, right-off-the-bat, I should have said she had been murdered in Fall River about the time I was learning to skate! Yet Lizzie, in her day, was the center of an extraordinary murder mystery—one that is still unsolved.

Last winter a play was produced in New York based on a famous novel, which was in turn based on the famous Gillette case. The average playgoer saw it only as the story of a boy who pushed a girl into a lake.

Who was "Pink Toes"?
Who murdered Avis Linnell?
Who was accused of the murder of J. L. Hamon?
What was the name of the San Francisco girl who killed her mother because she wouldn't let her go on parties?
Whom did Charles J. Guiteau kill?
Who was Belle Elmore?
Was Powers accused of killing Goebel or Goebel of killing Powers?
In what murder trial did Jack Rose figure?
How about Ruth Cruger?
And who were:

David E. Herold	Edward Spangler
Lewis Payne	Samuel A. Mudd
George A. Atzerodt	Samuel Arnold

and Michael O'Loughlin?

I'll admit that my average on this examination paper—without the aid of newspaper files in various parts of the country—would be about the same percentage as Volstead's legalized beer. But I won't ask others to confess their powers of forgetfulness. I'll give the answers right away, just as if I had known them all along:

"Pink Toes" was Dorothy King, the show girl whose death shook New York theatrical and Philadelphia social circles to their respective foundations. The Reverend Clarence Virgil Thompson Richeson was convicted of the murder of Avis Linnell in a sensational trial which focused the country's eyes on peaceful Cape Cod. Clara Phillips was the "heroine" of the famous Oklahoma Hamon case.

The San Francisco girl who objected to her mother's supervision of her pleasures was Dorothy Ellingson. Charles J. Guiteau killed President Garfield. Belle Elmore was Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen's murdered wife, a murder which shook London and reverberated for months over here.

Caleb Powers was convicted of the murder of William Goebel in the most memorable trial Kentucky ever knew. Jack Rose and his bald head illumined the mysterious case in which Police Lieutenant Charles Becker figured as a convicted murderer, and gambler Herman Rosenthal figured as the corpse.

Ruth Cruger was the high-school girl who was last seen entering the bicycle repair shop of Alfred Cocchi. And the gentlemen with the unfamiliar names were accused of conspiring with John Wilkes Booth to kill Abraham Lincoln.

But we don't have to bear down hard on crime to prove the shortness of our front-page memories. Many a man whose virtue is wholly impeccable, or, at worst, only slightly pecked, has had reason to sigh with the poet:

> What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill
> A certain portion of uncertain paper.

For instance, Richmond P. Hobson. Of course, we *do* remember Hobson—and we certainly should, for he was a real hero and a gallant gentleman; but,

What really do we know about him?
Was he in the army or the navy?
Was he a congressman or a senator?
Was he a Republican or a Democrat?
Was he a Prohibitionist or an anti?
Was he a Northerner or a Southerner?
In which war did he fight?

And Carrie Nation? What did she do? What did she carry in her hand? What, if anything, did she have in common with Mrs. Pankhurst? With Doctor Parkhurst? With Wayne B. Wheeler? With George Washington?

Ruth Law. There's a name for you! When Miss Law first astonished the world with her flying stunts, crowds followed her about the streets just as they did Dr. Mary Walker in her frock coat and high hat. To-day, we have women aviators essaying the Atlantic—and Miss Law's feats are forgotten.

The truth about this hero business seems to be that the modern world is crowded—even the clouds and the waters are crowded! —with heroes who successively claim the front-row place. And each new splendor makes us forget the one before.

Nowhere is this more true than on the stage. Al Jolson we know; and Ed Wynn, and Walter Hampden, and John Barrymore; but—

Who played Josh Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead?"
Who was the playwright-star of "Shore Acres"?
In whose stock company did Ada Rehan play?
Who was Frankie Bailey?
Who was the Salvation Army lassie in "The Belle of New York"?
Who was Bert Williams?

Or, to turn for a moment to an allied art, who was:

Arthur Johnson?	Maurice Costello?
Mary Fuller?	Max Linder?
John Bunny?	Ruth Roland?

Here are the answers to the six questions about the stage: Denman Thompson; James A. Herne; Augustin Daly's Stock Company; the Weber and Fields girl with the perfect legs; Edna May; and the greatest negro actor who ever lived.

And here are the answers to the six questions about the movies; the first leading man to get his name in print; the heroine of the first movie serial, "What Happened to Mary?"; the Charlie Chaplin of his day; Valentino's Irish predecessor in the early films; the French comic who committed suicide; and the star of a hundred thrillers, who is now said to be the richest woman in Hollywood.

And sport? That's where the heroes pass with the count of ten:

Who knocked out whom with a solar-plexus blow?
Who was Hans Wagner?
Who was Bernie Wefers?
Who was Jim Thorpe?
Who was Mike Kelly?
Who was Malcolm D. Whitman?
With what college team did Red Grange play?
What did Hank Gowdy do?

Of course, to sport's followers, the answers are easy; but some of us may have forgotten that Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out Jim Corbett at Carson City with a solar plexus blow; that Hans Wagner was the greatest short-stop Pittsburgh—or any other city—ever saw; that Bernie Wefers was the first sprinter to do the hundred yards in less than ten flat; that Jim Thorpe, the Carlisle Indian, was the greatest all-'round athlete of all time; that "Slide-Kelly-Slide" Kelly was the Babe Ruth of his day; that Malcolm D. Whitman was the undefeated tennis champion of the United States; that Red Grange played with the University of Illinois; and that Hank Gowdy was the first professional ball player to "join up" for the World War.

I COULD go on asking and answering questions indefinitely. But perhaps the most convincing way to demonstrate the brevity of hero-memory is to let *you* answer a few. I have chosen a list of names, most of which will be at least vaguely familiar to every newspaper reader. They aren't all heroes; but they have all, generally speaking, been "front-page stuff" in your time and mine. Moreover, so as to show absolutely good faith, *I haven't put anybody in this list that I have not seen with my own eyes:*

1 Thomas B. Reed	6 Lord Louis Mountbatten
2 Lyman Abbott	7 Madame Montessori
3 Frederick Remington	8 Jesse Livermore
4 Sam Hill	9 Percy Haughton
5 Simon Flexner	

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10 Henry White
11 Hugo Munsterberg
12 Felix Adler
13 J. J. Jusserand
14 Arthur Rubinstein
15 John M. Parker
16 Inez Milholland
17 Peggy Marsh
18 Tod Sloan
19 Yvette Guilbert
20 Evelyn Nesbit
21 Julia Arthur
22 Rose Pastor Stokes
23 Jacob Riis
24 R. F. Doherty
26 Fannie Ward
26 H. P. Davison
27 Joan Sawyer
28 Tom Lawson
29 Mr. "A."
30 Samuel Lambert
31 George W. Perkins
32 Stuart Blackton
33 Mrs. Tingley
34 Gerald du Maurier
35 W. F. Cody
36 Bonar Law
37 Mrs. Whitney Warren
38 Lord Reading
39 Edward M. House
40 Joseph Caillaux
41 A. Mitchell Palmer
42 Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse
43 Rosika Schwimmer
44 Bruce Bairnsfather
45 T. P. O'Connor
46 Sir Horace Plunkett
47 Maurice Rostand
48 Raquel Meller
49 Big Bill Edwards
50 Father Duffy
51 George Randolph Chester
52 Packy MacFarland
53 Breckenridge Long
54 Edward Everett Hale
55 André Citroen
56 René Fonck
57 Sam Loyd
58 Samuel Gompers
59 Charles Rann Kennedy
60 Diamond Jim Brady
61 Worthington Whitehouse
62 Claude Grahame-White
63 Nijinski
64 Foxhall Keene
65 Louis Sherry
66 Hiram Maxim
67 Howard Carter
68 Clara Morris
69 Eleanora Hughes
70 Broncho Billy Anderson
71 Barrett Wendell
72 Chick Harley
73 Norman Angell
74 John Clarkson
75 W. T. Jerome
76 Maggie Cline
77 Alton B. Parker
78 Charley Brickley
79 Franz Lehar
80 Jeremiah Smith
81 Vesta Victoria
82 "Honey" Fitzgerald
83 George B. McClellan
84 Princess Yolanda
85 George W. Goethals
86 Lewis J. Selznick
87 Alanson B. Houghton
88 The Aga Khan
89 Harry A. Garfield
90 Jacob H. Schiff
91 Eleutherios Venizelos
92 John Purroy Mitchel
93 Tasker H. Bliss
94 Truman H. Newberry
95 Walker D. Hines
96 Mary Antin

(The answers will be found at the end of the article.)

I DON'T know how you came out on that one. But if you didn't do a great deal better than several high-brow friends of mine, on whom I tried it, it is pretty good evidence:

That there is something wrong with this newspaper hero business.

That it isn't organized right.

That sales, once sold, don't stay sold.

That the goods don't stick.

Some of these newspaper heroes weren't nearly so heroic as we thought they were at the time. Many of them are well forgot.

It is possible that Lindy, the unforgettable, will sometime take his place among the heroes we've forgot?

Perhaps. But I don't think so. His first achievement, great beyond the dreams of great men, might not save him. It is historic. It is epic. But, like many historic and epic deeds, it might be forgotten, *if it weren't for two things*:

One of them is Lindy's own personality.

Two heroic figures emerged from the chaos of the Spanish War: Dewey and Roosevelt. Of the two, Dewey had every advantage of rank, prestige, and actual achievement; moreover, he enjoyed for a brief period an unprecedented popular acclaim. But he had no personality. Roosevelt—well, we all know what Roosevelt had.

The other reason why Lindbergh may *never* die is his glorious youth.

Most of the men who have kept a continuing hold on the public imagination have begun early and stayed late.

Again the inevitable comparison: Theodore Roosevelt entered the hero business at an early age. Month by month, he built up the structure of his popularity just as he would have done if he had been manufacturing silk stockings or selling automobile bearings. He made himself the best advertised article the world has ever seen. And what is the result? One of the questions invariably put to a candidate for American citizenship is: "Who is the President of the United States?" And it is no unusual thing, even to-day, for the applicant to answer, "Teddy Roosevelt."

Here, it seems to me, is the secret of heroic success.

Look at Henry Ford.

He has done much the same thing that Roosevelt did. Not so consciously, perhaps. But far more obviously. Ford has ridden into the public imagination, year after year, mile after mile, gallon after gallon, under power of his own creation.

Edison stands in the public mind far above any other inventor of his day, not alone because of the merit of his inventions but because his face and signature have spread his name and supported his fame throughout the electric-lighted world.

PROMINENCE is like prosperity: hard to win, harder to keep. And sudden prominence is like sudden prosperity: the first to go. Quick publicity doesn't stick to people any more than quick money does. But both publicity and money can be accumulated line by line and penny by penny against the rainy day of other people's neglect.

Henry Cabot Lodge may not have been a hero—a lot of people thought he was just the opposite—but no one in our fathers' generation or ours is likely to forget him. Robert M. LaFollette was a hero to some and a red flag to others. Half the people of the United States didn't know how to spell his name, and less than half know how to pronounce it; but every American of voting age had heard of him, and a good many out Wisconsin way thought he was next to God. Elihu Root never flashed across the front pages of the country's press as the doer of startling deeds, but every intelligent American thinks of him as a symbol of intellectual strength.

I'll put it another way. No one who lived in John L. Sullivan's time is likely to forget him. Or J. P. Morgan. Or Rockefeller. Or Queen Victoria. Or Hetty Green. And the reason is that all of these people had one thing in common: a long and—in one way or another—continuously interesting career."

Most of the men and women who suddenly achieve heroic front-page type are just that. Murderers arrive on the pull of the trigger and depart with the turning-on of the current. Military heroes rise at reveille and retire at taps. Even aviators must find new worlds to conquer. If they don't, they too are flashes in the public pan.

One-time men are often good men. They sell themselves to their public honestly and soundly. But they don't follow up their sales. And most of the profit, as every business man knows, is in the "repeats!"

"Who's Who"

1. THOMAS B. REED
Congressman from Maine, Speaker of the House, orator and wit.
2. LYMAN ABBOTT
Editor of "The Outlook," distinguished divine.
3. FREDERICK REMINGTON
American artist, famous for his picturization of the Great West.
4. SAM HILL
Northwestern railroad man, world traveler, friend of Marie of Rumania.
5. SIMON FLEXNER
Director of the laboratories for medical research of the Rockefeller Institute in New York.
6. LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN
Cousin of the Prince of Wales.
7. MADAME MONTESSORI
Italian educationalist, inventor of the Montessori System.
8. JESSE LIVERMORE
Wall Street operator, famous for his sensational manipulation of the market.
9. PERCY HAUGHTON
Football coach at Harvard—and later at Columbia, creator of the Haughton System.
10. HENRY WHITE
American diplomat, member of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace.
11. HUGO MUNSTERBERG
Professor of Psychology at Harvard—credited with pro-German war views.
12. FELIX ADLER
Founder of the Society for Ethical Culture, writer, lecturer.
13. J. J. JUSSERAND
French Ambassador at Washington, for years the dean of the Diplomatic Corps.
14. ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN
Pianist and bon viveur, famous for his brilliant technique.
15. JOHN M. PARKER
Bull Moose candidate for Vice President in 1916 and ex-governor of Louisiana.
16. INEZ MILHOLLAND
Youthful American suffragette influential in securing "votes for women."
17. PEGGY MARSH
American chorus girl, involved in litigation with the estate of Marshall Field.
18. TOD SLOAN
Famous American jockey and sports figure.
19. YVETTE GUILBERT
Distinguished French lyric artist, a frequent and much-loved visitor to our stage.
20. EVELYN NESBIT
Former wife of Harry Thaw, who murdered the famous architect, Stanford White.
21. JULIA ARTHUR
Distinguished American actress famous in Shakesperean rôles.
22. ROSE PASTOR STOKES
East Side working girl who married the "millionaire socialist."
23. JACOB RIIS
Writer and sociologist, biographer of Roosevelt.
24. R. F. DOHERTY
British tennis player who, with his brother, ruled the tennis world.
25. FANNIE WARD
Perpetual American soubrette.
26. H. P. DAVISON
Financier and patriot, partner of J. P. Morgan, war-time head of the Red Cross.
27. JOAN SAWYER
Popular American dancer, one of the first to specialize in restaurant dancing.
28. TOM LAWSON
Financier and propagandist, author of

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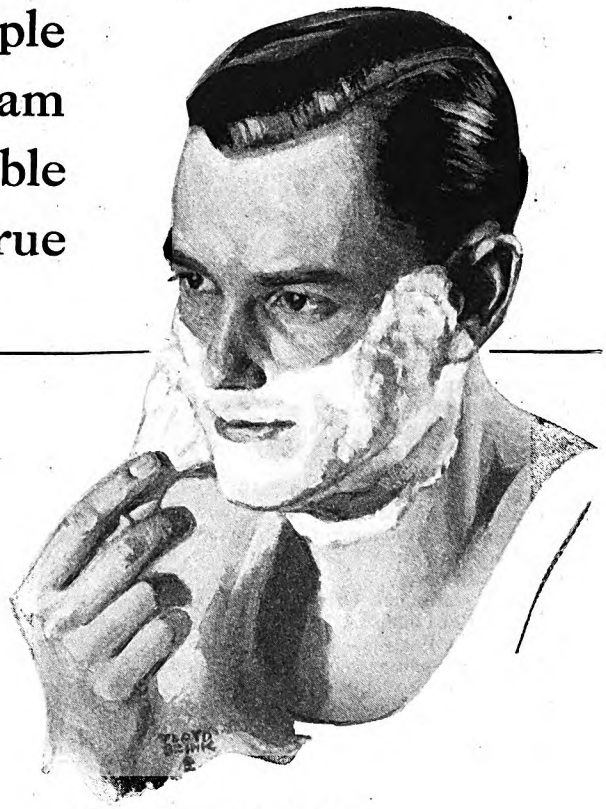
Accept a generous test sample of this amazing shaving cream to prove that the remarkable claims we make for it are true



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Advertising claims may sound much alike. And meritorious products that suit one may fail to please another. Hence we feel, in common fairness, that the way to introduce our new shaving cream is by offering a free test at our risk.

Thus, if it suits you—as it does the majority of those who try it—you will then buy it. Whereas, should it not, you will be out nothing.

If this reasoning appeals to you, detach the coupon now. Send it before you forget. We promise 10 delightful shaves which we believe will win *you*—as it has thousands—to this new delight.

1000 men helped us

Palmolive Shaving Cream has five unique features—things 1000 men told us they had sought. With their wishes to guide us, we set out to reach a new goal in shaving comfort.

Our laboratories spent years in experimental work. In all 129 formulas were discarded before we succeeded.

That creamy lather which multiplies 250 times to soften the stiffest beard—that unguent-like blandness from the palm and olive oil content—they are no accident. They follow naturally as a result of our 65 years of successful soapmaking.

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now make the trial, please

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you, yet there may be a better way. We've tried to find one for you, and will thank you to give it a test. Just send the coupon now, before you forget.

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muck-raking sensation "Frenzied Finance."

29. MR. "A."
Indian potentate involved in unsavory litigation in British courts.

30. SAMUEL LAMBERT
Distinguished American physician.

31. GEORGE W. PERKINS
Financier and insurance magnate, member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.

32. STUART BLACKTON
Pioneer motion picture man prominent in the affairs of the old Vitagraph Company.

33. MRS. TINGLEY
Religious writer and lecturer, leader of a Theosophist colony near San Diego.

34. GERALD DU MAURIER
British actor-manager, knighted for services to the stage, son of the author of "Trilby."

35. W. F. CODY
Buffalo Bill, plainsman and showman, who toured the world with his "Wild West Show."

36. BONAR LAW
Prime Minister of Great Britain, prominent member of the war-time Coalition Cabinet.

37. MRS. WHITNEY WARREN
Wife of the famous New York architect, well-known society woman.

38. LORD READING
Lord Chief Justice of England, Viceroy of India, war-time High Commissioner to the United States.

39. EDWARD M. HOUSE
Friend and adviser of Woodrow Wilson, who made him our unofficial Ambassador-at-Large.

40. JOSEPH CAILLAUX
French statesman, former Premier and Minister of Finance.

41. A. MITCHELL PALMER
Democratic politician, Attorney General in the Cabinet of President Wilson.

42. MRS. NORMAN DE R. WHITEHOUSE
Suffrage leader, active in the European propaganda work of the Committee on Public Information.

43. ROSIKA SCHWIMMER
Pacifist leader credited with persuading Henry Ford to charter the famous Peace Ship.

44. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER
British artist who won fame by his "Old Bill" sketches in the trenches on the Western front.

45. T. P. O'CONNOR
The famous "Tay Pay," editor, writer, movie censor, and parliamentary whip.

46. SIR HORACE PLUNKETT
Irish patriot chosen by all parties to preside over the first Irish Parliament.

47. MAURICE ROSTAND
Poet and son of a poet, prominent and picturesque figure in Parisian life.

48. RAQUEL MELLER
Popular Spanish singer.

49. BIG BILL EDWARDS
All-America football celebrity, held several offices under New York municipal government.

50. FATHER DUFFY
Beloved chaplain of the New York 69th, who saw the fun and fighting of the World War.

51. GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER
American humorist, novelist, short-story writer, author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

52. PACKY MACFARLAND
American pugilist who retired—just before prohibition came in—to go into the brewery business.

53. BRECKENRIDGE LONG
Democratic politician, Assistant Secretary of State in the Wilson Administration.

54. EDWARD EVERETT HALE
Distinguished American preacher and essayist, author of "The Man Without a Country."

55. ANDRÉ CITROEN
Manufacturer of low-priced French cars, known as the Ford of France.

56. RENÉ FONCK
French ace, who has recently made attempts to fly the Atlantic.

57. SAM LOYD
Puzzle king, the Houdini of the conundrum world.

58. SAMUEL GOMPERS
President of the American Federation of Labor, widely honored for patriotic war-time services.

59. Charles Rann Kennedy
Playwright and actor, husband of Edith Wynne Matthison, and author of "The Servant in the House."

60. DIAMOND JIM BRADY
Salesman, gourmet, man-about-town, who never missed a new dish or a new play.

61. WORTHINGTON WHITEHOUSE
New York society man, leader of cotillions, successor to Ward McAllister.

62. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE
British aviator and war figure, husband of the American actress, Ethel Levey.

63. NIJINSKI
Dancer, for many years the chief figure in the famous Russian Ballet.

64. FOXHALL KEENE
American sportsman, international polo player.

65. LOUIS SHERRY
New York restaurateur, proprietor of the well-known restaurant which bears his name.

66. HIRAM MAXIM
American mathematician and inventor, who created the famous Maxim silencer.

67. HOWARD CARTER
Discoverer of King Tut's tomb.

68. CLARA MORRIS
Beloved American actress, whose "lost" sister was recently discovered.

69. ELEANORA HUGHES
Dancing partner of the famous Maurice.

70. BRONCHO BILLY ANDERSON
The first internationally known movie hero, the Tom Mix of his day.

71. BARRETT WENDELL
Professor of English at Harvard University, scholar, essayist, and wit.

72. CHICK HARLEY
Football hero of Ohio State University, considered by many the greatest player of all time.

73. NORMAN ANGELL
British writer, lecturer, sociologist, purveyor of polite socialism to American women's clubs.

74. JOHN CLARKSON
Pitching member of the famous battery of Clarkson and Kelly—"Slide-Kelly-Slide."

75. W. T. JEROME
District Attorney of New York County, foe of corruption, prosecutor of Harry Thaw.

76. MAGGIE CLINE
Singer of Irish songs, a figure long popular on the American stage.

77. ALTON B. PARKER
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, Democratic candidate for President.

78. CHARLEY BRICKLEY
Famous football captain and dropkicker recently involved in stock brokerage difficulties.

79. FRANZ LEHAR
Viennese composer, author of "The Merry Widow Waltz."

80. JEREMIAH SMITH
The Boston attorney who refused $100,000 for reconstructing Hungary.

81. VESTA VICTORIA
The English Nora Bayes, a music hall singer.

82. "HONEY" FITZGERALD
Mayor of Boston, chronic baseball fan, editor, orator, and politician.

83. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN
Mayor of New York, professor at Princeton, son of the Civil War general.

84. PRINCESS YOLANDA
Eldest daughter of the Italian king, who married an Italian nobleman.

85. GEORGE W. GOETHALS
The man who finished the Panama Canal, first governor of the Canal Zone.

86. LEWIS J. SELZNICK
Russian immigrant who had spectacular career in moving pictures and other enterprises.

87. ALANSON B. HOUGHTON
First post-war Ambassador to Germany, now Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

88. THE AGA KHAN
Indian prince, owner of famous race horses and famous jewels, a prodigious gambler.

89. HARRY A. GARFIELD
President of Williams College, fuel czar during the war.

90. JACOB H. SCHIFF
Financier and philanthropist, head of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Co.

91. ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS
Greek statesman, premier, peace delegate, ancient adversary of King Constantine.

92. JOHN PURROY MITCHEL
Reform mayor of New York, who lost his life while training for aviation work in France.

93. TASKER H. BLISS
General of the American Army, American representative on the Supreme War Council in France.

94. TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY
Secretary of the Navy in Roosevelt's Cabinet, who spent considerable money to beat Henry Ford.

95. WALKER D. HINES
Railway lawyer, head of the Atchison lines, Director General of Railways succeeding William G. McAdoo.

96. MARY ANTIN
Writer and lecturer on Russia, author of "The Promised Land

Names of people whose photographs appear on pages 62 and 63. Left-hand page, reading from top:

W. F. Cody (Photograph by Keystone View Co., Inc.)
Jeannette Rankin (Photograph by Brown Bros.)
Dr. Emile Coué (Photograph by Keystone View Co., Inc.)
Harry Hawker (Photograph by Keystone View Co., Inc.)
Carrie Nation carried into saloons Bible and hatchet—and used the hatchet (Photograph by Brown Bros.)
Dwight L. Moody, American evangelist, founder of the Northfield (Mass.) School (Photograph by Brown Bros.)
Admiral Dewey, who captured Manila at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War (Photograph by Keystone View Co., Inc.)

Right-hand page, reading from top:

Gaby Deslys, French actress, friend of ex-King Manuel of Portugal (Photograph by Brown Bros.)
Ira D. Sankey, evangelist, singer, and composer. Associated with Moody (Photograph by Brown Bros.)
Mme. Curie, joint discoverer (with her husband) of radium (Photograph by Brown Bros.)
General Goethals (Photograph by Brown Bros.)
Sarah Bernhardt, great French actress, appeared in America on tours (Photograph by Brown Bros.)
Mrs. Pankhurst, militant English woman suffragist (© London Daily Mail; Photograph by Brown Bros.)

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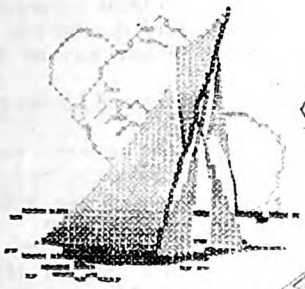
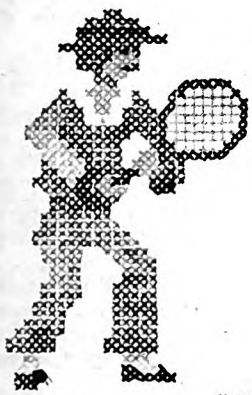
In ye good old summer time





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renew your energy with the Sampler's sweets

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Sunset Pass

(*Continued from page 51*)

doesn't mean I haven't faith in you at all. Could I help you—as a friend or brother? Be honest, Amy; I'd despise you if you lied."

"Yes, you could; and I'll be grateful for that—if I can't have more," she rejoined, won to sincerity by his force.

"All right. Shake hands on it," he said.

"But, True, I won't promise not to try to—to make you be more."

"Don't talk nonsense," he returned sharply. "Amy, will you consent to my callin' on your husband?"

"You want to see John?" she queried, astounded, her eyes opening wide. "What on earth for? All right, go ahead. You have my consent. Tell him anything you want, except that I was once in love with you—and that it's not utterly impossible for me to be so foolish again."

"I'll take good care you don't do that," he laughed.

"Trueman, I have something more to say," she said hesitatingly, lacking her former confidence and spirit: "I think you'd better quit riding for the Prestons."

"Why?" he inquired, freezing a little.

"I'm afraid I can't explain what may be only my intuition. But I give you my word of honor, Trueman, that it's not because I—I might be jealous of Thiry Preston."

"No. What is it then?"

"I believe the Prestons are going to get more than the ill will of the range."

"That's a strong statement, Amy. On what do you base it?"

"TRUE, I can't trace it down. But it must come from many little bits of gossip I've heard. Some of it, by the way, from Peoples. Everyone knows, of course, that you took the job to be near Thiry Preston. It's a joke already. That's your side of it. Trueman, you have a reputation. Oh, I don't mean as a gun-slinger. That's old. Nor do I mean as a great rider, roper, and all such cowboy qualities. It's that you're true-blue, honest, a man of your word. I could tell you a lot of things, if I could remember. One is—Clink Peoples said he reckoned Gage Preston would profit by your honest name. Isn't that a queer remark, Trueman?"

"It is—a little," Rock admitted.

"And here's another, more of a stumper," went on Amy. "Last night John had some men out to the house, as usual. They talked and smoked. When I heard your name I listened. Someone, I think it was Mr. Hesbitt, answered whoever had used your name first. 'I don't know this great cowboy, Rock,' he said. 'But if he stays on ridin' for Preston, I'll not share the opinion you men gave of him.' Trueman, there's something wrong about this Preston outfit. There's an undercurrent of feeling here and there against them. It'll spread, if there's any reason for it. And then you'd be dragged in. True, will you leave Preston? Please! You can get three times the money."

"No. I'll stick, Amy. I should think you'd know that. If there's anythin' in these hints I reckon the Prestons need me all the more."

"I always loved you for that very trait," she said, with passion. "But I wish here you didn't have it. . . . Oh, Trueman, I tell you I dread this job of yours. That wild, beautiful Sunset Pass! That lovely, strange, Thiry Preston! She'll fall in love with you. How could she help it?

"And you'll be dragged in with them. You'll have to kill this Ash Preston. Oh, he's a snake! He insulted me vilely, right on the street. There's not room enough on this range for you and him. You'll fight. I feel it, Trueman. A woman knows . . . Don't hush me. I *will* tell you. . . . Trueman, I *don't want* you to kill another man!"

She wiped her eyes. "Forgive me," she said, more composed. "I didn't mean to speak out like that. I know how you hate it. . . . Let us walk back now. You can drop me at my corner."

She did not speak again for several blocks. She held his arm closely. Rock did not have anything to say. The interview had surprised, annoyed, frightened, and softened him.

"True, I like you better than I used to," she said softly, releasing his arm and stopping. "What will you wear at my masquerade?"

"Look here, little lady, that's not fair. I won't tell you."

"You must. I'll never be able to recognize you. I remember how clever you used to be. . . . The unmasking will not take place until dinner. That'll be late, Trueman. And I'll want to know you, so in case I need you— You may have to throw Clink Peoples out."

"So the honor of protectin' you falls to me," laughed Rock. "I've half a mind you're lyin'. But I'll stifle my suspicions. . . . Amy, I've bought a dandy broadcloth frock suit, black. Also, a fancy vest, shirt with ruffles, flowin' black tie, and black mask. I'll come as a flash gambler."

"You'll look grand. Bet you make more than *one* heart ache," she returned, with glance of mischief and regret. Then she extended her hand: "Good night, Trueman."

"Good night."

NEXT morning about eleven o'clock, Rock strolled out of the hotel on his way to see John Dabb. He was shown into that individual's private office, and walked into a richly furnished room where two men sat smoking. One was John Dabb, not a great deal changed from the Westerner Rock had worked for.

"Howdy, Mr. Dabb," said Rock easily. "Reckon you know me."

"Trueman Rock!" exclaimed Dabb, in great surprise. Embarrassment succeeded his astonishment, which was perhaps what caused him to extend his hand.

"Hesbitt, this is True Rock, one of the real riders we used to have," went on Dabb, recovering to introduce his comrade, who had also arisen. "Rock, shake hands with Hesbitt, one of our new ranchers."

Hesbitt bowed stiffly and spoke, without offering his hand. Rock looked sharply at him.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Hesbitt."

His keen faculties, on edge now, gauged this man unfavorably. Hesbitt was younger than Dabb, probably a man who had never been a cowboy, for he did not show the physical characteristics of the range. He was lean, sallow, hard, with sharp eyes close together and deep under bushy eyebrows.

"Well, Rock, to what am I indebted for this call?" queried Dabb.

"Remains to be seen whether you'll be indebted to me or not. Reckon that's up to you," replied Rock. And then he took a slow step nearer to Dabb's companion. "Mr. Hesbitt, I heard this mornin' that your foreman, Peoples, was in town, wantin' to see me."

"Yes, he got in early, and I believe does want to look you up."

"Reckon he can't be particular eager," drawled Rock. "I've been up and down street, and in and out of the hotel all mornin' lookin' for Mr. Peoples."

"Ah! I see . . . I dare say he's very busy buyin' supplies," replied Hesbitt nervously. "May I inquire—er—what you want of my foreman?"

"Nothin' so important; that is, to *me*," said Rock, with emphasis on the pronoun. "I just wanted to give Peoples an opportunity to meet me. And to tell him somethin'."

"What?" asked Hesbitt, whose sallow face slightly paled.

"RECKON I'd sure like you to know as well. I just want to give you a hunch. Not till two days ago did I ever hear of the Half Moon brand. And not till yesterday did I learn what outfit run it."

Manifestly, Rock's cold, biting speech impressed Hesbitt, but scarcely to the acceptance of its content. He knocked the ashes off his cigar and picked up his hat from the desk, without deigning another glance at Rock.

"Dabb, your former cowboy's talk is queer, if true," he said curtly. "I'll leave you to renew old acquaintance. Good day."

"Hesbitt, you're new to this range," rejoined Dabb, a little caustic. "I've told you before. And your Wyoming cowboy foreman needs to be told—or he'll get into trouble. This is not Wyoming. . . . I'm bound to tell you that Rock's talk is not queer. I'll gamble it's true. I never knew him to lie. And no old rider or cattle man on this range would *say* it, even if he thought it."

Hesbitt bowed and went out, jarring the door. Dabb bit viciously at his cigar.

"Some of these new cowmen make me sick. . . . Rock, help yourself to a smoke and sit down."

"Dabb, I sure appreciate what you said to him about me," replied Rock, losing his coolness. "Fact is, I'm surprised too. I'd been told you had no use for me."

"Rock, that's not the point," returned Dabb quickly. "When I knew you were honest, I was bound to say so. Your connection with Preston has started rumors. Hesbitt has been losing more

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"Chrysler can't do it"

IF THE WORLD excels in any one thing today, it is in the almost miraculous achievements of the mechanical or physical sciences.

It is not altogether safe to say of anything mechanical, in such a creative age as this, "It can't be done"—but it will continue to be said till the end of time.

People who have been doing things in a certain set way for a great many years do not like to be jolted out of that one set way; therefore, they always say, as they have said of Chrysler thousands of times in the past three years, "It can't be done."

Chrysler has fired the imagination of the public and rushed up to its present eminence in the industry precisely because people believe that Chrysler represents exactly the opposite spirit in engineering—which is the spirit of it-*can*-be-done.

This spirit of youth, and quickness, and daring in the Chrysler organization crystallizes and is given concrete expression in the appearance and the performance of every car which that organization designs and engineers and builds.

Doubtless you will hear the old petulant, pessimistic cry, "It can't be done"—every time progressive newness issues from Chrysler laboratories and plants—almost every time, indeed, that a Chrysler announcement appears.

But here is Chrysler, firmly lodged in the front rank of fine cars—here is Chrysler, backed by the most enthusiastic public a car has ever known—here is Chrysler, forming the style trend and the engineering trend for the whole blessed industry, from cars of lowest price to highest—and that would seem to be that!

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stock than any of us. His outfit is a hard-nut bunch from Wyoming. They think you're—well, I don't want to repeat gossip. There's too much of it. . . . But whether or not I have any use for you, I'd sure need to see proof of your dishonesty."

"That's straight talk. I like it, and thank you. It makes what I wanted to say easier. Dabb, did I ever do you any dirt?"

"You quit me, left me in the lurch," replied Dabb testily. "I never overlook that in a foreman."

"But be fair, at least," responded Rock earnestly. "I had to leave quick—or kill another man, and one very generally liked here, Cass Seward."

"You may have thought so. Cass was a friend of mine. He told me once you didn't need to run off. He could have fixed it up. Arrested you—and let you off. It was an even break, you know. What was that fellow's name? Anyway, I know everybody was glad you bumped him off."

"Ahuh! I'm sorry I didn't know that," said Rock, broodingly. Then he shook off dark thoughts. "Dabb, did you have anythin' else against me?"

The rancher thrummed on his desk and puffed on his cigar, while revolving this query.

"LOOK me straight in the eye," went on Rock. "Man to man, Dabb. If you have cards on me, lay them down. I'm comin' clean honest. . . . And a lot might depend on you doin' the same."

"All right, Rock, I'll meet you," replied Dabb, flushing darkly, evidently stirred. "Straight out then, I've sort of held against you—that old affair of yours and Amy's."

"Good!" exclaimed Rock, cracking a fist in his palm. "That's just what I wanted you to admit. The old women gossips here gave Amy the worst of that affair. She was pretty and vain—and had a way with the boys. But she was good, and if they ever said otherwise they lied. I was in love with Amy, perhaps a little more so than I was with two other girls. But what I want to make clear to you, Dabb, is that Amy was never serious with me. I mean never in love as it was in her to be. And I'm satisfied that she never has been yet. Even with you—her husband! You'll excuse me, Dabb, but this is blunt, straight talk."

"It is, by heaven!" Dabb said strainedly. "And to what end, Rock?"

"Amy's happiness," flashed Rock. "I met Amy the day I arrived in Wagon-tongue and again yesterday. Dabb, she'd scalp me alive if she ever found out I told you this. . . . She's lonesome and unhappy. I don't believe Amy ever would have married you if she hadn't cared somethin' for you. But you've failed to win the best in her. Dabb, I don't suppose anyone ever dared to hit you this way. I don't give a darn how angry you get, if I can only make you see."

"You're making me see red, cowboy," replied Dabb hoarsely. "But go ahead. I've not the nerve to pull a gun on you."

"Dabb, I always had a hunch you weren't a bad fellow, under your skin. The range claimed you drove hard bargains, and the boys didn't exactly like you. Maybe that was justified. All the same, as ranchers go, you sure were white. . . . You're rich now. You don't have to eat, sleep, drink, whistle, and smoke business. Pay some attention to your young and pretty wife! Like you did before you married her! Sol Winter told me you were as gay as any young buckaroo in town. Well, back-trail yourself. Take the girl away occasionally, to Kansas City or Denver. California in winter. . . . And before long, old-timer, you'll be glad. If you don't do this, sure as I'm sittin' here, Amy is goin' to the bad. . . . That's what I came to say, and that's all."

ROCK ended abruptly, forced by the older man's torture. Dabb writhed in his chair. Fury and shame contested with the sense of fairness that seemed dragged out of his depths.

"You are a—queer one—Rock," he stammered. "You've hit me where I live. And it hurts like sixty. . . . But you talk like a man. And I'm not yet so set in my mind that I can't learn from any man. I'm not convinced, but I'm some staggered. If the truth turns out as straight as you talk—well, young man, you're on parole till I find out. . . . Now, since you've presumed to advise me on a delicate matter, I'll retaliate: Quit Preston!"

"Why?" snapped Rock.

"You know the range, Rock. Some things just can't be said."

"Because they can't be proved?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I'll stick to Preston until these underhand rumors are proved—or until somebody suffers for startin' them."

"That may work out too late for you. I think I ought to tell you I've broken business relations with Preston."

"When?"

"Last Friday, when Preston was here."

"May I ask what were the business relations?"

"Preston had the small end of a cattle deal with me. I bought him out. And then I canceled all beef orders."

"How did Preston take that?"

"Kicked about the cattle deal. But I took it he was relieved to get out of selling me more beef."

"Relieved— What you mean?"

"He just struck me that way. Didn't ask me why. I was glad. My reason was good, but I could scarcely divulge it to him."

"Mind tellin' me?"

"Yes, I'd mind. It would necessitate violating someone's confidence. You'll have to find out for yourself, Rock."

"Reckon so. Well, I'm such a dumb hombre it may take me long. . . . By the way, Dabb, are you still head of the Territory Cattle Association?"

"No; I resigned. Hesbitt was recently elected."

"Gee! Sorry to hear it."

"Why so? Hesbitt is said to be a better executive than I was."

"He never was a cowboy," returned Rock, significantly. "Good day, Dabb. Reckon I'll meet you at the rodeo and the dance."

"Likely. I'll drop in on Amy's party for a couple of dances if I break a leg."

In the afternoon, rather late, Rock walked round to see Winter. He was received almost with open arms.

"Hey, you been drinkin'?" expostulated Rock, holding his friend at arm's length.

"Nope. That is, not red liquor. But I shore been drinkin' in Thiry's sweet smiles an' words."

"Dog-gone! . . . I didn't expect her till to-morrow."

"True, she has been in half a dozen times," went on Winter. "Asked for you *every* time!"

"Sol, you lyin' old geezer! My heart might stand her askin' once. But six times! . . . I ought to choke you."

"Son, mebbe it's not all gospel truth. When she first run in she was her old nice, sweet, cool self. Kissed me. Said she an' Alice were all fixed up nice out at my house. She asked if I'd seen you. An' I told her I hadn't yet to-day, but that you'd be in. An hour later she came in again, somehow different. She bought buntin'. She was helpin' Amy Dabb decorate the dance hall. Asked had I seen you yet, an' I said no. She went out an' pretty soon came back, a little more different. She had a red spot in each cheek. An' so she came an' went, till the last time, a little while ago, when she was with Amy. Then you bet she didn't ask about you. True, shore as you're born, Amy has been fillin' poor Thiry full of guff about how wild you was over her, an' mebbe was yet."

Rock heard Winter, but only vaguely, for he was rushing out to the door, where through the window he had espied Thiry Preston.

"Why, hello," he said, forcing a pleasant surprise to hide his rapture, as he doffed his sombrero. "Heard you were here. Really didn't expect you till to-morrow."

She greeted him shyly, with absence of that inhibited expression which marked her meetings with him at Sunset Pass. She wore a light blue dress and a new hat, the rather wide brim of which shaded her face somewhat. Still, he saw that her cheeks were not pale and her eyes not tranquil.

"WE STARTED at daybreak yesterday morning," she was saying. "The boys were no good at all, and the youngsters simply mad to come; so Dad sent us off a day ahead. Ash stayed home."

"That so?" replied Rock, with constraint, though he tingled. "Well. It's too bad, if you're disappointed."

"I'm so greatly relieved I—I don't know myself," she replied, with unexpected candor. "I don't remember a Fourth that Ash hasn't spoiled by getting drunk."

"May I walk with you a step?" asked Rock, changing the subject.

"You may. I'm on my last errand," she replied, and waved a gay hand at Winter.

Rock fell in with her short quick steps, and made careful remarks about the weather and the town being full of people, until they reached the baker's, where she said she was to order things for Mrs. Winter.

"I'll wait for you," said Rock.

"Are you afraid to walk into a bake-shop with a girl?" she asked, and the wide hat brim tilted just far enough and long enough for him to catch a flash of gray eyes. "From what I've heard—recently—you could march into a lion's den, for a—for certain people!"

"Ahuh, reckon I could—for—for a

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certain *person*," replied Rock, beginning lamely and ending valiantly. That brought the blue hat brim down to hide most of her face. Rock, however, thought he caught a glimpse of a coloring cheek. He escorted her into the store, stood beside her while she gave her orders, and accompanied her out.

"I'm to wait here for Allie. She won't be long," said Thiry, stopping outside.

"Hope she'll be late," returned Rock, trying vainly to find himself.

PRESENTLY she lifted her head and Rock devoured her lovely face before he realized it had never worn such an expression for him: doubt, disdain, petulance!

"You're going to the dance," she said. It was not a question.

"Reckon I'll drop in for a peep."

"Would you tell me what you'll wear?" she asked sweetly—too sweetly not to be dangerous.

"Thiry, that'd spoil the fun. I sure want to fool you," he protested.

"Have you not already fooled me?"

"I have not!" he shot at her, swift to speak his sudden passion. It startled her.

"Trueman Rock, you have a great deal to disprove, and more to prove," she said, wide, strange eyes on his. "You would not tell *me* what you were going to wear—so I'd recognize you first."

"Of course I'll tell you!" he burst out.

"I don't care to know now. . . . You would not see *me*, anyhow."

He could only stare mutely.

"Mr. Rock," she went on, without the scorn, "I had better explain my rather bold words. This dance was to be the first gay, happy time for me since I grew up. Dad somehow prevented Ash from coming to town. He filled me with—with beliefs about how *you* would make it wonderful for me. I have no one but my brothers, and they all have their girls. I—I dreamed myself into—no matter what. . . . Then I come to town, to have my ears filled to burning—all day long. The dance was to be given for you! You wouldn't even dance with any other woman but *her!* You were an old lover, renewing his vows! You—"

"Thiry, hush!" interposed Trueman, in rage, despair, and exaltation, all bewilderingly mingled. "I told you I didn't care what anyone said to you about my old affairs. But if *you* care, then I hate the very thought of them."

"Trueman, I don't know how much, or why, or if, I care. But I trusted you, and that woman has killed it."

"Oh, no, Thiry, don't say that," he implored.

"But there's a secret understanding between you and her—for this dance."

"Yes; there is. But it's sure not sentiment on my part," he replied humbly. "Thiry, if you don't trust me, I shall have to give her away. And I never did that to a girl in my life."

"How could I trust a man who would betray any woman—much less her?"

"You couldn't. And I deserve that rebuke. But, Thiry, I'm dumfounded. Dear child, be reasonable. Why, I was going to get *my* happy time just spying upon you from some corner. I never dared hope to get to dance with you. Good heavens!"

"Trueman, I meant to dance only with my brothers, and perhaps one or two of the boys I know—and all the rest with you."

"Thiry Preston, you tell me this—this—" he cried, and failed to find adequate conclusion.

"Yes, I tell you," she retorted. "I couldn't do it at home, because I didn't know. But that's no difference."

"Of course it isn't. I should have made some wild dream come true. But, Thiry, it's not too late."

"Oh, it is," she said disconsolately, yet she seemed to hunger to be persuaded. "She has spoiled—"

"Listen," he broke in. "I mean to befriend Amy Dabb. She needs it, heaven knows. But if you let her jealous tongue spoil *anythin'* for you, I'm through."

"Trueman, I could forgive a great deal, I think, but no bold lie," she murmured.

"I would not lie to you—to save my life," he returned, in weary, cold finality.

"I apologize. It is I who am a little suspicious," she returned softly. "Trueman, I make this excuse: I'm not used to intrigue, to deceit. . . . Oh, yes, I'm a woman and I haven't told you my real feelings. And I cannot. But I could never cope with Mrs. Dabb. She read my soul and tortured it. She thought I might . . . like you, and meant to destroy."

"Thiry, did she destroy what little there might have been?"

She averted her face. "I don't know. I'm all excited. When I get home I'll be appalled. But oh, I—I want to have this dance. You'll understand me, Trueman, won't you? That's one thing I do trust."

"I'll do my best. But you are strange. Sure there never was a girl like you."

"In what way?" she asked, giving him again the gray, sweet wonder of her eyes.

"Thiry, I could not find words here," he replied, striving for calm. Indeed where or when could he ever do justice to her strangeness, her inconsistency, her innocence and simplicity? "Perhaps at the dance—"

"Perhaps at the dance—then—if you disprove much and prove more, I will—"

THE arrival of Alice Preston, breathless and pink and merry, checked Rock's impassioned reply, that otherwise he could not have resisted, even if Thiry had never completed her thought-compelling sentence. The girls, laughing and talking, started for home, and Rock accompanied them toward the corner.

Just before they arrived there, a man and a woman hove in sight. Evidently she was trying to hurry away from him.

"I tell you no—no!" she cried, in a rage. Then Rock recognized the voice and the blazing black eyes. Amy Dabb! The man was a tall rider. He wore a red scarf, and his face was almost as red.

"See heah, sweetheart, you cain't come thet with me," he drawled, blocking her way.

"Shut up, you crazy fool! Someone might hear you," she cried.

Rock with a stride and a leap was upon them.

"Somebody did hear you, Amy. Rustle now, with the girls," said Rock sharply, as he gave the rider a hard thrust backward, and then confronted him.

"Howdy, Mister Red Scarf!"

(*To be continued*)

"Blasted Earth and Blasting Sky"

(*Continued from page 22*)

arm, and continually blot my hand and fingers.

"About five-thirty this afternoon I went down into the engine-room to get a hack saw to cut a coconut, and the iron railings were so hot that they blistered my hands. I was fairly dry when I started down; but by the time I reached the bottom I was running perspiration into my shoes.

"TUESDAY, JUNE 15th: I was surprised when the bo'sun had the watch and day men work to-day. We are in no condition to work, and there might be an accident. I painted the strongbacks over the No. 3 hatch, and the water fell from my chin and toes in a steady stream into the hold below. There was an awning stretched above me, yet my flow of perspiration was so free that when paint splashed on my arms it flowed off over the skin. Two men went into the forepeak to get more red lead, and did not return. I went up to hurry them along, and found Olesen unconscious, and Jimmy talking foolishly and stumbling around over the gear. The air was as thick as putty and poisonous with the fumes of red lead.

"WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16th: Another incredibly hot day. The thermometer registered 155 degrees in the engine-room and 120 in the wheelhouse. I am wearing a huge pair of heavy shoes insulated inside with about fifteen thicknesses of newspaper, yet I cannot stand in one spot very long without great discomfort. The decks are fearfully hot, and the heat waves rise from them in a haze.

"Freddie was a bit insane from the heat yesterday, and to-day he is unconscious from a heat stroke. Sweeney and Jap suffered strokes also, and are laid up, covered with blankets and shivering. The other men are haggard and vacant-eyed, and can scarcely drag themselves for'ard and aft.

"Last night in the wheelhouse, the perspiration ran off me like rain down the side of a house, yet the thermometer showed only ninety-four degrees. The captain, unable to sleep, sat in a deck chair clad in a pair of shorts, with two electric fans playing upon him. Now and then I stepped from the wheel to catch some of their breeze. The supercargo lay sleeping in a lifeboat full of water, his head resting on a seat.

"THURSDAY, JUNE 17th: I can hold out as long as anyone, yet how I wish for the Indian Ocean! One day of this heat is enough for any mortal man to bear, and we have had five. As far as the eye can

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reach, the sea is motionless, expressionless of anything except intense heat. We are like a great beetle, cutting our way through a solid substance, leaving a refuse of foam in our wake. The atmosphere is abnormally clear, and the heat waves magnify a simple coral reef to the size of an island.

"All day long the sun beats down, as if to see just how much we can stand. He seems to be plaguing us, tormenting us. One looks at the glassy sea, and wonders if he is actually seeing a liquid. It is hard to believe that the smooth surface is wet and cool, that real water can actually exist under such heat. If it is water, it cannot be cold; it must be hot and tasteless, like the stuff in our tanks. It is almost midnight now, yet I write with three blotters under my hand."

Leaving the Red Sea was as definite as entering it. I was at the wheel that night when the light flashed at Aden, and soon afterward a warm breeze, but a breeze nevertheless, began to surge into the wheelhouse, and the ship began to pitch. The heat spell was over; we were in the Indian Ocean.

Unfortunately, human beings are not made of mercury, and are prostrated by certain kinds of heat that the thermometer scoffs at. In Death Valley men can be on their feet when the thermometer registers 125 or even 130 degrees; but in India or Java a temperature of 102 is enough to keep a white man quiet for the day. And in New York, Galveston, and Chicago, a temperature of 95 or 100 degrees kills off or prostrates many people. It is the humidity, of course, that makes the difference.

IN CALCUTTA during the latter part of July, 1926, and up until the middle of August, I survived a spell of moist heat such as I hope never to experience again. Calcutta is on the vast, swampy plain of the Ganges delta, and always has a damp climate; but what made it particularly bad was that the monsoon was late, and the atmosphere was full of moisture that could not precipitate itself in rain. Fever and disease spread with a pestilential fury, and in Calcutta alone there were upward of four hundred natives dying each week while it lasted.

One early dawn, when the city was just beginning to cool off from the heat of the previous day, I walked through the native districts. The air was passive with lifeless heat, and except for the occasional cry of a sleeping child all was silent. Thousands upon thousands of people slept in the streets. They lay in the open squares, across the main thoroughfares, in the park on Chowringee, and in the bazar lanes along the water front. Now and then a form would raise an arm or leg in a ghastly manner, moan softly, and be silent. A naked little child, emaciated by rickets, lay in a pool of odorous mud. Along the Hooghly the funeral pyres sent up tongues of flame, and through the entrances of the walled burning ghats I could see in silhouette men carrying logs before other fires that were consuming the dead of the previous day.

The sun was over the house tops at six A. M., and the heat fell like a pestilence upon the city. In the dark bazar lanes, filled with silks and brasses and the odors of sweetmeats, the sun's rays darted like shafts of quicksilver. Merchants squatted in the recesses of their stores, breathing quietly beneath the regular swishing of the overhead punka, and groups of women and children hurried to do their buying before the intense heat of midday arrived.

Toward noon, the city became a great simmering stew of humanity, a seething panorama of glistening bodies. Men walked a few hundred feet under their burdens of jute, to drop panting in the shade of a wall. *Gari-walas* lay on their backs beneath the shade of their carriages, and the buffalo carts creaked and groaned in clouds of pungent dust as heavy whips lashed the animals' hides and the drivers cursed them for their weariness. The city panted and struggled for existence.

I CAME back to my little hotel, bathed for the third time that morning, and sat beneath the overhead fan. A mosquito dropped on my arm like a bit of dust, but I had not the heart to kill it. Calcutta mosquitoes are so small and unsophisticated; one can pinch them or caress them and they will not take wing. I finally pushed it off. Several crows which found the sun's rays too strong perched in my window casement and sat with drooping wings. It was too hot to read or even to think. I stretched my legs out over the long arms of the chaise longue, composed myself, and sat staring at the crows.

In the tropics one learns to sit out the hours very gracefully. I lounged around for three hours, and then decided to go down to the bazar. As I started out the door, an old Scotchman whom I knew asked if I had on a felt spine protector. When I replied that I hadn't, he warned me that it would be very dangerous to attempt to walk in the "poisonous Indian sun" without one. At the very least, he said, I should be wearing light woolen underwear and a light coat, and have a damp sponge in the crown of my helmet. But I had none of these things, and, besides, I had already been in Calcutta for a month without them. So he closed his eyes and settled back into slumber, clasping a prayer book over his stomach.

I went into the street, blinked hard, and started toward the Kidderpore bazar. I noticed that the streets were singularly deserted, but thought the natives were at prayer, or perhaps a festival. After I had proceeded a hundred yards or so, I began to feel faint. The back of my neck ached and my head throbbed sickeningly. Then my eyesight began to fail. Squint as I did, I could see only faintly. It was then that I began to realize how terrifically hot it was; and a few moments later things went black, and I collapsed.

A native lifted me to my feet, and helped me to a coffee-house. After resting, I started back to my room, walking like a drunken man. Sweat stood out on my forehead; I felt cold and chilled, and was so weak that I could hardly mount the stairs. I did not burn with the heat as I had in the Red Sea, for I had merely walked under the sun for a few moments. A doctor told me later that I was fortunate in not having been killed outright. Thereafter, I respected the Indian sun.

The baffling heat of India is always puzzling to newcomers. It is hard for them to understand how, on a cloudy day, when the sun is not visible, one can come down with a sunstroke. Directly before a rain, when the sky was gray, I have known sailors to go swaggering ashore wearing their customary caps, and land in the hospital with a sunstroke from which they would never fully recover.

I doubt if the sun is much hotter in India than it is on the deserts, but on the deserts the heat is drier. If one has a shade of some sort, he can be reasonably secure against sunstroke, for the heat is in the direct rays of the sun, not in the atmosphere.

I was first initiated into this extreme dry heat of the deserts in Death Valley. This valley is a deep depression—most of it below sea level, in one spot almost three hundred feet below—in the most desolate region of southern California. It is cut off entirely from the Pacific winds by the Paramint Range, which rises in Telescope Peak to an altitude of about eleven thousand feet, and by the Sierra Nevada Range. To the east and south for hundreds of miles are the deserts of Nevada, Arizona, and Mexico. No dew falls, and often there is no appreciable rain for two or three years at a time; in some spots it *never* rains.

With my father and another man I went in a prairie schooner through the part where it never rains. The air was as dry as pepper, and where there was no sand the yellow earth was covered with glistening alkali and little flakes of gypsum, that reflected the sunlight like broken glass.

The sun comes up early on the desert, and by six o'clock it is burning hot. Toward eight o'clock there is not a living thing to be seen; not a jackrabbit, not a buzzard; even the rattlesnakes are under shelter. The sun struck my boots as we were driving, and made them like firebricks. It drew all the oil out of them, and they began to crack. By eleven o'clock it must have been 120 degrees. I had a handkerchief tied up about my eyes, yet the light was so dazzling that I could not open them without pain; and although the sun had not touched my hands the flesh was crimson with the reflected heat.

MIRAGES came and went continuously. Directly ahead of us was a beautiful lake with tall cottonwoods around it, and low brush near the shores. It twinkled and sparkled in the sunlight, and I could almost smell the freshness of it. In a half-hour's drive toward it the lake faded away, and another one came into view farther on. The heat waves arose in billows; we could see them rising from the sand like steam, gathering together and rushing toward us.

There was not the slightest breath of air; no movement, no sound, unless it was the pounding of my temples and the throbbing of my head. In this strange silence, and in this unbelievable heat, little spirals of sand rose up ahead, waving up into the sky like ribbons, caused by sudden vacuums in the cool air high above the earth. Sometimes these little sand whirls swooped down upon us as if to take our hats off and run away; often they were large enough to carry up a wagon and horse.

This Death Valley heat became so fierce toward early afternoon that I was

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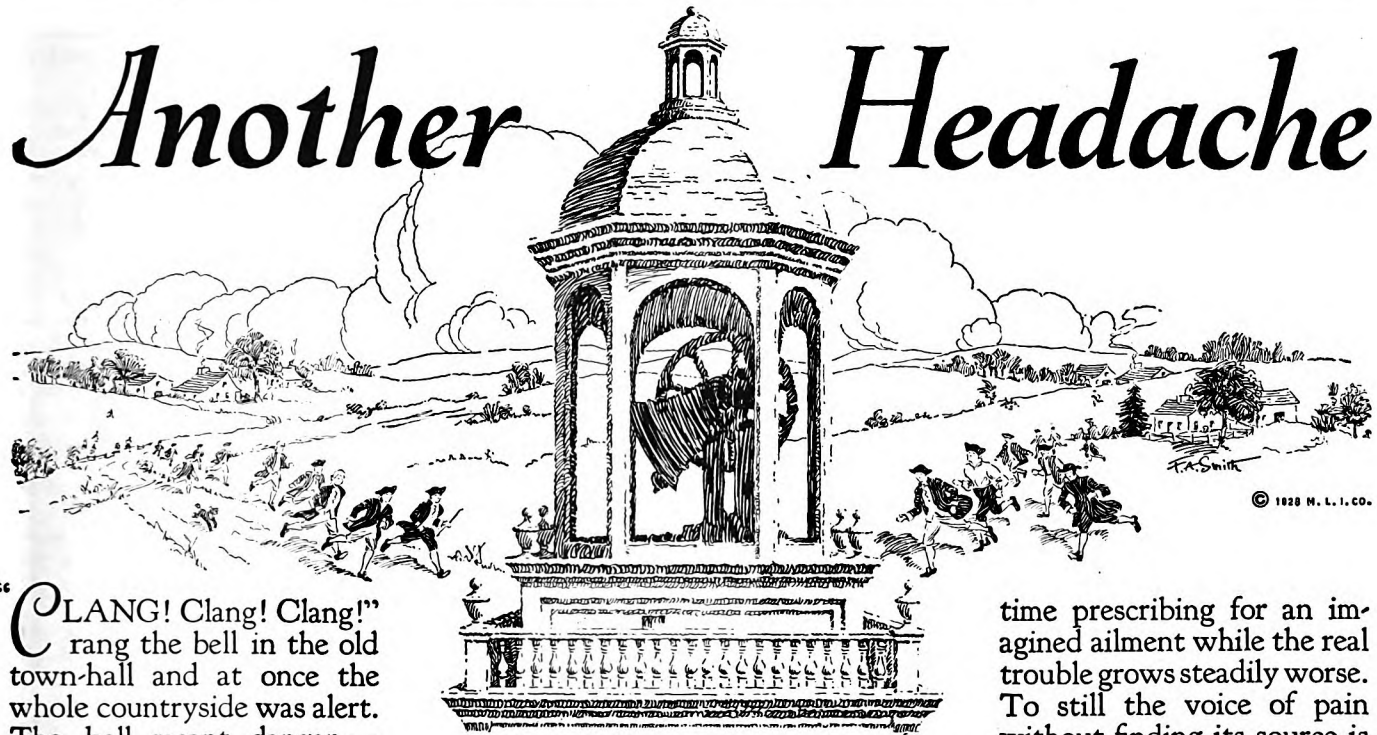
Another Headache



"CLANG! Clang! Clang!" rang the bell in the old town-hall and at once the whole countryside was alert. The bell meant danger — usually FIRE!

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" goes the pain in your head—and it, also, is a warning of danger, perhaps grave danger, somewhere in your body.

Can you imagine any villager being stupid enough to cut the bell-rope because the clanging of the bell annoyed him — thus silencing the alarm while the fire raged? When you take a pill, or powder, or wafer to stop a headache, you may deaden the nerves which are carrying an important message of danger to your brain—but the "fire" goes on.

Headaches are usually symptoms of unhealthy conditions, perhaps in some totally unsuspected part of the body. There is almost no physical ailment which does not at some stage manifest itself in headache. That pain, if heeded in time, may be counted a blessing.

Fortunately the causes of the vast majority of headaches—indigestion, eye-strain, sinus and teeth infections and wrong posture—can be located promptly. But some of the obscure causes of headache can be found only by patient, skilful search. The trouble may come from a cause so remote from the head as a bone out of place in the foot or a toxic condition from a diseased gall-bladder.

"The humblest and least distinguished of all the organs of the body can order the lordly head to ache for it, and the head has no alternative but to obey."

It is risky to attempt to diagnose your own headache. You may guess wrong and waste precious time prescribing for an imagined ailment while the real trouble grows steadily worse. To still the voice of pain without finding its source is like cutting the bell-rope and ignoring the fire.

Beware of headache remedies composed of habit-forming drugs which may injure the digestion, destroy red corpuscles of the blood, undermine the nervous system, depress or over-excite the heart action, and at best may give only temporary relief.

Give your doctor a chance to find the cause. While he is searching for the cause let him prescribe something to relieve the pain, if you must have relief.

When another headache comes, take warning!

A booklet giving helpful information about headache may be obtained free on request to Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Ask for Booklet No. 78-A.

Haley Fiske, *President.*

What Causes Headache?

WHEN your head pounds with pain your first thought should be, "What causes it?" not "What shall I take to relieve the pain?" That headache may come from any one of many causes. Among them are:

- **Indigestion**
- **Fatigue**
- **Impure air**
- **Eye-strain**
- **Nose or sinus trouble**
- **Infected teeth**
- **Incorrect posture**
- **Infectious and contagious diseases**
- **Nervous disorders**
- **Emotional strain**
- **Disordered kidneys, liver, gall-bladder**
- **Intestinal difficulties**
- **Foot trouble**
- **And many other abnormal conditions**

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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obliged to tie a second silk handkerchief over my face to keep it from being scorched.

It was almost fatal to let the sun strike the back of one's neck. In a few moments the head began to grow dizzy and whirl. The neck throbbed, and in ten minutes, if one remained in the sun that long, he approached a state of unconsciousness. I stretched my hand out into the sun from under the wagon cover, and it was burned red to the wrist.

MIRAGES always come with intense heat, and the hotter it is the more convincing is the mirage. In the Persian Gulf I have seen one beautiful island after another floating in the sky above the horizon; and in the Caribbean, near Lower Matacombe Key, my father saw a whole train of cars puffing its way across the sky. There were no tracks, but he could see every detail of the illusion perfectly, even to the windows in the cars.

When I was crossing Mesopotamia by motor-car, a run of seven hundred miles, the driver suddenly pointed off to the left and put on speed. I looked, and saw what was apparently a band of Arabs riding down upon us. Bandits had recently been holding up convoys and cutting throats along that route, so we prepared to run it out or take the consequences, being unarmed. About ten minutes later, as we were beginning to come abreast of them, the Arabs were transformed into a group of tiny bushes, rooted to the ground.

In the deserts of Southern Persia I have often seen beautiful lakes fringed with trees disappear as I came up to them. At the time it was impossible for me to convince myself that it was only a mirage. I could distinctly see boats upon the far shore, and men moving toward them. I could actually *smell* the water. Imagine the terrible disappointment, upon traveling five miles or so out of one's route, to see the lake disappear utterly!

It is not only the tenderfeet who are deceived by these mirages. The oldest of the old-timers, and the Arabs and Persians who have traveled the deserts all their lives, are constantly deceived. Worn out with travel and suffering from lack of water, they drag themselves to the enchanting lake only to find baked clay and sharp rocks.

Water makes heat bearable, and no one can ever appreciate water until his life has depended upon it. I once knew an old sea captain who sailed the South Pacific in the days when the chief engineer stood over the water tap with a shotgun, and each man got one bucket a day, no more. This captain never could bear to see water wasted. When he was at home he always turned off dripping water taps, and each night he went around once more and closed the taps tight.

When I was traveling the old caravan route from Birkeh to Lar in Persia, my simple-minded servant emptied the water skin because it was too heavy for him to carry with comfort; and we had eighteen miles to go until we could expect a water hole. That meant a walk of over four hours in the terrific desert heat without water.

Four hours without water would not alarm the average metropolitan, but when the sun is draining moisture out of one's body by the quart it must somehow be replaced. We sucked pebbles for moisture after the first hour, but they soon exhausted the saliva. Then our lips began to swell and crack. Our tongues swelled gradually until they filled our mouths like a ball of hot spines. My head felt as if it had been kicked by a horse and stung by hornets—but still we went on.

Those four hours were like eternity. A dozen times, in desperation, we followed dry watercourses and gullies, running and scrambling over the rocks as if our salvation lay in haste. We sighted the domes of ruined caravanserais, and went far out of our way, to find only black, cracked mud at the bottoms of their wells: Once we did find water, an amazingly deep and crystal well, so clear and fresh-looking that I thought I was dreaming. I wondered why it was not slimy and green, like the other wells from which we usually drank, and why there were no dead birds and rats floating in it. It was, in reality, too good to be true. I dropped in a stone, and the splash of water sizzled like an effervescent. It was alkaloid water.

It was just sundown when my servant, far ahead, raised his hand and gave a shrill cry. "Water!" It was in a large depression in the center of a rocky ravine, and a flock of goats was wading in it. It was thick, green stuff, with a sickening odor, but it was nectar to me. For a long time afterward I treasured water like my life, and even to this day I remember that experience whenever I see a glass of water unemptied on a table.

I BELIEVE that equatorial heat is the hardest for any man to bear. Near the equator the sun is on the march fourteen hours a day three hundred and sixty-five days the year. And, to make matters worse, an inch or so of steady rain will fall in a great hurry. Then the sun burns down again, and in fifteen minutes the earth is dry and the atmosphere is torpid with steam.

I was in Soerabaya, Java, when it was so hot that not even the little horses would remain in the sun. The asphalt on the streets became like paint, and ran off into the gutters wherever there was an incline. It was almost impossible for a man, white or brown, to go out in the sun. I tried it once; it was like walking through a hot fog. My eyes could see only smoky whiteness and blurred houses and trees. I felt giddy, almost as if I could fly. It was a kind of heat drunkenness. The sun did not just burn into me; it seemed to constrict, to press downward and all about me like a straitjacket. All the shops were closed, and I could not find a taxicab anywhere. The heat had positively buried the city for the day.

The most sickening kind of heat, however, is that which one finds in a choppy sea, or over a long ocean swell. There, the sun flashes from the waves like the facets of a diamond, and if one is in the least inclined toward seasickness, he is in for a ghastly sensation.

I went through such an orgy on the Persian Gulf, said by many mariners to be hotter even than the Red Sea. I was in a little gasolene launch with a crowd of Persians and Arabs, and we were starting out from the coast to meet a steamer. It makes me seasick to think of it. A nasty, choppy sea was running in toward the coast, and the sun was beating down with terrific force.

The gasolene fumes from the engine, the nauseous body smells of the natives, and the odors of greasy food tied up in bundles filled the launch and hovered about it like gas. The heat made it worse; my eyes watered, my head throbbed, and my stomach turned over and over in vain. A thermometer in the cabin showed one hundred and four degrees, but the hot winds mingled with gasolene fumes and other odors raised it fifty degrees in my estimation. For three hours we tossed in that choppy sea until the steamer hove in sight. It was a sorry-looking crowd that climbed aboard her.

BUT there is no weather hotter in my experience than that which is mingled with the cold. It is curious to feel heat and cold at the same time; bitter cold that numbs the limbs, coupled with a sun that makes one uncomfortably hot.

It is not necessary to go to Persia or to the mountains of Africa to find this mixture. I found it on the tops of the snow-covered Rockies in Wyoming, in the middle of August. I was riding south from Jackson's Hole and met a ranger. He spoke of the Seven Lakes District, which lay in the very tops of the Rockies, and mentioned that there was excellent fishing there. I started up.

It was in the middle of August, yet at twelve thousand feet I ran into a blizzard. Then I came to that enormous glacier that lies at the top of the Wind River Range. In a mad moment I decided to explore it. I was born and raised in a warm climate, and am naturally very susceptible to the cold. That glacier radiated cold like a shark's eye. It numbed my fingers, and the rain and sleet and snow of the blizzard made my cheeks stiff, and my ears like porcelain. My nose burned with the cold, and I had to rub it vigorously to keep it from freezing. How I wished for hot weather! Death Valley would be Paradise to this, I thought. And then the sun came out!

Its first effect was practically to blind me. The reflection from the glacier was inconceivably brilliant, and it not only pained my eyes but actually began to thaw out my face. The numbness began to disappear from my hands, and soon I began to perspire. The sun roasted my back, yet I dared not remove my heavy shirt, because of the cold—the whole front of my body, which was turned from the sun, was still very cold. I sweated copiously, only to be severely chilled the moment I turned around to warm my face. That was heat with a vengeance.

You who live in a temperate zone can never know what real heat is. When it gets up to ninety, and your stiff collar wilts, you want cold weather. And then, when it gets cold, you want warm weather. In Arabia they praise Allah if they can cross the desert and come out alive. In Malaysia they sit in the sun and blink, and are thankful that there is a sun to burn their skins and let them know they are alive; and on the banks of the Nile the fellahins still sing hymns to the sun, the Life-Giver, the Creator.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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DID ANN LITTLE CHOOSE WISELY?

Like thousands of others she can smile *her answer*

Ever since this picture was taken, Miss Little has depended on Colgate's to keep her teeth sparkling clean.

Long ago she learned that people watch for the quick flash of gleaming teeth

RADIANTLY beautiful . . . with a charming personality. That is the way you'd describe Miss Ann Little.

Her close friends agree that much of Miss Little's beauty is due to her remarkable teeth . . . teeth that fairly glisten when she smiles.

Her own explanation is extremely simple you'll agree.

"Twelve years ago," she says, "I started using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. And all these years I've depended on this one dentifrice to keep my teeth sparkling clean and healthy."

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women like Miss Little who because they began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, have teeth exceptionally sound and beautiful today.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself.

They visited their dentist for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

In such a vital matter as the care of the teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of thousands of people like yourself?

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

Just ask your druggist for Colgate's . . or let us send you a tube to try.

. . . CLEAN . . .

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can do.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 201-G, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

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"Carry Your Bags, Sir?"

(*Continued from page 33*)

baby brought up the tail of the procession.

"The young lady wouldn't let anybody help her get her husband into the cab. The luggage was stowed up in front with the cabby. The young lady gave the address and somebody slammed the door of the taxi. They were about to drive off when the young officer caught sight of the red cap with the baby. The boy was holding the child with both arms, so that he did not have a hand free to wave, but he was making awful faces and splitting his throat trying to make himself heard above the noises of the station. The young soldier laughed and said something to his wife, who almost jumped through the glass half of the cab door.

"'Why, that's *our* baby!' she cried, as much surprised as if the infant had got out of its crib at home and walked down to the station.

"'Well, if you're *sure* it belongs to us,' said the young man, 'let's take it along.'

"But let me tell you, for all his careless way of speaking about it, he was crazy about that little piece of humanity. He had given the boy who carried his grips a quarter, but he gave the red cap who carried the baby a five-dollar bill! That colored boy almost knocked off work for the day. But he told me he sure earned that money, for he nearly died of heart failure when that cab door closed and he was left holding the baby.

"I SAID a while ago that carrying luggage is not the red cap's only job, but it's the way he earns the bulk of his living.

"The average tip for taking a passenger's hand baggage from a taxicab and onto the train is twenty-five cents. Of course if the red cap performs some extra service, like waiting in line to buy tickets, the remuneration is usually more.

"But while the usual tip is a quarter, the dime is not uncommon, and the boys tell me that they still get an occasional lone buffalo nickel. There are a few folks who don't tip at all. In justice to them, though, I must add that they are mostly untraveled people who make the mistake of thinking that the station attendants are paid by the railroad for looking after passengers.

"I remember one instance of this kind," chuckled Chief Williams, "that was mighty funny to everybody but the red cap concerned. His patron was a prosperous-looking, beaming old gentleman from somewhere 'up-state' who was on his way to visit his only son. It was the old gentleman's first trip to New York in twenty-five or thirty years. He seemed much relieved when a red cap took him in charge on the station platform and brought him safely through the gates to the big concourse. And, believe me, he certainly clung to that colored boy until his train went out two hours later.

"First, there was the old gentleman's ticket to buy and his trunk to check. Then he wanted the boy to take him to a bootblack stand, and from there to the station café, where he insisted that the red cap stand outside the door with his old-fashioned telescope valise while he ate lunch. When he finished eating, he made the boy sit down by him 'to keep him company' until his train left. And all the time, he kept telling the colored boy that he would 'make it all right.' The red cap expected a dollar, at the very least, for his time. He could probably have earned twice that much on the floor.

"Finally, when the old gentleman was safe in his seat on the train, he thanked the boy heartily for his help and courtesy and asked for his name, which he carefully wrote down on the back of an envelope.

"Then it came out—what he meant when he said that he would make it all right with the boy. He explained that he was going to write the president of the railroad a letter and tell him what a fine lad this employee was. I am convinced that the old gentleman actually thought he was going to get the boy's pay raised. And, in a manner of speaking, maybe he did. A month or so later word came down the line that there was a fine Pullman berth open, and this boy got the chance at it. He's making good, too.

"MOST people think of the quarter they hand a red cap as a 'tip.' It isn't, though we call it that. It is simply pay for services rendered, the person who pays being his own judge of how much the service is worth to him.

"The man who takes the same train, say the Twentieth Century Limited, at fairly regular intervals often has his favorite red cap, who is ready with his favorite paper or magazine, and sometimes with his favorite cigars! This man is likely to slip his pet red cap a 'five-spot' at Christmas, and think nothing of it.

"For that matter, the whole world loosens up around Christmas time. The boys usually average between four and five dollars a day, but between the twentieth and the twenty-fifth of December their daily earnings run up to seven and even eight and nine dollars. The pickings get mighty slim between Christmas Day and January 1st. I suppose folks start in early to practice their New Year's resolutions to 'save more this year.'

"The strangest tip I ever saw given was a live turkey. The man who owned the turkey tried in vain to get it checked, and when he failed he gave it to the attendant who was carrying his suit case. As it was the week before Thanksgiving, there was no kick from the red cap. He wasn't married and had no family, so he auctioned off the turkey in my office. If I remember correctly, he got six dollars for it, which was a pretty hefty tip.

"Women used to tip more sparingly than men. This is no longer true. If anything, they average a little higher than men. I think this is because there are so many business and professional women nowadays who are accustomed to pay well for service. Day coaches are just about as profitable as Pullman and parlor cars.

"The biggest tip I ever heard of a red cap getting was a hundred-dollar bill, which I myself received. The gentleman who handed it to me was an old friend—I had been looking out for him fifteen years or more. He was about to be married, and decided at the last moment that he wanted a private car for his honeymoon. He telephoned me and I hustled around and made the arrangements for him."

Chief Williams says that the out-and-out deadbeat is rare, but that he does exist. He usually waits until his train is about ready to pull out before he boards it. Then, when he is safely settled in his seat, with his belongings about him, he discovers that he has no change. He always makes the gesture of taking down the red cap's number, meanwhile promising volubly to mail back the tip. Of course not every individual who at the last minute finds himself with nothing less than a ten-dollar bill in his pocket is a deadbeat. But the chief claims that the boys can tell by the look in a man's eye whether or not they will ever hear from him.

"It's funny," chuckled Jim, "but a red cap of any experience can nearly always size up folks, anyway. Nine times out of ten, he can tell beforehand whether his tip will be a dime or a quarte.. It isn't the way that people dress or the kind of luggage they carry that gives them away. It's just something about the folks themselves.

"There's one thing a red cap can count on: If a person has traveled a lot, he is not likely to give big tips, but he is almost certain to come up to the standard. Probably the most generous tippers in the world are rich Cubans and South Americans. They never give less than fifty cents and a dollar is more common. Europeans in general are pretty close tippers.

"YOU would be surprised," Jim went on, "at the number of people who try to borrow from me or from the boys. As a rule, we make it plain that there's nothing doing, but occasionally we allow circumstances to alter cases.

"Just the other day, an elegantly dressed woman with a fur piece about her shoulders that probably cost a thousand dollars borrowed two dollars from a red cap to pay her taxi fare up-town. The boy hasn't seen or heard from her since, although she promised to mail him a check that night.

"I don't think this woman meant to be dishonest. Two dollars was such a trifle to her that it slipped right out of her mind. She did not realize that the sum represented a half-day's earnings to the red cap.

"Here is the other side of the picture: I once lent seven dollars to a Swedish woman from Minnesota who had come East with her three children to be near her family in Philadelphia. Her husband had died, and she and the children were going to work in a factory. When they got to New York, the woman found that she had less than a dollar left, and she had to feed her youngsters and get them over to Philadelphia. I figured that she needed seven dollars. She sent the money back to me out of her first week's wages."

No Harvard-Yale or Harvard-Princeton

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The DeLuxe Sedan

A flashing flexible beauty – and the fastest car in its class

Everyone concedes to the Victory Six a vivid and refreshing personality quite its own . . . . A captivating rakishness that is partially an effect of line and apparel : . . . partially a matter of spirit and superb speed . . . . you sense it as the Victory flashes by and you sense it at the wheel . . . . Perhaps, in the last analysis, it gets down to the fact that no car in the Victory price class is so fast, so flexible, so quick to get underway, and so instantly obedient to the brakes . . . . in a word, so brilliantly responsive to every whim of the driver . . . . Spacious, too, with side-sway impressively absent, thanks to a new and exclusive development in better bodycraft . . . . A car that we invite you most cordially, and without obligation, to *drive*.

The VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

Coupe, $1045—4-Door Sedan, $1095—DeLuxe Sedan, $1170—DeLuxe 4-Pass. Coupe, $1170—Sport Sedan, $1295—*f. o. b. Detroit.*

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Seven wonderful shaves just like the one described below are yours for the asking now. Read this advertisement, then tell us where to send your seven-day tube.

Mail Coupon Men...

Postman will bring you quick new way to shave

A LITTLE package. The postman will hand it to you. And inside you'll find a scientific answer to the age-old problem of beard-softening.

Just squeeze a little on your brush. Whip it on your face and lather up. Your stubborn beard becomes limp and lifeless ... soft and pliable ... ready for the razor.

You feel no razor-pull, drag or scrape.

Your face is fresher ... cleaner ... smoother than it's ever been before.

Every year this very simple test has shown thousands of men the way to a faster, smoother shave.

So please read this advertisement thoroughly. Then mail coupon. It's a step you'll never regret, we're sure.

Read this, men . . . you'll see the difference

Small bubbles . . . that's the secret

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results. It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, not soap, is the real beard-softener.

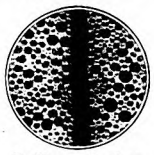
Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done. It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to your beard. A glance at the photomicrographs below proves this better than words. Note the startling difference in bubble size between Colgate's and ordinary lather.

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair ... floats it quickly away.

2. Then millions of tiny moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker ... soak it soft with water.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting.



Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

Colgate Lather

Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 501-G, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

FREE OFFER, MEN!

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's "After Shave."

Name_____

Address_____

game at New Haven passes that Jim doesn't receive a ticket from some boy, usually one whose father knew Jim. And if it is at all possible Jim takes in the games. And more than one Yale student, finding himself "broke" after a big party in New York, has borrowed his fare back to the campus from Jim.

"And they always send it back to me too," Jim declared.

As chief of the red caps, it is a part of Jim's job to meet all private cars. When a visiting celebrity is arriving in New York, or leaving the city by way of the Grand Central, Jim is always in personal attendance. In the course of twenty-five years' service in this capacity, he has attended many famous people, a large number of whom have honored him with their friendship.

Jim's friendship with the late President Roosevelt covered many years. To-day, no subordinate is allowed to touch the bags of any member of the Roosevelt family if Jim knows anything about it. He is very proud of the fact that when the widow of the late Colonel travels, there is always a telephone call from Oyster Bay requesting that Jim personally look after her comfort at the Terminal.

In Jim's office in the Terminal there is a framed and autographed picture of the Colonel. This photograph was given to Jim by Mr. Roosevelt himself during his famous Bull Moose campaign for the Presidency. Getting off his private car in the Terminal one day, the Colonel called to Jim, who was picking up his luggage.

"Here, Jim!" he cried; "come over here."

Jim obeyed, and found Mr. Roosevelt fumbling with the strap of his brief case. In another moment, he pulled out a large photograph, which he autographed against a convenient pillar while half a dozen important politicians waited to gain his attention. He handed the picture to Jim.

"New ones," he explained. "I wanted you to have one."

Jim prizes this picture above all his earthly possessions.

THERE is only one other happening connected with his work in the Terminal that means as much to Jim Williams as does that mute evidence of Colonel Roosevelt's confidence and esteem. This was an incident that occurred shortly after the death of the late Henry Reinhardt, well-known connoisseur of art and founder of the Reinhardt Galleries.

"Mr. Reinhardt and I were good friends for years," Jim said. "I don't think he made a trip out of the Grand Central during the last twenty years of his life that I wasn't on hand to look after him. He always paid me generously, but that wasn't all of it. He showed in a hundred little actions that to him I was another human being, not just a useful pair of hands. He often stopped to tell me a little story that pleased him, or to ask about my children.

"When Mr. Reinhardt died, I was hurt all through—the way you are hurt when someone very close and dear to you passes on. I didn't want to seem presumptuous, but I wanted to do something to show the family how I felt. I went over to Thorley's, the big Fifth Avenue florist shop where I worked for seven years before I became a red cap. Mr. Thorley himself helped me pick out some flowers. I wanted

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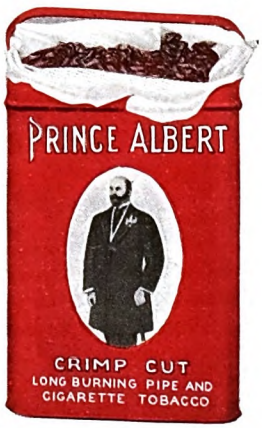
I'll make a prediction

FROM the first pipe-load, you'll be boosting P. A. like a small boy bragging about his dad. That's my prediction. I started smoking and talking P. A. about the time pet dogs were being named for Admiral Peary. Good old Prince Albert and I have been pulling in double harness ever since.

I like to turn back the lid on a tidy red tin and whet my smoke-appetite with that P. A. aroma. Gently I pack a load into my pipe. Then a match sets that P. A. flavor to work. Cool as a wind-blown derby rolling down the street. Sweet as retrieving it without a dent.

A pipe and P. A. keep the smile-works running like a clock. And I have mine going from early a. m. till the end of the day.

Mellow, mild, long-burning tobacco with a rich, tasty body that never wears off on the edge. That's what you want in a pipe. That's what you *get* with Prince Albert. Try it!



Here you are, Men, TWO full ounces of top-notch pipe-joy.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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He could be so good-looking—*but ..he has that half-clean look*

WHAT a disappointment! When she saw him across the ballroom floor he looked so attractive. But "close-up"? . . .

Sometimes you *do* have to look closely to see pore-dirt. But there's pore-dirt in *every* face. Even after you wash and shave, pore-dirt lurks in your skin . . . sallow . . . gray.

The air you live in all day long, says the U. S. Weather Bureau, swims with millions of tiny specks of sooty gray. Even indoors you can see them in any shaft of sunlight. These tiny specks float onto your face . . . get into the very pores of your skin—wedged *under* the surface!

Once under the skin, no surface washing can ever budge pore-dirt. It's there "for keeps" . . . unless you massage it away with Pompeian Massage Cream.

Watch this pink cream roll pore-dirt free!

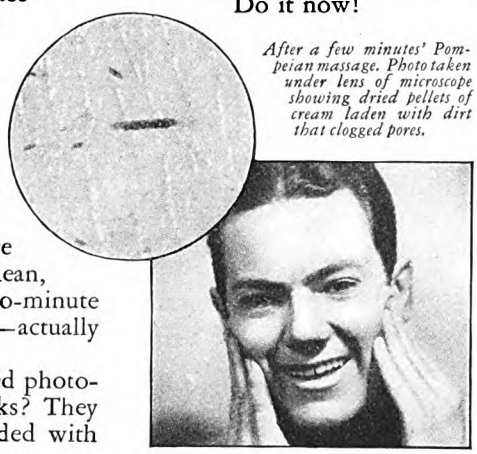
When you rub Pompeian Massage Cream into your skin, notice the clean, pink color. But after only a two-minute massage the same cream rolls out—actually gray with pore-dirt!

That's what this greatly enlarged photograph shows. See those dark marks? They are dried pellets of cream—loaded with pore-dirt that just a few minutes' massage rolled free!

Try it yourself tonight. Make sure that when she sees your face "close-up" it will have that fresh, ruddy glow that Pompeian Massage Cream gives. A clean, confident look that will make her say, "My, but you're looking well tonight!"

This FREE test convinces thousands every day!

Pompeian is 60 cents at every toilet goods counter. You're welcome to test it free. Simply fill in coupon and drop it in the mail. Do it now!



After a few minutes' Pompeian massage. Photo taken under lens of microscope showing dried pellets of cream laden with dirt that clogged pores.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 900-G
595 Fifth Avenue, New York.
In Canada: 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.
Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

to be sure that what I sent would be all right. I wasn't sure about putting in my card, but Mr. Thorley said I ought to. I'm mighty glad that he made me do it."

Jim's voice choked a little as he went on:

"You will never guess what the family did. Out of all the hundreds of handsome and costly designs sent, Mrs. Reinhardt and her daughters chose to include *my* simple offering among those that were given the place of honor on the casket. Later, I heard what Mrs. Reinhardt said, and I shall always treasure her words:

"'Jim has started Father off on many a long and trying trip,' she told her friends. 'And somehow I think it would please Father to know that Jim is with him in spirit on this last journey of all!'"

The late President Wilson always had a smile and a pleasant word for Jim. On one occasion, when Jim had been able to perform some special service for him, Mr. Wilson shook hands with the colored man in saying good-by. Jim recalls that, when Mr. Taft was President, he refused as a matter of principle to wait until the platform was cleared before leaving his train.

"Mr. Taft went into office on the Republican ticket," said Jim, "but he is one of the most democratic of big Americans. He never wants any fuss and feathers about anything."

THE man who carries your grips or golf bags in the Grand Central Terminal may be a vaudeville actor, a preacher, a professional boxer, or a doctor or lawyer in the making. According to Chief Williams, many young colored men who are struggling to establish themselves in business, or in one of the professions, work at portering in off hours. Besides the vocations mentioned above, the present personnel includes a shoemaker, a carpenter, several dentists, and a watchmaker.

A quarter of a century ago, when Williams got his job as a Grand Central red cap, there were twenty-five white attendants and only two colored men. Now all the red caps at both the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania terminals are negroes. Colored men seem by temperament better fitted to the work. It took Jim Williams just two years to climb from his place as a "rookie" red cap on the night shift to the commanding position in the service.

"Grand Central men were the first station attendants in the world to wear red caps," said Jim proudly. "I am told that the idea has spread practically all over the earth. People tell me that there are red caps in Switzerland, Italy, and even in China.

"I never knew a colored man to get rich toting grips," he continued; "but, just the same, portering is a mighty popular job. There is always a long waiting list of men who want to get into the service. Right now, I have on duty about four hundred boys. The number varies with the season of the year. Summer is the busiest time. It is the vacation, convention, and excursion season.

"Thousands of folks who stay in the city all winter take frequent week-end trips during the summer. We have between six and eight hundred trains arriving and departing daily, depending on the seasons and other travel factors. On

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

The common sense of buying radio—

most radio enjoyment for your dollar

A radio receiver is an instrument which gives you your choice of all the broadcasting programs within range.

When your radio receiver makes this selection quickly, brings in music and speech clearly, gives you no trouble at all—you have the best radio.

A. Atwater Kent

THE Atwater Kent A. C. set is that kind of receiver.

The *price* of the best set should be whatever you have to pay for a good-looking instrument that will give you perfect reception consistently. When such a set happens to be low-priced, you are the gainer. The Atwater Kent A. C. set does give you everything you ask of radio—and is not expensive.

To make such a set, at such a price, requires more than good intentions. It requires a complete modern laboratory to originate new ideas and new ways to try them out, and to hold fast to that which is good. We have that laboratory.

It requires experience—and we have twenty-six years of it. It requires facilities—and we have a 15½-acre factory, built, every inch of it, solely for radio. It requires equipment—and we have equipped that factory with machinery designed to make quality radio very rapidly.

It requires extreme care, and we assure such care with 222 tests or inspections of every set before it is shipped.

And—it requires a huge public demand to create such radio on a scale which alone makes a low price possible. More than 200,000 Atwater Kent A. C. sets sold since January 1st. 1,400,000 battery sets before that. There's the demand. And every one of these 1,600,000 owners knows that he has in his pocket a good many dollars which he might have spent without getting an additional cent's worth of enjoyment.

Try it in your own home—*then you'll know*

You have heard of the simple, sturdy and beautiful Atwater Kent A. C. set and the new conception of radio. You have seen it, of course, in stores and in the homes of friends. Naturally, you have wondered how it would look and act in your own home. Why not try it there?

Tell the nearest Atwater Kent dealer you want a free home demonstration. Fix with him the day and hour, and have your family share the fun. Snap the switch yourself and watch the friendly glow of the A. C. tubes as power that *can't* "run down" pours through them from a lamp socket. Try the new A. C. Atwater Kent in *your* home. It invites you to put it to any test.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO. *A. Atwater Kent, President* 4702 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

On the Air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Hour—listen in!

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The lather's the thing

IT TAKES more than water to soften whiskers. Whiskers are too tough, too horny to be softened by water alone. It's the ingredients in the lather made active by the water.

That's why Mennen-lathered is smooth-shaved. For in the dense, creamy Mennen lather only, do you enjoy that exclusive beard-softening process, *dermutation.* While it is completely softening the thousands of horny little hair shafts, dermutation levels and smooths the tiny mounds at the base of each hair, so that the razor slides through clean and square right at the skin surface, without nicking, scraping or abrading the skin. Your beard fairly rolls off before your razor. No rubbing necessary. None of that raw, burning after-shave effect, either. There's no caustic in Mennen to irritate or smart. And Mennen works equally well in all waters, hard or soft, hot or cold. Five agreeable emollients in Mennen lather tone and cleanse the face, leaving it fresh, soft, smooth and cool, fit for the longest day. 50c per tube. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ontario.

Now also made with Menthol

Some like the brisk, tingling coolness of a dash of menthol in their lather. For them we have good news. They can now enjoy this pleasant feature in the shaving cream that softens their beards by the dermutation process and therefore gives them the world's finest shave. Mennen is now made both ways—plain and mentholized. To get the mentholized, ask for the Mennen tube with the red ball. Your dealer has it, or can get it for you. 50c—same as plain.

Mennen Talcum for Men, Too!

Tone down that schoolboy face shine with a light sprinkle of Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. Rounds out the perfect shave. 25c per tin. Also made in stick form—50¢.

Saturdays and Sundays during hot weather, it's not unusual for a quarter of a million people to board or leave terminal trains every twenty-four hours. The boys meet the trains according to a rotating schedule, so that all may have a fair chance.

"WE PICK our boys mighty carefully. Character is the first consideration. A young fellow who wants to wear one of our red caps must furnish satisfactory references covering in detail the five years preceding his application. He must be able to speak and write the English language. He must be at least five feet eight inches tall, so that he can be readily spotted in a crowd. He must be neat, alert, and intelligent. No matter how other folks act, *he* has to be polite. But above all things, he must be trustworthy.

"A few of my men have been with me more than twenty years. The majority have seen five years' service. A man hardly ever gives up his berth with us unless he sees bigger pay and opportunity ahead. A good many of our boys graduate into the Pullman service. It is a fact that many of the negro lawyers and doctors of to-day got their start as red caps or Pullman porters.

"Most folks seem surprised when I tell them that about one out of five of my men is studying something or other. A year or so ago, I counted up and found that we were employing one hundred and one college men, twenty-five of them graduates.

"Several red caps have worked up profitable side lines in connection with their work here in the Terminal. One middle-aged attendant repairs suit cases. He sews up rips in the leather, patches worn spots, and puts on new handles almost while you wait. Another boy has a small tailor shop near by where he presses and mends clothes for patrons. He has developed quite a tidy little business.

"We are proud of the fact that the red caps of the Grand Central Terminal gave New York City its first colored policeman. One of the first Americans killed in the World War was Thomas J. Bullock, a second lieutenant in a colored regiment, who carried grips on my staff for years."

AT TIMES Albert Payson Terhune has led a pretty rough-and-tumble life. He was a champion amateur boxer, and a metropolitan newspaper reporter for over twenty years. He's a roughneck. He says so himself—and he is proud of it. Next month, in a powerful article, entitled "A Roughneck's Religion," he sets up a virile picture of Jesus, which has for a background Mr. Terhune's visit to the Holy Land, in which he followed the long pilgrimages that Jesus made. He analyzes the sturdy physical qualities which endeared the Son of Man to the common people. "Roughneck" qualities, Terhune calls them; but he does so with a reverence and admiration that can offend no one. You are shown Jesus, the well-muscled carpenter, the fighter, the champion of the oppressed; Jesus, the tireless, capable of performing physical feats that would tax the strength of many an athlete of the present day.

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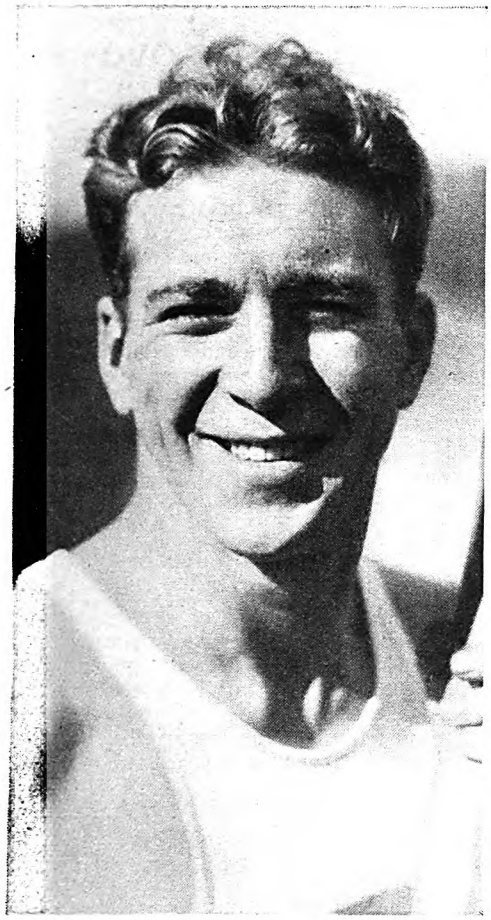


(LEFT)
New York City

"You would think that athletes would keep in perfect health without any trouble. But as every man who has trained for an athletic team knows, that is by no means always true. In spite of training table food, a fellow often gets irregular in his elimination. Another big trouble is boils.

"I found that eating Fleischmann's Yeast kept me in perfect condition to stroke the Columbia crew. Every member of the 1926 crew, which I captained, ate Yeast regularly."

ERIC C. LAMBART

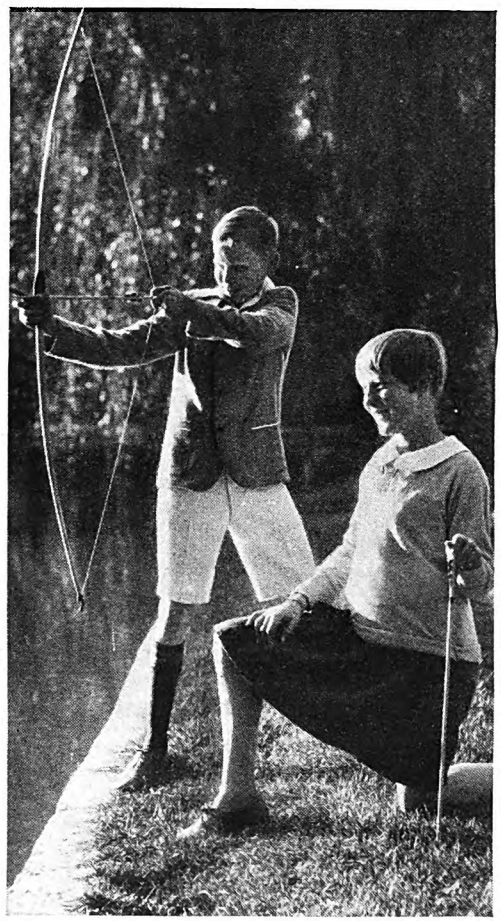
(RIGHT)
Salt Lake City, Utah

"I am thirteen years old. I had stomach trouble, and when we sat down to meals Mother nearly always warned me not to eat this or that or I would have indigestion.

"Mother had taken Fleischmann's Yeast to make her skin clear. After she had used it for some time the doctor and her friends spoke of how lovely her complexion looked. Her wonderful results with Yeast made her buy it for all the rest of us.

"Since eating it regularly I have never been troubled with indigestion. I am grateful that I know about Fleischmann's Yeast."

MARCELLA ANDERSON



"... so 'logy' I could hardly keep awake"

Cincinnati, Ohio

"Long hours of concentration on an engineering job often means irregular meals, lack of exercise—and consequent digestive trouble.

"After twenty-five years of this kind of work I got so bad I saw I would have to do something about my health. I was nervous and overweight. After a meal I would feel so drowsy I could hardly keep awake—just 'logy,' I guess, from auto-intoxication.

"Last February I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. My doctor encouraged me. In two months my weight was back to normal, my nerves were steadier, I was more alert and vigorous than I've been in years!" OLIVER H. SCHLEMMER

MR. OLIVER H. SCHLEMMER (above, at left)

WHEN you are "logy," run down, your whole body is being flooded with poisons from stagnating food wastes.

Fleischmann's Yeast rouses the sluggish intestines, keeps them clean without exhausting you as cathartics do. That is because yeast is a food—as fresh as new spinach or any garden vegetable. When normal elimination is restored, your appetite picks up. Digestion improves. Your skin becomes healthy, fresh-looking.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-54, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.

***Easy, natural*—this new way to health:**

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, or in water or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit.

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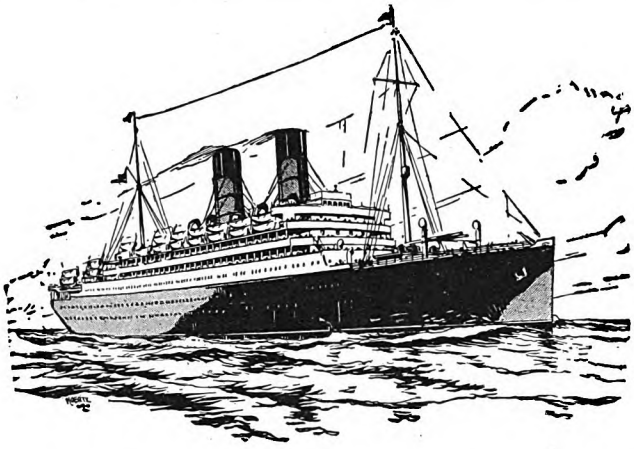

The Cosmopolitan's Time To Go Abroad . . . August . . . September

Of course in a Cunarder one is always comfortable . . . has every service . . . even in the height of the summer rush season . . .

But . . . by all means . . . if you can . . . go in August . . . September . . . the perfect . . . the cosmopolitan time . . . in England . . . on the continent . . .

And Cunard's 1928 Cabin Service offers the perfect travelling solution . . . if you want to go in dignified comfort . . . but at pleasantly moderate rates . . . $152.50 and up Cabin . . . $107.50 Tourist Third Cabin.

The Scythia and Laconia . . . two proud cruise ships . . . The Caronia and Carmania . . . as a matter of sheer luxury . . . have added ½ million dollars in improvements! . . . hot and cold running water . . . real beds . . . beautiful glass-enclosed decks . . .

The Lancastria and Tuscania . . . another popular pair . . . also go to France and England . . .

SAILINGS

NEW YORK—PLYMOUTH · HAVRE · LONDON

CARONIA	August 3	August 31
CARMANIA	August 17	September 14
TUSCANIA	August 10	September 7
LANCASTRIA	August 24	September 21

NEW YORK — QUEENSTOWN · LIVERPOOL

LACONIA	August 4	September 1
SCYTHIA	August 18	September 13

CUNARD LINE

See Your Local Agent

1840 · EIGHTY · EIGHT · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1928

"I Just Love Americans"

(*Continued from page 37*)

I just looked around at them in disgust, thinking of all the work we'd put on that pageant. They were one swell bunch of patriots! Instead of showing that their feelings were welling up in them, and making them humbly grateful that they were Americans, the only ones who didn't just look relieved kept glancing over their shoulders and sniffing absent-mindedly, as though they thought they smelled smoke. It was disgusting!

We were in the second verse when I noticed that more and more of them were sniffing, and looking over their shoulders. It was conspicuous because, during the entire pageant, it was absolutely the first sign of life they'd shown. Without even waiting for the end of the song, Mr Smiley, who, with his whole family, had come down to the pageant, got up and started over the hill back toward the farmhouse.

Suddenly, at the top of the hill, he threw up his arms, and yelled at the top of his voice.

"Hey!" he shouted, "my barn's on fire!"

I HAVE never seen such a dramatic change in my life. It was as though his shout had touched an electric switch that set off the audience. The sleepy listlessness vanished as though by magic. Fans were dropped, camp chairs kicked over. With one wild-Indian yell, everybody started up that hill toward the Smiley barn.

Honestly, I never knew our young men could run like that. Howard Merton and Fritz Schaufmeister were in the lead, and their heads were down for speed. They fairly charged over the top of that hill. Before we'd got untangled from the bunting, they'd disappeared over the brow and were already yelling back directions:

"Bring all the pails you can find! Got any fire extinguishers in your cars? Get flat boards!"

Will and Roger and half a dozen others turned back, and in about ten seconds they'd smashed up two picnic tables and were on the dead run again, carrying the planks.

I had been in the back of the amphitheatre, and by the time I got to the top of the hill where I could see, there were great flames shooting up into the air. It wasn't the new barn yet; it had started in the corncrib, and the old barn had caught and was all in flames.

The heavenly brisk breeze of the grove was a brisk young wind here, and anything but heavenly. With every gust it blew the flames toward the huge new barn, and great showers of sparks would shake down on its dry shingle roof. And beyond the barn, right in line with the wind, was the farmhouse.

"They'll never save a stick of it," old Mrs. Porteous gasped behind me.

"Not with this wind blowing," said somebody else. "There, look at that!" The other side of the shed flamed up.

I saw that Mother had the twins all

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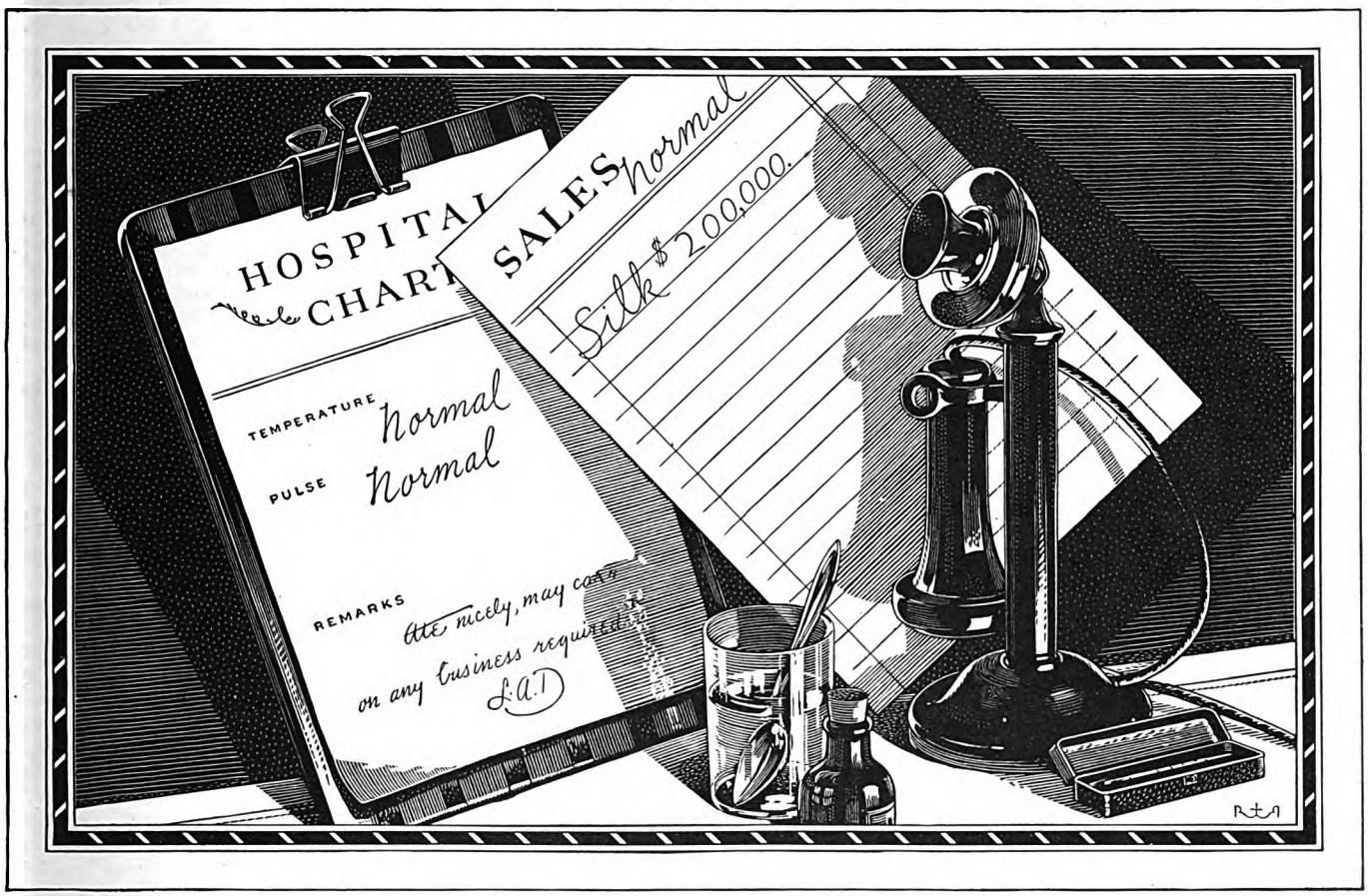
Laid up in the Hospital he sold $200,000 worth of Silk



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

A NEW YORK raw silk salesman had to go to the hospital for 10 days. His illness was minor, but the loss of time was serious. He secured a room with a telephone. Throughout his convalescence, he kept informed of the course of the market. Sent and received his cables by telephone. Kept in constant touch with office and customers. Sold more than $200,000 worth of silk.

A Milwaukee dry goods salesman was forced to cancel his regular trip because of a broken leg. From his sick-room, he covered in 5 days by telephone the same territory that took 5 to 6 weeks of traveling. And he gathered in 90% of his usual business.

Held up by road conditions, a tire salesman had to abandon a certain trip in southern Nebraska. He went to the telephone office and covered his territory by Long Distance. Sold, $1280 worth of tires; charges, $6.20.

In emergencies and in the regular day's work, hundreds of concerns are using Long Distance to get things done and to increase profits.

You will be surprised how little the calls now cost. New station to station day rates are: Los Angeles to New York, $8.75. Dallas to Chicago, $3.25. Baltimore to Philadelphia, 70c. . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES BELL SYSTEM

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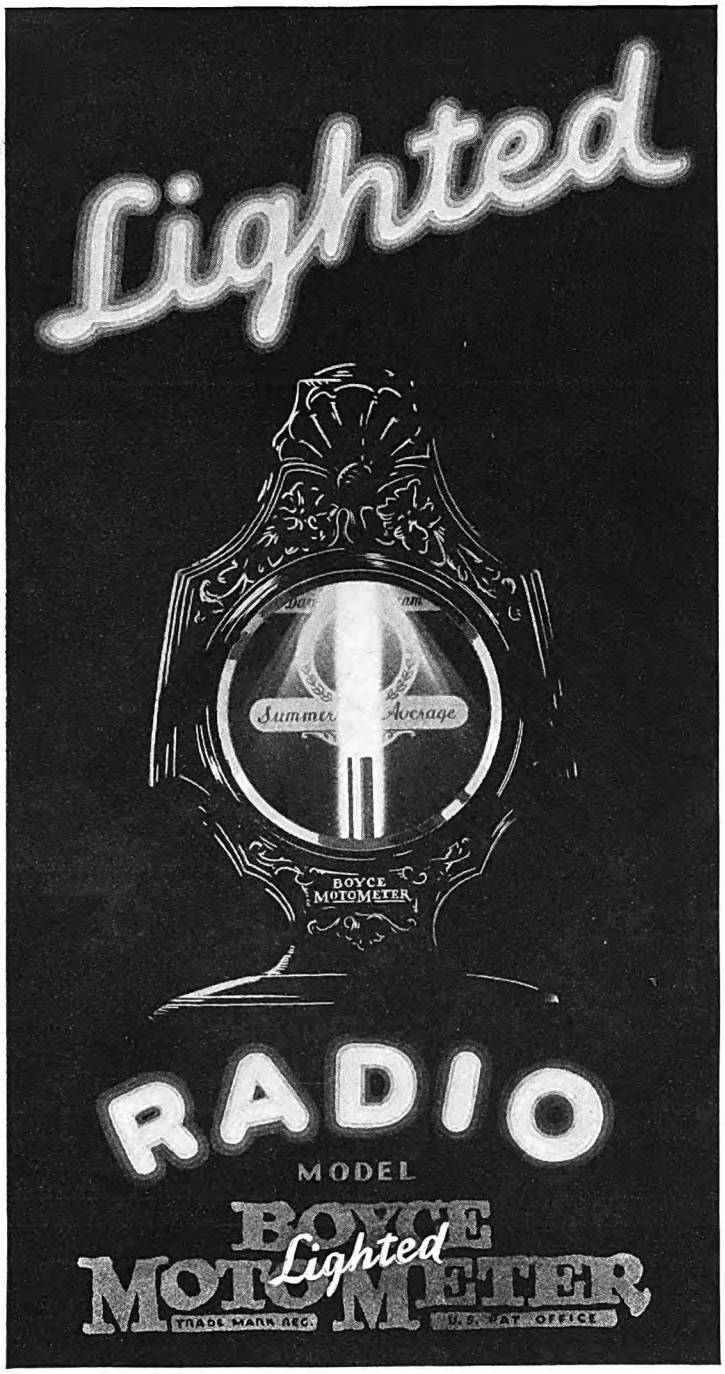


Unique, startling in its smartness, strikingly beautiful, its style expresses the tempo of the hour. And... essentially a motor heat indicator, the new Radio model is as practical as it is new.

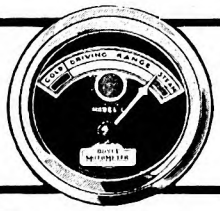
At night, the ingeniously concealed radio pilot light throws a soft yet concentrated beam down the indicating tube: no annoying glare, yet plenty of light for a constant check on motor conditions!

The transparent crystals, too, are an innovation, completing an effect that adds individuality to the front of your car.

Priced at $6.50

The Moto Meter Company, Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.

Red Ball Boyce Moto Meter
Illuminated from within, the Red Ball flashes its warning whenever overheating develops.
Model "L", dash type: $10.00
Model "S", steering column mtg. $12.50



For FORD and CHEVROLET
New, *illuminated* Red Ball Models, with special car nameplate on dial.
Model "CL", dash type: $8.00
Model "CS" or "FS", steering col. mtg. $8.50

right, and ran on down toward the fire.

A half-dozen men were playing fire extinguishers on one side of the old barn, but while they checked the flame there it was spreading twice as fast on the other side. As every new man or boy dashed up, he grabbed a flat board and started beating out wherever he could. The girls and women were gathering around the edges, each one keeping her own babies and children back out of the danger. It was one wild, mad, shouting pandemonium.

And, every instant, the fire was gaining ground. In the brief minutes that I was running down the hill, a change came. Suddenly, before my amazed eyes, that thing became organized: Fritz and Howard, having got there first, seemed to be taking charge.

"Here, you girls," Howard yelled, "get busy. Let the grandmothers watch the kids. Fall in line down to the brook!"

Fritz, a half-dozen pails over his arm, was already at the brook getting the bucket line started, getting the Dower boys and the Perkins to dipping up the water. Milk pails, buckets, the lemonade pails we'd brought—everything that would hold water started hand to hand down the line.

A half-dozen older women, who hadn't done anything but gasp and say we'd never save a stick, found themselves pushed over to one side with the twenty children to watch. Somebody grabbed my arm roughly and pushed me into line just in time to pass a pail of water on to Peter Vane, who pushed in right ahead of me.

"Hey, boys, whoever of you can run the fastest, keep the empty pails going back to the brook."

Fritz, half way up a ladder, passed the full pails on up to Will, who was on the edge of the roof, emptying them over the fire as fast as they came up, throwing them back down to some high-school boys, who ran back with them as though they were in a hundred-yard dash.

There was no telephone at the Smileys'.

"Jimmy, Pat, Roscoe—all you fellows that've got motor-cycles, one of you beat it to the Piersons' and telephone the alarm in to Dawson. And the others scatter, in case Piersons' is locked up—get the nearest telephone—call both Dawson and Verblen for their chemical engines!"

Pat Callahan was off first, with a great chugging and back-firing, streaking it down the road. It was like Sheridan's ride, only faster and noisier.

IT WAS the young men who were running things, Will and Scott and Howard and Fritz Schaufmeister and the rest. And what got me was the way every human being did exactly what he was told. There was no back-talk, no grouching.

The captain of the high-school football team stood meekly, just steadying the ladder for Fritz and handing up the pails as they came. Mr. Cranston, who is vice president of the bank, and very important, went into the hay mow obediently, with nothing to do but to watch and see if any sparks came through the roof, and call out the alarm if any did.

Wells Prentice, who is the lady-killer of the town and quite fancies himself, didn't just like being put in the bucket line, and started to make some sort of protest, but he didn't get far with it.

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26 MILLION DUNLOPS

"WHAT OF IT?... What does that mean to my car?"

Simply this: The 26 million Dunlops now running are your guarantee that Dunlops will pay you on your car.

With 45,000 craftsmen.... 40 years' experience.... $195,000,000 resources...vast rubber plantations ... and great spinning mills, Dunlop *should* make the world's best tires.

The longer Dunlops have run, the more popular they have become. In Australia, 75% of all tires are Dunlops.. In Japan, 65%.. In England, 70%.

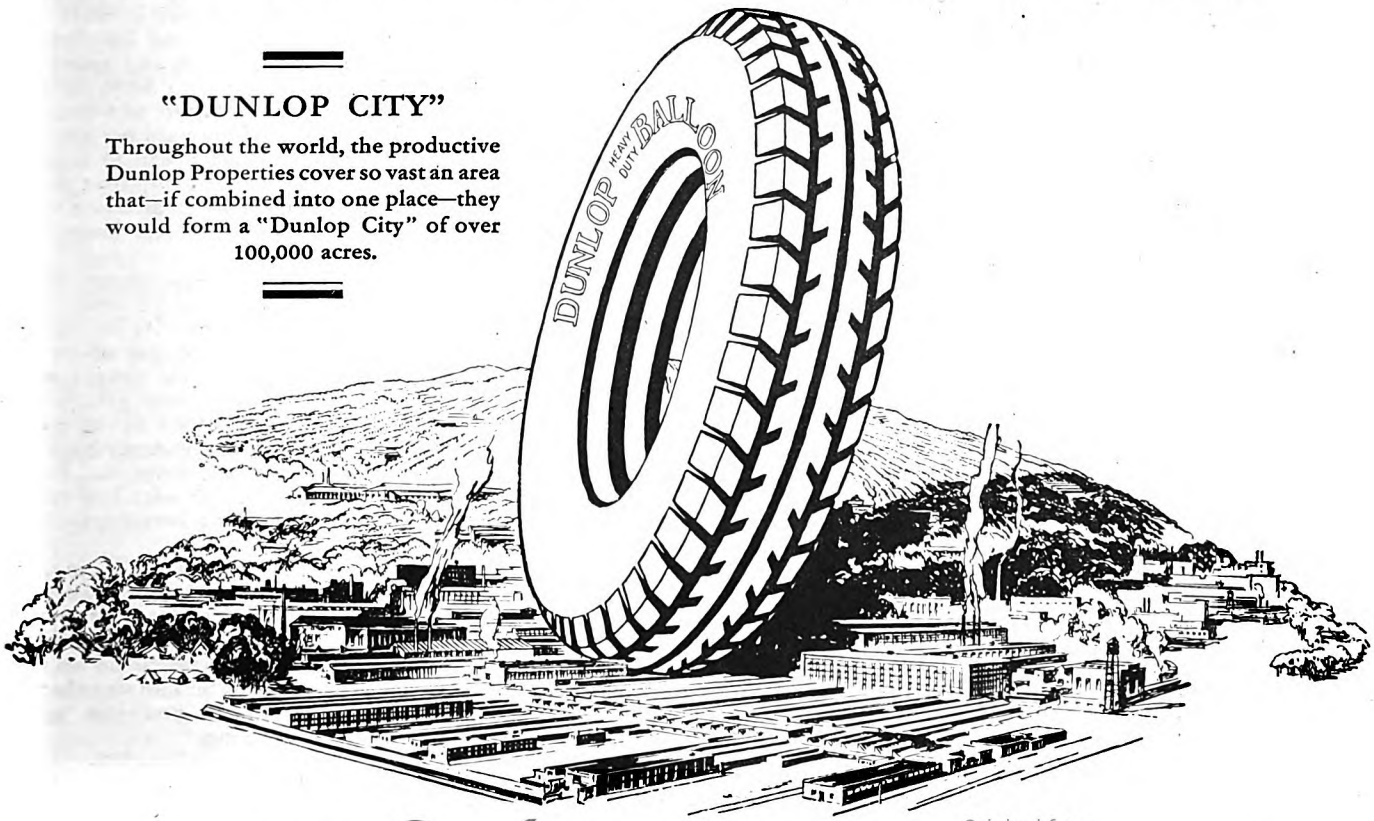
The ninth and greatest of all Dunlop plants was built at Buffalo, U.S.A. five years ago. Since then, Dunlop has climbed from 89th place to an undisputed position among America's leading tire-manufacturers. In 1927, American dealers sold 41% more Dunlop tires than in 1926.

Yes, the 26 million Dunlops now in service are your guarantee that Dunlops will pay you on your car.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

"DUNLOP CITY"

Throughout the world, the productive Dunlop Properties cover so vast an area that—if combined into one place—they would form a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres.



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Different—
in recipe, in mulling, in delightful flavor

Wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced!

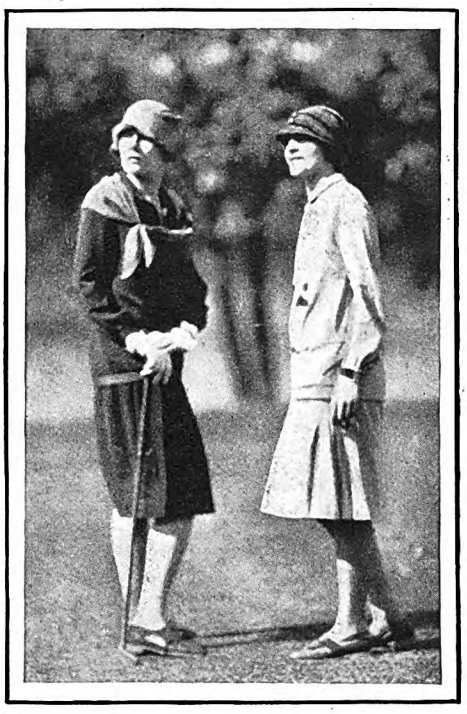
CATSUP has been good before. But never *quite* so good as Snider's, many folks tell us.

The reason? Taste, taste, more taste!

There's the magic of Snider's own time-honored recipe. There's that wonder-working Snider method, called "mulling," which adds sparkle and tone to the natural rich flavor of the tomato.

The next time your marketing list calls for catsup, say Snider's—for a condiment blended to the queen's taste!

P. S. Also the king's.



Naturally they prefer Snider's

Snider's
The *mulled* catsup

CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE

FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

"Shut your yap and keep those pails moving," came curtly from the other end of the line.

And though he looked pained at anybody being so crude, he did it.

We didn't seem to have a real chance though, in spite of everybody's best. All the water we could get just steamed and sizzled and wasn't really holding back the blaze. Some sparks fell into a pile of shingles against the barn on the other side, and of course they caught like kindling. There wasn't anyone to be spared to go around there; but, just as it seemed hopeless, we had unexpected reinforcements.

A crowd of berry pickers who—being foreign and not celebrating the Fourth—had been working a mile away, had got the news from one of the motor-cycle boys, and they came tearing up to help. Only one of them could speak English, but they told him about the shingles, and in half a second he had his gang over on the other side of the barn.

The sparks were falling faster now on the barn roof, and they had to thin out the bucket line and get more men up there with boards to beat them out. That meant we had to pass the buckets farther to each other, and, believe me, passing full pails of water as fast as they come is no easy job. My arms were aching till they were ready to fall off, but if you slowed down a second they yelled at you from the ladder:

"Hey, there, keep 'em coming! What do you think this is—a pink tea?"

THEY began to be pretty sure we weren't going to save the barn, and Fritz, who can drive any engine made, had to leave the ladder and go to the new barn and drive out the new tractor. He came out saying smoke was in there and the horses were scared to death.

Little Jimmy Perkins, who hadn't been thought important enough for anything but to pass buckets, went in there and blindfolded those horses and led all three out, kicking and bucking and squealing. His mother was scared to death for fear he'd be hurt, and started to wring her hands; but as they'd pressed her into the bucket line when they'd had to take all the men out, she had to stop that pretty quick and keep passing, in answer to that everlasting, "Hey, there, keep 'em coming!"

I was glad I had to keep passing. If I'd had an instant to spare I'd have been scared to death for Will. He and half a dozen others had climbed way up on the new barn roof, where the sparks were falling now like rain, beating with flat boards. That roof sloped at an angle that may be all right in geometry but isn't so good to keep your balance on. Those who didn't have rubber soles had taken off their shoes to get a better grip with their feet.

Fritz was back on the ladder again now, throwing water, and one of the boards hit him and made his nose bleed. It looked terrible, his face all blood, but nobody stopped to be polite, even if he was an alien. The fellow who hit him was already off after other sparks, and just yelled back that old war song,

"Keep your head *down*, Fritzie-boy!"

And then, suddenly, we knew we

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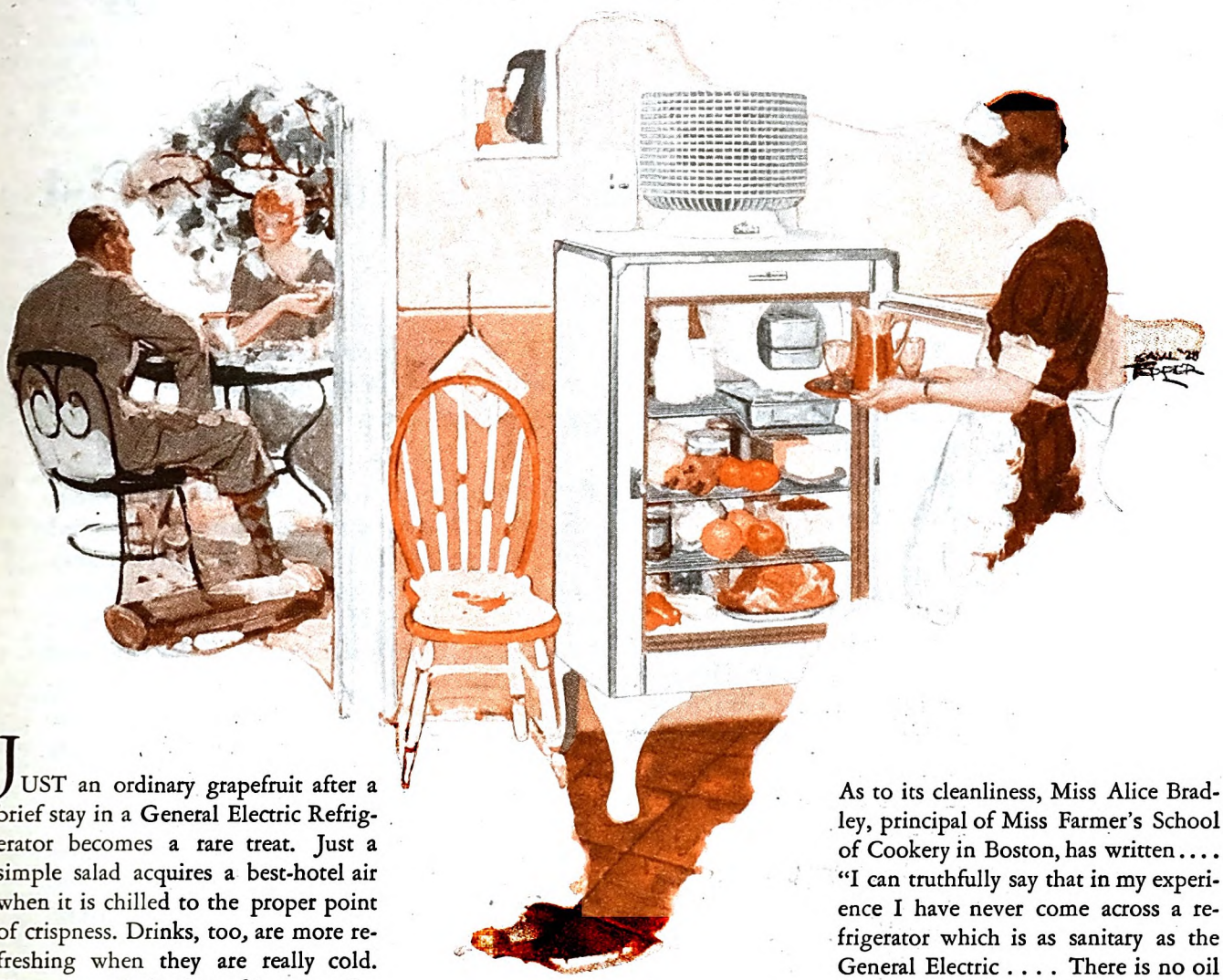
Thorough chilling adds new flavor to foods – and drinks



JUST an ordinary grapefruit after a brief stay in a General Electric Refrigerator becomes a rare treat. Just a simple salad acquires a best-hotel air when it is chilled to the proper point of crispness. Drinks, too, are more refreshing when they are really cold. Keep a supply in the refrigerator. Or, for last-minute serving, use your always-ready ice cubes.

The modern housekeeper has also found to her surprise that with a General Electric Refrigerator, it's just as easy to make a luscious mousse as it used to be to make an uninteresting rice pudding. She finds that an aspic is a welcome hot-weather change from soup.

The General Electric Refrigerator is different from all others—in construction, in operation, in *results*. It is absolutely simple and unusually quiet. None of its machinery is exposed .... it is all safely stowed away in one hermetically sealed steel casing. It hasn't a belt, fan or drain pipe—never needs oiling.

As to its cleanliness, Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery in Boston, has written .... "I can truthfully say that in my experience I have never come across a refrigerator which is as sanitary as the General Electric .... There is no oil anywhere to catch dust, no crevices where it can linger, no fan to suck it into the mechanism. The current of warm air which rises from the top unit is powerful enough to keep a small pin wheel revolving and, like the heat from a radiator, it drives the dust away from the unit and prevents it from settling."

Write us for a descriptive booklet A-7.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

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A DOCTRINE IN WHICH SOME NOTABLE ADVERTISERS HAVE DISCOVERED PROFIT POSSIBILITIES

There's a portrait of the family in Mother's shopping list

THE WANTS, the hopes, the desires of the family are pictured in Mother's shopping list. And that list is more than a prosaic catalog of products. It is a composite portrait of the family.

You can read there of Dad's fondness for ox-tail soup. A bottle of liniment (large size) can only mean that Son is trying for the ball team. While the gossamer-thin silk stockings for Daughter tell of a coming dance. Real things for real people. For a family is neither a "buying unit," nor a digit in a circulation statement. A family is *people*. And it has as many likes, dislikes and opinions as it has members.

That is why the products which are known and trusted by *every* member of the family appear first and oftenest on Mother's shopping list. The *more* members of a family that are sold, the quicker a family buys.

It is that doctrine which recently has led the most successful advertisers to consider not only the circulation figures of a given publication but the number of people in each family who read the publication.

To establish those facts many investigations have been made by advertisers and independent organizations. In every case, of which we know, The American Magazine led every other publication in all-family appeal.

As a woman's magazine alone, it usually ranks second or third. As a man's magazine, first or second. But in its combined reading by fathers, mothers and young people it is overwhelmingly first.

• • •

THE importance of the all-family appeal of The American Magazine is evidenced by the fact that such notable advertisers as Colgate, Heinz, Royal Baking Powder, Johns-Manville, National Piano Manufacturers Association, Cream of Wheat, and Dunlop Tires are either using The American for the first time in 1928 or have greatly increased their American Magazine advertising.

May we present to you the facts that convinced those advertisers that The American Magazine, at one advertising cost reaches not only Mother but her group of consumers?

• • •

How to reach the "*Two or More*"

From the most unusual marketing investigation ever undertaken, we learned the significant fact that *two or more* members of the average family dictate the selection of most of the merchandise the family buys.

For example, in 73% of the 952 families questioned, two or more members influenced the purchase of a piano. In 59% of the families, *two or more* members influenced the choice of ham and bacon. In 67% of the families *two or more* members influenced the selection of hosiery.

Obviously, then, most advertisers should use those publications which reach "two or more members" of the family. By every test, the magazine that does that most effectively is The American Magazine. Investigations, including those conducted recently by five leading universities, prove The American Magazine overwhelming *first in its combined reading by all the family.*

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY ~ NEW YORK, N. Y.

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couldn't make it. Mr. Cranston shouted out from inside the barn that holes were coming through the roof, and that he wasn't going to be able to keep the sparks from falling into the hay. The berry pickers were rushed in there with more boards, but we knew they could never hold out long.

The men on the roof were working like flying flails. Somebody else got a crack and a bloody face—it seemed as though everything was blood. Somebody slipped, and was barely pulled back from sliding right off into that flaming pit below.

And I couldn't even look to be sure that Will was all right. If one of the bucket line so much as turned a head the everlasting shout came:

"Speed 'em up, there; keep 'em coming!"

Somebody in the line, closer to the fire, suddenly keeled over—the heat, I suppose. Two of the older women got her away, throwing water on her, but the rest of us just stretched out a little farther apart. It brought me right up close to the fire, and the heat was terrible. I began to get dizzy, too. And still those heavy buckets—

"It's no use," I heard one of the men say, and his voice sounded queer and a million miles away; "the corner of the new barn's caught."

The ground under me seemed to tip up, I shut my eyes for a second. Even with my eyes shut all I could see was blood and flame, and those flailing figures up in the sparks. I tried to take a bucket and my arm gave way—everything went queer and red and black and reeling. And I seemed to hear a terrible screeching.

At first, I thought I was just hearing things. But it kept getting louder and louder, and suddenly, from the roof, from the inside of the barn, from everywhere, came a great shout of joy. The screech I heard was real—sirens from two ways at once.

Shrieking down the road, one from each way, came the chemical engines from Dawson and Verblen.

That fire, that had seemed such a terrific conflagration while we were fighting it by hand, was just nothing for those two engines. Inside of fifteen minutes the last spark was out. The old barn and corncrib, of course, were smoking, smoldering ashes; but the new barn and the house were safe.

The older people, who hadn't done anything but watch the children, were all in and eager to start home.

"But we haven't had the fireworks yet," we all protested.

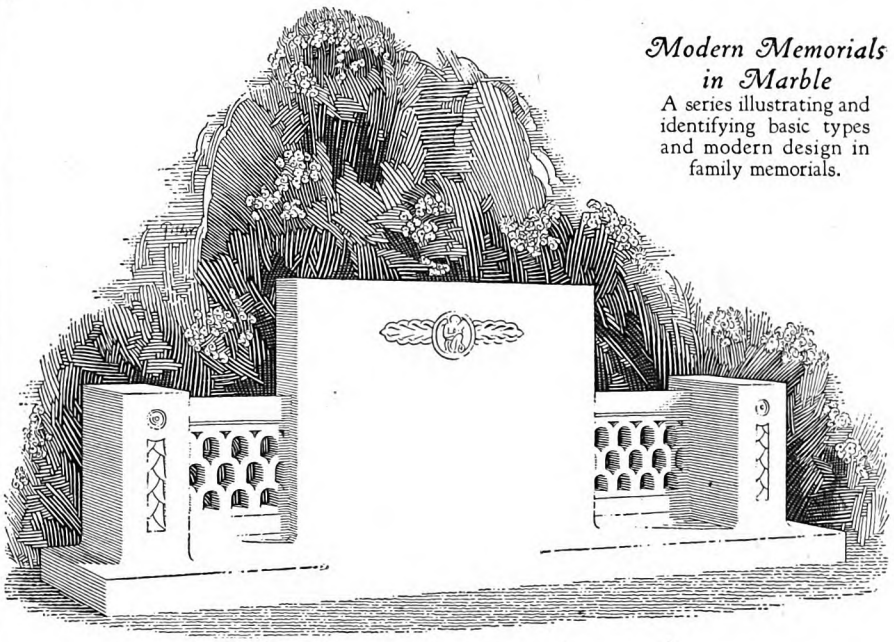
They stared at us as though they thought we must have had a blow on the head in childhood.

"Fireworks!" they said. "For heaven's sake, haven't we had *fireworks* enough for one day!"

THAT is the trouble with older people. They seem to have a good sense right up to a certain point, and then unexpectedly they disappoint you. There we had forty dollars' worth of rockets and red light and Roman candles and pinwheels and flowerpots!

We compromised by most of the older people going home, taking the littlest of the children with them, and the rest of us starting back to the grove. We had a whispered discussion first, and decided

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL SHALL ABIDE FOREVER



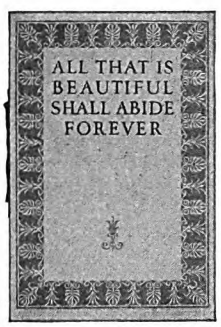
Modern Memorials in Marble
A series illustrating and identifying basic types and modern design in family memorials.

ROYAL SIMPLICITY . . .
. . . *the* SCREEN

THIS regal type of family memorial takes its origin and name from the choir, chancel or sanctuary screen of church architecture.

Distinguished by its width, the modern screen memorial offers great opportunity for variety in design. It may be wall-like or made with a colonnade or balustrade, with a higher central canopy, pillar or tablet (as illustrated). Such memorials are usually placed at the rear of large, level plots. They merit the matchless permanence and beauty of Vermont Marble.

Vermont Marble, the nation's noblest Memory Stone. For tested permanence, beauty, sculptural quality, it was chosen for the Unknown Soldier's Tomb and Arlington Memorial. Our designers serve your local memorial dealer. Ask him for sketches and estimates.



FREE BOOKLET
It illustrates and explains the basic memorial types . . . greatly simplifies the problem of selection. For yourself . . . for a friend, *write for it.*

VERMONT MARBLE COMPANY
Dept. A-7
PROCTOR, VERMONT
World's Largest Quarriers of Marble

VERMONT MARBLE

The Memory Stone

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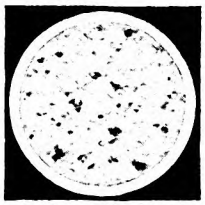
Lasting Cleanliness

with this paint enamel



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint

Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

The microscope shows the difference

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

WHEN the painter had made his last stroke, behold the beauty of clean white walls and woodwork. But for *how long?*

If it's ordinary paint, it soon becomes hopelessly dirty. But if it's Barreled Sunlight, occasional washing will keep it *spotless for years.* For this satin smooth paint enamel can't hold dirt embedded.

Has a rich depth of finish peculiar to itself—flows freely without leaving brush marks—possesses remarkable opacity or "hiding power"—and is *guaranteed to remain white longest.*

Easy to tint. Dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors.

Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat finishes. Cans and drums. Where more than one coat is required, apply Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

Also ask your dealer about the new product, Outside Barreled Sunlight.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 33-D Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. More than 7000 retail dealers.

Barreled Sunlight
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
33-D Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Please send me information on the use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in: (Check) ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings ☐ Industrial Plants. (If you wish a sample can, enclose 10c)
Please send me full information on Outside Barreled Sunlight ☐
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

that, with the older people gone, there was ice cream enough to go around, so we invited the berry pickers and the boys in the two fire departments to come too.

The department boys couldn't stay—they had to get back in case there should be other calls, the Fourth usually being their busiest day. But they did stop long enough to have a big dish of ice cream apiece. And though it was a little too light, we set off a few rockets while they were eating. Then somebody struck up a song for the two fire chiefs, the song we always sing for all the high-school football players:

They say Christy Borglunson ain't got no style—
Got style all the while—style all the while.
They say Christy Borglunson ain't got no style—
Got style all the while—all the while.

Of course we sang for Mike Sheenan, the chief of the Dawson company too.

Then, after they had left, and it was late enough to go on with the fireworks, we all sat around in the dark and watched them, and sang to everybody who had done anything toward putting out the fire. It took forever, and I suppose a real musical critic might have thought the tune got kind of monotonous, but it didn't to us. Because, while the tune and the words were the same each time, each time the name was different. And it's queer what a difference that makes.

Somebody found out the name of the boss of the berry pickers, and though the rest of them couldn't understand a word of English, you could tell from their flashing, white-toothed smiles that they understood the spirit of the song when we sang, "They say Tony De Silva he ain't got no style— Got style all the while—"

We sang for Mr. Cranston and Howard Merton and Fritz Schaufmeister and the Bucket Line and everybody else, till we were fairly hoarse. A red light was burning bright while they were singing for Fritz, and I happened to catch a glimpse of his face. He may have looked bored when they played the "Watch on the Rhine" in the pageant—especially for him—but, believe me, he didn't look bored now. Just kind of shamefaced and happy.

And when we were singing for the others, I'd hear his deep, rich voice booming out, strong and enthusiastic, nothing of the stranger-in-a-strange-land sound to it, just one more young man, perfectly at home, singing with his friends.

AND I couldn't help feeling what a grand country it was to be at home in. Any time I ever want a thrill I'll be able to get it by just shutting my eyes and seeing it like moving pictures all over again—our young men tearing down the hill at the first call of danger: the way they ran, heads down, strong and fast. Anyone in trouble could be pretty thankful to see that crowd charging down to the rescue.

There was something queer and almost mysterious about it, the way they seemed our own boys, and yet something a little more. There seemed to be something that was almost a spirit about it, made up of all of them, fighting and working together, some spirit that ran faster than any one of them, that was stronger and braver than all of them together. It was very queer.

The way everybody had forgotten all

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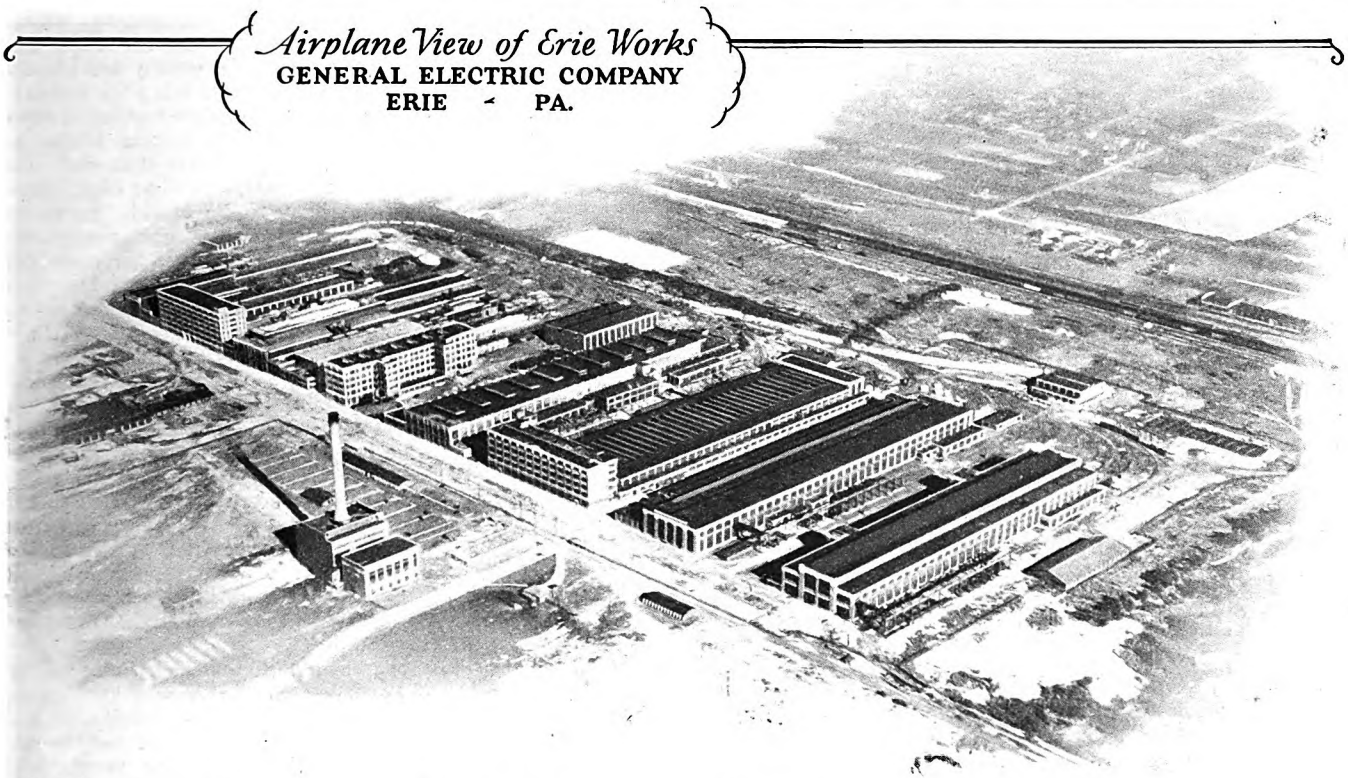

15,034 "Squares" of General Electric Company roofs are - - - - - Johns-Manville Built-Up Asbestos

The General Electric Company is one of the world's greatest engineering organizations. This corporation buys equipment and materials after analysis and test. Precise standards and rigid specifications must be met. Nor does the exacting scrutiny end with purchase. Performance is studied with equal care.

The 15,034 squares (1,503,400 square feet) of Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs on the General Electric Company's works at Erie, Pennsylvania, seem to us a stronger endorsement, a better proof of the worth of our roofs than anything which we might say. Chosen after cold consideration of various roofings, Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs have met the test of severe use. They have been specified for building after building as the works have grown.

The result of 50 years experience

The reason that our Built-up Roofs have met the tests of General Electric and many other engineers, is that we, ourselves, are engineers. Pioneer developers of ASBESTOS, we have exhaustively studied, tested and worked with this remarkable mineral for 50 years.

Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs are the result of experience in the manufacture of roofing felts, in the application of built-up roofs, and an observation of their performance extending over nearly half a century. It is because of this very long experience that the Johns-Manville organization is able to offer the very utmost in a built-up roof that is smooth, fireproof, of long life, economical, a roof that will not give trouble at any point, a roof that you can apply and forget.

Johns-Manville fireproof Asbestos Shingles are used on the roofs of more than 200 houses in Lawrence Park, a residential development for General Electric employees at Erie, Pa. These shingles provide a good looking, everlasting roof, ideal for any home.

If you have any connection with the building or maintenance of any factory, warehouse, office building, hotel, theatre, athletic field—in short, any structure of large roof area, we suggest that you write to us about the roofing. You incur no obligation. We think we may be helpful.

Johns-Manville Authorized Roofers

Johns-Manville Authorized Roofers are trained in the proper application of our Built-up Asbestos Roofs. You can rely on our Authorized Roofers to do their work well, to charge fair prices, and to render businesslike and satisfactory service.

MASTER *of* ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville

ASBESTOS MINERS AND MANUFACTURERS

Asbestos Products to Serve Every Industry

Johns-Manville insulations conserve heat and prevent power and fuel wastes. Scores of other Johns-Manville items made wholly or in part of asbestos, are in daily use by thousands of power houses, factories, foundries, mills, mines and railways the world over. For over 50 years we have used asbestos to guard human life and property, to conserve power, to improve living conditions.

FILL IN, TEAR OUT, MAIL
JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
For Canada: Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto.
(*Mail this coupon to branch nearest you*)
Without obligation on my part, please send me information concerning Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofing and the name of the nearest Johns-Manville Authorized Roofer.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Bu-5-7

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Two outstanding CAMERAS by ANSCO

NO CAMERA ever achieved widespread popularity so quickly as the new Ansco Memo. It takes 50 pictures on one 50-cent film, gives you prints for about one cent each—and all the thrills and satisfaction of projecting your own pictures on your own screen, at insignificant cost.

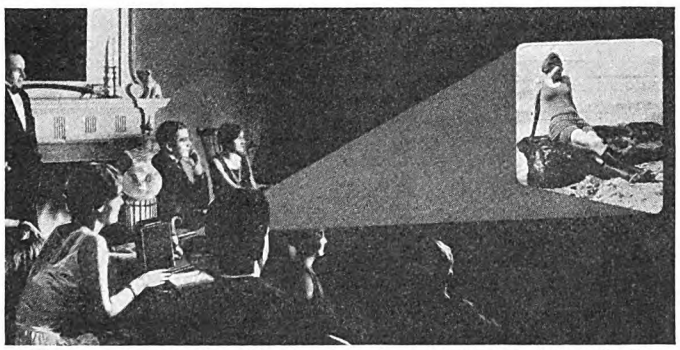
Positives for projection from your Memo negatives cost about 2¢ each—which for the first time puts this excellent entertainment in the inexpensive class. With a Memo, you can have pictures of everything worth photographing. The camera fits in your pocket or handbag—and the 50-picture film costs but 50 cents a roll.

YEAR after year the reliable Ansco Readyset holds its place as the simplest and surest of folding cameras—a favorite because it eliminates nearly every element of uncertainty in taking a snapshot.

Readysets are permanently set at the shutter adjustment best suited for snapshotting; there is no focusing or adjusting to do, therefore no chance to miscue.

All you need do is open, aim—shoot. Priced attractively at $7.50 for the Vest-Pocket (picture size 1⅝ x 2½); $10.50 for No. 1 (2¼ x 3¼); and $13.50 for No. 1A (2½ x 4¼). Ask your dealer to show you.

AGFA ANSCO CORPORATION, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



The projector is the new Ansco Memoscope; price, $19.50 including case. Write for booklet.

Your own pictures on your own screen at trifling cost with the ANSCO Memo CAMERA

about himself or herself, and was willing to do whatever was needed. Fritz and Howard, side by side, sweaty and bloody, fighting together to put out a fire and save a home for a farmer that neither of them knew. That terrible leaping blaze, an enemy that was older even than war. The grim, set-toothed pluck that kept everybody too busy to be afraid. Even the bucket brigade—the curt commands, "Speed 'em up there—keep 'em coming!"

And then when it was all over, ice cream and skyrockets and laughing and joking and singing. Someone accused Fritz of getting rattled, and trying to blindfold the tractor before he led it out. The good-natured kidding back and forth. . . .

Oh, I just *love* Americans!

I was glad it was dark, because suddenly I felt tears trickling down beside my nose. I don't know why on earth I should have been crying. I never felt more solemnly happy in my life. It was almost awesome. They were singing for Will then, "They say old Bill Horton, he ain't got no style— Got style all the while—all the wh-i-ile."

The warm dark and the friendly voices. And every now and then a rocket zinging up into the sky and, as it broke, in the sudden light, the black trees and the old familiar hills—the grandest people and the dearest land in the world!

Oh, I shall always remember that Fourth of July. In spite of the pageant having been practically a failure. That was very disappointing, after all the work we'd put on it. And yet, someway, I couldn't hold it against other people for not having their patriotic feelings well up. I must admit that my own didn't. I really felt a little guilty about it. I suppose the trouble is, though it seems awful to say it, that I'm not what you could really call patriotic.

Sunshine for Saturday, Please!

(*Continued from page 43*)

home. In the summer, the 'phone often carries such questions as:

"Do you think I can serve tea on the lawn? Or will it rain during the afternoon? Or do you believe that this heat will continue so that it would be cooler in the house with the fans going than out under the trees?"

I answer them, to the best of my ability—it's all a part of the job of being a weather man. I have telephoned prospective brides that the sun will shine on their wedding day and that they won't need a canopy to protect arriving guests. And I've made just as many rush calls to inform a disappointed bride that a sudden storm is developing, and to put in a hurry order with the awning company.

It is endless, this affair of rush information. Theatres must know, so that their heat may be regulated and the house made comfortable for the audience. Big picnics are on my trail from the time the date is set until the last minute possible for postponement in case of inclement weather. And the first of the week finds either fishermen or hunters, as the season may be, asking anxiously for

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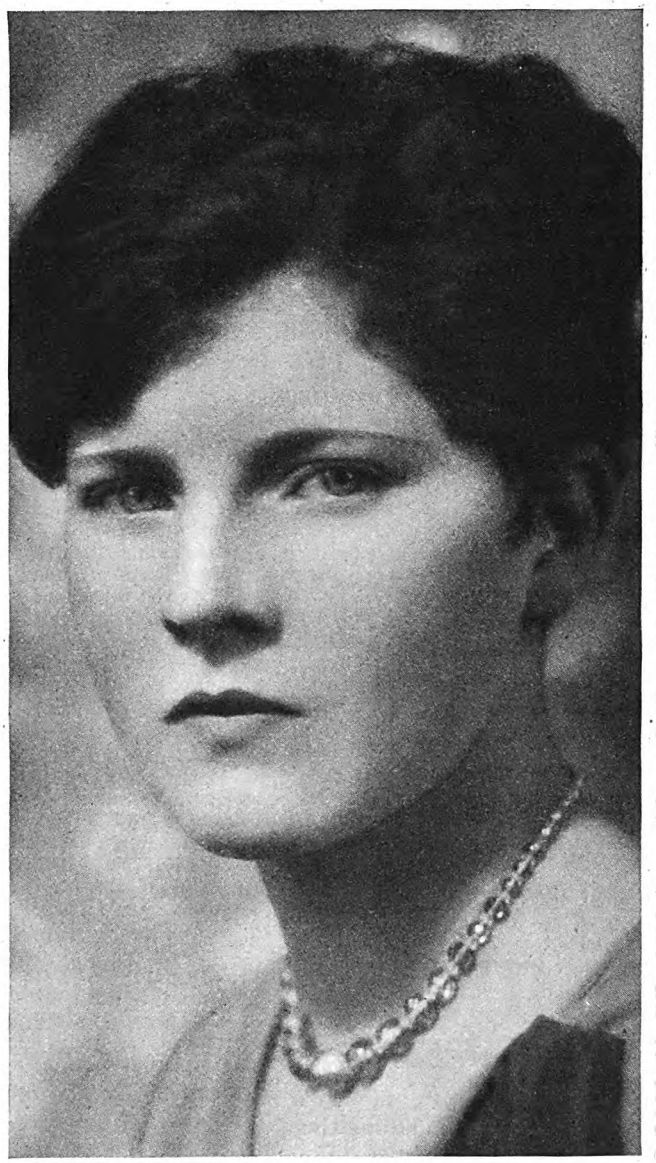
Debutantes of modern business



MISS *Dorothy Holland*

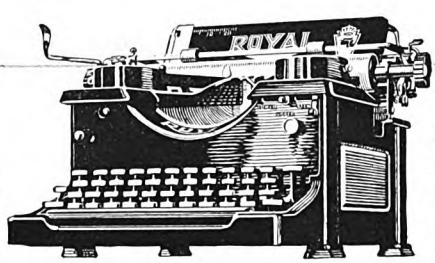
—a representative modern business girl employed by the Intertype Corporation, manufacturer of typesetting machines, 1440 Broadway, New York City

Accomplished and valuable they take their places . . .

Yet to them, business is but a passing career. Sooner or later they will leave the office for new interests in homes of their own.

Meanwhile the *Easy-Writing* Royal Typewriter helps to conserve the energy of these fine girls. Royal recognized this responsibility and made typing easier. Business acknowledges it . . . and realizes that health and fresh vitality are also the essentials to better work and greater output.

So today the *Easy-Writing* Royal Typewriter has become an indicator of progressive thought. Its operation is easier for the girl . . . and from this greater ease comes an entirely new and higher standard of typing. The girl at the keyboard will confirm it. Her work will prove it. A Royal typed letter is as distinctive as the durability and easy action of the machine itself.



ROYAL

TRADE MARK

TYPEWRITERS

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.

316 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Branches and Agencies the World Over

Makers of the *Easy-Writing* Royal Typewriter for the office and the Royal Portable Typewriter for the home.

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HE WALKED WITH KINGS

He could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend. He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in many languages he could not read—and from humble doorstep to proudest throne, all would be gladdened at his coming. He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

From Albert Bigelow Paine's "Boys' Life of Mark Twain."

He Is American

He made us laugh so that we had no time to see that his style was sublime, that he was almost Biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

He personifies the idealism of America—the humor, the kindliness, the reaching toward finer things, the simplicity. In his work we find all things, from the whimsical in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime in "Joan of Arc." There is nobody like Mark Twain any more—no humorist who can walk with kings as he did, and change in a moment from side-splitting humor to glorious inspiration. Fascinating plots, real people, real situations, make his stories forever true.

He will be loved and read when many literary idols of the moment have been forgotten. He will arouse sympathy and laughter and tears when the flare of mere cleverness has faded into oblivion.

MARK TWAIN

Author's National Edition

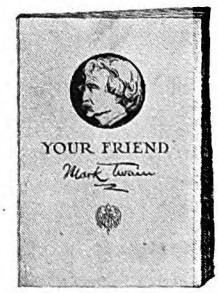
The Author's National Edition is the only *uniform edition* of Mark Twain's writings—including the great novels, the brilliant fighting essays, the humorous ones, the historical ones!

Mark Twain wanted everyone in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was: "Don't make expensive editions. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low."

Among the multitude of shoddily bound and carelessly edited sets of catch-penny books now flooding the market, this edition of Mark Twain stands out in bold relief. Yet it is not expensive as books go.

The Author's National Edition was edited exactly as he wished his works left to the world. And when finished he placed upon it the invaluable seal of his approval. "This," he said, "is the authorized Uniform Edition of my books."

Know more about this wonderful opportunity. Let us send you, free, a copy of an interesting little book, "Your Friend Mark Twain." It describes Mark Twain's matchless writings, and contains a little collection of his inimitable humor. It contains full information on how you can own Mark Twain, beautifully printed and bound, at a price so low and on terms so easy that you can have these wonderful books in your library at once. There is no obligation. Just tear off the coupon and mail it today.



Since 1875, P. F. Collier & Son Company has published good books. By the famous Collier Plan you can read and enjoy these books while you are paying for them in convenient monthly sums.

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me free a copy of "Your Friend Mark Twain," containing full information about the Author's National Edition, and how I may procure it by small monthly payments.

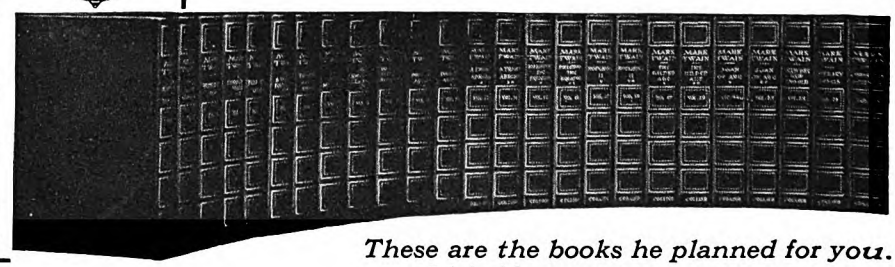
Name { Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address.....

.....

The Publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children. 6125-MTN-L

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books



These are the books he planned for you.

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

opinions about what the week-end will bring.

Perhaps the only person more appealing than a hunter or a fisherman is the housewife, telephoning in the autumn to know how long I think she can delay putting in the coal, or in the spring to ask if I believe that one ton more should last her until warm weather sets in—and will there be any more cold spells? That last question, I should say, is the epitome of faith, unless it be an instance which happened a year or so ago:

IT WAS in the dead of winter—and that part of winter which is most capricious—that he came into my office.

"I'm from Lexington, Missouri," he said, "and I represent the celebration committee there. You know we've been building a new bridge across the Missouri River. It's about completed now, and when it's done we want to have a big jamboree, biggest thing that's been held in that section of the state for years. So," he concluded confidently, "I just came up to ask you to name a day for it—one when we can sure count on sunshine."

"How far off is the completion of the bridge?" I asked.

"Oh, about six weeks."

"And you want me to name a date six weeks in advance on which the sun will shine and be otherwise pleasant? That's a bit of a job."

"Yes, I know it is," he said. "But we figured that you could do it. We're all counting on you," he added, beaming, as if that would help.

"Better put it off until spring."

"Can't be done. Got to have that celebration when the bridge is opened. We can't keep it closed until spring. And we must have nice weather. Don't you really think," he added innocently, "that you could cook us up a nice day to have that celebration on?"

"All I can give you is an opinion," I answered, and it seemed that would suffice.

So I went to my records and searched them for thirty-eight years, tabulating the days about that time of year which were fairest. Out of those thirty-eight years, I found one day which had been a regular little blue-ribbon winner for fair weather: only a few times in nearly half a century had it offended in the matter of inclemency. "There's your date," I said.

He made a notation of it, and departed; while I, pinning my faith to the past performances of one day out of an entire winter, waited rather anxiously for the outcome. One comes to have a personal interest in such things, a feeling of responsibility for his predictions, pride in success and gloom for failure. At last the day came, without even a cloud; the record of thirty-eight years held good and the celebration was a success. Those incidents are good to think about when one has predicted fair weather, and a sudden change in atmospheric conditions brings about a day that only a duck could love.

The weather and human nature are tied so closely together that it is difficult to pry them apart. The calls, for instance, on a cold afternoon to ask the weather man's advice as to whether the water pipes should be wrapped that night to prevent freezing, the interminable advice in the autumn months as to whether

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STENOTYPE

The Machine Way in Shorthand

In business, as in every other field, the machine replaces the hand way. Because it is faster, more accurate—far more efficient.

ALONG with the typewriter, the calculating machine and the bookkeeping machine has come the Stenotype, the machine way in shorthand.

And like all other machine ways, the Stenotype came to eliminate waste and inefficiency—in short, to do for shorthand what the typewriter did for longhand.

The Stenotype is a handsome little machine—absolutely quiet—so light that it may be carried in one hand, easily.

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It does not write the kind of shorthand you write with a pencil. It is not a system of straight lines, curves, hooks, loops, circles.

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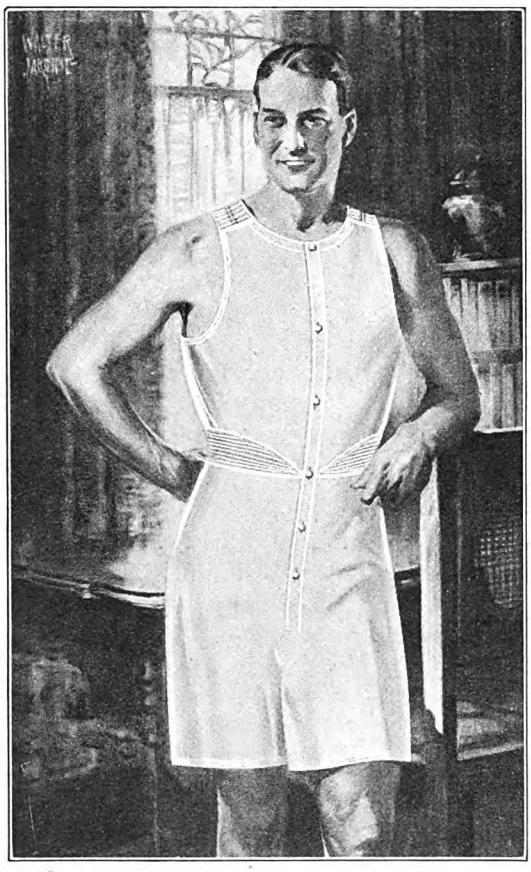

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In "B. V. D.", your every movement sets up a "bellows action" that keeps fresh air in circulation next your skin. Fresh air passing through and around loose-fitting "B.V.D." undergarments, made of specially woven and treated nainsook, accelerates evaporation of perspiration and keeps the body cool.

Exclusive features, such as the patented closed crotch and encircling waist-web of "B. V. D." union suits—highly specialized methods of cut, finish and tailoring used in the making of all "B. V. D." garments—provide such fit, wear, and cool comfort as exist in no other underwear.

"B. V. D." quality is as distinguished as its world-leading popularity.

Insist on this Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

Men's Union Suit $1.50. Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c
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Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.
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The B.V.D. Company, Inc., N.Y.
Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

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"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

to cover the flower beds against frost, and the long-distance queries about the possible severity of the winter, thus settling the problem of how heavily to bed down the rose bushes! Likewise, the letters from farmers, desiring to know how much feed the weather man thinks they should lay by for the frigid months.

These and a thousand other queries are part of his life; but of them all there is one standing demand which seems to come from everyone. That is the desire for sunshine.

The auctioneers ask for it as they go into the country to sell off the stocks of vacating farmers; sunshine means more people and better sales; the real-estate men beg for a day when I think the sun may beam, especially if they have big deals to put over. One doesn't visualize a home and happiness nearly so well on a murky, disagreeable day as on a sunny one. Outdoor celebrations, shows, and athletic events hover about, waiting for last-minute information that will bring them either money, or cause them to hurry for rain insurance.

Out of all the world, it seems, only two bodies of people want rain: the farmers, and they only at certain seasons, and the makers of overshoes, umbrellas, and mackintoshes. In my district at least, the weather man is a sort of adviser-in-chief to this latter branch of business. Salesmen often call to learn what nearby districts are being favored most from dripping skies; one can't sell galoshes and raincoats in a district where the dust is an inch thick.

But the rest, give them sunshine; nobody perhaps notices the depressing effect of clouds and rain more than the weather man. Wind may cause nervousness, too much sun may bring heat prostration, snow bring suffering in the poorer districts, but continued rain is the worst of all. Unconsciously, the weather man notices that there is less business, less moving about, more quarreling in families, more suicides, more murders in a time of steady downpour than in others.

SPEAKING purely from a layman's standpoint, there is a distinct effect upon human nature during times of sudden change in atmospheric pressure. I have answered many an early morning call from certain widely known surgeons of this district, and upon my answer to their inquiries depended whether or not they would that morning go into the operating-room, especially if the case were a serious one. If I reported that the barometer was rising, they would proceed. But if the barometer were low and falling, all thoughts of operation for that day were instantly dismissed. They contended that in a serious case the patient had far less chance to survive the shock in a time of low and diminishing atmospheric pressure, and they refused to place the sufferer under that handicap.

There are at present two hospitals which telephone daily for barometric readings for use in the study of metabolism, which has to do with nutrition and the chemical changes of human tissues, that statistics may be gained regarding the effects of the weather upon the patients under scrutiny. The same is true of the study of rheumatism; for that matter, the weather bureau plays its part in public health in a far greater manner than one would imagine.

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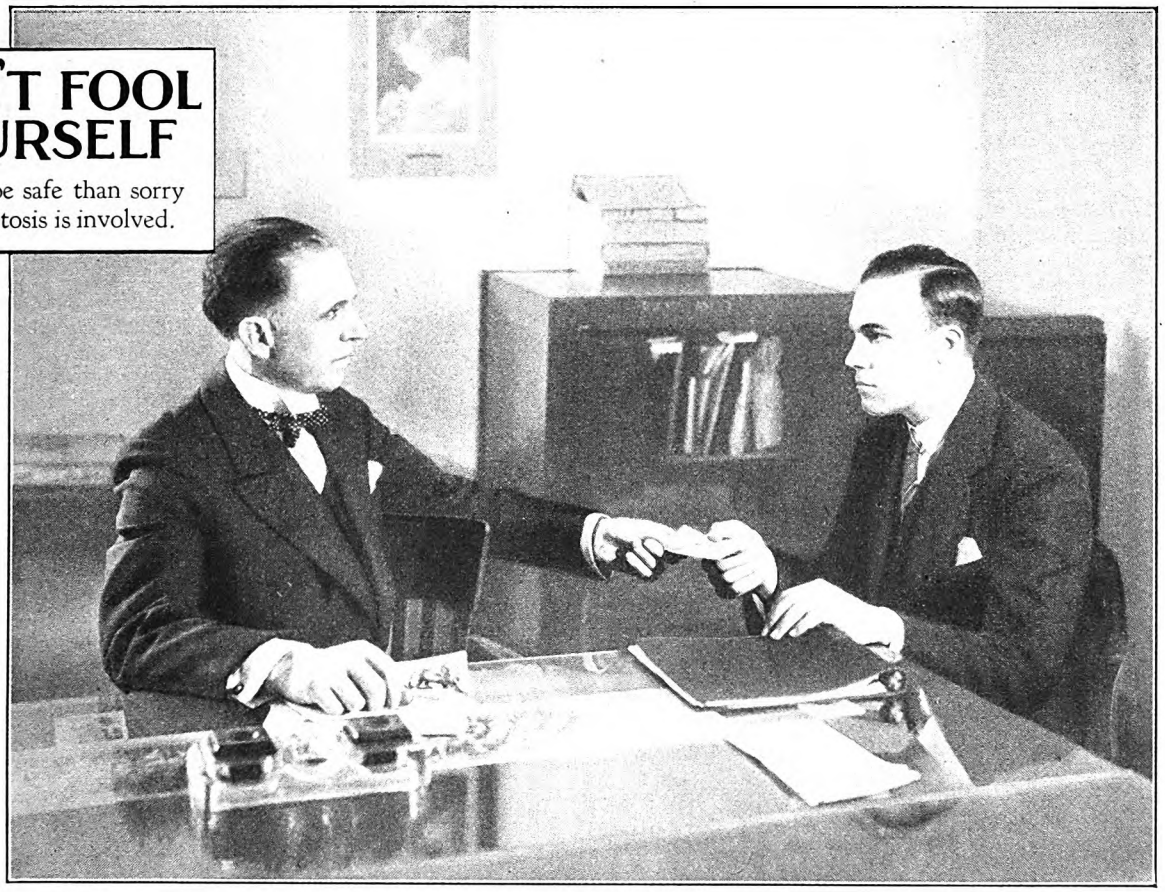
DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Better to be safe than sorry when halitosis is involved.



Halitosis may get *you discharged*

Employers prefer fastidious people . . . halitoxics not wanted.

MORE and more, employers insist on having about them people who are fastidious. Sooner or later, those with halitosis are "let out."

The true reason for discharge, however is usually hidden under such phrases as "Inefficient," "You can do better elsewhere," "We need a more experienced person," etc.

Realize these facts about halitosis. That, due to modern habits, it is much more prevalent than is suspected. That it is a definite liability in friendships, affections and business. That you can have it and not know it.

A pleasant means of being sure that you are free from it is to rinse the mouth systematically with Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times when necessary, especially before meeting others. Keep a bottle handy in home and office for this purpose.

Listerine ends halitosis instantly. Being antiseptic, it strikes at its commonest cause—fermentation in the oral cavity. Then, being a powerful deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves.

If you have any doubt of Listerine's powerful deodorant properties, make this test: Rub a slice of onion on your hand. Then apply Listerine clear. Immediately, every trace of onion odor is gone.

With these facts before you, make up your mind to keep yourself on the safe, polite and popular side by using Listerine. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

READ THE FACTS
1/3 had halitosis

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?

Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

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Some years ago, I was called into consultation by a physician who was debating just where to send a patient who needed a change of climate. For some strange reason or other, certain people "wear out" a climate. Some change occurs in their physical make-up, with the result that the place in which they have lived and been happy for years no longer fills their needs. The doctor can do only one thing—order a change of abode; and such was the need of the case into which I was called. It was the beginning of many such consultations, with the result that scattered throughout the United States are hundreds of persons who have been sent to these specific spots on the advice of the weather man.

I should say that not fewer than fifty persons consult me annually on the matter of a change of climate, and through long experience with physicians in such cases, the matter of diagnosis has become almost a matter of second nature. However, because one needs a place of drier air it does not follow that he can be sent indiscriminately to a mountainous climate. There may be a weak heart to consider, or extreme nervousness; the resistance to heat and cold has also to be considered. But the task has become comparatively easy. It should; I've had occasion to investigate the health qualifications of nearly every district that exists.

PERHAPS it is because I literally live weather that I am prejudiced regarding its importance, but I truly believe that it enters into human calculations more than anything else in the world, save money and food. The three are in a measure interdependent, and if one doubts the interest that is taken by the human race in the state of the elements, one has only to visit a weather office on the morning after an extreme heat wave or cold snap. The telephones ring incessantly; every inquiry couched in practically the same terms:

"How hot did it get yesterday?" Or: "Did the thermometer go below zero last night? . . . How far?"

The answer often brings forth a disappointed grunt, or a joyful exclamation of:

"Hot dog! I win!"

Of course we can take no official notice of that, since a governmental employee is not interested in gambling. The fact remains, however, that month in and month out, there is almost as much betting done on the weather as on all other ordinary forms of wagering combined. The widespread activity of this was brought forcibly home to me one day when a man, who for some time had been cultivating my acquaintance, came at last to the point.

"Look here, Connor," he asked. "How much salary do you get at the Weather Bureau?"

"Seeing that's my own business," I replied, "I don't usually make a practice of telling."

"Is it enough?" he asked.

"Do I have a pinched and starved look?" I asked.

"No, of course not. But—but—" then he swerved to his proposition: "Look here, how'd you like to make twenty dollars extra a day, and nobody be the wiser? You could use it; anybody could use twenty dollars a day. I might as well tell you the truth: I run a pool on the weather; you know—everybody puts in so much money and guesses what the temperature is going to be at various hours tomorrow. Now, you wouldn't have to do a single thing that is crooked. You wouldn't have to touch your government reports. All you'd have to do would be to make a little mistake on one hour of the day that you report to the newspapers, and let me know what that mistake is going to be beforehand. Then I could cover that special temperature through a dummy, and be in on the pot every day. That's all it amounts to—and I'll give you twenty dollars a day for just that one little tip."

"I can give you a better tip than that," I said. "And I'll do it out of the kindness of my heart, because I think you don't know. Did you ever hear of the fact that it's a felony to bribe a government officer?"

So that was the end of that. But turning down bribes is more pleasant than being threatened with death.

There had been a protracted rainy spell at just the wrong time for the farmers. I noticed a strange tone to this man's voice and a crazed look in his eye as he came into the Weather Bureau office and inquired for me. There was actual threat as he approached, snarling, a fist upraised.

"You—" he exclaimed thickly—"you ruined my crop!"

"I?"

"Yes, with your rain, rain, always rain! And I'll get you for it! You won't ruin another crop for a poor farmer!"

There's Irish in my veins, and if ever an Irishman used the gift of blarney I used it that day. I talked fast and furiously to that man, for he was mad with the madness that sometimes brings murder, and I didn't care to star at a weather-man's funeral. I expressed my grief over the rain, I showed him the instruments which guided me; gradually I assuaged him. But as he left:

"All right," he said; "I'll let you go this time. But this rain had better stop."

And I suppose the fact that it did happen to stop in a day or so only increased his belief that I held a personal command over the elements.

However, most meetings with the outside world are more pleasant. The thrill, for instance, of helping to build great projects—such as when a railroad is planning a tremendous expansion program, and must know exactly the figures of precipitation and other facts which the Weather Bureau possesses, that it may make the necessary plans for storm sewers and drainage; when great irrigation companies plan the rehabilitation of a country, and come to the Bureau for important facts, or a river is harnessed by a tremendous dam, and the guidance of this office is needed for the knowledge of the precipitation and drainage that will keep the turbines going. And sometimes the connection becomes even closer. For instance:

AT THE close of the war, Kansas City decided to build one of the largest memorials in the country to its soldier dead. It was to tower above the Union Station with an immense groundwork and an equally immense cenotaph, most of the work being specified as poured cement.

My interest in the monument for quite some time was only that of an ordinary citizen; but soon after the excavations had been made the status changed. The weather was cold, with freezing nights, a bad time indeed for cement pouring, and in the midst of the cold spell the supervising engineer visited the bureau office.

"We've got to have your help," he said. "I have a job of pouring to do, and I must know when I can have weather without freezing."

"All right," I said. "I'll notify you whenever I think there'll be a freezeless night."

"One night won't do," he answered. "This job extends all the way across the base. It will require three days and nights of the hardest kind of work to pour it in that time, and the thing must be done in one solid piece without a single crack."

Three days and nights without freezing temperature in the winter happens only once in a while, and I said so. Still, the readings from other parts of the country indicated that such an event might soon be possible; weather was moderating greatly in contiguous regions and I told him so.

"How much time will you need to gather your forces?" I asked.

"Oh, a day will be sufficient."

"Then be in readiness for a call. I cannot promise, but there are indications that such a stretch of weather may happen."

THE engineer left, holding his entire force in readiness. A week passed, ten days, while I watched the approaching weather conditions with a feeling of real excitement. Thousands of dollars were about to be risked upon the predictions of one man, and those predictions based on the most capricious thing in the world—the weather. Two months passed; and with something of trepidation, I'll admit, I reached for the telephone. If I were wrong, the work of hundreds of men and the expenditure of thousands of tons of material would be for naught.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"Ready!" answered the engineer.

"Then start to pour in the morning, and don't lose an instant. You're going to have just about three days and nights of good weather; but not much more. Do you think you can do it in that time?"

"We've got to!" came the answer.

With the arrival of morning, the men leaped to their task, literally racing in their fight against time. When night came, huge floodlights illumined the scene of action, the men standing out against the shadows like unearthly things as the concrete mixers whined and shrieked and clattered, and the steady bumping of wheelbarrows sounded ceaselessly. A day, and the weather remained clear. Two and it was still fair. Three—the job was done. And none too soon, for the cold weather was upon us again.

Thus was the cenotaph itself erected, "nursed along" by the bureau—a hurry message speeding forth to pour cement, until an equally rush message should halt the work. Bit by bit that memorial arose to the command of the Weather Bureau, workmen laboring or loafing as if on the touch of a button, until the whole vast task was done.

I never fail to get a thrill when I pass that monument. It was not necessary to repour a single foot of it. It's a great life, being "The Weather Man."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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By the way-
refresh yourself

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

8 million a day

As you journey along, refresh yourself by the way. ❀ ❀ Turn in to the curb at the little red sign that dots the road map of the world, and pause for the drink with that delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment. ❀ ❀ Such a little minute is long enough for a big rest.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The finishing touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

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Customs Inspector—"Got anything very valuable in this trunk? . . . "
The Traveler—"I should say so . . . a whole carton of Chesterfields!"

THEY'RE MILD
***and yet* THEY SATISFY**

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Wages Will Go Up and Prices Come Down, Says Henry Ford

(*Continued from page 17*)

machine which produces little mobile ones.

And his philosophy of ownership carries him a logical step further. He does not consider himself as more than a part owner of the machine.

He elaborated on this:

In private business, a charge is almost invariably made upon the product for money invested. This is an accepted, legitimate practice of all private business. It is considered as part of the "overhead." When a manufacturer invests a million dollars in machinery, the first item in reckoning the cost of production is interest upon that million dollars. In a word the sales price of the product must cover interest on the money invested in plant, in machinery, in experiment, in materials. This interest charge may be five, six, or even eight per cent annually. Until it is earned, there can be no profit. The interest is as much a fixed charge as labor, taxes, and insurance. It is the same as paying interest on a mortgage.

But no such charge is made by Ford. That is where the people who bought Ford products enter the picture. Money supplied by the buyers of cars and trucks and tractors made the Ford business possible. The money did not come from the banks, nor from Wall Street, nor from capitalists. It came from the people.

"Suppose you buy a Ford car," explained Mr. Ford. "Part of the money you pay the dealer goes to the dealer for his service. Part of it goes to pay the workmen who helped build the car Another part goes to pay for the material in the car, and there are incidentals to be paid, such as freight and taxes. These are all just charges. After they are paid, what is left of your money goes into the business. It is plowed back into the business.

"BUT this money which is left, and which goes into the company, is not a profit, for the reason that everyone concerned in the manufacture and delivery of the car to you has already taken a profit. The dealer has made his profit. The workmen, including myself and all of the other managers, have made their profit in wages and bonuses. The sellers of material have taken their profit, and also the railroads and the Government. You have paid in full for the car. What is left, therefore, constitutes a fund, a surplus, which the public has supplied us for expansion or experiment.

"This money may buy some bricks for a new building; it may build a new power unit; it may be spent in experimental work on a new model car. But it was supplied us by the public. Why, then, should we charge the public an interest rate on its own money? It has paid once, why should it be asked to pay again? When you buy your next car, why should you be taxed for the use of your own money that helped us to build it? On the contrary, we should endeavor to return this money to you *with* interest!

"And that is exactly what we endeavor to do. If possible, we want you to pay less for your next car than you did for this one. At the same time, we want your next car to be a better car than this one. We want the money you have invested with us to come back to you in a definite, tangible way. Furthermore, it should come back to you in a way not so tangible but just as definite, because you've done more than merely buy an automobile. You've helped give work to other men; perhaps you have helped to raise wages; perhaps you have shared in a new discovery in the laboratory. This is a stream of benefit that a man could not stop at his own door, even if he wanted to."

IN MAY of last year the Ford company had a cash balance in bank amounting to $350,000,000. In November, this balance had shrunk to $250,000,000. The difference of $100,000,000 represented only a part of the cost of discontinuing the old Model T car and of bringing out the new Model A car. During this period, the company did a business in parts amounting to $10,000,000 a month; it sold tractors and operated by-product factories, which also produced income. This income helped keep the bank balances up, so that the real cost of the new car was probably $150,000,000. Not one penny of it was reckoned in the cost of the new car, nor in its selling price.

As a matter of fact, the new Ford to-day is selling below actual production costs. At least it was at this writing. The sales price purposefully was made lower than the cost, as a fixed policy of Ford. His method is arbitrarily to lower the price and force his managerial organization to meet the cut by discovering better production methods.

There is always the proviso that better production methods never mean lower wages or harder working conditions, but decidedly the reverse. If it is possible, and he believes it will be, he intends to sell the new car eventually at a price lower than he ever before sold an automobile.

And in this intention Ford has tackled the toughest job of his life, with promise of no especial profit to himself. The new car is a far more costly car to manufacture than was the old one. Its materials are better and it costs more to put it together. Ford engineers estimate that this will be true even when the new model reaches a production total comparable to that of the old one. That means Ford must discover economies far beyond those of the past, even to equal the price of the old car—and he intends to go below it!

Additionally, the old car had little competition. The new car has a list of sturdy rivals. They are being produced along the same efficient lines in use in the Ford factories. In many instances, vital points in their manufacture are being supervised by former Ford executives who were carefully trained in Ford's own shops.

The day I was in Dearborn somebody remarked that four of Ford's good men had gone over to a rival factory within the three or four preceding weeks.

Ford's remark was, "They're good men. They should do well with that company.

"Why not?" he asked, when I expressed surprise. "The more efficient men there are scattered through the industry, the better will be the industry; and the automobile industry is big enough, and close enough to the public, to have a mighty effect on the efficiency of the country as a whole. An efficient country is a prosperous one. You can't grow wheat by keeping it in the bins; you've got to sow it over fertile soil, fling it to the winds.

"It is only right that men should progress and rise to better jobs, wherever they are," he continued. "For that matter, it is every man's duty to keep moving up as far and as fast as his ability and industry will carry him. He moves up, and leaves a place to be filled by the man behind him, and the man behind that man, and so on down to the bottom. When one man quits here we can promote a hundred men and give just one more man work who needs it. The men who jam the wheels are those who stand still, like stalled cars in traffic.

"There should be rivalry between men. There should be rivalry between businesses. The worst possible state of affairs is monopoly. There is too much work to be done, too many people with needs to be supplied, too many discoveries to be made, for any one man or any one concern, however big, to hope to occupy its field alone. Besides, there's no fun in a one-man race."

I WONDER how many of us, if we were in Henry Ford's shoes, would live as he does. He is up in the morning at five-thirty o'clock—sometimes as early as five o'clock—and rarely is he in bed later than six in the morning. Invariably he arrives at his shops before any of his men, though he has no fixed routine of work. He is just as likely to begin his day at River Rouge, as at Dearborn or Highland Park. He may start it on his farm. Nobody knows where he will encounter Ford during the day. He is here, there, all over. Seldom is he in his office.

He eats when he is hungry. He may sit down to lunch with a group of executives in the laboratory restaurant at Dearborn, where service and appointments are as simple as those of a country inn, or he may forget all about lunch. I was at lunch there when somebody gave me a vigorous slap on the back. It was Ford.

"I'm passing up lunch today," he explained. "Some youngsters and I are going in to Detroit to a circus, and if we don't start now we'll be late. See you later."

Earlier, I was in the office of one of his associates. We were speculating as to where Ford could be located, when the

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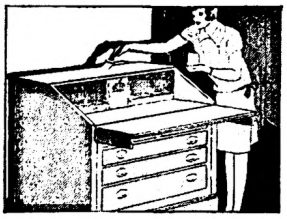
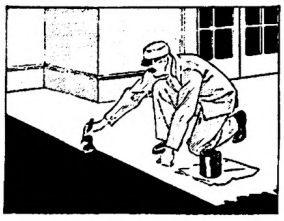




Making the home beautiful

Inside and Out

Paint plays a bigger role today than ever before in history. Color has stepped to the fore, demanding its rightful place in beautifying our homes and possessions.

You, too, can have your share of color—with very little trouble and less expense. Take stock of your belongings. Wouldn't that table be more pleasing if it were painted; that chair; the desk over there?

Get these beautiful pictures in your mind's eye and go to the nearest Lucas Paint Dealer. You will be able to get for little expense enough good paint and sparkling color to give you a wealth of charm and beauty.

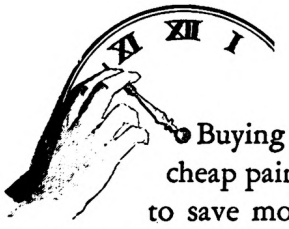
Lucas Paints have been used with confidence by master painters, as well as the public, since 1849—because they provide beauty that's more than skin deep—beauty that endures.

Only with good paints—Lucas Paints—can you get this ideal combination of durability and long-time protection plus beauty—and *save money*. In the beginning you pay a little more per gallon for Lucas Paints than for "cheap" paints. But that little buys 50% more coverage per gallon and more thorough coverage.

"Cheap" paints crack, chip, peel and fade in half the time paint ought to last. And, it costs more labor to apply than if you'd used long-lasting Lucas Paints.

Lucas Paints are a real investment. Insist on Lucas, and you'll save money.

Free—write for six handy booklets on "How to Paint".



Buying cheap paint to save money is like stopping the clock to save time!

John Lucas & Co., Inc.
Paint and Varnish Makers Since 1849
New York Philadelphia Chicago
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Lucas Paints
Lacquers-Enamels-Varnishes
"Purposely made for every Purpose"

Save the surface and you save all

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door opened and there he was. He sat down, stretched out in the chair with his long legs crossed, and had there been a pot-bellied stove there the country-store atmosphere of our talk would have been complete. He was less formal than the janitor. And at the end of a half-hour he was up and off again, to keep an appointment. Ford goes to his visitors; they don't come to him.

He said once: "Oh, it would be easy to quit. I could take a few thousand dollars and live comfortably for the rest of my life, in fact live just as well as I live now."

His position imposes on him a certain list of expenses that most of us don't have, but at that Ford doesn't spend twenty-five thousand dollars a year on himself and family.

A Detroit storekeeper tells of Ford buying a silk hat. President Wilson had summoned him to some official function at Washington and ceremonial dress was necessary. Ford had never worn a silk hat in his life up to then. He took the first hat the merchant offered, tried it for size, paid for it, and started to leave the store.

"Don't you want to see how you look in it?" asked the merchant.

"What's the difference how I look in it?" said Ford. "I have got to wear the thing regardless of how I look."

But that is one of his ways. As a matter of fact, he does give attention to his appearance and dress. No man could look as well as he does without attention. He is immaculate. His shops are immaculate. When there is brass on a machine, it gleams. The locomotives on his railroad are like freshly polished shoes. He hates carelessness; he hates dirt.

IN SUMMARY, this "richest man in the world" is without ostentation. He lives on less, and with less display, than do numerous sales managers and other subordinate executives of large businesses. He takes a vacation or two a year that is of the simplest kind. Many a well-paid mechanic whose wife is a good manager sets as good a table—and sleeps later in the morning. Reduced to figures, if Ford had only one two-thousandths of a billion he would be able to live just as well as he does now, as far as his personal wants are concerned.

That is what I meant when I said that Ford, at sixty-five, is undertaking the hardest task of his life, without any promise of profit to himself. Should he double the Ford wealth, he would be no better off personally than he is now. He would have more buildings, more land, more power plants, more machinery, a greater machine; but it would be the *machine* which ate up the money, not Ford.

It is into the machine that the money now goes. It is for the protection of this vast machine that the cash balances of hundreds of millions are kept in bank. The Ford pay roll alone is a million dollars a day!

Why doesn't he quit?

There are two other reasons Ford gave for keeping on at sixty-five. The first is that he considers sixty-five a long way off from old age. Thomas Edison, his friend, is still hard at work at eighty-one. John Burroughs, his friend, worked until his death at eighty-four. Nobody called these men "old" at sixty-five, because they weren't.

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Ford believes that most of us kill ourselves through improper eating and unwise living. He told me that he believes, in all earnestness, that improper food has done more to retard the progress of mankind than any other one agency.

However, Mr. Ford does not diet nor take "setting-up" exercises before open windows. He lives "normally." He eats what "agrees" with his system; what doesn't agree, he doesn't eat. He has determined to his own satisfaction what to eat, and what not to eat, by careful experiment on himself. Already, through experience, the race knows in a general way what is good for its stomach and what is bad for it.

Ford has taken this general list and worked it down to his individual requirements, very much as he tests fuels for motors in the laboratory. He doesn't think that other men should accept his list, but that each man should work out his own.

To-day, Ford is sound in wind and limb. He is lean and brown. His mind was never more active. He has the experience of sixty-five instead of forty, which was his age when he founded the Ford company. He has bigger and better tools in his hands than probably ever were given to any other private citizen. He sees his biggest work yet ahead—and another quarter of a century or longer, in which to do it. Quit at sixty-five? Why, he intends to be in harness at ninety!

THEN there is the final reason. I've already touched on it. Perhaps it is the most important of all. Ford refuses to regard himself as a success.

"The man who thinks he has done something, hasn't many more things to do," he says. "More men are failures on account of success than on account of failures. They beat their way over a dozen obstacles, overcome a host of difficulties, sacrifice, sweat and make the impossible the possible; then along comes a little success and it tumbles them from their perch. They let up, slip, and over they go. Who can count the number of men who have been halted and beaten by recognition and reward?"

He used this illustration: A man is elected to the Presidency, the nation's highest office. He has attained that peak only after a lifetime of effort. The bands play, the people cheer, the flatterers swarm around. Far below is the valley from which the man climbed. But, pointed out Ford, his work is all ahead. After all, he has only won a *chance!*

"Make your program so long and so hard that the people who praise you will always seem to you to be talking about something very trivial in comparison with what you are really trying to do," is a bit of Ford advice. "Better have a job too big for popular praise, so big that you can get a good start on it before the cheer-squad can get its first intelligent glimmerings of what you are trying to do. Then you will be free to work. And, being free to work, you will have achieved the truest success and satisfaction."

That's the only success Henry Ford concedes that he has won: he is independent; he has the tools; he is "free to work." To repeat his own words, he, too, has only won a chance!

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

To wives and mothers

about husbands and children

Who will take care of this important matter if you don't? Husbands usually think about their hair only *after* it begins to thin, and children never.

Yet hair troubles are so much easier to prevent than to cure. And it is quite simple to *keep* the scalp healthy. Why not start the family (and yourself) on the way to healthy hair-habits now by providing, for regular use, one of these three Packer soaps: Packer's Tar Soap, or Packer's Tar Shampoo, or Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo.

Regular Packer shampoos are the safest, surest road we know to healthy hair—and we have been studying the care of the hair for 55 years. Into these soaps go ingredients especially selected for their benefits to the scalp—bland glycerine, stimulating pine tar, imported olive oil. Each ingredient is the finest and purest of its kind.

Outdoor health for a sleepy scalp

Men usually prefer the tar soap with its clean tang of pine woods. The generous snow-white lather encourages them to massage well into the scalp the outdoor health of pure pine tar which is so helpful in the treatment of dandruff. They like the waked-up feeling, the glow of health a Packer shampoo gives. And who wouldn't?

Quicker and easier

Let the children try one of the liquid shampoos. See how quickly they pile up billows of lather . . . that rinse away in a twinkling. Notice how soft and shining their hair becomes.

Even one shampoo with Packer's makes your hair more attractive. And regular Packer shampoos keep your hair healthy and bright and vital. Read the offer below and start your own and your family's hair off to healthier, better habits now.

Send for sample. Send 10c for sample of one of these three Packer Shampoos (specify which one) and our new 28-page book on hair health, the care of dry hair, oily hair, dandruff, etc. Address the Packer Mfg. Company, Inc., Dept. 6-G, P. O. Box 85, New York City.

3

PACKER'S TAR SOAP
(in the metal box)
PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO
(without the tar odor)
PACKER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
(golden-colored, perfumed)

Packer Shampoos

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Pipe Smoker Pines As He Awaits Loved One

Favorite tobacco comforts him as he bares his heart in verse

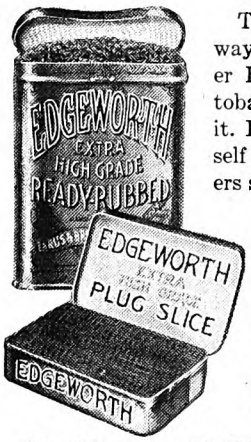
When a man gets to thinking of someone very dear to him—one who is far away—he often wants to be alone with his thoughts—and his pipe.

Recently, one such pipe smoker, as he sat puffing and dreaming dreams, opened his heart and penned the following verse:

Jamesburg, N. J.,
December 2, 1927.

Jest a-sittin', smokin' Edgeworth
An' a-thinkin', dear of you;
An' a candle's burnin' brightly,
An' it says your love is true.
For the days are long, of waitin',
An' the nights are longer still,
An' sometimes (Always smokin')
I pick up this old quill—
An' try to write some poetry
To tell you of my love.
As poetry it ain't much good,
But—holy days above—
It's jest the best I can, an' so
You'll find me, when I'm through.
Jest a-sittin', smokin' Edgeworth,
An' a-thinkin', dear, of you.

"J"



There's only one way to find out whether Edgeworth is *your* tobacco. That is—try it. Find out for yourself what makes smokers sit down and write its praises—men who have become friends of Edgeworth through its likable quality, and just can't help telling of the enjoyment it gives them.

So that you and Edgeworth may get acquainted, we make this offer:

If you have never lighted this tobacco in your favorite pipe, let us send you some free samples. Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va., will bring you samples of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice.

Then, if Edgeworth suits your taste, you can be assured that it always will, because Edgeworth's quality never changes.

You can buy it everywhere—either Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice, in small tins and various other sizes up to full pound humidors.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

Swooping Hawk and Weeping Willow

(*Continued from page 29*)

chance has Joy got, with all those babies hanging onto her? What chance have I got? Seems as if I'd die not to draw; but I can't get away!"

Helga closed her eyes to the bright day. She seemed to see Rush Sloan's steadily demanding eyes. But she spoke quite easily. "You *can* get away, Carl. I'll help you."

"Helga!"

"I can manage it all right, I think. There's John; he's big enough to help lots, and with the money from the pines, they can get along."

"But you—you've got a life too."

That touched Helga to quick tears of gratitude for his understanding. "No special life, no life that'll be like yours, Carl. And I like the mail route, aside from the money it brings in. You'll be able to pay it back a thousand times over some day!"

Carl turned his face to the grass. It was a long time before he spoke. "We'd better get on with the books," was all he said then; but he took Helga's hand as he rose and held it hurtingly tight.

AT THE Puddleses, Joy was washing dishes. The children swarmed in the yard, all over the house. One baby crept on the bare floor. The newest one cried.

"Just a minute," Joy said. "I must fix the baby's bottle."

There was a roar from the back yard: "Joy! *Joy!* Marcella's up in my tree!"

"Just a minute," Joy said again.

"Joy!" that was Mrs. Puddles, whining from a bedroom somewhere.

"Yes, Ma! Just a second," Joy called from the back yard.

"Ma's been so miserable," Joy apologized, flushing. "Her back hurts her."

Carl looked out of the window; but Helga saw his dark eyes filled with a fierce pity.

It was Carl who spoke first to Joy. "Listen, Joy"—and Helga had a sudden sense of her own maturity—"you can't study here. Why don't you come down to the house nights after the children get to bed 'n' I'll study with you? I thought our house was noisy; but it's not as bad as this. I'll drive up and get you, shall I? I'm going to try and finish up in January; but it'll do me good to review some. What say?"

Joy was standing, sober and tired, in the middle of the kitchen floor. "I don't know," she hesitated. "Seems, to-day, as if it wouldn't be any use. But maybe that's just because I'm sleepy. The baby had the colic 'most all night."

"Well, let Marcella take care of her part of the time. I'll come up to-morrow night after you."

But on the way home Carl said, "She can't do it!"

"I think she will do it," Helga disagreed with him. She thought of Joy under the apple trees.

At home, Carl called Helga into his room, drew out a cheap drawing pad from under his mattress. "I copied these out of that book you gave me once," he said.

Helga turned the pages: Tall cathedral spires, river with a willow and a peasant in a rough road, the Angelus, a row of poplars against the sky.

"Do you think—?" Carl pleaded. "Do you think I'd be a fool to try, Helga?"

"I think you'd be a fool not to," Helga said, with quiet certainty.

She saw his fine hands, roughened already by farm labor, tremble on the book's edge.

"You aren't saying that just because—just because—"

"Because you're my brother and I love you? No, Carl."

No. Not that. She would not keep Rush Sloan waiting for a false dream. It would have to be something fine and great. . . .

"It doesn't seem fair somehow," Carl's voice was troubled under his exultation. "Here I'm getting my chance—but, Joy, she never will. There must be lots who never do!"

But Joy made a try for her chance. She came the next night, and the next. The third night Junior was sick and she couldn't leave him.

"You can have the kitchen," Helga said. "There's the big table there, and I'll try to keep folks out. Carl'll study with you, and you can call on me for anything I know."

The Linds got used to it—the slim, dark Joy and tall Carl bent over the books on the kitchen table. All but Helga. She never got quite used to it. Something seemed to catch at her heart every time she saw them there in the circle of lamplight—so young, and so earnest and so fine.

"They'll both get there," she thought often, fiercely. "In spite of babies and everything."

ONE night in hot August, Joy fell asleep above her trigonometry. Sound asleep, her pencil still held loosely in her tired fingers, her trigonometry book and papers beneath her weary head.

When it grew late, Helga was going to rouse her; but Carl said, in a fierce whisper, "Don't—don't you touch her!"

But Helga did not know, even then.

Another night Joy stopped in the middle of answering questions on an old American History Regents' paper, and said, "Oh, I'm sorry; but I can't think any more. I just can't think. I had to can peaches to-day—and Archie cut his arm—oh, I'm sorry!"

"Good heavens!" Helga said angrily. "Carl, get out the buggy and take Joy for a ride. It's too hot to study, anyway."

Then school opened, threshing was done, and apples were picked. And Joy was still studying with a persistence and an understanding that surprised even Helga.

And when Joy tried four Regents examinations in January, and passed them, Helga had a party, and the Lind house was filled with laughter and excitement and happiness. But, after that, it was time for Carl to go.

Helga had found it hard to tell Rush Sloan about Carl.

"Helga," he said, "you've held me off and held me off. And I love you. You

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know I love you. You aren't being fair."

"But Carl's got to have his chance," she said.

"So have you and I."

But, later, she took Carl's drawings to him.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed, looking at them. "I didn't know—"

"You see!" Helga said simply.

"Yes, I see," he said. "But it needn't be for long, not for long, Helga. I'll find him a place to stay in the city near me, and I'll teach him everything I have. I'll do all I can—and then, Helga?"

Something unbearably sweet choked her answer and, after that, she gave yet more fiercely to Carl and Joy.

Helga thought that, perhaps, after Carl went Joy would not keep on studying. But she was mistaken. Joy came, as always. She was quieter, and looked a little lost without Carl's dark head bent above the books beside her. But she kept on studying, and many a night Helga, tired herself, wondered at her passion of persistence. Sundays, as spring came on, Helga and Joy would take as many of the little ones as they could to some hillside, and let them run wild while they talked of history and the books required in English. Sometimes they read.

Once Joy looked up from "Karl Heinrich" which she was translating then, and said, "I like this book terribly. I hated German so—and, all of a sudden, this story seemed beautiful, and it was easy to read it."

Helga smiled at her. Joy was different, she thought, a little sweeter and finer; some of her slangy vividness dimmed, but *finer*.

But, another day, she said, "I'll never get to Normal, Miss Lind. Looks as if we'd lose the farm—and Ma's so sick most of the time."

"Yes, you will," Helga said, almost sternly. "You've got to go!"

"I say that to myself; but—just the same—"

"Well, you'll make it, somehow," Helga insisted.

She talked to her father about it. "There's John Wainwright; he wants a tenant to help out," Emanuel Lind said. "Only, he would want a worker."

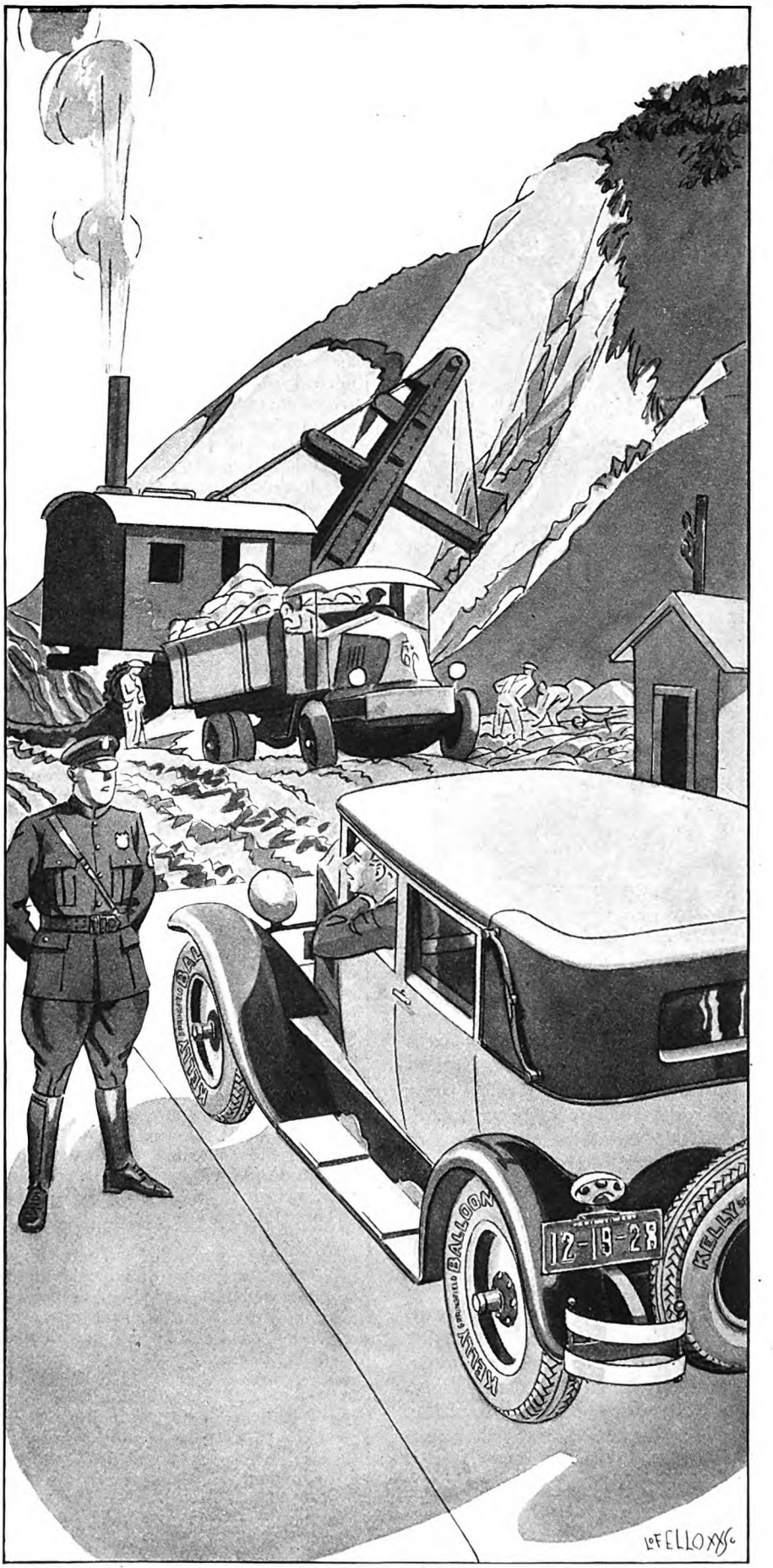
"Well, Sam Puddles is a worker when he has someone to tell him what to do," Helga said. "It would be the very thing. I'll go see John Wainwright myself."

But John Wainwright laughed. "Don't know as Sam'd be so bad," he said; "but I don't aim to have that lazy, whinin' woman and that dirty raft o' young 'uns in my tenant house."

There was not much Helga could say. But she could not let it rest there. Carl had his chance; she could not bear not to let Joy have hers.

IN JUNE, Joy said, "Well, I've passed my examinations. I've done it; but what of it? There isn't a chance in the world to go on. Even if I could, how could I leave Mother with all the children? They're getting better—honestly, Helga, they are getting better! As long as Mother lets me manage them—but when she begins to give in to them, it's terrible. Why, I even got them all to Sunday-school last Sunday, all clean, too."

"I know; they looked beautiful!" Helga exclaimed.



"Looks pretty bad. Is it passable?"

"You can make it if you take it easy—that is if you want to risk your tires."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about the tires—I've got Kelly-Springfields on all around."

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FOR longer mileage—to cut tire costs—test your tires once a week. We suggest Friday because most tires do their hardest work over the week end.

Keep them at the pressure recommended by the tire manufacturer. And be sure you use a Schrader Tire Gauge.

You can always depend on a Schrader Gauge. Built on the exclusive "direct action" principle, it is simple, sturdy and reliable. When you test your tires with a Schrader Gauge, you can be sure they are *right*.

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"But, if I go, they'll never be clean, all together, again."

Helga could not laugh. It was all so true. Poor Joy!

But she did not give up. She drove up one day to see Sam Puddles's sister Mary. She told her all about it. "If you could stand it, just for two school years," she said; "I know Joy would pay you back." She did not like Mary Puddles much; but anyhow, she was a worker.

"I'd want it down in black and white, what I was to get out of it," Mary Puddles said.

Joy cried when Helga told her. "Oh, I'll pay her back—anything!" she said. "Just so I can go. Oh, *I didn't know I wanted to go so!*"

Helga talked, too, to Sam Puddles; talked plainly. "You've got to let her go," she said, as if she had a right to say it. And Sam sold a cow to get Joy started. Once started, Joy could work her own way.

Joy slaved that summer. She sewed late at night. She canned and darned and washed and scrubbed in a passion of willingness. And Helga helped her in every way she knew.

But there came a day when she looked upon her hours of help, and regretted them. It was when she said, one day, to Joy, "Carl's getting ahead. . . . I'm so glad, Joy."

And Joy answered, "Yes, I always knew he would. Ever since he drew a picture of our house here. It was just like it—pigs and chickens and rotting wagons; it was so like it that it hurt me to crying." She looked off over the steaming tub to the scrubby Puddles fields. "That was when I first got to know Carl," she said in a quiet, remote voice.

IT CAME like that to Helga, a few quiet words that were like sharp sword thrusts. Somehow, in spite of everything, she had never thought of this—that Carl should like Joy. *One of the Puddleses!* Her mind repulsed the thought so angrily that she trembled. She wondered what she had been thinking of to let them be together night after night all those months of studying. Her Carl—so fine, so talented, so good to look upon—her Carl and *one of the shiftless Puddleses!*

"What was I thinking of? What *was* I thinking of?" she said, over and over to herself. And for three days she could not bring herself to see Joy or talk with her.

Then Joy ran out to show her a dress she had made. "Does it look homemade?" she demanded. There was a brightness, a shining of hope about her that touched Helga to quick responsiveness, in spite of her new antagonism. She remembered the cloth, a remnant that had been in Beamer's window at nineteen cents a yard.

"It's lovely!" she said sincerely. "And that's your own color, too. Joy, you *are* clever." But her heart said, "Only, not for Carl; oh, *not for my Carl!*"

Joy looked away, the creamy tan of the dress hanging, forgotten for the moment, over her arm. "Two more weeks," she said. "It can't be true, seems as if—*just two more weeks!*"

Helga was angry at herself for being moved. *One of the Puddleses!* Oh, she had done well, she had been brave—but *her Carl!*

It was Sairy, with her nose keened ever to the wind of gossip, who told Helga. She called her up on Saturday night. "Helga, you heard about Minnie Puddles?"

"No! What?"

"She was took sudden, this afternoon, and died at six o'clock! What on earth'll Sam Puddles do?"

Helga did not answer for a long moment. She could see Joy, standing there with the dress over her arm. "*Just two more weeks!*" she had said, with that proud shining about her.

Helga went up that night; but Mary Puddles was there with other neighbors, and Joy was busy getting the children off to bed. Queer, how feeding and sleeping went right on when someone died. She did not get much chance to say anything to Joy, and Joy seemed far away, numb and too still to approach. The house seemed still too, as if, with the passing of tired, confused Minnie Puddles, some order had been allowed to descend upon the old place.

ON HER way home, the thought came suddenly, unbidden: "Now she won't go to Normal—and Carl—and Carl!"

Then she flushed with shame because the thought had even had a beginning. Poor Joy!

On Wednesday night Joy came to her. "Are you too tired to walk?" she asked.

"No; I'd like to."

They went up the road through the September moonlight. The world seemed curiously light; the yellowing elms and poplars, the sharp edges of fences, all stood out clearly. Joy walked with a strangely free uprightness, and Helga had a feeling as of walking with a stranger. It was Joy who spoke first. She reached out a hand suddenly and slipped something into the pocket of Helga's dress.

"There's the twenty dollars you lent me. I won't need it now."

"Joy!"

"Oh, it's all right. I thought I couldn't bear it at first, not to go. But I can. It's all right."

"But can't you—some way? Can't your Aunt Mary . . . ?"

"No. I couldn't. Aunt Mary—oh, she'd keep things clean; but she's so hard. I couldn't stand it not to have them *loved* by somebody. I—I know my mother wasn't a very good housekeeper; but she did love us all. No; I couldn't leave them to Aunt Mary. But I don't mind. Really, I don't."

"But, Joy, when you're all ready! And have worked so hard!"

"That's it—that's why I don't mind. And I'm so thankful to you and Carl, for making me do it."

Helga felt a strange bewilderment.

"I felt so bitter at first. It seemed as if it would kill me to give it up; but last night I thought it out, and it was suddenly all right. I saw it wasn't whether I taught that mattered, but whether I wanted to, whether I got ready to. And it's all the same, really, isn't it? Getting ready for one thing gets you ready for anything, doesn't it? Oh, I sound mixed up; but it's clear to me.

"I don't believe education means so much, after all, does it, Miss Lind? But wanting it does—and working for it. And I can keep right on working for it. There's your mother; she never went to school much, did she? But you could be proud

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of her anywhere. I thought, at first, that Carl would get to be ashamed of me, not going on to school. But I see now he won't. He'd be ashamed of me if I didn't stay here."

Helga wanted to put out a hand to Joy's, but somehow, as on that day under the willows, she could not. The clear voice went on, as if Joy spoke without volition, letting the groping thoughts in her young mind come.

"We can have the Wainwright house—John Wainwright has promised me. It's little; but it's painted and fixed up, and there's a nice yard. And Dad will work for pay. I can make a little go a long way. Somehow—seems to me now that it's a bigger job than teaching—bringing them up right. It won't be long, only a few years."

Only a few years—that caught at Helga like a child's tears—*only a few years!* Shame seemed to sweep her in a tide. Not good enough for her Carl? Not good enough? For Joy was suddenly again a person, not one of the Puddleses, but a real person, with a greatness in her young heart that matched or even exceeded the striving in Carl's.

Helga put out the hand that had not dared before, found Joy's.

Late that night, Helga sat at the kitchen table by the light where Joy and Carl had used to study, and wrote to Carl.

". . . And here's the fare for you to come," she said. "I know it's a lot to spend, just for a day or two; but I want you to come, Carl. We'll make it up some other way. Joy needs you."

As she folded the letter she thought of that day on the creek bank, and smiled a little smile of sudden new wisdom. Life was not a weeping—*it was a song.*

Houdini and the Spirits

(*Continued from page 42*)

stands as a lecturer, at a lecturer's wage. Having won the position of prince of entertainers, some irresistible urge within him now made it impossible for him ever to be merely an entertainer again.

In his warfare against fraud Houdini ran across a young European who boasted of the possession of supernormal vision, or "X-ray eyes," which enabled him to see through metal. The man carried imposing credentials testifying to his powers, signed by noted European scientists, including one Nobel prize-winner.

The performer apparently could read the time of day through a hunting-case watch furnished by any spectator. He also gave demonstrations of reading handwriting through closed metal boxes. In the latter feat, he used either a silver box, or a steel box with sliding covers of various metals.

In observing this young man reading the time of day through a gold watch-cover, Houdini noticed that he moved the watch about for a period, resting it in the palm of his hand, ostensibly to focus his X-ray glance. Houdini, with a theory that the man slipped the watch open during this manipulation, tested him by producing a watch that could not be

Again in 1928—*Silvertowns are making records!*

GREAT motor car factories are using more Silvertowns than ever before.

Successful tire dealers—seeing the trend—are concentrating on Silvertowns.

Motorists by the millions are enjoying the new measure of mileage and economy they find in Silvertowns.

In Akron, in Canada, on the Pacific Coast, vast Goodrich factories are humming to meet the new demand.

All along the line—motor car experts and experienced motorists are turning to Silvertowns.

Here, they say, is a tire which we can depend upon—a tire which has proved, by years of fine service, that it is built for unusual performance.

When will you join this swing to Silvertowns? Goodrich dealers, more than forty thousand strong, are ready to serve you.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY *Est. 1870* Akron, Ohio

Pacific-Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif. *In Canada:* Canadian-Goodrich Rubber Co., Kitchener, Ont.

Goodrich Silvertowns

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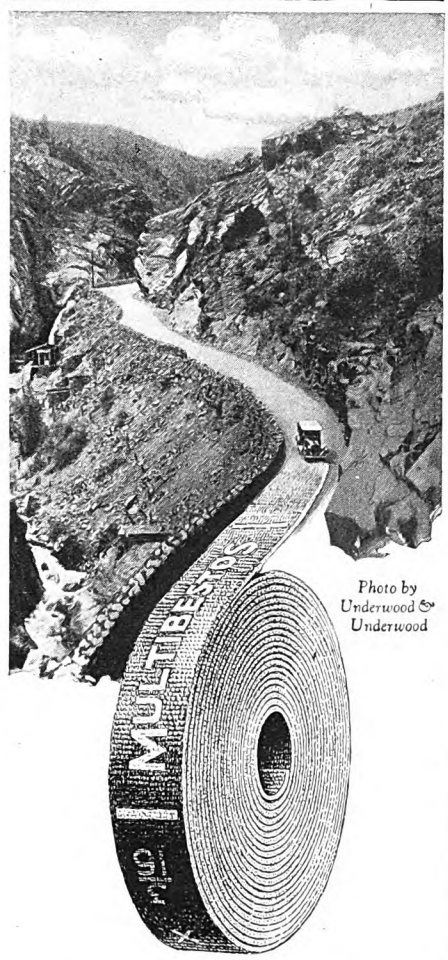

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The Safest Road

PICTURESQUE sharp bends; jagged overhanging rocks; steep banks beside deep-cut mountain streams mark the Ute Pass near Colorado Springs. To see and enjoy these wonders of nature the motorist must be free from worry for the safety of his passengers or himself . . . . . If his brakes are lined with Multibestos, he travels with a free mind. For an exclusive process called *Preheating* tempers Multibestos against friction and weather, giving it dependability and long life . . . . When your brakes need relining specify—

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The Safe BRAKE LINING

MULTIBESTOS COMPANY
WALPOLE, MASS., U. S. A.

opened by the usual simple pressure on the stem. The X-ray eyes failed on that occasion. At a later demonstration, Houdini maneuvered to stand behind the performer while he was operating with another watch, and saw him open and close the timepiece so deftly that none of the other spectators suspected him.

Houdini then studied the boxes which yielded their enclosed messages to the X-ray eyes. In the case of neither, he discovered, was it necessary to have metal-piercing vision to read a card placed in the box. The silver casket had a trick fastening in the shape of a hasp and turnbuckle, which could be manipulated to afford a glimpse of the interior. For the other box, a flexible cover served the same purpose and even permitted the card to be slipped out. The young man manipulated the boxes so cleverly that the average spectator saw no opportunity for deception, and the performer's naïve and innocent manner promoted the hoax.

Houdini liked the young man personally. He admired his technique and his clever apparatus. He begged him to drop his supernormal claims and present his specialty as a trick. The performer, however, was apparently advised to defy the fraud-hunter. He agreed to a public test before Houdini, but when Houdini appeared with a metal box with the lid soldered and wired in place, he refused to operate. Houdini then published a full explanation of the man's tricks, with diagrams, and the X-ray eyes vanished from the happy realm of Big Time.

IN THE full heat of the crusading spirit Houdini carried his message to the Pacific Coast and back. But Crusader Houdini by no means impaired the powers of Houdini the showman. More and more the lecture merged into a fascinating performance, in which Houdini managed to give the spectators all the thrills involved in spooky manifestations at a highly developed séance, and at the same time revealed to them how the thing was done. Members of a committee from the audience, invited on the stage, would have their heads covered with black velvet hoods to simulate the darkness of the séance room. Hand in hand they would form the mystic semicircle, facing the audience, about a table, Houdini's neighbors on either side holding his hands and pressing their feet firmly upon his.

Presently, they would hear the "spirits" rapping sharply upon the table; that piece of furniture would buck and rear; about them would be heard the ringing of bells and the tinkling of tambourines, while various objects seemed to be floating in the air about their heads. Some of the committeemen even felt their chairs jerked off the floor and themselves levitated into the air in defiance of all laws of gravity.

One of them, unhooded for the moment, would write a question on a slate, tying it against another slate so that Houdini could not see what was written. When the slates were held under the table, by the writer and Houdini, the scratching of a spectral pencil was plainly heard, and when they were reopened, lo, the "spirits" had written a relevant reply.

To the hooded committeemen the phenomena were weirdly inexplicable. Those who sat on each side of Houdini were willing to swear that he could not move either hands or feet. The man who wrote on the slate was certain that it was never out of his control.

On the other hand, the audience, sitting in front, had a clear view of the processes of the bogus spirits at every turn. They saw Houdini slip his foot out of a trick shoe and sock, leaving the shoe still firmly held by his unsuspecting neighbor. They saw him ring the bell and shake the tambourine with his toes. They saw him, by a subterfuge, free his hand, and, with hand and foot make the table jump about, and saw him perform other spirit pranks. They saw how he simulated the scratching of the spirit pencil with his finger nail. They saw him shift the slates and finally substitute slates on which a hidden confederate had written an answer to the question submitted. They saw how, by the performer's subtle suggestion, plus some sleight of hand, the hooded sitters were made to believe that various objects were floating about their heads or that they themselves were being raised into the air. It was a great show, wholly novel, uproariously successful, and everywhere it served Houdini's purpose of striking a blow at fraud.

By the time Houdini returned to New York in December, he was ready to try out his novelty in the vaudeville houses. At the beginning of 1925, opening a two-weeks' engagement at the Hippodrome, he made his venture. To his usual spirit repertoire, he appended the impressive feats of the once famous Davenport Brothers, and a feature of detailing to the audience the principal news items they would find in their newspapers the next morning. A medium in Paris once won fame and fortune by anticipating the news in this fashion. His spirit-reporters were the wonder of a continent, though a private wire to the stage from a friendly newspaper office was his real secret. Houdini did the trick with the coöperation of the New York "World," and his audiences seemed none the less impressed because he revealed the trick.

The fortnight engagement at the Hippodrome was extended to six weeks. During the last two weeks Houdini doubled at an earlier show at the newly-opened Albee Theatre in Brooklyn, going through a full strenuous forty minutes at each place. Each night, in the interval between the two performances, a convoy of motor-cycle policemen escorted his car from the Albee to the Hippodrome, through the five or six miles of city streets, with traffic rules waived in his favor. "Sure an exciting week—plenty of work," reads the diary.

A TOUR of five months followed, with the crusader "packing them in" everywhere on the road. The old outdoor stunts, such as being flung into harbors nailed in a packing box or escaping from a strait-jacket while suspended above a crowded street, were now discarded in favor of a new spectacle, that of medium-baiting. Houdini would send advance agents to each city to pose as clients and learn the methods of some conspicuous medium.

Then, donning some disguise, and accompanied by a newspaper man, and a detective or the public prosecutor, he would attend a séance in person, and give the *coup de grace*.

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In one city Houdini attended a séance at the home of a medium who drove a thriving trade in the spook business. At the medium's summons, apparently any ghost desired by a true believer would report present and deliver a message through one of the megaphones which the medium kept at hand for this purpose.

At the séance where Houdini and his confederates seated themselves among the regular customers, after a time megaphones seemed to float about the room, eventually drifting to the table in front of the medium. Houdini stole from the mystic circle and unostentatiously smeared the mouthpieces of the megaphones with lampblack.

When the spirits began delivering, a few minutes later, Houdini turned on his flashlight, revealing the medium with his hands, lips, and face looking as if he had tried rather crudely to make up for a black-face comedy.

The medium, perplexed and angered, shouted out:

"I have been a medium for forty years and I have never been exposed."

"Well," said Houdini, "you are now."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Houdini," said the magician.

The spirit-producer half rose in his chair, and slumped back into it, speechless. He was promptly arrested, and Houdini rushed to the theatre just in time to take his turn in the show.

IN NEW YORK, disguised with his whiskers and his hump, and accompanied by two detectives and a reporter, Houdini attended a session at a well-known medium center to get a message from a mythical dead son. The woman trumpet-medium apparently had no difficulty in summoning the aged customer's offspring from the shades for a fee. As Houdini professed a slight deafness, the apparition had to speak up. After the spirit had chatted a while through his megaphone Houdini suddenly turned a flashlight on the medium, revealing her with the megaphone held to her own lips. She was so amazed that she held the pose for several seconds. Then she fell to the floor, exclaiming that the light had killed her, while the true believers milled about Houdini crying, "You've killed our medie!" The medium, still protesting that she had been killed, was removed to the police station by the detectives.

These were typical episodes of the great crusade. They took much time and energy, and for the most part the regular sitters were ungrateful.

Some of the mediums made reprisals. At various times, their "spirits" discovered, and told the world, that Houdini was a drunkard, a drug addict, that he kept a secret harem, that he had sold his soul to the devil.

On every one of his programs Houdini printed a list of the rewards offered to any medium who could demonstrate psychic powers: $10,000 by Mr. J. F. Rinn, $5,000 by the "Scientific American," $10,000 by the "Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology." To this he added his own offer of $10,000.

Houdini employed a dozen or more agents, who moved ahead of him and investigated the work of the mediums in the towns he was to visit. One of his

You can't say "*no*" to Nature and get away with it!

WHEN Nature equipped mankind with teeth, she designed those teeth for hard work—and plenty of it. And for hundreds of centuries, while primitive man was taking his food pretty much as he found it, nothing went wrong with Nature's plan. Teeth stayed by their owners—giving no trouble at all—until their owners finally had no further use for them.

How different today, when increasing civilization and luxury have led to the excessive use of over-milled, over-refined and over-cooked foods! Teeth have ceased to work. Man is consistently disobeying Nature's law—and he is paying a bitter penalty! You *can't* say "no" to Nature and get away with it.

We'll never get away with it!

Dentists—working desperately to overcome a nation's increasing dental ills with all the means that science has placed at their command—warn us that the penalty for lazy teeth must *always* be paid. They urge us to safeguard the health of our teeth—so important to the health of our whole body—by eating at every meal some food that requires thorough chewing.

Ask your own dentist about this. He will give you a list of the foods he considers most valuable for properly exercising teeth and gums. It is very probable that Grape-Nuts will have an important place on his list—for dentists all over the country recommend this delicious food as an aid to better teeth.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. In form and flavor it is unique—small golden kernels, with an enticing nut-like taste and a characteristic, ever-so-tempting crispness that makes you *want* to chew. You will chew Grape-Nuts thoroughly and enjoy chewing it. That's the secret of its fame among dentists.

In addition to its value as a *crisp* food, Grape-Nuts helps to build sound teeth by contributing elements the body requires every day for proper nutrition. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. Iron for the blood. Proteins for muscle and body-building. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy. And the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite . . . Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration. And it is made particularly easy to digest by the special baking process that prepares it for your table.

Give Grape-Nuts a place on your menus! Your grocer sells it, of course. Perhaps you would like to accept the following offer.

Free! Two servings of Grape-Nuts and an authoritative booklet—"Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

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Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with the booklet, "Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

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After the Game

Mighty refreshing with cracked ice, or ginger ale or sparkling water

COOL yourself off while you talk it over, with a glass of Welch's Grape Juice.

There's nothing more truly refreshing.

Because Welch's is the pure juice of fresh fruit it supplies energy value, fruit nourishment and mineral salts your body needs.

And the flavor is delightful, whether you drink Welch's straight, blended or diluted.

If you want a long cool drink mix Welch's with ginger ale or sparkling water, or make a pitcher of Welch Punch. Recipes are on every label.

At soda fountains ask for straight Welch's or a Welch-ade.

Free—How to make Fruit Drinks. Mail a postcard to The Welch Grape Juice Co., A-84, Westfield, N. Y. In Canada, St. Catharines, Ont.

WELCH'S

Once you've tasted Welch's no other grape juice will do

investigators went under the name of Frances Raud. Curiously enough, none of those claiming psychic powers ever attached any suspicious significance to the juxtaposition of the letters in the name Rev. F. Raud.

Mrs. Houdini also did much detective work among the mediums, though not as an advance agent. She went to hundreds of séances and obtained scores of messages from her dead children, who never existed, and from her mother, who was very much alive; but never did any of the spirit guides discover to their psychics the fact that the sitter was the wife of their arch-enemy. Not infrequently the mediums spoke of Houdini, usually in terms of objurgation.

WHEN a famous slate writer brought his spirits who answered sealed questions at Carnegie Hall, Houdini sat in a box with Dr. A. M. Wilson, editor of the "Sphinx," and Mrs. Houdini and other members of "the gang," as they called themselves, were scattered through the balcony.

After a time the performer on the stage announced that his spirit guide would answer a question put forth by Beatrice Rahner. "That's Bess. It's her maiden name," exclaimed Houdini excitedly to Doctor Wilson. Mrs. Houdini had written: "Will my trip be successful and does my sweetheart love me?" "Your trip will be successful and will be your first trip to California," said the medium. Mrs. Houdini had visited California a dozen times. He added: "My guide says that your sweetheart is not quite as much in love with you as you are with him." At this there were a series of giggles from the members of the Houdini "gang" in the gallery, and Doctor Wilson guffawed.

By the time Houdini on his tour arrived in any town, he was fully primed with information on the local spirit mart. The mediums, inspired by curiosity, would flock to his show, and Houdini's spotters would duly note the numbers of their seats. In the course of his exposure, Houdini would take up the local professors by name, telling of the bogus "messages" each had given to his agents.

Suddenly, across the darkened house, the beam of his flashlight would swing full in the face of one of the mediums present. "There is Mrs. Blank, who deals in bogus spirits at such an address," he would say. "Yesterday afternoon, for two dollars she gave my agent messages from the spirit of her deceased child and her deceased husband. My agent has never been married nor had a child." If the medium denied the accusation, Houdini turned a second flashlight on his agent.

If the medium was a hardy-minded person and still persisted in denying that she had ever entertained such a sitter, Houdini would point out that his agent had left a mark in indelible pencil on one or two places in the medium's sitting-room—on a panel beside the south window, and at the foot of the Rogers group—and he was willing to have a committee from the audience accompany the medium home to verify or disprove this. By the time Houdini got that far, the medium usually made a hurried exit. In the rare cases where the committee investigated, they always found the marks.

Each evening Houdini drew the attention of all mediums in his audience to his $10,000 challenge for a real spirit manifestation, pointing out that the money was on deposit at the box office. There were no acceptances. On some occasions he called for the readers of sealed messages, offering $1,000 for each correct answer to five questions he had written in sealed envelopes. Once a woman came forward, announcing herself as a medium, and said she would give the answers. The reply to the first question, she declared, was, "Is it possible?" The question proved to be, "What is the name of the man who taught me the East Indian needle trick?" Her second answer was "Yes." The question was, "Where did I meet the chief of police of Pittsburgh last summer?" After that the medium had enough.

In Buffalo a shrewd and attractive young woman-medium coolly invited Houdini into a partnership. If he would manage and authenticate her seership, she declared, they could easily clean up one hundred thousand dollars each annually.

Early in 1926 Houdini made a pilgrimage to Washington to enlist the aid of President Coolidge in his campaign "to abolish the criminal practices of spirit mediums and other charlatans who rob and cheat grief-stricken people with alleged messages from the dead." Houdini asserted that there were about two hundred mediums in Washington who operated without restraint, because the District of Columbia had no law, such as those of most other large cities, making it a crime to accept money for purveying synthetic messages from the shades.

As a result of Houdini's effort a joint resolution was introduced in Congress designed to curb the evil. Hearings were held by appropriate committees of both Senate and House, and the record of the latter was printed in a book of one hundred and seventy pages.

Assembled psychics protested severally the genuineness of their messages and manifestations. A number of respectable minions of the Civil Service testified that they derived much comfort from communing with the dead at the end of the daily seven-hour grind in Uncle Sam's Bureaus. The wife of a senator asserted that the élite of Washington spent happy hours in her salon "conversing with their invisible dear ones" via a trance medium; that the spirit of her father had assisted her in recovering a violin that had been lost for years, and that spirit guides could pick the winners at the races.

On the record Houdini seemed to have had the better of the argument, but the bill was never reported by the committee.

BACK in New York at the end of his strenuous season, Houdini was moved to undertake what was probably the most difficult physical feat of his career. He found the metropolis intrigued by the exploits of one Rahmen Bey, allegedly an Egyptian fakir, who professed to a supernormal power whereby he could suspend animation in his own body. At a local theatre, every day Rahmen Bey, in his self-imposed cataleptic trance, permitted himself to be shut in an air-tight coffin for ten minutes or more, whereafter he would emerge alive and bowing. The trances appeared to baffle explanation by

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interested physicians and physiologists.

Houdini at once determined to spike the claim to supernatural powers. He immediately went into active practice in slow breathing and staying under water. After a few weeks he announced that he could keep alive in an air-tight coffin, by conserving oxygen, longer than the fakir could carry on in a trance with the aid of his djinns. In tests, Rahmen Bey's best trance in the coffin was clocked at nineteen minutes. Houdini predicted that he could do an hour. The fakir was in his twenties and Houdini at the blood-pressure age of fifty-two.

The trial was made before a committee of medical men in the swimming pool of the Hotel Shelton on August 5th. The magician was enclosed in a metal coffin in which the physicians estimated there was air space for forty-two normal breaths. They thought he might make that do for fifteen minutes at most.

The coffin was sealed and lowered into the pool, where relays of swimmers took turns in holding it under water. Not until an hour and thirty-one minutes had elapsed did Houdini signal to be released. He was in a state of great exhaustion, with blood pressure, respiration, and temperature all abnormal; but these symptoms passed in a short time. There had been no trickery about the test, and no possibility of trickery.

The vigor and sincerity with which Houdini conducted his crusade against fraudulent claims of supernatural power had won for him an unusually high measure of public esteem. Newspapers hailed him as one of the country's most valued citizens. He had come a long distance from the days of obscurity when Dime Museum Harry sat up nights inventing new tricks to eke out a bare existence. Yet, though his scope and purpose had expanded into larger horizons, he still burned the midnight oil over his work and his inventiveness and curiosity were unabated.

His program for 1927 embraced the presentation of a new feat, one that no conjurer had performed before. This was to have himself, on the stage, frozen into a block of ice, and to escape from this arctic restraint in full view of the audience. He had been working on this feature for five years. At last the problems of quick refrigeration and of insulation were moving toward solution, and he expected to introduce his novelty during 1927.

With his future activities safely planned, he began his routine of production in the fall of 1926. The session opened with high promise. As a conjurer and as a showman Houdini seemed to surpass himself. In the propagandist portion of his show, the manner in which he made his moral crusade serve as an absorbing entertainment was an example of rare art.

A SERIES of mishaps soon began: First, toward the close of their engagement in Providence, Rhode Island, early in October, Mrs. Houdini was ill for several days with ptomaine poisoning. Next, during an evening performance in Albany, while his assistants were clamping him down in the stocklike cover of the Chinese Water Torture Cell, Houdini felt one of his ankles snap and a sharp pain shot up his foreleg. He signaled to be

Careful boy! — It's spread thick — that Heinz Peanut Butter. Moist and creamy. And what a flavor. All those little Spanish peanuts — all those big Virginia nuts — that's what gives it that wonderful taste — rich and sweet and yummy for all the folks who like peanut butter with a fresh roasted flavor.

There's always a lot of satisfaction in working out a way to make something *better.*

We've always found it so . . . Recently, after ten years of experimenting, we discovered a special way of making Peanut Butter so that it would have *no* oil on top.

And *that* means a Peanut Butter that is sure to stay moist and creamy and easy to spread until the very last morsel is used.

We patented the process, of course, and made it exclusive with Heinz . . . So now *all* the flavor of the choice, fresh roasted nuts remains in the butter.

With every one of the 57 Varieties, the name Heinz has come to mean Flavor, due to methods exclusive with Heinz. With an established reputation such as ours, can you wonder that we regard it as our most precious possession.

HEINZ

Peanut Butter

No oil on top

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literally millions of dozens of fine golf balls could have produced the Maxpar.

The Maxpar combines under one cover all the qualities of the best golf balls. Slanting mesh that means easier cleaning . . . lasting durability . . great length of flight . . . extreme accuracy in putting . . ability to stand punishment without becoming "egg-shaped."

You can play the new Maxpar hole after hole without changing. And since scientific research has proved that the resiliency of any golf ball increases with play, you get out of the Maxpar every yard of the long distance built into it.

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lifted out, and, leaning against the cell, asked if there was a doctor in the house. Doctor Hannock, a bone specialist, responded. Making a hasty examination in the wings, he expressed the opinion that it was a bad fracture, how bad he could not tell except from an X-ray.

"You will have to go to the hospital at once," declared the surgeon.

"Nothing doing," said Houdini. He waved his hand toward the auditorium, packed from floor to gallery. "They paid their money, and I'll see the show through. Come back after the curtain."

He hopped upon the stage and did the needle trick standing on one foot. Then he went through the difficult series of demonstrations involved in his exposures of mediums. Not a thing was omitted. Almost the entire audience waited at the stage door to cheer him, and the next morning the Albany "Journal" exploited the incident in an editorial entitled "Grit."

At the Memorial Hospital they found that the ankle was broken. The surgeons reset it, and advised Houdini to lay off for a week. He insisted on returning to his hotel immediately. There he sat up all night, partly because the pain would not let him rest, partly because he wanted to devise a brace that would permit him to go on with the show the next day.

With the aid of his home-made support he filled his three-day engagement in Albany, and moved on to Schenectady for the rest of the week. Finishing there, he jumped to Montreal, where he opened October 17th.

Doctor Hannock, in Albany, had given Houdini a card to a surgeon in Montreal. Houdini went to him for an inspection of the ankle. The surgeon pronounced it well on the road to recovery, and then, his interest aroused, he asked permission to make a complete physical examination of his caller. "You have the most perfect physique I have ever seen," he remarked, after his tests; "and you are in the most perfect physical condition."

ON TUESDAY Houdini delivered a lecture on spiritualism before the faculty and students of McGill University. One of the students, who was taking courses in art, made a sketch of the lecturer, and Houdini was so pleased with it that he invited the young man to call at the theatre later in the week and do some additional studies.

The student called Friday morning with a friend. The two sat in Houdini's dressing-room while he lay on a couch superintending preparations for the performance, and reading his large mail. The ankle was still tender and he did not move about much. Presently a third student came in and the talk turned to physical endurance. The newcomer asked if it was true that Houdini could withstand heavy blows without inconvenience. The magician replied that he could do so if he had warning to brace himself. He then picked up some letters. The student said something about testing Houdini's ability then and there. Houdini, absorbed in a letter, was not paying attention, and gave an absent-minded reply which the boy interpreted as consent.

The next instant Houdini was startled by receiving a series of sharp blows on the abdomen. At the fourth blow he stopped the young man with a gesture, just as the two other students jumped up in protest.

The boys left shortly afterward and Houdini finished his mail. He felt some discomfort from the blows, and rubbed his abdomen for a few minutes, assuming that the pain was muscular. In the afternoon and evening the pains grew more acute, especially at the end of the evening performance. That night they became so bad that at two o'clock he called Mrs. Houdini. Mrs. Houdini massaged him. He could not sleep.

In the morning he fell into a restless doze, and he nearly fell asleep several times during the matinée. At the close of the performance, he complained of acute cramps in the abdomen. He went through with the evening performance with difficulty. During the intermissions he lay on a couch in a cold sweat and was unable to dress himself after the show.

That was Saturday night. He had to make a train for Detroit, where the show was due to open the next evening.

HOUDINI was so ill on the train that his attendants wired for a physician to meet him at the station in the morning. His temperature on arrival was 102°. As soon as he reached his hotel in Detroit he had a chill which lasted twenty-five minutes. Several physicians who had been called insisted that he cancel his performance. They said that his symptoms indicated appendicitis, and an immediate operation was imperative. Houdini, informed that the house was sold out, doggedly declared that he must go on. Just before the curtain went up his temperature was taken at 104°.

That was a curious performance, with the magician, suave and smiling, forcing himself through his exacting repertoire, while every gesture and motion was a torture. His attendants, in the wings, never took their eyes from him. At the end of the long first act, requiring nearly an hour of work, he fell down on the stage.

At one point on his program Houdini produced four girls from a vacant cabinet. Before the young women appeared, he always ran through the cabinet with his arm outstretched to show that the space was real and that it was empty. That night he was unable to lift his foot to step into the cabinet. He stood helplessly for a minute or two, and then beckoned to James Collins, his assistant, to help him.

He was removed to Grace Hospital and the surgeons prepared to operate immediately. He wanted to walk from his bed to the operating-room, and was angry when the physicians would not permit it.

The operating men found a gangrenous appendix, with peritonitis far advanced. So acute was the condition that the doctors agreed he could not live for more than twelve hours.

When he came out of the ether Houdini set himself grimly to fight. Twice a day the physicians posted a bulletin of Houdini's condition, which was flashed all over the country—for he had been "a story" for thirty years and he was "a story" to the end. The bulletins were not hopeful, for the physicians knew more about the antagonist than did Houdini.

At the end of seven days—it was Sunday, October 31st—Houdini said to his brother Theodore, at his bedside:

"I'm tired of fighting, Dash. I guess this thing is going to get me."

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He lay quiet for a period, his eyes closed. When he reopened them his wife was leaning over him and her arms were about him. She was crying. He could not speak to her, but his glance rested upon her face for a long moment before his head fell back on the pillow.

The Houdini properties had already been shipped back to New York, for it was realized that, even if he recovered, that particular tour was ended. Among the paraphernalia was the metal coffin in which Houdini had performed in the Shelton pool his last great feat of endurance. He had used the coffin early in the tour, at Worcester, Massachusetts. By chance the packing men had overlooked it at Detroit, and it was still at the theatre. His body was placed in it for shipment to New York, and later he was buried in it.

His funeral was held under the auspices of the Elks in New York, and he was buried close to his mother in the family plot at Machpelah Cemetery, Cypress Hills.

In attending to the many things that must always be attended to after a funeral, Mrs. Houdini, while examining the magician's personal effects, found this, his last letter:

Sweetheart, when you read this I shall be dead. Dear Heart, do not grieve; I shall be at rest by the side of my beloved parents, and wait for you always—remember! I loved only two women in my life: my mother and my wife. Yours, in Life, Death, and Ever After.

What "The Auction" Means to Me

Prize Contest Announcement

ON PAGE 156 you will find a remarkably interesting picture, "The Auction," in which the artist has portrayed a cross section from life. Look carefully at his drawing—it will open wide the door to your memories; it will stimulate your imagination. What does the picture mean to you? What personal experience does it recall? What story does it suggest?

In a 500-word letter tell us what this picture means to you. The story you relate may be either fact or fiction, or a mixture of both. Interpret the picture—that's the thing we invite you to do. You will have a good time studying it, a good time trying your hand at writing a vivid reminiscence or a bit of fiction, and you may win one of the special prizes.

For the best five-hundred-word letter we offer the following prizes: $50, first prize; $30, second prize; $20, third prize. Competition closes July 20th. Winning letters will appear in the October issue.

Address "Picture" Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of them if you want to preserve them.

Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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Accepted Without Pleasure

(*Continued from page 61*)

the two women fell into separate silences and lonely ones.

It did not surprise June to see Mr. Delancey again. Her mother promptly found out about him and spoke of him as a sterling young man. She told June that his name was Mr. Daniel Delancey, and June said it would be Daniel, of course.

It further appeared that the Dovers had included him at their dinner because he was highly regarded as a mining engineer. He was not a rich young man, but an estimable one whom it was well to keep an eye on and ask to large dinners when men were at a premium, just in case he turned out well.

"Under that rough exterior," said Mrs. Linden determinedly, "I am sure he has sterling qualities. And he's young, June. One must make allowances."

June could read things into those statements and allowances. Ten years ago, her mother wouldn't have permitted Dan Delancey in June's social horizon. But in ten years, with the staling and fading of opportunities, Mrs. Linden had, little by little, let down the bars. There was something rather pathetic in her manner of bringing up Delancey again and again, asking him to dinner, putting up with his crudities, and abandoning June to the admiration which increased in the young man as gradually it became clear to him that these people were not entirely out of his range.

JUNE made no pretenses. She took his admiration as if she were about to put it down some place and forget it. Never did she lift a finger to provoke it or excite it. But she wrote frequent letters to various people whom she thought might want her to work for them or with them, and the answers, if they came at all, were always alike. There did not seem to be any place in the world for a woman whose training had been for marriage and leisure, and who had to have a job before she qualified for it.

In the meantime, Mrs. Linden spoke more than once of her friends who were going abroad, of the cost of keeping the house up, of the problem of expense. By this time she had discovered that there was no wife in Rhodesia and that Dan Delancey was quite free.

It was clear before very long that he would like to ask June to marry him, and Mrs. Linden was kept busy making occasions for that. She contrived several times when Dan took June home and nights were moonlit. But that was not how it happened. It came about rather oddly in the midst of the city, at noon.

They had met each other in the street, June and Dan, and he had asked her to lunch with him. And she, indifferently enough, had agreed. They went to an unpretentious restaurant, for it did not seem to occur to him that a hotel or club was the proper place. June had never liked him as well or seen him so apparently at his ease. The waitress knew him and evidently liked him too, for she hurried the service.

"You've been on my mind a lot lately," he said. He had dropped the "ma'ams," with her at least.

"Why?" She had to offer that much.

"Because I want to marry you."

That was all there was to it. He went on to explain what he had to offer. It wasn't much. The sure salary of an expert engineer. The prospect of moving what home they might make every few years. Possibly some of the mining stock he picked up might make him rich. More likely not, for he didn't play in luck that way. He brought it out in short, business-like sentences, exceedingly in earnest.

"In return I have nothing to offer you," answered June at length.

He looked at her in amazement. Her skin was like milk, and she wore some tailored dress of dark blue which only a lady could wear with grace.

"You have yourself," he suggested, in real humility.

"Yes. I suppose so. Though even that with reservations. I don't love you."

"Of course you couldn't yet. I've had a hope you might let me earn that."

"Oh, don't—" she said.

"What?"

"Talk as if it were worth earning. My love." And again that note of weary contempt was in her voice.

"From what I've seen of love it's worth earning always. It's big business."

"Where have you seen it?"

"Different places—everywhere, savages—and civilized men. I've seen savages draw knives over it. And white men suffering at being away from their wives, suffering to the point of suicide. I thought about you the other night and wondered if I'd feel like that. I think I might."

She colored swiftly.

"As for your loving me—" the words came out roughly, almost comically—"as for that I'll take my chance, unless you love somebody else."

June smiled at her own expense, sardonically.

"No fear of that."

"Then will you marry me?"

WHEN her mother came to dinner that night, June was not there. At first she waited, and then went up herself to call her. June was sitting in that familiar, bunched-up way, as if she didn't care what happened to her figure.

"You're going to ruin your figure," said her mother mechanically. "I wish you wouldn't sit like that. Where have you been all day?"

"This morning I looked for a job."

She heard her mother's irritated breath.

"I don't see why you will make yourself conspicuous by such nonsense, June."

"It's all right," said June, "nobody wanted me. So I had lunch with Dan Delancey."

There was something flaming back of June's eyes as she looked at her mother.

"You didn't quarrel with him, did you, June?"

"No."

"Well, something happened. I can tell by your look."

"Yes. He asked me to marry him."

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Mrs. Linden grew more nervous than ever.

"You refused him!"

"No. I accepted him. I accepted him," said June slowly, "as I accept so many other invitations. Because I have no choice. Without pleasure. And I made it quite clear."

Her mother faltered at that cool statement, then regained her poise.

"June dear," she told her daughter, "you're upset. All girls feel like that. I remember after I accepted your father, I cried and cried for hours."

"I'm not crying."

"And is it going to be a June wedding for my girl June? That will give us three months."

"Any time you like," answered June indifferently, and then the mask dropped: "I'd better marry him quickly before I'm sorry for the raw deal he's getting, and let him out of it."

HE WAS, to be sure, a very gauche and awkward person, and the announcement of his wedding did not change either him or his manners. Yet everyone felt that June, considering her age and the profusion of younger and fresher girls, could not have done much better, and it was generally agreed that it was very nice for Mrs. Linden to have June settled. June fell in with all the plans for her trousseau and wedding, at least to the point of acquiescence, though she showed no enthusiasm over bath towels or tablecloths.

There was only one time when she and her mother clashed, and that was when Mrs. Linden suggested, as inoffensively as possible, that June might give Dan certain hints about manners, and that a few less "ma'ams," a little less gratitude for invitations, and a better-fitting suit of dinner clothes would improve his ensemble.

"Just speak to him tactfully, June, and I'm sure he'd appreciate it. It's in your hands now to improve him and gloss over some of these little defects. You see what I mean. He's a thoroughly nice boy. He just doesn't know—that's all."

"And I sha'n't tell him," said June. "I agree that he's a nice boy."

"But it should come from you, dear."

"It shouldn't come from anyone," answered June, with quick passion. "I have no right to assume any superiority over him. Isn't he taking me off your hands, the world's hands, offering to pay my bills and board and keep me for the rest of my life? What business have I telling him how to act? I wouldn't dream of it!"

"My dear June—it's for his own sake—"

"For his own sake he ought to be let out," answered June; and her mother was careful to go no further.

But that was the only time June spoke like that. For the most part she seemed to do her best to be agreeable. She grew prettier during those weeks, almost in spite of herself, under that constant, unremitting devotion which Delancey gave her.

He did not do the obvious things, much to Mrs. Linden's dissatisfaction. He neglected to send flowers, and he took June to the wrong places for lunch, because she never told him which were the right ones. But he gave her honor, and she clearly filled the whole of his thoughts which were

Do you really want to get ahead?

—If not, step aside for the man who does

What's the secret that explains why some men quickly rise to high-salaried positions while others never seem to make the grade?

Why was Coulson B. Hyde, for example, chosen General Auditor of the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company? Why was Ralph J. Daly made Secretary-Treasurer of the Detroit Fidelity & Surety Company? What prompted the great Kardex-Rand Company to select J. C. Gray as Personnel Manager?

Hyde started as a molder in a Detroit foundry. Daly started with a telephone company. Gray was a cost clerk.

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When J. C. Gray enrolled with LaSalle, he sought its aid that he might be a better cost clerk—and so win a better job.

Eight years later Gray had stepped ahead to the position of Manager of Personnel of the Kardex-Rand Company.

What of the men who were clerks in the same big office where he started? The great majority of them are clerks this very minute! *They stepped aside to let him pass.*

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For three years Ralph J. Daly—graduate of the University of Michigan—taught engineering at the University of Pennsylvania. Finding that he was not stepping ahead as fast as he wished, he did what so many men do—changed fields. He got a job with the Detroit Trust Company.

But here again he found that he was making little progress—evidently the fault had not been in his field but in himself.

He enrolled with LaSalle for home-study business training.

Today he is Secretary-Treasurer of the Detroit Fidelity and Surety Company—while scores of men who were clerks in the bank at the time he started have stepped aside to let him pass!

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When Coulson B. Hyde started as bookkeeper with the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company, at $150 a month, he wasn't measuring his job by his pay, but by his opportunity in his chosen field.

Five years later, he stepped ahead to the position of General Auditor, at a salary 400 per cent larger.

Meanwhile, what about the men clerking and keeping books at nearby desks? They had the same chance—but they did not take it. *They stepped aside to let him pass!*

You Must Step Aside or Step Ahead—the Choice Is Yours!

Are you really in earnest in your desire to get ahead? Then read how Gray and Daly and Hyde won promotion, as related in the column at the left.

One reason for their swift advancement, as they will tell you themselves, was home-study business training. But back of that there was another reason.

While these men were fitting themselves for the bigger job, hundreds of men about them were doing practically nothing to further their own advancement—they were waiting on luck or long, loyal service, or "something" to shove them ahead.

Actually—whether they knew it or not—these hundreds of men were one by one stepping aside to let these three men step ahead to the big positions!

Why let some other man—with no more natural ability—shove you aside while he steps ahead to that bigger place?

You know that the only thing that stands between you and that bigger position is lack of knowledge and trained ability—both of which come quickly through specialized training.

You know, too, that such training—training which you can readily get in your spare time at home—may mean all the difference between mediocrity and success—between your present job and a job that pays many times what you now are making.

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Would you be able to tell if your dog had mange? Would you know what to do for him? Would you know how to safe-guard him from this dread disease? Surely these things are worth knowing. It costs you nothing to find out. There are effective remedies for this and all other dog ailments and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

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If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the dog book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1570 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

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not given to his work. He told her a good deal about his work too, as if it were her right and interest to know.

That was in April, and in June they were to be married with some ceremony, for Mrs. Linden, having waited all these years for a wedding, did not mean to scrimp on this one. She was very busy writing the proper lists of the proper people, choosing invitations, consulting with caterers. And quietly she saw an agent and arranged to have her house put on the market, and told him to be looking out for possible buyers.

THEN came her amazing triumph. She did not hear it through Dan, who certainly was the natural channel, but through the Dovers.

"Isn't it wonderful for June?" said Mrs. Dover. "Dear June! I always have liked Dan Delancey so much. There's a certain power about him. I felt it at once."

Mrs. Linden wondered at the vigor of these renewed congratulations, and the occasion for them.

"Yes," she said, "I think he's a very genuine young man. Of course there are certain roughnesses—"

"A man with that much money can afford to be as rough as he likes. Mr. Dover says there actually *are* diamonds in those mines he owns! Doesn't it seem incredible to think of mining diamonds, my dear?"

Mrs. Linden was careful not to show either ignorance or astonishment, but she went home in a kind of daze. It was late afternoon and Dan was there. He had come in to look at June. He often did that, rather shyly, and she never was too busy to see him. She usually sat, as she was doing now, in a peacock-backed wicker chair and let him talk to her; sometimes the strain went out of her face and she looked quite contented.

"What's this pleasant news I hear," asked Mrs. Linden, "about your mines in Africa, you close-mouthed boy?"

Dan laughed.

"They aren't my mines. But it certainly was a joke on me. I took that interest for a bad debt. I never saw the property myself. A fellow wanted to go back to England—he was a one-lunger—and I gave him some money, and took a part interest in what we thought was a dead mine as payment. He was the kind of high-stepper who wouldn't borrow his fare back. He had taken some money from me before. He won't be needing to do any more borrowing, if he lives, poor fellow."

He stopped, checked by some rather painful memory of the one-lunger.

"But the mine has diamonds, I hear!"

"That's what they write," said Dan. "At least, there's a corporation over there which is pretty sound, and it seems to be anxious to get at my interest. They don't look so good, though, before a jeweler gets at them. Did you ever see a rough diamond?"

He kept slipping off the point that Mrs. Linden was interested in.

"But isn't that going to make you two children wealthy?"

Dan grinned. "It doesn't look unlikely. I don't know what I'll sell out for, but they made a pretty good offer all right. Maybe I'll hold out a while."

June was sitting up straighter. She looked very slim against the peacock chair, and he stopped to admire and wonder at her silently.

"You mean," said June, in a queer tone, "that you're rich!"

"Well," he admitted, "it looks as if we'd have plenty, all right. I was going to keep some of that news for a wedding present. But it kind of leaked out. Dover knew about it, and that was the finish. I guess it doesn't matter. You'd just as soon know now."

"Much better now," June answered slowly. There was that note in her voice which usually warned Mrs. Linden of an approaching attack of queerness, some rebellion against what was fitting and expected. But Mrs. Linden was off her guard. The news was too delightful.

June became more precious than she had been since she was a lovely little girl with all her mother's hopes and ambitions wrapped up in her, and the irritations and dissatisfactions of the past years fell away completely. Suddenly she remembered that little girl and began to talk to Dan Delancey, and he was quite sentimentally interested. June seemed not to be listening, and then finally she broke into what they were saying with a crash.

"June has always loved the out-of-doors. That's why I'm glad you're going to take her to Lake Louise for your wedding trip."

"Dan isn't going to take me for any wedding trip, Mother," said June.

"No wedding trip at all?" deprecated Mrs. Linden. "Why, I think that's foolish, June."

"No wedding."

They both turned to look at her. June had not so much as moved. Her face was paler, but her voice was quiet and steady.

"What do you mean, June?"

It was Dan who asked it first.

"I'm not going on with this," answered June. "It wasn't a fair bargain in the first place; but I did honestly think that perhaps I was the best you could do. You're rich now. You can do much better. You can get anyone you want. When people hear this, there'll be dozens of girls for you to pick from."

"Why, June!" cried her mother, "what a dreadful way to talk!"

"I'm sorry. It's hard on you, Mother. But, after all, in a way I suppose you are responsible for me. Dan isn't. And it's a sharper's bargain to tie him up with me before he sees what will be offered him now."

"I don't get it," said Dan, and moved toward her. "You mean you're throwing me over?"

"PUT it any way you please," she answered, and laid her head against the fan-shaped back of the chair, as if she were very tired. "I'm not going to marry you."

"Oh, Dan, don't pay any attention to her!" said Mrs. Linden. "June's just tired out with all this excitement and everything. She doesn't mean a word of that. I know!"

There was panic in her voice, but neither of the young people seemed to hear her. They were looking steadfastly, rather grimly, at each other.

"But why?" asked Dan again.

"I told you. Because it's a raw deal, that's all. You don't know anything about women, and so you fell for me. I've

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been going about for years without anyone asking to marry me. Trying to land someone, anyone. I was next you at that dinner at the Dovers' because they wouldn't give me a chance at the men who seemed more important. That's the joke on them. You turned out to be important. Why, now, Dan, they'll be all after you like flies. You'll be groomed and petted. They'll fall in love with you."

"But you don't—you won't?"

"Have I ever pretended to?"

"This is such nonsense," exclaimed Mrs. Linden. "You go now, Dan, and come back this evening. When this girl gets a sleep she'll feel quite different about everything."

"If you don't mind, I guess we better finish this now," he said. "I think maybe June's seeing pretty straight. You really feel that way, June?"

"I wouldn't hold you for anything in the world!"

"You don't want to hold me? Not at all?"

"I won't marry you. And I want to forget the whole vulgar bargain."

"Well," said Dan, "in that case, perhaps we'd all better try to forget."

"But you can't," cried Mrs. Linden shrilly. "Don't you understand? People have been told. You can't do such a thing. June must go through with it."

He saw June's face, imploring him to go and not to witness the hysteria which was breaking.

"Please!" she begged.

HE GAVE her one last, keen glance, squared his shoulders awkwardly, mumbled something in Mrs. Linden's direction, and went. June did not look after him. She turned to her mother and faced what had to come.

It was a succession of ugly scenes, stretched over several weeks, with Mrs. Linden ready to capitulate at any moment if June would reconsider and call Dan back before it was too late. Her reproaches, her indictments, her pathos kept coming back to that plea, endlessly, at any hour of day or night. June took all the rage as if she deserved it and admitted that she did, and was gentle with her mother's humiliation. But she would not raise a finger to bring him back.

People began to know that things had crashed, and they put their own interpretation on it, which was, on the whole, that Dan Delancey might have stuck by June—but you really couldn't blame him much, for Mrs. Linden had probably inveigled him into the engagement in the first place.

But for June it was as if the completeness of the destruction she had caused gave her the energy of necessity. A chance to sell the house came like a gift of providence, and it was she, rather than her mother, who put that through, and urged Mrs. Linden to make arrangements to join her friends in Europe.

"And what will you do here?"

"I'll get along all right. I'll find something to do."

"It's all so wrong," said Mrs. Linden bitterly, "here you might be settled in a home of your own now, if you weren't so willful, so stubborn."

"Let's not go over that again, Mother."

"And Dan Delancey is going around with Jinny Gearing. That girl!"

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These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To you they may seem correct, but others may know they are wrong.

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"Jinny's very pretty," answered June.

"But you know the kind of person she is."

"I know. But it's not my business."

Mrs. Linden was not appeased. But she was beaten.

WHEN June actually found herself a job her mother was more depressed than antagonistic, and after the house was sold and the new owners waiting for possession, the thought of an easy, diverting hotel life in Europe began to tempt Mrs. Linden.

"You'd better give that ridiculous work up and come with me, June."

"No," said June; "I'm sticking to this job, Mother."

Mrs. Linden shuddered at the job. June answered telephones in some real estate office and was learning to typewrite. It was a thing to try to forget.

"But where will you live?" she protested.

"I've been asking about that. I can get a room in the Davenport. A one-room apartment with a bath. It's really very comfortable."

"Every old maid in town lives at that place."

"That's all right," said June, "I'm in my natural setting then. Let's look at steamship sailings. You want to get a good boat, one that will have some interesting passengers."

In spite of herself Mrs. Linden brightened.

JUNE passed. Mrs. Linden had sailed for Europe and June Linden had once more been false to the month of weddings. On the night which had once been tentatively set as her marriage one, she ate at a tea-room, alone. The thin chop, the limp muffin, the economical dessert did not seem very tempting. But she finished them and went back to the little room in the Davenport and washed out some stockings and read a book. It was a queer alternate to what had been planned for that night.

July passed and August, days trudging along one after another, lived respectably and hardly more. It was one morning in September that she first heard of Dan Delancey. Such of her old friends as she saw were tactful enough not to mention him, but in the office they knew nothing about her in that connection. The head of the firm was talking to his best salesman.

"You want to make a sale to this Delancey fellow. He's crazy with money."

"Does he want a house?"

"It's your business to make him want one. He's going to be married, I hear, and we want to get to him first. Step on it, my boy."

June felt her face flush. It was the first time the blood had come into it like that for a long time. She had closed off those quick emotions. Dan had evidently found someone, then. Of course he would. She wondered if it was Jinny. He deserved better than that. Jinny had never played fair in her life, and she'd demand a desperate speed of any man she married.

That thought was in her mind when she went out for lunch. She couldn't dislodge it, which was why she fairly ran into him before she noticed who it was. He stopped short and looked at her, up and down, queerly. It was their first encounter.

"How are you?"

"I'm fine," said June.

"You look fine. I thought you went to Europe."

"That was my mother. I didn't go. I'm working."

"Working?"

"In Liggett and Moore's. I hear you want a house. You'd better buy it of us."

He laughed. "Maybe I will. If I ever want one. Will you have lunch with me, June?"

June hesitated, and then nodded.

It was odd to be opposite him again. He ordered something, something he seemed to remember that she liked, and then sat looking at her.

"This seems natural," he said at length.

"Isn't it?" answered June.

The restaurant was the one to which he used to take her, and she had always avoided it after their break. And he seemed very familiar, and somehow comforting. She wondered why he had seemed so unlicked before, or if he had been grooming himself, or if possibly that job had been turned over to Jinny Gearing.

"I haven't been here since," Dan told her abruptly.

"It's a nice place," she said, ignoring that allusion. "Why not?"

"I understand it is a queer place to take a society girl. Most of these girls of your sort want the hotels or clubs. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I liked this. And, anyway, why should I tell you?"

"Well, somebody else did, fast enough."

She lifted her chin.

"Don't you let them tell you anything! Why should you?"

"Why not?"

That was enough. She relapsed into silence and began to eat her lunch. He had to do the talking, and he was smoother in such efforts than he used to be. And as he talked he watched her, and she began to remember that he had been about to marry her, that he had held her in his arms, that she had been curiously content to be there, not, as she was now, with a dull, drugged control, but differently.

She laid her napkin by her plate. This was all nonsense.

"I'm afraid I'll have to go back to the office now."

"There's lots of time. Don't hurry. Please. I want to tell you lots of things. You've no idea how often I wanted to tell you how square you were that day."

"Wasn't I right? Didn't they all come running?"

"I've been invited about a lot, if that's what you mean."

SHE asked the thing she did not mean to ask:

"And didn't you find you could do better?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Didn't you find some of the girls interesting?"

"Some of them."

"I knew you would. Which ones?"

"Well," he admitted, "you know Aline Ware. She always tries to be agreeable."

June grinned at what Aline would have thought of that classification of her charm.

"What do you think of her?" asked Dan.

"I think you can do better than that!" said June. "Unless you want to run a cabaret."

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"Jinny Gearing?"

June looked away.

"How about her?"

He pricked her into answer.

"Why don't you get a wife with brains as well as looks?" she asked impatiently.

"Didn't I try? Didn't I try once?"

June felt her heart begin to race, and it could be no old maid's heart that could go at such a crazy speed. He was leaning over the table, and it creaked under the weight of his arms.

"I've done what you wanted," said Dan. "I've looked over all those girls. And I can guess at the rest from the samples. I'm not marrying anyone. I wouldn't take a chance without love. You were right enough. I see that now. You'd have been wrong to marry me without it. It would be a rotten mess to be caught in marriage with one person caring and the other not. But I don't want any substitutes. I've wanted you—all these miserable months. And I'll keep right on, though I'll manage to shut up about it!"

June's face was scarlet, then white—no spinster composure there now.

"Then perhaps you'd better have me," she managed to say.

"But you don't want me, June!"

"Don't I? It was only after I did want you that I thought it wasn't a fair bargain. It seemed so like taking advantage before you knew about what you could have, before you knew anything about women—"

"Foolish," he said; "a man always knows all about women as soon as he's in love! He writes off all of them but one. Will you marry me, June?"

They remembered, when the quiet ceremony was over, to send a cable to Mrs. Linden. It made Europe a complete success.

Who Said the Day of Railroad Giants is Over?

(*Continued from page 25*)

the ablest railroad operating executive in the country. As his latest task, they have assigned him to New York to rebuild the Erie, the largest of the properties they control.

On the day that I saw Bernet he had a cold. On his desk in front of him was planted a huge bottle of medicine, but no spoon accompanied the bottle. I can't picture Bernet at any time taking medicine measured out into a spoon, or diluted. He takes it in the most direct way—from the bottle. And that, too, is the way he runs a railroad. Five days of his seven are spent "on the road," with the whiff of locomotive smoke in his nostrils and the song of wheels in his ears.

He isn't a talker. Shortly after he assumed direction of the Erie, some two hundred traffic men of the road were called together. The traffic men are the railroad's salesmen, and they expected from Bernet the usual sales convention speech, at least, the usual speech of a new president. Bernet arose without ceremony. His stiff gray hair was slightly mussed; his brows formed a bristling ledge behind his spectacles.

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"I want ten million dollars in new business on this railroad by the end of the year," he said. "It's up to you fellows to get it! And I don't want any alibis!"

And he sat down. That was his speech.

He believes in himself. While president of the Nickel Plate he made some money—not a fortune as fortunes are spoken of nowadays—largely due to the fact that when he came to the road every spare dollar he possessed was put into Nickel Plate stock. And when he was moved over to the presidency of the Erie, he took every dollar with him and invested it in Erie stock. "Any company that's good enough to work for is good enough for my money," he said. "I want all of my interests where I work."

Let a man approach him through the medium of a lodge pin, a club membership, or any similar subterfuge, and Bernet will see red. Let an employee, or anybody, seek special consideration by any such means, and he will be in danger of being pitched bodily from Bernet's office, by Bernet.

"I've been hired to run this railroad," Bernet told me, "and I expect the men who work with me to consider themselves hired for that same single purpose. I don't care what lodge button they wear, what church they attend, who they are, or where they came from. They've got to fly the railroad flag and strike all others!

"I've been railroading since 1889," he added. "I've pleased and displeased people ever since. I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked about, lied to, hung up, and helped up. I've thought the railroad business the best in the world, and the worst. There've been times when I've kept on at it only to see what in blazes was going to happen next, and there've been times when you couldn't have dragged me away from railroading with wild horses.

"But, no matter what I've thought, felt, or wanted to do, I've had sense enough to remember that I picked my job and the job did not pick me, that the railroad can get along a darned sight better without me than I can without it. And I've never short-changed my job."

BERNET was born at Brant, in Erie County, New York, sixty years ago, the son of a blacksmith whom he describes as "one of the best men that God ever let live." But for accident, or fate, he might have been a South American, for his father, a Swiss immigrant, had intended originally to locate in South America. However, when he arrived at the port of Havre, no South American vessel was sailing for two weeks, and one was immediately sailing for the United States.

"It makes little difference," said the Swiss. "I'll go to Philadelphia."

But he never reached Philadelphia either. Another immigrant with whom he became friendly was going to Buffalo. The Swiss wanderer, who was friendless in the new land, went along.

He tried farming, then blacksmithing, married, and had two sons. Times were hard, and the father was in poor health. He drifted from one job to another, from Erie County to Michigan's lumber woods, to Pennsylvania's oil fields, then back to his starting place. John, the older boy, attended the country schools, did chores to help the family income, and fought and tussled and played with the other boys of his age and station. He had a hard pair of fists.

They moved to Buffalo and young John took a job in an insurance office. He had to sweep up, empty waste baskets, and run errands. He didn't like the work, so he quit.

"I'M GOING to blacksmithing, like my father," he told the boss, and was told in turn that he was making a sad mistake.

"You'll be nothing but a laborer for the rest of your life," said his employer. "Stay here, and some day you may be a member of the firm, like I am."

"But I don't like this," said Bernet. "It ain't work that makes a fellow sweat."

Rather contemptuous of white-collar jobs, he became an apprentice in the blacksmith shop where his father worked. His father was his teacher. He learned the strength of metals, how to heat and shape steel, to pick up hot iron with tongs and not with his fingers. Then father and son opened their own shop at Farnham. Oddly, John wasn't such a good blacksmith.

Though he did not know it, he was near-sighted, and couldn't see to "finish his metal." This worried him for a time, until worry was suddenly submerged by a new interest—the telegraph key in the little railroad station at Farnham. Nightly, when the smithy was closed and supper was over, John was drawn into Farnham by the song of the key.

"How can I get into this?" he asked the station agent and telegraph operator.

"Hang around," invited the agent. "Pick up telegraphy. If you're good enough, you might get my job when I'm promoted."

So young Bernet, along with four other youths under the enchantment of railroading, began "hanging around." He did odd jobs for the agent, and in return the agent taught him the staccato code for his initials, and then his name. Finally, he was able to stumble through a complete message sending "dry" on an idle key. He kept at it with the four rivals at his heels, and when the agent was moved upward it was Bernet who got his job, at forty dollars a month!

That was in 1889 and the railroad was the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, now a part of the New York Central System. Bernet sold tickets, handled baggage, helped old ladies on trains, and operated the telegraph key. He liked it. And one day, in Buffalo, which was division headquarters, the extra operator in the dispatcher's office quit because he hadn't been promoted to a regular operator. A new man was needed in a hurry.

"How about that chap out at Farnham?" somebody asked. "He seems to know his business. He's never asked me to repeat a message, but gets it the first time."

"Yeh, he's all right," agreed another. "Name's Bernet."

So Bernet went to Buffalo.

In those days railroads were run by telegraph. The dispatcher "talked" his orders over the stuttering key, and beside him, that a record might be kept, sat another telegrapher, whose job it was to set down on paper what the dispatcher sent. This was Bernet's task, and he gloried in it. Sitting at the right hand of the dispatcher, he was in a position to learn the ins and outs of running a railroad. The telegraph key was his instructor, the file of train orders his book.

In a high wind, one winter night, a car was blown from a siding onto the main track. A train smashed into it, and there was the very dickens to pay. Whereupon, the order went out to superintendents to put derails at such track junctions, to prevent future accidents of the kind. Superintendent Niles, of the division, invited the chief dispatcher to accompany him to locate places needing derails. His eye strayed to Bernet, at the dispatcher's elbow. "Bring the kid along too," he added.

Though Bernet worked until midnight, he was up at five the next morning to make sure he wouldn't miss the trip. It was made in the superintendent's private car. They came to one of the side tracks under consideration.

"We won't need any derail here," spoke up the maintenance engineer with the party. "The switch can be thrown so that it will act as a derail, and be left that way."

Bernet started to say something, gulped, and swallowed it.

"Out with it, kid," invited Niles.

"We're on a curve," stammered Bernet. "If you throw the switch, it will show a red light on the main track. Engine drivers are going to slow up every time they see that red light. They'll be scared to run against it."

"You don't know what you're talking about," snapped the maintenance engineer, angrily.

Bernet stooped, unlocked the switch with the key all railroaders carried, and threw it. The red light did flash its warning to the main track.

"He does know what he's talking about," said Niles. "Put this down for a derail."

AND mentally Superintendent Niles jotted down the name of John Bernet as a youngster cut out for railroading and promotion. Shortly Bernet was moved up to an assistant dispatcher's job, to dispatcher and to chief dispatcher. His rise was unprecedented in the Buffalo divisional offices.

He seemed to know railroading by instinct. The call of work to him was like the alarm gong to a fire-horse.

At thirty-three he was the trainmaster of the division. He was pretty young to be a trainmaster; too young, thought some. The feeling was that Niles had "lost his head" in promoting him so fast, and shortly Niles left the division. A new superintendent came in, and he wasn't satisfied with the way things were going; it had been suggested to him that he begin by getting a new trainmaster. He summoned Bernet.

"I haven't been trainmaster yet," said Bernet. "Somebody over my head has always done the work for me. Before you say that I'm a rotten trainmaster give me a chance to *be* trainmaster."

The division was jammed with motionless freight. The big West Seneca yards in Buffalo were tied up by one of the worst jams in the history of the road. Snow storms had slowed up the whole line. Train crews, already exhausted by overwork, were being asked for additional overwork. Engines, already overloaded, were being taxed by still heavier loads and still longer trains. They cluttered the line all

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the way from Buffalo to Cleveland. So serious was the jam that the president of the road and his operating vice president hastened in person to Buffalo. The vice president was A. H. Smith, one of the ablest railroaders of the day and a future president of the New York Central.

"Fetch that trainmaster here," ordered Smith. The official party had come straight to the yard. All the officialdom of the division were standing by, excepting Bernet. They found him at the other end of the yard.

"How would you clean up this mess?" Smith demanded when Bernet made his appearance.

"Why ask me?" countered Bernet, not without bitterness. "There are older and wiser heads here than mine. They're running the business, not me."

"I am asking you," said Smith. "This isn't a question of what's been done but of what is to be done."

"Well, if I were doing it," Bernet said, "I'd give the engines loads they could pull and pull fast. Instead of adding more cars to trains that are already too heavy, I'd cut off cars. I'd cut fifteen cars off every train going out. This mess can be cleaned up in ten days if you give the men a chance to rest, and the trains a chance to move."

Smith consulted with the superintendent, who finally agreed Bernet might go ahead with his plan. Two minutes later, Bernet was on the telephone and his orders were flashing to all parts of the road—to cut fifteen cars from every train, stand them on sidings, and to go on. Trains being made up were made up fifteen cars short. The "older heads" listened, and said the man was crazy to try to move more cars by hauling fewer.

But the lighter trains *did* reach their destinations and did *not* bog down by the wayside. Engines delivered their cars and were ready to haul more. Crews made their trips in eight, ten, and twelve hours, where it had been taking them double and treble that time. With sleep and rest, they came back to work fresh and eager to get going again.

At the end of ten days the West Seneca yard was back on a normal basis, with shifting crews actually waiting for work. And John Bernet was again on his way up the railroad ladder. He became assistant superintendent, and within two years he was division superintendent. Pausing there only a year, he jumped to assistant general superintendent, and then in another year to general superintendent. Less than six years before he had been rattling a telegraph key in the night dispatcher's office at Buffalo.

THERE is an anecdote told of Bernet during this period that as much as anything else points to the reason for his spectacular rise. There was a serious wreck on the main line which blocked traffic in both directions. Bernet and one of his superiors hastened to the spot to clear it.

Presently an inquiry came from headquarters: "Ask Bernet how soon the line will be open."

"Tell 'em by seven-thirty," snapped Bernet.

The telegrapher imparted the information to Bernet's superior. "That's nonsense," said the official. "Tell headquarters we won't be cleared here before eleven-thirty."

When Bernet heard that he boiled. "They asked *me* when we'd be cleared, and I said seven-thirty," he directed. "That's my time, and if you don't send it in to headquarters I'll send it myself."

And not at 7:29, nor at 7:31, but exactly at 7:30 o'clock, the first train passed through the opened line!

And so Bernet kept on toward his goal. As general superintendent he was stationed in Cleveland. He had his own railroad car. He was called into consultation by the chiefs of the New York Central, which owned the Lake Shore road. After five years they moved him to Chicago and created for him the new post of assistant vice president. A year more, and he was a full-fledged vice president, in charge of operations west of Buffalo, the youngest high executive of the system. But Bernet's fingers itched to get control of a railroad of his own.

GOING back and forth over the Lake Shore lines he would look out his car window at the single-track line of the Nickel Plate, his next-door railroad neighbor. He watched its freights lumber slowly along, mentally noted their engine power, counted the cars per train. Here and there the Nickel Plate touched the Lake Shore, and he had opportunity to observe how it handled itself. What a man couldn't do with that old road!

One day, with A. H. Smith, he was on a train sliding into Cleveland. Smith laughed and pointed out the window at another train: "There comes the poor old Nickel Plate," he said.

"That isn't such a bad road," protested Bernet. And presently he added, "I wouldn't mind being the president of it. I'd show you fellows that it's a good road."

Smith looked at him in astonishment. "Do you mean that you would rather be president of the Nickel Plate than a vice president of the New York Central?"

"Just that," nodded Bernet, "provided I had a free hand."

Time passed. A suggestion was made to Bernet: "It might be to your profit to drop in and see O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen, in Cleveland." That was in 1916, and Bernet did "drop in" on the Van Sweringens one day. He left them, president of the Nickel Plate.

To tell how Bernet rebuilt the Nickel Plate would require the space of a book. I'm only going to write a few short paragraphs on it; but they will give you the key to the man and to his methods. A little of what he has done on the Erie during the past year and a half will then round out the picture.

At a certain spot along the Nickel Plate there was a coal dump where trains stopped to recoal. It seemed to Bernet that it took the crews an unusually long time for the job, and this delay in trains at that point contributed to delay all trains on the road. He looked into the matter, and next door to the coal dump he found a restaurant. The proprietor was a popular chap and a good conversationalist. In consequence, after spending fifteen minutes to recoal, the crews spent fifteen minutes in the restaurant.

Most bosses would have endeavored to put an end to that delay by issuing orders against patronizing the restaurant. Bernet, on the contrary, said nothing to cause resentment in anybody; but he built a new coal dump three miles out in the country, where a new restaurant wouldn't pay; then he tore down the old dump.

Speed, and more speed; bigger engines, faster engines; full cars, moving cars—he drove for these ends. The elimination of one fifteen-minute delay did not greatly profit the railroad; but a hundred such eliminations did. For instance:

In summer, and especially in a dry summer, there was all kinds of trouble with locomotives. They got mud and other damaging matter into their boilers, owing to poor water at a certain supply point. Repairs then became necessary, and a locomotive under repair was an idle one. "Why can't we get rid of this condition by getting good water at that point?" demanded Bernet.

It was explained that every effort had been made to get good water. Complaints had been made, but had gone unheeded. In dry weather, the stream from which the water came went low. The consequence was that the water became sediment laden. It was a seasonal condition.

So, to save money and time, Bernet proceeded to spend money. He built a reservoir at the bad water point. When the water in the stream was high, he pumped his reservoir full, but kept pumping direct from the old supply for his engines. Then, when dry weather came, he used the reservoir supply exclusively.

HE BELIEVES in using only the best tools. "A workman who continues to use poor tools to save the price of good ones is guilty of the worst brand of extravagance," he says. When he came to the Erie one of his major intentions was to save money, to economize, to cut costs. And one of his first moves in this program of economy was the expenditure, during 1927, of more than twenty-one million dollars!

The Erie had some thirteen hundred locomotives, representing eighty-three different types that required eighty-three kinds of repairs. At a stroke Bernet scrapped four hundred of them, ordered one hundred and fifteen others rebuilt, and replaced those discarded with the best locomotives he could buy. The savings in repair costs alone are estimated at $3,100,000 a year.

And if he believes in tools, he even more earnestly believes in men. He told me, "No railroad, no business, no job, for that matter, is worth a darn unless the proper human spirit to achieve is behind it." And again, "A good workman will do fair work with a poor tool and excellent work with a good tool, but a poor workman will do poor work with any kind of tool that you give him."

By a good workman, he means also a satisfied workman, a man of spirit, a man who possesses those qualities which collectively go to make what we call morale. Coming to the Erie as he did, with the avowed purpose to turn the road inside out, it would have been easy to destroy the last vestige of morale. However, in Bernet's reorganization, not a single superintendent was laid off. Practically all of the important changes were in the nature of promotions!

That's John J. Bernet.

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My Fourth of July Wish

(*Continued from page 31*)

His sense of patriotism was too acute to allow him to appear other than at his best, no matter whether he stood before a king, or the humblest servant.

"They don't like us in Europe," is a common cry from returned tourists. What they mean is that Europe doesn't like some of us. From what I hear, I don't blame Europe. I don't like some of us overly much myself!

At home, I want Bud to realize that it requires patience and courage and self-sacrifice to be a "patriot." It requires obedience to law and a respect for the common good. There is more to it than cheering and flag-waving.

I don't want Bud to get the idea that Americans are all wise, and the rest of the world's people are all fools.

Many great men have worn strange garments. Every country has made its contribution to the world's progress. Not all the great inventors and writers and artists and thinkers have been Americans. Not by a long shot! The "Old World" is still a *good* old world.

IT IS not patriotism to denounce everything that is foreign. It is not unpatriotic to respect the worth of others.

I am certain that Bud loves and admires his mother more than any other woman. Yet he doesn't show this love and admiration by going around the neighborhood and sneering at other mothers.

Fancy his going to dinner at a boy's house and saying: "Your mother doesn't know how to serve a meal! If you want the real thing, come over to our house some day."

Yet that is the way some Americans talk when they go to another country. It isn't patriotism. It is plain boorish boobery. And they simply advertise their native land, to the best of their ability, as a land of boors and boobs. If they were *truly* patriotic, they would try to advertise America as a land where people are gentle and kindly and quick to appreciate the good in others.

But I don't want Bud to get the notion that he has all the patriotism and that his neighbor has none. Nobody has a monopoly on high thinking

He must credit even his political enemies with having a sincere desire for the good of the country. There will always be differences of opinion. But I want Bud to "fight fair" for his beliefs.

Personally, the United States seems always to have been my country, although I was born in England. Before my father came here he had a mental picture of Americans. It was not a glorified vision of a people with all the virtues and none of the faults of human nature. But he did have an ideal in mind when he told me he hoped I would become an American citizen.

"Americans are friendly," he said. "They are hard workers and quick thinkers. They like to do things. They are not prejudiced. They recognize merit and they have sympathy for the under-dog. This country will give you real opportunities. When you are twenty-one I want you to take out your citizenship papers."

He did not live to see the fulfillment of that wish. But when the day finally came, I felt that his spirit was near me; and that he was as proud as I was that I had become a real American at last.

I want Bud to be proud when he, too, reaches his citizenship at twenty-one. But he need not show his pride by boasting. He can show it much better by so living that he will be an upright, loyal, law-abiding son to the country which needs such children.

So the wish I made to the supposed fairy still stands. I want my boy to love his country! For if he does that he will try to be honest, brave, cheerful, kindly, helpful, tolerant, clean, industrious, and law-abiding.

He will fight against injustice; but he will respect the rights of others. He will be willing to work for his money. He will be patient in adversity and generous in prosperity. Foreigners will find him both a gracious host and a gracious visitor. Success will not make him boastful, nor failure turn him to bitterness.

During the war the billboards carried huge posters which read:

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU

That poster ought still to be on the billboards throughout the land. It is all wrong to suppose that the only time our country needs us is in time of war. It needs us every day.

I want Bud to realize this. He is only fifteen. But his country needs boys of fifteen to show themselves as manly, courageous, clean-thinking lads. It needs them—it needs *all* of its children, with our dreams and our hopes. We ought to love our country well enough to give her the best that is in us, every hour of every day.

He need never mention the word "patriot." I hope that he will never undertake to tell another where the path of duty lies. But I hope that he will go quietly and ungrumblingly about the business of everyday living. That he will cheerfully give his best to the task which may confront him. I hope that he will ever strive to be all that is implied in the phrase, "a good American citizen." I trust that he will vote regularly and pay his taxes ungrudgingly. I want him to obey his country's laws, even when he does not whole-heartedly approve of them. I want him to be willing to die for his country, if need be. But, day by day, I want him to be willing to *live for it.*

THAT'S my idea of patriotism. All that the Flag, and the country, and the government can confer on us is the opportunity to be a true man, or a true woman. They give us no wisdom that we do not earn; no courage that we do not ourselves supply; no eminence, unless we climb the heights.

Therefore, the best patriotism is to be, not "one hundred per cent American," but to do our best to be one hundred per cent *a good citizen.* And the only advertisement we can write of our country, the only one that will carry real weight, will be written in our own lives.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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The VACANCY that may spell DISASTER

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Late American Lowboy

(*Continued from page 21*)

crossing the street with determination, she licked chocolate from her fingers and followed.

When Jim-Jams reached the Smedlay barn he found Braddy gravely inspecting a pair of curiously shaped pieces of rusty iron.

"What are they, butterfly hinges?" asked the collector.

Click looked a warning at the uninvited guest.

"I guess that's what they are." He cocked his head on one side for a better view. "They look kinda like butterflies."

"Awf'ly good looking," said Braddy, in the language of the tribe.

"Aw, they're the bunk!" Jim-Jams exploded. "They come off an old buggy or something. Don't spend away your money on that stuff, Brad!"

"I guess Brad has a right to buy what he wants to with his own money," said Click. "I guess he knows more about grasshopper—"

"Butterfly," said Braddy politely. "How much are they?"

"Le's see now. I'll tell you what I'll do. You're a purty good friend of mine—you can have 'em for a quarter."

"Good night!" exclaimed Jim-Jams.

"That's cheap for nice gr—butterfly hinges. You couldn't buy—" A new look of irritation came over the inventor's face. "What's the idea of ever'body comin' here? Am I havin' a party, or what?"

IT WAS Tilly Rickhill, fair, fat, and nine, who now darkened Click's doorway—and life. Jim-Jams seized upon her eagerly.

"Looka here, Till. Click is tryin' to soak Braddy a quarter for them two rusty old iron things. That ain't fair, is it?"

Tilly looked inquiringly at her unwilling host, and asked:

"What're you going to do with all that money, Click?"

"W'y, I'm goin' to buy some nuts and—and bolts and screws and nails for a thing I'm makin'."

Tilly's face brightened at the word "nuts," then fell. Click was evidently talking about hardware. There was no nourishment in that.

"No; a quarter's too much. You hadn't oughta cheat Braddy like that."

"I don't mean a quarter for just them," said Click. "Can't you wait till a person is through speaking?"

He laid the awfully-good-looking zoölogical hinges on the bench, then dramatically produced the extinct battery of a flashlight, a crank from a Ford car, a delightful patent medicine bottle, and the remains of a bicycle pedal.

"A quarter for the whole lot," he announced.

"That's cheap," came a new voice at the door. It was that of Breckinridge Jones, and if Breck came, could Allen Landsford be far behind? So the gathering was now enriched and enlivened by the addition of these two choice spirits, cronies of Click, allied and associated powers.

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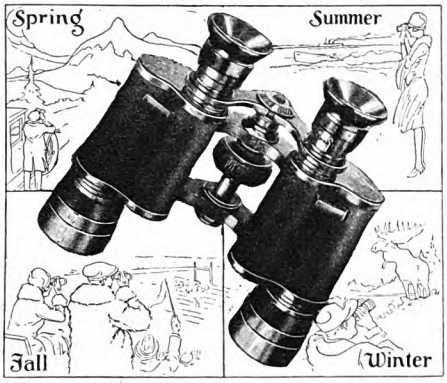

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"Well, all right, I'll take them," said Braddy.

He produced twenty-five cents from his pocket, and all the younger set was thrilled to note that there was much more where that came from.

"I'll deliver 'em home for you," said Click. "They're too heavy for you."

"Don't we have to fix that picket?" asked Braddy.

"I'll fix it before night. Don't you worry."

The whole party assisted physically or morally in delivering these goods to Braddy's back yard.

"Now you come over to my house," proposed Jim-Jams, "and I'll show you some better stuff than that. More antiquer. I've got a whatchamacallit there I'll sell for a quarter. It's solid silver or something. It's got grapes and bananas and stuff like that carved on it."

"Well, all right," said Braddy.

Since nobody was willing to allow this infant industry out of sight, all hands went along to Jim-Jams's house, and the army picked up volunteer recruits as it went along.

"Why do you like old things so much?" asked Tilly, who was walking beside the popular Braddy on the way to Jim-Jams's exhibit. She could not conceive of spending money for things not to be taken internally.

"It's heredity."

"What's heredity?"

"You catch it from your mother," said Braddy.

IT WAS a happy and tired little boy who crawled into his darling old four-poster bed that night shortly after supper. It was the end of a perfect day. His money was gone to the last penny, but safely stowed away behind the cellar tank were incredible treasures.

He realized that some of the things, like bicycle pedals and flashlight batteries, were probably not eighteenth-century enough for Mother's tastes. But everything was old and shabby and rusty and tarnished, nothing was 'trocious or new. He had bought with great shrewdness, and always paid less than the asking price, just as Mother did in antique shops.

There were those awfully-good-looking butterfly hinges—any mother would love them. The whatchamacallit he had got from Jim-Jams was as heavy and black as coal, a pot or pitcher or something.

There was a kind of candlestick that might provoke enthusiasm, a little stool made of "antiquewood," a thing that he was practically sure was a door knocker, and another that was possibly a jam hook—an article that he had heard highly spoken of, but had never seen.

There was a cracked teacup, maybe Spode, a pinch bottle, and the larger part of a mirror, that he had got for a song.

He had never had a more pleasant and stimulating day. He had collected friends as well as antiques. All were good to him, asked him to their barns and garages, spoke nicely to Blimp. Whenever he bought anything, they all went to a store and got some candy or something, but he always gave his share to Tilly Rickhill, because it was bad for teeth and tummy to eat all those sweets.

It had been a day crowded with stirring events—two dog fights, three boy fights, getting chased out of Mr. Reisling's barnyard when they were looking for free antiques, Breck Jones's falling into a ditch, and Jim-Jams getting hit with a rotten apple.

"I've had a very happy day," he told his mother, "and I've got a surprise for you!"

"Don't get me all excited. Good night, honeybunch. Go to sleep promptly."

Braddy did so, and this was probably the shrewdest thing he did that day. Because the gracious old Sillinger sitting-room promptly became no place whatever for a boy of a sensitive nature.

When Bettina Bradford Sillinger came down-stairs from the task of laying the lowboy away for the night, she found her husband comfortably settled in his favorite chair, with his favorite evening paper.

He seemed so peaceful and contented there before the fire that Bettina procrastinated before the deed she had to do, rearranged the flowers in their vase, straightened the magazines on the butterfly table.

"Nicky," she asked, "are you feeling fairly strong?"

"What's that, Bet? Sure, I'm all right."

At that moment the telephone bell rang, and both winced from the untimely blow. Bettina laughed nervously and ran to take the message. The eyes of Nicholas Sillinger went back to his paper, but his ears went to the telephone. His wife's voice had the polite, not the cordial, note. She was obviously speaking to somebody she did not know very well.

"Oh yes. How do you do? . . . Oh, I'm awfully sorry. Not serious, I hope. . . . Braddy did? Why, I'm terribly surprised. It isn't like him at all. . . . Well, he's gone to bed now, but I'll have it out with him in the morning. . . . No; he ate his usual hearty supper. As a matter of fact, he doesn't care much for that sort of thing. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . I hope she'll be all right. I'll call you in the morning. . . . Yes, hasn't it been beautiful?

"It's that Mrs. Rickhill," Bettina explained. "She says that Tilly— Oh, there it goes again!"

This was a different note.

"Oh, hello, Gertrude. How's everything by you? . . . No, I haven't heard a thing." There was a long silence on Bettina's part, and her husband judged that Gertrude Jameson was delivering something of an earful. All he could get out of it was that Braddy would be carefully examined on the subject in the morning. "No, that's all right, dear. I wouldn't think of it. He's got to learn to abide by his bargain."

"What's all this?" asked Nicholas.

"YOUR son has been running fast and loose, spending money like water and ruining the health and morals of the younger generation!"

She explained further: It seemed that Tilly Rickhill's tummy was in a serious state, that she had declined supper for the first time in history, and was now in bed running a temperature. James Jameson was likewise without appetite, and was suffering from certain bruises and contusions.

Rumors were abroad that others were in trouble also, that certain citizens were complaining of depredations and breaches

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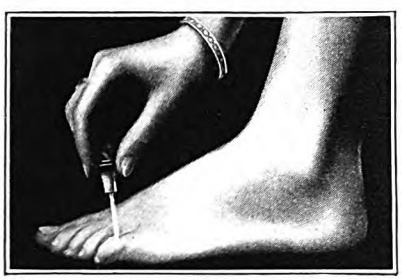

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of the peace, and that Braddy's wealth was at the bottom of everything.

"How much did you give him, that he could corrupt Pequot like this?"

"Three dollars," said Nicholas miserably. "It was for a present for you, and he has spent it for something else. Why, that's dishonest!"

"No; maybe not. Gertrude says he's been buying junk. James broke down and confessed. He himself sold Braddy an old tin coffee pot or something that he found in a junk heap. He got a quarter for that. Gertrude offered to repay us, but I said we'd stick by our bargain and take our medicine."

"Quite right, of course."

"She thinks he bought a lot of old stuff from the other children, too. He told me to-night that he has a surprise for me, so I suppose I get all that junk."

"Well it *was* a shock," said Nicholas. "I'm glad you prepared me."

"Oh, my goodness, I didn't know about that until just now! That isn't the shock. You've still got that coming." Bettina laughed sheepishly. "It's along the same lines, only worse. The truth is, I've been up to my old tricks. That hundred dollars you gave me for clothes. Well, in a word, I spent that for an antique!"

"You have a right to do what you please with your own money." His tone implied that she had no such right whatever, and was so interpreted.

"I didn't mean to do it—honestly, old Nick. I drove over to Milltown to go to Marie's, where they have just the kind of exterior decorations a ragged wife needs. I parked the car near Jefferson Street, and walked toward the store, but I had to pass Kessler's. I couldn't go all around Robin Hood's barn just to keep from passing Kessler's, could I?

"Well, right there in the window before my eyes was a fanback Windsor chair exactly like ours. That pattern is awfully rare, you know. He asked a hundred dollars for the chair, and I bought it so quick he looked unhappy because he didn't ask more. It will be delivered tomorrow, and that will be the biggest birthday I ever had. Now we've got a pair, and they're worth much more than they would be separately.

"What do I care for clothes? I'll stay at home, and sit in my lovely chairs, one on this side of the fireplace and one on that!"

"I see," said Nicholas. "Don't you think it's a little chilly in here?"

"Chilly," Bettina answered, "is exactly the right word!"

NICHOLAS was running true to form. If annoyed he invariably went downcellar.

"When he wishes he could shake his wife," thought Bettina, "he shakes the furnace."

As the peevish husband turned on the light, he saw Blimp, the popular lowdog, chewing on an unfamiliar piece of wood. When this was taken away from him, the delighted dog wagged himself violently, and darted through the narrow opening into Braddy's warehouse. In a moment he came back, dragging a burlap bag. The idea seemed to be that he could bring things as fast as Nicholas could confiscate them.

Nicholas took his flashlight and squeezed

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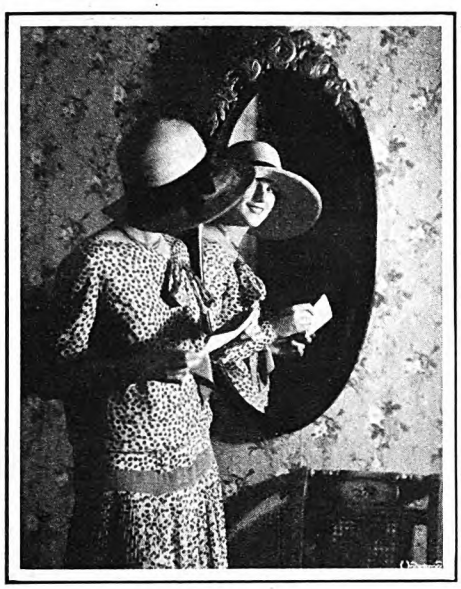

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"Then one day it dawned upon me that it was a matter of clothes. I was timid because of my cheap, ill-fitting clothes, while she was confident, knowing she looked her best. She was going forward and I was standing still.

"And so, Margaret Clarke, it was a happy day when I joined our Club. My wardrobe isn't overstocked, but thanks to you and The Pin Money Club, I can afford better-looking clothes and more of them than my present salary could buy for me.

"I've been getting along famously in my office work, too. Again I must say you gave me my start, and I am so thankful!"

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himself into the private quarters. There was an orange box full of astonishing things. He looked down upon this treasure chest, thought deeply, then lifted it over into the light and summoned Bettina to witness the exhibition.

"See what your son has done with the three dollars I gave him. There's the child of an antique fiend for you. Take a look at that lovely bunch of junk!"

Bettina took, as requested, a look, and the first thing she saw was a piece of cardboard bearing the penciled words: "Hapy Berthday for Mother."

"Bless his darling heart!" said Bettina. "I never was anything special extra at spelling, either."

"I don't think you realize how serious this is."

"Maybe I don't understand. Did you give him the money for some specific thing—as you did me?"

"N-no. I told him to use his own judgment, but—"

"Well, he did. It was a poor thing, but his own. He thought this rubbish would please me. He's imitative, collective, secretive—all absolutely normal for his age. What's the idea of the iron cream pitcher?" She took this filthy object in her hand and examined it gingerly.

"Probably that's what James made him pay a quarter for. Lon will have a fine story for the train to-morrow morning! I'll never hear the last of this. My pride in Braddy will be hurt."

"Sometimes I think your pride could do with a little hurting!"

"You know what they'll think—if they're too polite to say it: Following in Mother's footsteps."

"YOU talk as if I were given to drink or something." Bettina was rubbing the bottom of the possible cream pitcher, trying to find out what it was made of. "I'd rather have Braddy throw away his money for trash like this than for *eating* trash. You'll notice *he* didn't go to bed with a stomach ache. He was chivalrous, and gave his to a girl. . . . This thing might not be so terrible if it was cleaned up. Maybe it's pewter—it's rather heavy. I wish there could be one thing in this terrible mess that I could honestly praise!"

"Dear, I want you to do one thing for me." There was an unusual note of firmness in Nicholas's voice. "You say that pair of Windsor chairs is valuable. Let's sell them both. I'd like to be able to prove to others that your knowledge of period furniture has a commercial value. We need the money, anyway. Then buy yourself some nifty clothes, and we'll live in the twentieth century for a while. Are you on?"

"I'm on," said Bettina bravely. "I'll let Kessler find a buyer. He has more nerve about asking high prices than I have."

"You're an angel to do this!"

"I don't mind—I mean, not v-very much. Braddy's antiques will console me. Now put 'em back, so he'll never know we peeked."

Thus happiness returned to the head of the house of Sillinger. Nicholas did not know that his wife ran her hands lovingly over the velvety surface of the fanback Windsor, and looked with a sinking heart at the place across the fireplace where its duplicate was to have stood.

Nicholas came home the next night bearing a box of roses in honor of the day. Bettina wore a new gown, which was duly pronounced "nifty."

"You don't mean you sold your antique already?"

"No; not exactly; but Kessler gave me an advance on it."

"That's splendid!" He now looked at his scrubbed and polished son and heir. "Well, Brad, I hear you went on a tear yesterday."

Braddy looked at Mother in a way that implied secret diplomacy.

"Ever'body got well," he said. "Nobody died—Tilly or anybody!"

The boy's eyes strayed toward the fireplace, and were quickly averted. The observing father followed the look. Now his face showed astonishment, concern.

"Why, that's the new chair! Don't they look fine—the two of them? Only I understood—"

"It's a grand story," Bettina answered, as she opened her box of flowers; "but we think it ought to be served with dinner, don't we, late American lowboy?"

Braddy's eyes, arms, legs, and yellow curls danced with excitement.

"Now it can be told," said Bettina, when the time seemed ripe. "Braddy's present to me was a box full of quite nice things he bought from the boys. The best-looking object was a tarnished old pitcher he got from James Jameson.

"I started cleaning it with a toothbrush, and I found a mark on the bottom—a jiggly rectangle with the letters, 'P.R.' inside. Then I got excited and went to see Master Jim-Jams. At first it was hard to get anything out of him, because he thought I wanted our quarter back; and there wasn't any quarter—'it was all et.'"

"Yes, his father joshed me about that," Nicholas interrupted. "They all had a good deal of fun over me, especially when I lost fifty-eight cents at auction."

"Just wait till you hear. James finally confessed that he had found the thing in the public dump heap where the boys were digging a cave. There are some foundation stones there, so a house must have stood on that lot once."

"It's been a dumping ground as long—"

"Oh, *please* keep still, Daddy!" begged the excited boy.

"So all hands agreed that the thing, whatever it was, belonged to us fair and square, and we took it to Milltown with us, because we had to take the chair to Kessler. He said, yes indeed, he could get a fine price for the pair; gave me back my hundred dollars on account.

"THEN I showed him the pitcher thing, and he lost interest in chairs. He said it might be very important and could he work on it for an hour or so? Braddy and I went to Marie's and tried on dresses—I mean half of us did.

"When we got back to Kessler's you'd have thought we were the Queen of Sheba and Son. He had cleaned up and tested the cream pitcher, and made an enormous discovery. It is a missing piece in a famous set. The Metropolitan Museum has the teapot and sugar bowl, and there's a standing order with all dealers for the pitcher. It was made by Paul Revere, and it is probably an absolutely unique design.

"Kessler will put the thing through for

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us, and our share of the loot—grab your father, Braddy!— The noble house of Sillinger will get fifteen hundred dollars!

"Play that over on your cash register, old gold-digger!"

"Oh, Braddyboy," said Nicholas fervently. "You Napoleon of Finance!" Finally he was able to speak coherently again. "The things I'll say to Lon Jameson!"

"No doubt you'll make yourself obnoxious. Braddy and I have nicer natures. We're going to give a big party to all the children who helped him yesterday, and ruin their tummies some more."

"It's rather too bad you have to sell the thing," said Nicholas grandly.

"Not at all. It's a museum piece—it has no business in a mere home. What do you suppose was the first thing Braddy said when we heard the glad news. 'Now, Mother, you can take home your awf'ly-good-looking fanback Windsors!'

"And there they are, sitting pretty by the fireplace. The new one has a cardboard tag, 'Hapy Berthday for Mother.' Of course we owe Kessler a hundred dollars; but what's a hundred dollars to people of our means?"

"Nothing whatever," said Nicholas loftily.

"Nothing whatever!" said the late American lowboy.

My Adventures in Broadcasting Sporting Events

(*Continued from page 47*)

in that game I made some reference to the well-worn joke about Pittsburgh being a smoky town, and referred to the way in which my collar got soiled. I got many a letter calling me to terms for casting this aspersion upon the fair name of Pittsburgh and a room full of collars from various sources—all sizes, by the way.

It is not merely one's interpretation of the rules and one's pronunciation and choice of words that must be watched. Out there, in that huge radio audience, are experts on everything in the world. At one game played in St. Louis, during a lull I noticed a flock of birds flying south over the field. I mentioned this fact, saying that a flock of ducks was flying south in V-formation. A letter came promptly from Sherrill, New York, saying:

I am writing you to put you wise for future use. You said that a flock of ducks was flying south, and shortly after you said they were flying in V-shape. Now, this is what I want to put you wise to: Wild geese fly in V-shape, but ducks any old way. The one at the point of the V is the leader, and the rest go where he does. So those were geese, not ducks.

Thus, I am picking up all sorts of miscellaneous information.

The hardest baseball game I ever broadcast was one that was never played. In the series between Washington and Pittsburgh, the last game was to be played in Pittsburgh. The teams stood tied, and this seventh game was to decide the series. The day opened dull and threatening. A drizzling rain fell at intervals. But the crowd came—forty-five thousand strong.

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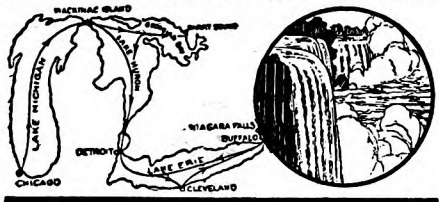

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Fifteen minutes before the game was scheduled to begin, I went on the air. The radio audience wants to hear what is happening as the players warm up and as the celebrities file in.

Those fifteen minutes are by far the most difficult part of the program, for the game furnishes its own material for broadcasting. But this day, just about the time I started at the microphone, the rain came down. Newspaper men scurried out of the press boxes. But I had to stay at the mike, which was completely exposed.

Meantime, Judge Landis sat in his box imperturbable, grim, sweeping the field, the air, the heavens with his eyes, undecided whether or not to call the game off. With that huge crowd of fans present, with everybody keyed up for the last game, and the players and attendants worn out, he did not want to postpone the game unless he had to.

Meantime, I stood there in the rain, soaked to the skin, talking, talking endlessly as the minutes wore on, running out of material constantly, yet forced to stand my ground and keep feeding talk to the great listening audience of the air.

AT THE end of an hour and ten minutes, Judge Landis called the game off, and I sent a fervent prayer of thanks to heaven I don't know what I would have done to keep that talk going had it not been for Nick Altrock and Al Schacht, the two famous comedians of the Washington club. In spite of the rain, they kept up their clowning, and I was able to relay their monkey-shines to the radio audience. That day Nick Altrock did the most comical thing I have ever seen him pull. While the rain was coming down and the field was a sea of mud, he got down on his stomach at second base and swam to third. After the game, I got this letter from him:

Mr. Gramm, dear sir and etc: I want to thank you for broadcasting me on your radio set, as I have never been broadcasted before and didn't realize what a pleasure it was. Mr. Christy Walsh told me about you broadcasting me and I was astonished as I thought that I would have to be present at the time. However, it is a great pleasure to know that there are people who take interest in me without my consent.

Me and my partner, Al Schacdt, which is a name you spell the best way you can, are both deeply grateful, but I think I am more considerate. Al and me both worked hard to amuse those forty-five thousand people who had been sitting in the rain for three hours waiting for the sun to do something bright. And I guess we certainly made them all laugh. I thought that Judge Landis would fall out of his seat when I was swimming from second to third base.

I want to repeat that I want to thank you again in the first place. My partner, which is still Al Schacdt, also wants to thank you, if possible.

If there is anything we can do for you, just notify us at the earliest opportunity, and we will give the matter deliberate consideration.

Yours on the dotted baseline.
(Signed) Nicholas Altrock.

.....
(Newspaper co-respondent and Man of Letters)

What was the most exciting baseball game I ever broadcast? I think the listeners-in will agree with me that the last inning of the last game of the last World's Series carries off the palm for breathless excitement. You will recall that the New York Yankees had defeated the Pittsburgh Pirates three straight games. If they won the fourth, that would not only end the series but would blank the Pittsburgh team. The fourth game was played in New York, and 60,000 fans went to the Yankee Stadium confident that Miller Huggins's mighty machine would put the final crusher on the visitors that day. Gamblers were betting 20 to 1 that the Yankees would win.

Now, when the Yankees went to the bat in the last half of the ninth inning, the score stood three to three—a tie. Two of the Pittsburgh pitchers had blown up, and the last hope of the desperate Pirates, John Miljus, was in the box. Miljus had been a minor-league pitcher for ten years. He had finally squeezed into the big league, but the breaks had been against him. He started on the Brooklyn team and failed. Now he was with the Pirates, and was put in the box after all the stars had been humbled. The first man at the bat for the Yanks in the ninth was Combs and he got to first base on a little single. Koenig followed, also making first on a fumble.

Then the great Babe Ruth strode to the plate. A homer now would end the series in a blaze of glory. But the Pirate captain stepped from the dug-out and signaled Miljus to pitch four balls to Ruth—to walk him. A growl of anger at this rumbled from the crowd. That filled the bases—Combs on third, Koenig on second, Ruth on first. And nobody out.

It looked as if the show was all over as the giant figure of Lou Gehrig loomed at the plate. Here were the bases full, a third-string pitcher on the mound, and one of the greatest batters in baseball facing him. Gehrig had made more runs that season than any man in baseball history. But in a few moments the crowd was electrified as it saw the mighty Lou strike out. Next came Meusel. Meusel is a giant. He has a long record of home runs. He had not done very much in the series and was due for a hit. A little single would have ended the game. Meusel might even knock a homer. And then, while the great crowd held its breath, the big minor-league pitcher struck Meusel out. The stands were shaken by the mighty shout that swept over them. The whole situation had changed—the bases full, two out, the end of the ninth. Every nerve had tightened. It looked now as if Miljus might hold them. And then came to the plate Lazzeri—another home-run hitter.

THIS game was being played in New York. The huge stands were jammed with New York rooters. A few minutes before, they were howling for the blood of the audacious Pirates. But now, in a trice, the mood of the vast throng had changed. The heart of every man, woman, and child in those stands went out to that solitary figure on the mound—that big, hulking pitcher, kicked about the big league, and now standing upon the very threshold of undying fame in baseball. These old human hearts of ours can be very selfish and narrow and small upon occasion, but how they can spring open in a burst of generosity when they are touched by some big human dramatic force!

Now the New Yorkers wanted the Pittsburgher Miljus to fan the New York Lazzeri. Miljus wound up upon the mound. The pitch was coming. A silence as of the grave fell upon the multitude.

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The infield moved farther out for the heavy-hitting Lazzeri. Miljus, with his whole soul in the pitch, the opportunity of a whole life in his grasp, lurched in a tremendous effort, and the ball flew from his hand. Suddenly it swerved. A groan rolled out of the stands. It was a wild pitch. The catcher leaped frantically for it. But it sped past him. The next instant Combs raced over the plate. For a moment the crowd was dazed. Miljus stood rooted to the box.

A wild pitch!

It was a pitiful, harrowing, heart-crushing anti-climax to one of the greatest moments in baseball.

How I called those plays I do not know. I only know that my own breath was almost shut off with the excitement of that dramatic moment. Strange! It is only play. It is only a game. What does it matter? Nothing much, perhaps. But down in the bottom of all our hearts is the hunger for romance and adventure—a romance of that old yearning which used to carry us out of ourselves as kids. And out there in the baseball field, or in the boxing arena, instants like this rush upon us, sweeping us out of ourselves, lifting us out of the drab, uninteresting level upon which we habitually walk. Moments that carry us along with the players in the field, or the fighters in the ring to the dizzy heights of some great moment.

THE most exciting fight event ever broadcast was undoubtedly the Dempsey-Firpo fight. I did not do the broadcasting in that extraordinary battle. It was done by Major Andrew White. But I sat with him and assisted. I cannot possibly express in words the height to which my own excitement rose. That vast throng around the ring was in a state of utter delirium. At the end of the first round, in which Firpo was knocked down seven times and Dempsey himself was knocked clean out of the ring by the giant Argentinian, newspaper men, veterans of scores of ring battles, went almost insane. As for me, my heart was thumping at my breast until I thought it would rend my ribs. And in the midst of it all, the voice of Andrew White went resolutely on describing the terrific encounter and its events as they crowded across our vision.

I take my hat off to Major White!

I want to take this opportunity to impress upon radio fans the difference between "announcing" a program and "announcing" a fight or ball game. The latter is strictly not announcing at all, but a new kind of reporting, in which the announcer must send out his description, hot and hurried, as the events sweep before his eyes.

He has no time for preparation. He has practically no time for thought. The punches crash over, fists fly; the ball flashes, the player speeds down to his base; the football team, after a hurried huddle, forms and in an instant crashes into its opponents.

All these things happen in a twinkling. They flash upon the eye of the announcer, and his tongue must translate the dramatic action into dramatic words which reproduce the scene to listeners thousands of miles away, sitting in quiet dining-rooms and libraries. I get reproached for mistakes by the fans after such a bit of reporting. I know I make them. One of

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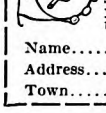

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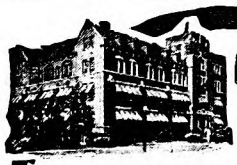

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the uncanny feelings of the broadcaster is the sudden, swift realization of a mistake almost the instant he makes it. In my own case, my impulse is to dive into the microphone and pull it back. But the broadcaster's mistake, once over, has passed on forever.

The first time I was ever called on to do this kind of broadcasting was at the Greb-Wilson fight. Wilson was the middle-weight champion. Greb was the challenger. I went out to both camps to visit the fighters and prepare myself for the ensuing ordeal. It is interesting to note that in one of these camps I found a young chap training to take part in one of the preliminaries. He was Jack Delaney, who later became light heavy-weight champion of the world.

The great event took place at the Polo Grounds in New York. At the appointed time, I took my place at the ringside. And there I had an experience very much like one which happened to a little office boy in our studio. We were to have Cardinal Hayes of New York in an address. This little chap was a devout Catholic, and he was very much impressed at the prospect of seeing and meeting a real live cardinal. He was told at home that the Catholic on meeting a cardinal kneels and kisses the ring of His Eminence. Well, this little fellow practiced faithfully what he was to do when he was presented to the great prelate. That night, Cardinal Hayes was sitting in the studio, surrounded by his retinue, when the little office boy was brought in to meet him. The kid sidled shyly over, and when the cardinal put out his hand, the boy quickly grabbed it, shook it timidly, blurted, "Hello, Father," and fled from the room.

At the Greb-Wilson fight, I was sitting at the ringside, the microphone beside me. Suddenly someone put the microphone into my hand and said, "Mac, you're on the air." Then I started talking. And after a while it was all over and a new middle-weight champion had been crowned. But what I said, or how I said it, I can never tell.

AT a big sporting event, one of the problems is to keep out of the microphone the things we don't want in it. In a studio we can control every whisper. But at a baseball park, football game, prize fight, or other big public event, the announcer is usually jammed in among a crowd of persons, each intent upon his own reactions. And at a fight or game, some excited fan is apt to give vent to his feelings in strong language which would not sound very pretty over the air. A little wire runs from the microphone, terminating in a small button. A slight pressure on this button shuts the mike off and on. Like most announcers, I carry the end of this wire and its button in my pocket, with my finger ready for instant action. If anything occurs, or any thoughtless conversation crackles around me, a slight movement of the finger—and it is shut off. This will account to the reader for occasional little momentary breaks during such an event. The announcer gets so that he works this little button almost unconsciously.

Every now and then the radio audience hears the roar of the crowd. This is accomplished as follows: A cluster of large microphones is arranged at the neutral corners of the ring. Pointing in all directions, microphones gather in the bellows of the crowd. They also can be shut off and on at will. And so, whenever the announcer wants to send out the applause or cheers, the glee or the wrath of the big throng, he merely switches on the noise microphones. These may be switched on full, or they may be used to filter in a low rumble, forming a realistic background for the exciting story the announcer is sending out to his listeners.

The radio audience always likes to hear from the principals in a fight or ball game. But this is not always an easy stunt to pull off. Like most other persons, these fighters and ball players fight shy of the mike. Many a time I have called one over to say a word or two to the unseen audience, only to have him struck dumb—paralyzed with mike fever when the little tin instrument was put before him.

THE most completely disturbed man I ever saw before a microphone was Paul Berlenbach, who was middle-weight champion at the time. We had him come up to the studio to make a little talk. He sat there like a fighter in his corner waiting to go into a scrap that meant certain disaster. Berlenbach is a very courageous fellow. I have seen him sitting in his corner gazing placidly across the ring at a powerful adversary who in a few moments planned to knock him cold.

The little tin mike did what no ring opponent had ever been able to do. It completely unnerved Paul. The perspiration stood out on his forehead as he waited to be introduced. He would get up and pace up and down the studio. If he had had to wait much longer, I do not know what would have happened to him. And when he started to speak, he was almost dumb.

A good many people have said that the fights over the radio are frequently more exciting than they are in the ring. I am afraid the radio audience has been a little spoiled by the Dempsey battles. That extraordinary, colorful, smashing battler manufactures drama in a ring faster than an announcer can feed it into the mike.

It is not so with all fighters, or even with all champions. I broadcast the elimination fights through which Mr. Tex Rickard selected Gene Tunney's opponent in his coming battle. And they were not very exciting affairs. The attitude of the radio audience and that of the audience at the ringside toward an interesting fight is quite different. The crowd around the ring gets its fight spectacle directly from the fighters. If the contest is slow and unexciting, the spectators blame the fighters. But the radio audience blame the announcer.

As an instance of how the radio announcer gets blamed for what happens in an event he is reporting, I recall the World's Series game in which the pitcher walked Babe Ruth four times. Baseball fans resented that. They said it wasn't playing the game. It wasn't sportsmanship. And they seemed to feel that it was all my fault. But of course I did not walk Babe. I enjoy seeing the bambino send the ball flying over the bleacher as much as anybody does. But I did have to announce what happened.

Just one thing more: In the old days, I used to go to prize fights as often as I could

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Barbara A. Vigue
Waterville, Maine

Mildred L. Still
Warsaw, Missouri

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to make somebody a present of a good flashlight. Man or woman, boy or girl, will find a hundred uses for it, indoors and out, daytime and night.

Of course I'd be choosey if I were making the present, and I'd be sure the one I gave was a genuine Eveready—loaded for darkness with genuine Eveready Batteries. That'd be my way of making *sure* that my gift was as trusty as it was good-looking.

afford it. And, of course, I could only afford a seat a very long way from the ringside. Now when I announce, I have a seat right at the ring with no one and nothing between me and the fighters. When Dempsey was knocked out of the ring by Firpo, he fell right into my lap.

Now, having seen fighting at close range and at long range, I want to say this: The man right at the ringside sees the fight, but the man far back hardly sees it at all. At a distance, one sees the arm swing and then hears the resounding rap of the glove, and the groans of the crowd at what is supposed to be a terrific wallop. But the man at the ringside knows that the blow meant nothing—that it was blocked by the other fighter. The little sharp, short, powerful blows delivered at close range, which do the real damage, are scarcely seen by the crowd at all.

A friend of mine went to the Dempsey-Firpo fight. His ticket cost twenty-five dollars. When the first round opened, he saw Dempsey rush out of his corner, a savage mix-up, and then Firpo go down. Then the crowd, in a delirium of excitement leaped to its feet, and my friend could not get sight of the ring again. When he got home, he learned from his family, listening in at the radio that Dempsey had been knocked out of the ring.

Now we are approaching another championship fight. And, of course, the personality of the champions dominates interest.

THIS is a good place to give a little piece of testimony I have never before been called on to offer, about a much-disputed incident: You remember that Tunney was knocked down by Dempsey in their second fight and was allowed a long count. Many have insisted that, had the count been correct, Tunney could not have arisen at the call of ten. Perhaps no one was nearer Tunney that night than I was. He was on the floor in a sitting posture. I was a few feet away outside the ring. My face was on a level with his. And I could look right into his eyes. When he first went down, his eyes were glassy. He was certainly stunned. But before the count had reached seven, his eyes had cleared. I saw them plainly. Reason, consciousness, was back on its throne. Fully aware of the situation, the champion looked to his corner for advice. I think there is no doubt that he would have got up if the count had gone on in the regular manner.

TEN years ago, when Irwin S. Chanin put up two little houses on less than the proverbial shoe string, folks called him crazy. To-day, he's spoken of as the Crœsus of Broadway. This young chap—he's only thirty-five—has built houses, stores, apartment and office buildings, war buildings, theatres, and hotels. Soon the largest hotel in the world, Chanin-built, will be rearing its fifty-two stories skyward. Next month, Mary B. Mullett makes Chanin's operations in the real-estate field read like a tale from the Arabian Nights. Geometry and "knowing when to stop" are two things to which he attributes his accomplishment; but, as you may guess, there are plenty of other things that remain to be told.

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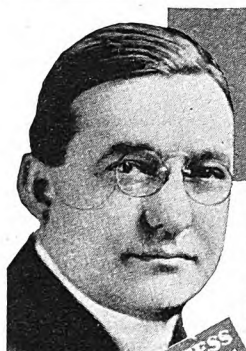

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Uncle Ephraim

(*Continued from page 56*)

the town council. He could have been mayor. From time to time, popular movements looking toward hoisting him into political office would crop up. But when they were brought to his attention, he would always put a stop to them with a slow, negative movement of his ponderous bald head, a puzzled, speculative look upon his face. Sometimes he would say: "No time!" And then point to an unfinished job upon his bench, and elaborate: "Work."

Just the same, he had his political influence—it was no infrequent thing for the City Fathers, as they were jocosely called, to adjourn a meeting in the town hall and call on Uncle Ephraim before making a decision.

I was present when he was asked his opinion as to whether the town should buy a chemical fire engine to replace the old hand-pumped affair which had been burned up in the last conflagration, and this time he spoke two words.

"Eph," said Clem Salters, who was the mayor at that time, "what's *your* judgment on this chemical proposition?"

Uncle Ephraim gazed at a shoe on which he had been lavishing the caresses of his art, ran his fond hand over the fine stitching which he had just completed, his profound, calm eyes beaming on the leather with immense satisfaction from under the great dome of his philosopher's head, and, without looking at Clem Salters, he murmured:

"Fine work."

Clem went away and bought the chemical engine, which proved a great success; and more laurels were added to Uncle Ephraim's flowering reputation.

THERE comes back to me, out of the fog of the years, many a gleaming recollection of the weighty affairs that Uncle Ephraim was forever settling in our town.

There was the Cheevey case, for instance. When the Rev. Mr. Cheevey, one of the ministers, who had been a widower for three years, thought of marrying again, his congregation quite naturally took sides on the matter. Mr. Cheevey could scarcely have hoped that in a community so eager for his welfare, and so full of willingness to be helpful to him in all the details of his achieving it, such an important matter as his second marriage could remain his own private affair.

It was, indeed, a widely public matter within twenty-four hours after he had hesitantly spoken of his intentions to one of the deacons. Some people said at once that it showed disrespect to the memory of his late wife, and to her family; she had been a favorite socially and the daughter of the town's principal banker. Others said that it was all right for Mr. Cheevey to marry again, but that he should marry a girl from his own congregation instead of this lady from a neighboring town whose father was reputed to be a freethinker, and who was said to have expressed herself publicly as having no intention whatever of teaching a Bible class.

There were several weeks of discussion, during which poor Mr. Cheevey may well

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have wondered whether he was going to be able to call his soul his own, ever again. And then the matter was laid before Uncle Ephraim. By that time it had actually become confused, somehow, with a school election which was about to be held. One candidate for trustee, I believe, said that Mr. Cheevey should not marry again, and the other took the radical position that it was exclusively a matter for Mr. Cheevey to decide.

Uncle Ephraim solved the whole problem with a sigh. Perhaps it was construed as a sigh at the thought of young love balked and frustrated; at any rate, a kindlier note prevailed from that moment. Mr. Cheevey, with this Ephraimic endorsement, married the lady of his choice, who made him a good wife, raised up seven creditable children, gave incontrovertible proof that her father was not a freethinker after all, became herself a social favorite, and joined with grace and zeal in all the more uplifting communal activities of the place.

MR. EMIL HOSTETTER, on the strength of one of Uncle Ephraim's grunts, bought several acres of land at the edge of town, and two years later sold it at a very good profit indeed to the promoters of a new branch line railroad.

Mrs. Josie Clemmens, whose husband had been all but completely alcoholized for a quarter of a century, called on Uncle Ephraim, and with many tears put the case before him. On the strength of a sneeze and the eloquent lift of a bushy left eyebrow, she departed from his shop and put an advertisement in the "Weekly Banner" to the effect that she had left James Clemmens's bed and board forever, and would no longer be responsible for any debts contracted by him; after which she started a boarding-house, hired a sturdy negress to cook and keep Mr. Clemmens away with a broom, and began to prosper in a modest way.

I went in to see him on a matter of my own one day, when I was still a young fellow. I have forgotten now what it was exactly—one of those knotted perplexities of youth which seem so impossible to unravel at the time, and which uncoil themselves with such amusing facility a few years later.

And I somehow got the impression, as Uncle Ephraim sewed and chewed and gazed at me with the wide eyes from beneath the great Socratian dome, that he was perhaps a bit stupid, on that day at least; maybe the notion came to me because I got from him nothing that I could construe as an endorsement of my own unconsciously preconceived intention. But, at that time, I did not trust my feeling that he might be stupid; the town and the countryside were thoroughly convinced of his wisdom, and so, of course, I must be wrong.

And yet, from that day skepticism with regard to Uncle Eph began to undermine my faith. I began to observe him, with the growing thought that maybe he was not Solomon after all. Then I was away from the town for some years. Shortly after I came back, as luck would have it, I stumbled upon the secret of his reputation for wisdom; it was on the evening of the day that he was sixty-five years old that I made my discovery.

A great number of his friends had given

Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!

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him a birthday party, a "surprise" party engineered with the connivance of his excellent and voluble wife, who was as great a believer as anybody in his prophetic vision. It was late of a summer evening; the festivities were over, the guests had all departed, his wife had gone to bed, and Uncle Ephraim and I sat together in the bright moonlight on the front veranda of his home.

He was pleased. He was touched. The moon beamed down on him, on his great round face and lordly gleaming head, and he beamed back at the moon. His friends and neighbors had given him a big gold-headed cane, and engraved with many flourishes in the gold was the legend: "Speech is silver, but silence is golden."

The Rev. Mr. Cheevey had made the speech of presentation, the same Mr. Cheevey whose happiness he had assured aforetime, and Mrs. Cheevey had been there beaming matronly upon him; and the city council and the mayor were there; the plush parlor had been full of those who had profited in one way or another by his benignant thoughtfulness, and many of them had remarked how like he was to the steel engraving of Benjamin Franklin over the mantelpiece, only Uncle Ephraim was wiser looking.

Mr. Cheevey's speech had been a graceful one; he told Uncle Ephraim how much he meant to the community; how much he had meant for decades past; how his kindly counsel and sage advice had been the dependence and the refreshment of his grateful fellow-citizens. Uncle Ephraim's speech in reply had been characteristically laconic; he had said:

"Huh? Thanks."

NEVERTHELESS, he was pleased; pleased and touched. And now, after the party, as we sat on the porch together he held up the cane and caressed its gold head.

"Fine work," he said.

I took advantage of this rarely loquacious mood. I deliberately tried to draw him out.

"Uncle Eph," I said, "I don't know anyone who better deserves such a tribute as you received to-night."

"Huh?" said he.

I repeated my remark.

"Oh," he said. And then, apologetically: "I'm a little deef."

"You are?" This was news to me, and I had known him all my life. It struck me suddenly that perhaps it might be news to most of his friends and neighbors. I wondered.

"How long have you been a little deaf, Uncle Ephraim?"

"Forty years." Then, after a pause: "Sorry I couldn't quite ketch all Mr. Cheevey said."

"Do you mean to say that you didn't understand that he was speaking of all the good counsel and advice you have been giving people all your life, and the influence for good you have been?"

"Yeah. Heard that stuff. What'd he mean?"

This was getting more and more interesting to me.

"See here, Uncle Ephraim, don't you realize that you've got the reputation in this town for being a regular Solomon?"

He turned his large head toward me, and the bright moonlight shone into his serene, considering eyes.

"Who? *Me?*" he said.

There could be no doubt that his surprise was quite genuine.

"What else," I said, "do you suppose they pulled that party for and gave you this cane?"

"They *like* me," he said, contentedly. "I do good work! Make good shoes! Mind my own business!"

I persisted: "Don't you know that this town hangs breathless on your words—even on your grunts and winks—and lives and marries, dies and buries, buys and sells, on your advice?"

He stared in silence for a full minute, and then he ejaculated:

"Well, I swan!"

And again there was no doubt that he was really astonished.

"Why do you think people come to your shop and tell you all their troubles and problems?" I asked him.

"OFTEN wondered!" said Uncle Ephraim. "Wondered for *years!* Always thought I'd *ask* sometime!"

He was silent, and then he gave one of his infrequent chuckles.

"Never listen to 'em, much," he said. "But at that, I guess I ketch a good deal more of what they're sayin' than the dern fools think I do. They think I'm deefer'n I really am!"

"Uncle Ephraim," I said, "they don't know that you're deaf at all. Did you ever *tell* anyone but me that you are at all hard of hearing?"

He considered carefully for some moments, and then shook his head in negation.

"Do you really mean to tell me that you have never known that you have the reputation for being a sage?"

Again the negative movement of the great impressive head.

Determined to persist to the uttermost, I caught at a recent instance.

"See here," I said, "Lew Ballinger's daughter Emma ran away and married a stranger to her family last month, and he turned out to be a crook. Passed bad checks and was pinched on their bridal trip. Emma wanted to stick to him. Said she could reform him. Lew came to your shop wanting to know whether to let Emma try it or not, and you advised against it. And now she's home again. Don't you remember about all that?"

"Recollect Lew tellin' me somethin'," said Uncle Ephraim, indifferently. "Wasn't interested, much."

I supposed that he must have sighed or grunted, and that Lew had construed it the way he had wanted to construe it, really, deep down in his heart.

THERE was another silence on the front porch, and then Uncle Ephraim volunteered:

"Never been interested in other people's business. Mind my own."

"Why do you let people go on and on talking to you, then?"

"Not polite to interrupt," said Uncle Eph. "Don't have to listen, anyhow."

"Tell me, Uncle Ephraim," I begged, "what *are* you interested in?"

He got rid of a big chew of tobacco, and then said, simply:

"Leather!"

"But what do *you* think of, yourself, all the time these people are talking to you?"

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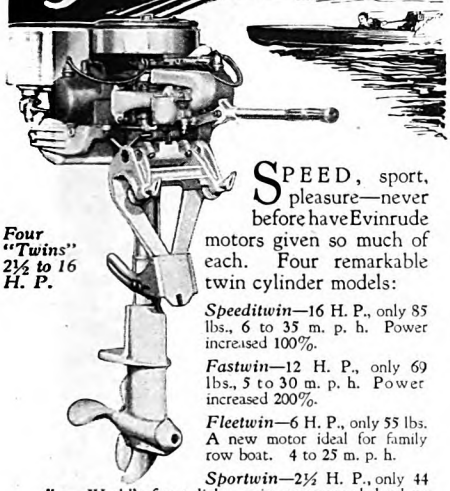
3 to 35 M.P.H.



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"Leather!" said Uncle Ephraim.

I looked at him and wondered. Presently he developed his theme with a wonderful flight of eloquence.

"I *always*," he said enthusiastically, "I *always* been interested in *leather!*"

"But you never talk about it much," I said. "You never talk about *anything!* That's one way you've got this great reputation for wisdom. Why don't you ever talk, Uncle Ephraim?"

And then came what I honestly believe to be the longest speech of Uncle Ephraim's life—his most extensive oratorical flight. Said he:

"Tobacco! Like tobacco. Can't chew and talk, the same time. Can't throw good chew away just for the sake of *saying things!* Nothin' to say worth throwin' away a good chew of tobacco for. Huh? Let 'em talk! I work. Mind my business. Don't answer. Don't always hear. Just work. Chew. Mind my business. Huh?"

And there it all was! The secret of the sage was out at last. I thought of the vast influence this man had exerted for forty years over the lives and destinies of hundreds of people, and I wondered at the world, and I wondered at human nature, and I wondered at the manner in which reputations are achieved.

JAMES LORD PRATT is a much-to-be-envied man. He has traveled the road to happiness and has found the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. Money? Not much, as worldly goods are counted these days! Work? Well, you're getting warmer. But you won't get *really* warm until you read the article about him next month. It is a piece of writing with a great lift to it.

The Story of the Great 101 Ranch

(*Continued from page 55*)

and calves. In Louisiana, Kansas, Arkansas, Texas, and in other states of the South and of the Southwest, and even down in Old Mexico, were other huge pasture lands under special lease for the purpose. Toward these scattered points the thousands from the Florida ranges moved by railroad.

In eight hundred cattle cars comprising thirty long trains they moved. Animals already prime for the market were segregated and sold in the stock yards of cities through which they routed—sold by the carload, at auction, and invariably at a profit. Ten thousand head were transported to Oklahoma, there to be pastured on Miller-owned land and later transformed into beef in Miller-owned slaughter houses. By the first day of June not one cow, steer, or calf of the original thirty-six thousand was left in Florida—a feat unexcelled, if ever equaled, in the history of American agriculture!

"Oh, but of course these Miller brothers really aren't *farmers!*" you will say. "They must be big business men backed by a million or two."

That is the most astonishing part of the tale. They actually *are* farmers! In Okla-

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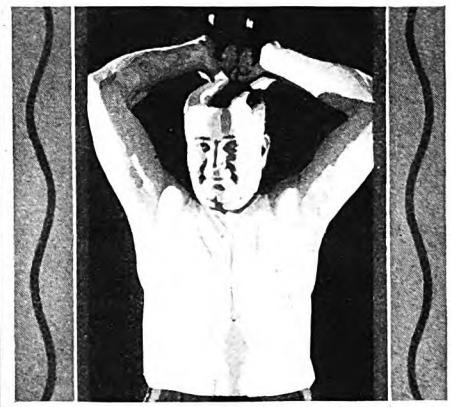
Wear a PAL



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homa you will hear that they are the foremost farmers of the world!

The farm called "101 Ranch" is a veritable agricultural kingdom. It comprises 110,000 acres that sprawl like patchwork over the Oklahoma plains in Kay, Noble, Osage and Pawnee counties. Here is an apple orchard that in 1927 produced a crop of 40,000 bushels, with not much more than a third of its acreage bearing; a corn field that yielded 150,000 bushels and wheat fields that average yearly 45,000 bushels of grain.

The miles of fences on this farm are numbered by the hundreds, its cattle and hog herds by the thousands. It maintains three hundred employees, four hundred and fifty work mules, a hundred brood mares, and a hundred cow ponies, all exclusive of stock used in the 101 Ranch Show, which I shall tell about later on. It grows everything, from the common farm products to figs and okra. I inspected packing houses wherein are dressed five hundred cattle and a thousand hogs a month; I saw oil wells supplying crude oil, and a refinery turning it into gasolene for tractors, engines, and power houses; I saw a farm on such a scale of magnificence that what I had previously regarded as big farms dwindled to the insignificance of back-yard gardens!

"When we began here," explained Zack Miller, "we figured it wasn't much harder to do things in a big way than it was to worry along in a small way. We figured it was no worse to fail big than to fail little; but ever so much better to *win* big."

THIS enormous enterprise grew out of a little mud hut in the prairie, when the rolling Oklahoma plains belonged to nobody; it grew out of failure and debt that would have crushed men less stalwart than the Millers; it grew before the driving force of men whose boldness and vision defied the strides of progress itself and guided them to their own ends; it grew by virtue of sheer might.

Zack Miller told me part of the story. Other parts of it I picked up about the ranch office, in newspaper files, and from an old-timer or two in Ponca City, which is nine miles by paved highway from "101" headquarters.

The 101 Ranch was originally what its name implies, a great cattle range made up of land leased from the Indians. It was late in 1871 that Colonel George W. Miller, founder of the ranch and father of the present owners, arrived in Springfield, Missouri, then the end of the railroad. He was a Kentuckian and his intended destination was California, to which he purposed to journey by covered wagon. Accompanying him were his wife and two-year-old son, Joe—Joseph C., eldest of the Miller brothers, who died a few months ago.

Southwestward struck this little caravan, which bore all of the possessions of the Millers. After leaving Missouri behind, it was Colonel Miller's intention to follow the Arkansas-Indian Territory border and then take the southern route to the Pacific coast. However, as they progressed westward, he kept scanning the vast prairie lands with a speculative eye. Here at his very feet was opportunity, while California was as yet even beyond the setting sun. This was cattle country, without cattle.

Winter was coming on. Miller pitched camp, held there by the charm of the prairie. He was a born trader and an opportunist, the kind of man who will go to town with a buckboard and pair of colts and return home with a spring wagon, a mare, and a couple of cows. There were settlers scattered not distant from his camp who had hogs they wished to dispose of, and Miller began to "swap" various possessions for hogs. That winter he converted the hogs into hams and bacon. As soon as spring set in, he set out with his cured meat for Texas, for there were cattle in Texas.

Reaching Fort Worth, Miller traded bacon for steers—Texas longhorns. Rapidly accumulating a small herd, he struck back with it over the Chisolm Trail, grazing his cattle as he went. This herd was the nucleus of the great 101 Ranch to be, and was so successfully marketed at Baxter Springs, Kansas, that Miller gave up all thought of California, and plunged into the cattle business.

HIS first ranch, located around what is now Miami, Oklahoma, was known as the "L-K." But as the railroad moved westward, Miller moved with it, establishing headquarters at Winfield, Kansas, and leasing lands in the famous old Cherokee Strip.

The "Strip" was a cattleman's paradise. Government-owned, in the very pathway of the Texas cattle trails over which tens of thousands of cattle moved northward to railroad yards, land in the "Strip" was to be leased for from two to five cents an acre per annum. The grass was rich. There was water. The winters were mild and the summers long. Not a fence stood in all of the "Strip," so that the vast herds could roam at will until the round-up.

It was in this country that Joe Miller, eldest of the brothers, was reared, and that Zack and George were born. They grew up in the cattle country as a cattleman's sons, schooled to ride, to rope, to brand, and to shoot. A hut made of sod was their earliest home; cowboys were their associates, the plains their life. It was the West of the old days, of the open range whereon buffalo roved in herds that blackened the prairie. They were reared as cowmen, and as pioneers.

In 1879 Colonel Miller adopted the "101" brand, and not far from what is now Ponca City reëstablished his ranch under that name. Even at that early date, he had visions of the ranch becoming a permanent institution that would not be wiped out by the westward march of settlement.

Cattlemen, as a class, had little use for the settler in those days. The settler disturbed the freedom of the range, brought boundary lines and fences, and insisted upon planting wheat and potatoes where nature had sown only grass. But instead of railing at the settler, Miller saw ahead to the time when the settler would rule the prairie, establish towns and counties there—and markets. The trader in him looked ahead.

When the first wire fence was built in the Cherokee Strip, in 1880, to enclose an extensive pasturage, it was Colonel Miller who built it. At the same time he began leasing lands along the Salt Fork River from the Ponca Indians, against the day when the Cherokee Strip would be thrown

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open by the Government to the homesteader. That day came in 1893. In a single day the homesteaders, like locusts, swarmed over the "Strip" lands and swallowed them. But on the banks of the Salt Fork, 101 Ranch was a fact.

It was a ranch, however, and not a farm. The Miller business exclusively was cattle. They did not own a blade of wheat or a stalk of corn. Agriculture to them was an unknown science.

That same year came a business panic. A great commission house in Kansas City failed, the house that had acted as agent for Colonel Miller in all of his cattle transactions. He had had a three-hundred-thousand-dollar credit on the books of this house, money due him for cattle sold. At one stroke this credit was wiped out. It was discovered, also, that various notes, held by Eastern banks, which the agents should have paid off out of the credit account, had not been paid. 101 Ranch was not only penniless but it was deeply in debt, and it was a "panic year."

"The Eastern bankers sent in men who took all of our cattle," Zack Miller told me. "They took everything but the cripples and the runts. When they got through, all we had left was eighty-eight old horses and a handful of cows. We were as flat as the prairie."

Joe, the eldest brother, was twenty-four years old at this time, and Zack was sixteen. Young as they were, the two boys already were the chief lieutenants of their father. The third brother, George, was only ten years old and not to take his place until later. The crisis marked the older boys' entrance into the management of the ranch.

THAT winter, in order to get money enough to carry them through until spring, they sold their few remaining cows to the Indians. During the long winter evenings they sat about the fire and planned. They had the old horses and their acres of leased prairie land as yet untouched by the plow. Homesteaders had proved the fertility of that prairie land.

And in the course of those conferences around the fire, the idea of a great farm was born. It was not to be the usual type of farm of a few hundred acres; no, it was to be a regal successor to the cattle ranch. Their herds had numbered thousands of head. Why could not their crops mount to thousands of bushels? It required no more knowledge to plow and plant a thousand acres in wheat than it did to plant a hundred, or ten!

They needed implements and seed grain, and money which would supply both; but they had reputation. It was known in those parts that the Miller word was good, that they paid what they owed, if not in this year then in the next, or next. When winter broke in 1894, the needed plows were ready, the seed grain was on hand, and workmen waiting. Old Colonel Miller himself stuck the nose of the first plow into the dirt.

There was no time to prepare a variety of crops. In one grand gamble with soil and season they planted wheat. Yet it was not a blind gamble, for wheat had already proved itself the king of crops of the West.

The wheat came up, almost five thousand acres of it. By June the harvest was under way, and never before had there

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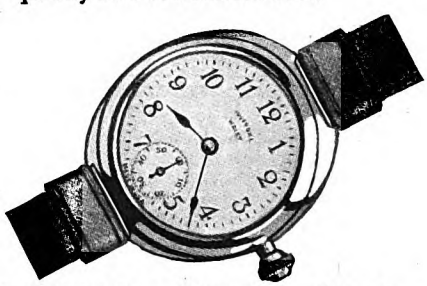

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been such a harvest in that new country. The prairie acres yielded 70,000 bushels of wheat—and wheat at Chicago was $1.20 a bushel!

The story of that wheat harvest, the story of those Florida cattle, both are typical of the Millers and of how they built. From the very beginning they have thought in terms of thousands and tens of thousands. Their rise is the logical child of their vision.

The Millers have not been afraid to venture. When they have lost, they have tried again. If I can make you understand that spirit, and it is a spirit of boldness, I can make you understand the growth of 101 Ranch as a farm.

WHEN Colonel Miller died, in 1903, not one acre that he left to his three sons was owned. To-day, Zack and George own 45,000 of the 110,000 they operate. The vast orchards were planted by the brothers; the modern farm buildings were erected by them; they built the slaughter and packing houses, put up hundreds of miles of fences, and introduced power machinery. They established herds of blooded cattle, added a variety of new crops, initiated scientific methods in every department of the farm, and began systematic experiments in an effort to improve upon what they had. The farm's greatest growth, in a word, dates from 1903, and is still in progress.

To trace this growth in detail would require the space of a book. What I sought, and got, were some of its high lights, typical of the whole. One of the most striking of these, and best illustrative of the character of these brothers, is the story of the Miller tannery.

They had put their packing house in operation, and soon a huge accumulation of raw hides was on hand. The price offered for these by tanners seemed to the Millers to be too low, as compared to the price for finished hides. They said, "We'll tan our own hides."

A tannery was built close to the packing house. A cyclone swept it away, leaving only the foundations behind. They immediately built a second tannery at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. It had been in operation only a short period when it was destroyed by fire. On the very next day following the fire, a third tannery building started to rise out of the ruins, and this time fate let it stand. Its vats were filled, its boilers fired, and raw hides began to move through the tanning processes that converted them into leather. Then came the third blow, and hardest: tanned hides, which had been selling at fifty cents a pound, dropped to three cents a pound, much less than it was costing the Millers to tan them.

Beaten? Not these brothers. Away down in Austin, Texas, a wholesale harness house went bankrupt. The news was carried to Zack Miller as a passing bit of gossip. He took the next train to Austin and bought the bankrupt business, lock, stock, and barrel. To friends, the act seemed little short of insanity.

"You've got a tannery on hand that's losing money," they argued. "Now you up and buy a harness house that experienced harness men couldn't make go. You've gone loco."

"Looks that way, sure enough," agreed Zack, and began to move the harness-making equipment of the bankrupt business up from Austin to the tannery, which was jammed with unsold hides. There, on the second floor, he set up a harness shop.

Next, he brought from Austin employees of the smashed concern who were skilled in the art of harness-making. He showed them the stacks of finished hides. "Go ahead," he directed, "and turn this stuff into saddles and sets of harness."

A cowboy is particular about his saddle. He likes it to be the best that he can buy. Zack Miller had his Austin workmen turn out saddles to order; he had them turn out work harness. Men came in from more than a hundred miles distance to get saddles made, and they went home with harness, hams, bacon, flour, all their conveyances would carry. Then the ill-fated tannery burned a second time; but this time the Millers did not rebuild. They had sold the Austin stocks, and also had disposed of their hides, as well as thousands of dollars' worth of farm products.

THEN there is the story of how the vast orchards of "101" came into being. Two years after the brothers fell into possession of the property, Joseph Miller, one day, was in Winfield, Kansas, on business. An acquaintance told him of two carloads of young apple trees standing unclaimed on the railroad siding, awaiting a buyer.

"Where's the owner?" inquired Miller.

"Oh, a nurseryman got over-enthusiastic and had the trees shipped in here, with the intention of peddling them out to farmers," it was explained. "Now he can't pay the freight charges due. Anybody who wants apple trees can buy the whole lot for the freight bill, a cost of about two cents a tree."

The trees already had stood on the siding for several days. Miller promptly bought the trees. He was willing to do what others were not—to wait out the years until these nursery trees would be old enough to bear.

The young trees were rushed to the ranch, and fifty men put to work setting them out, as there was danger that further delay might result in the loss of the whole purchase. In the general mix-up, the trees also had become mixed, so Miller had to plant them regardless of variety, as they came from the cars. When the job was completed he had one hundred and sixty acres of trees.

That was twenty-two years ago. Of the original planting, about 6,000 trees, covering a hundred acres, stand today. Thirteen years ago they gave their first yield, amounting to $3,000. Since then, $170,000 worth of apples have been picked from this orchard. Its mixed varieties bear fruit from June to November. And additional to this orchard, another of 170 acres has been planted, and in a year or two also will be bearing. The Millers value the original orchard at $100,000.

A third orchard of 175 acres is devoted exclusively to experimental purposes. No two trees in this orchard are of the same kind. One great project has already been an outgrowth of it, a tract of 50,000 black walnut trees.

I saw fig trees, English walnuts and persimmons bearing at "101," products of this experimental orchard. Zack Miller plucked a fig from a tree and talked of the fig orchard that was to be planted in this soil, where nobody but Joe Miller believed

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figs would grow. "They show that anything is worth trying within reason, regardless of how much cold water the experts throw," he said.

Zack Miller took me onto the prairie and showed me one of the strangest cattle herds on this earth. Originally, those great expanses of flat country had belonged to the buffalo. Unattended by man, the buffalo herds had flourished and grown to number millions. The buffalo was hardy, a meat animal, the native of the place chosen by Nature herself. The Millers conceived the idea of perpetuating the virtues of the buffalo in a new breed of cattle.

So, after careful selection, they crossed the buffalo bull with the common range cow. To-day they have two hundred of the new cattle, thriving and increasing, the beginning of a herd.

The success of this "cross" led to an even odder one. One of the banes of the cattleman is drought. "Could such a thing as a drought-resisting cattle breed be produced?" asked the Millers. In some parts of the world such breeds existed, but it was impracticable to import them in numbers. It was decided to import a few of a chosen breed and introduce their blood into their herds.

The sacred Brahma cattle of distant India were picked for the experiment. Small Brahmas were crossed with the Jersey cow, and big Brahmas with the common cow. The product was not only a drought-resisting animal but a wonderful beef animal. Zack Miller pointed out to me yearlings in the mixed Brahma herd that would bring one hundred dollars on a weight basis as against sixty dollars for a yearling of the common cow.

THE Wild West show known as 101 Ranch is another unique activity of these farmers. Driving northward with some cattle, in 1882, old Colonel Miller found Winfield, Kansas, attempting its first country agricultural fair. To "help out," Miller had his cowboys stage the first rodeo, or round-up demonstration, including feats of roping and horsemanship. Twenty-two years passed. The National Editorial Association decided to hold its 1903 convention at 101 Ranch. The Miller boys, recalling the show given by their father at Winfield, decided to stage a similar show for the entertainment of the visiting editors.

As sort of a rehearsal to the convention show, however, they put on a round-up exhibition at the ranch in 1904. They wanted to see how the idea would "go" with spectators about home before trying it on the visitors next year. To their astonishment, as words of the exhibition-to-be spread through the Southwest, people began to pour in to the ranch from all parts of that country. On the day it was held fifty thousand had assembled at the ranch.

The convention round-up repeated this success, and then the idea of a similar show, which would travel over the country like a circus, occurred to the Millers. At the outbreak of the World War, this show was temporarily shelved. But in 1925, it was enlarged and put on the road again. Already it had earned for the Millers more than one million dollars, and has become the largest show of its kind.

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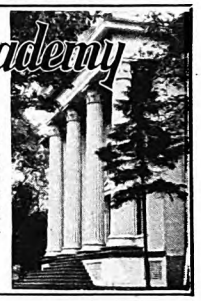

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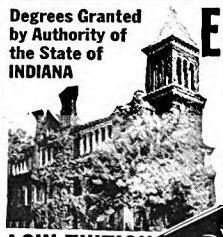

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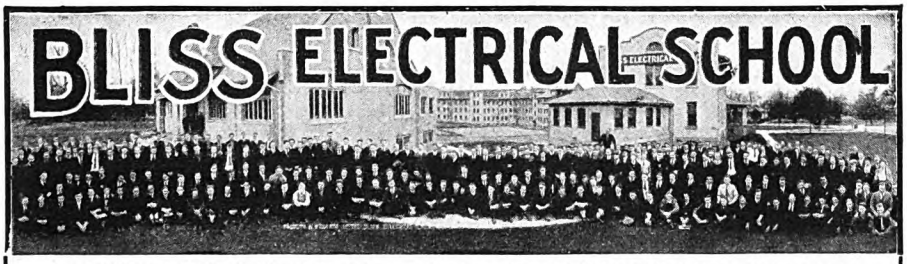

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The Luckiest Thing That Ever Happened to Me

FIRST PRIZE

I Missed Sudden Death by a Few Seconds

AT THE age of fifteen, I decided it would be interesting and pleasant to view a construction crew at work. As one of my father's best friends was a construction engineer, I had no difficulty in getting one of his foremen to act as a guide for me. He took me to a large office building that was under construction in Kansas City, where we lived.

At about ten o'clock in the morning I had tired of walking around the building. The foreman was scheduled to get back to the office at that time, so I decided to rest a while before going home.

I sat down on an empty box and took off my hat, for the day was very warm. After wiping a little perspiration and a great deal of dirt off my face, I began to get interested again. The air-hammers were beating out a sharp rat-a-tat-tat on the hard steel. Cranes squealed and growled. Bricklayers shouted at one another, while a big negro, waiting for the elevator with a wheelbarrow full of cement, yodeled like a Swiss mountaineer. Just at the moment I thought the negro's voice would surely crack I noticed that my hat had fallen off my knee where I had placed it, and had rolled about ten feet away. Directly above me a group of steel men were playing ball with red-hot rivets, but I was not aware of this until later.

I was almost too lazy to go over and get my hat, but a gust of wind helped me to rise quickly, and as I stooped to retrieve it there was a tremendous thump behind me, followed by several loud warning shouts all around. Imagine my terror when I turned and saw the box I had been sitting on reduced to splinters, on top of it a keg, which had burst wide open and scattered rivets for about three feet around.

That is the luckiest break I have ever had, and I was certainly thankful that my hat fell just when it did, and that the gust of wind played its part. But the crew seemed not to share my opinion, for if I had stayed to listen to their speech I could not have retained my self-respect. I made a snappy exit. H. L. G.

SECOND PRIZE

A Lucky Impulse Saved a Life

WE WERE spending the winter in Florida. Not because we are members of the idle rich class who yearly migrate to that land of sunshine but because the doctor had said my health demanded it.

So my husband obtained a job in a charming little city on the west coast where some friends from our home town in Indiana were living and, with our two wee daughters, we went South for the winter.

One day, as I sat on the porch of the big frame apartment house where we lived, I saw my little girls across the street playing in the park. I noticed my three-year-old girl sitting on the ground. Her stocking was falling down, and she looked like a forlorn little gamin.

Rising from the porch, I started across toward her. I was delayed a moment by a car passing. Then I darted across, and, bending over her, began to adjust the refractory supporter.

I felt a terrific blow in my back, but had the presence of mind as I fell to swerve away from the baby.

People at the apartment house who saw the incident, rushed to my aid. An ambulance was called, and I was taken to the hospital. At first it was thought that I might not recover.

Yet, even if I had died, that impulse to cross the street, that pausing an instant for the car to pass, that bending over my darling wee one at the moment I did combined to make the biggest piece of luck I ever had.

For the thing that had happened was this: an immense coconut had fallen from the palm above my little girl, and, had I not been there to catch its weight, it would have crashed upon my baby's head!

And so, although I shall never fully recover from the effect of the injury, I profoundly thank the god of chance who saved my daughter's life. L. W. B.

THIRD PRIZE

If My Horse Hadn't Stumbled

IT WAS during the first year of my married life: I was teaching a country school about three miles from my home. As the roads were bad for a car, I frequently went on horseback. On this particular morning, I rode a very mettlesome young horse. When I was a short distance from home, on my return trip, a neighbor's dogs ran out and began to snap at my horse's heels. Dogs had barked at her before and she was afraid of them, so she began to run. She was noted for being the fastest horse anywhere around and I was rather proud of it, so I let her go.

When about half way home she stumbled. It wasn't enough to slow her up or to make me lose my seat, but it caused me to duck my head for the fraction of a second. As I did so my hat was violently jerked off. I stopped as soon as I could, and returned to find that it was a telephone wire, which had become dislodged from its pole and hung across the road that had caught my hat. If the horse had not stumbled, and I had been sitting up straight, it would just have caught me under the chin. At the speed I was going I would have been beheaded or my neck would have been broken.

My husband, watching fearfully from our home barn, and knowing the wire was there, fully expected to see me killed. As I have spent several happy years since then, I fully appreciate the act of Providence which caused me to duck my head at exactly the right second. B. M. B.

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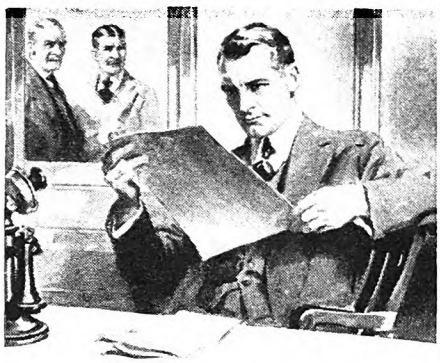

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I Like to Take a Bath but I'm Not an Old Soak

(*Continued from page 53*)

hook me into saying "Yes" and paying $3.50 to $5.00.

And, of course, the clerk knows, and I know, that there is always a bathroom adjacent to the room where a man in the mood for ablutions can get his wash. But, like the Mr. Milquetoast of Webster's cartoons, I am never strong enough to look a hotel clerk in the eye and let him know that I am the kind of person who could sleep with a bathrub more than ten feet away.

YEARS ago, bathing required effort, resolution, and even personal courage. A bath was decidedly a hardy enterprise. It called for patience, determination, a rugged constitution, and no small measure of dexterity.

The foottub, washtub, or even the old-fashioned tin boiler did for the baths of the great majority.

The first houses I remember as a boy had no bathrooms. The landlord advertised gas as a luxury, and "All modern improvements," which came in later, consisted of hot-water tanks and curiously barnlike rooms, usually in the attic, called bathrooms by virtue of their principal item of furniture—a tin or galvanized iron tub encased in stained wood.

I retain a vivid picture of the first bathtub back home. It was located between two huge windows in a big unheated room on the top floor. It was not designed for comfort or beauty. Indeed, it looked like a tin cradle set in a wooden box. The tin of which the tub was made had been enameled, but the enamel came off in large flakes, giving the tub a mottled and dissipated look. Water was supplied through small faucets, and the water stream was so frail that it took from a half-hour to a full hour to fill the tub to the required depth.

A bath could not be obtained as a matter of mood and impulse. It had to be planned. First, the gas under the big boiler in the kitchen had to be lighted. Those old-time gas heaters gave forth stubborn flames. You could heat a tank full of water in about half a day, if you were lucky and persistent.

Naturally, in big families there had to be a schedule of bathing. No more than two people could easily take a bath the same day. Saturday and Sunday were the bath days, and it required a week-end for a family of five or six persons to tub harmoniously.

And even when the water in the boiler got hot, that did not mean that you were to have a hot bath. The bathroom of which I speak was as cold as all outdoors, and the hot water cooled almost as fast as it came out of the faucet. Taking a bath in those days held all the joys of a plunge into a barrel of water in an icehouse.

Children to-day like their baths. They even cry for them. But in those days, a boy looked forward to a bath just as he anticipated a trip to the dentist's office. I must have been fourteen or fifteen years old before I showed any signs of weakening in my conviction that an indoor bath once a week in summer and once a month in winter was ample, except for coal miners, chimney sweeps, kalsominers, and wagon greasers.

Antipathy to the bath was fairly general. At any rate, there was certainly an almost unanimous feeling that it could be easily overdone. Frequently, a bad cold would be attributed to "that bath he took a few days ago," such a diagnosis always bringing warm endorsement and support from the young folks.

I can remember reading in the papers that a Mr. Armitage, a wealthy neighbor, had sustained fatal injuries through slipping and falling in a newly installed bathtub, and secretly hoping it would lead to a campaign to abolish tubs.

Even to-day, I retain a little of the feeling that a bathtub, while not exactly dangerous, is not to be trusted. It is nothing like the virile, hard-boiled, rough-and-ready, simple but honest bathtub of my boyhood. That old tub has none of the soft and beguiling nature of the modern tub. Its attitude was: "Come on in and take your punishment like a man!"

The bathroom of to-day lures you, entices you, coaxes you. It even vamps you. It has charm. It suggests comfort, ease, and luxury in every line and curve.

A BATH used to be an individual's private business, but it is now a topic of conversation. Women discuss their "lovely hot baths" at bridge parties and teas. At lunch and at business too many men boast about their cold plunges. The bathroom has become almost the best room in the American home. Many a bathroom of to-day costs more than a Colonial home of yesterday.

Don't get me wrong. I am not opposed to bathing; in fact, I think it is often a good idea. All I claim is that it should not be the main purpose in life. I admit that there is a place in the home for the bathtub. In fact, it may be conceded that there are two or three places. But when you go above that number in a six-room flat, you are overdoing it.

BECAUSE a New York subway guard called a station so indistinctly that a young man passenger misunderstood him, the Michigan Bell Telephone Company has, for its president, Burch Foraker. But between the guard's chewed-up words and Foraker's present position is a story of marvelous executive ability, fine friendships, business wisdom, and the admiration of thousands of men for a great leader. Next month we publish that story, knowing that everybody who reads it will get something extremely valuable. For it contains the secret for which we are all searching—the secret of getting along with folks.

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His SECRETS of SUCCESS Are Worth Knowing

George Frank, Leading Clothier of Maysville, Kentucky, Tells FARM & FIRESIDE in an Interview How He Built His Business

WHAT it takes to make a small-city clothing store successful this man has!

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Today he's the leading clothier in Maysville, Ky., a thriving town of about 7,000 population situated right in the heart of the White Burley tobacco district. That means of course that it's a good farm trading center, a fact that George Frank has capitalized on 100 per cent—with the result that he has added a big volume of farmer trade to his town sales.

He Tells FARM & FIRESIDE

How has he extended his trading area 20, 30—even 40 miles away from Maysville? This is what FARM & FIRESIDE wanted to know when it heard rumors of this enterprising merchant's record. So an interviewer was sent down to get the inside story of his merchandising secrets. And this is the interview that's now published in folder form, a copy of which any small-city dealer can obtain free for the asking.

A "Chain" Store?

For instance, why does George Frank say—"*My store is a link in the biggest chain in the world*"?

That sounds ridiculous on the face of it, of course. For you know from the start that he is an independent dealer—and that his store is NOT a chain store.

Yet this is just an example of the originality of his viewpoint. And when he explains WHY he says his store is a link in the biggest chain in the world—you get the point. And you see that he's got a real idea here that throws an interesting sidelight on successful merchandising in *any* line of retailing.

"Garnishing" the Store

And again, where he says—"*Experience has taught me that in one direction you can go the limit in 'garnishing' your store. But in the other direction—well, there's a fine point to stop at before you go too far.*"

What does he mean?

His ideas on this subject may strike you as a bit revolutionary at first. But when you analyze them they're as sound as a dollar. And it's interesting to note what he had to say to the store expert who came to him with an elaborate proposition for "modernizing" his store from top to bottom!

Extending Trading Area

After you talk to George Frank for 15 minutes you sort of get used to the surprises he springs on you.

But there's one more coming to you—and that's when he tells about how he has pushed his trading radius out as far as 40 miles away from Maysville. You'll agree that there's no stopping this enthusiastic and aggressive merchant—and that if he lives long enough he'll be using radio and airplane couriers to advertise and deliver his merchandise at longer range than any small-city store ever dreamed of doing.

A Kindly Competitor

But from the foregoing, don't get the idea that George Frank is a dangerous and unpleasant competitor to have doing business in the same town with you. Far from it! He's one of the best-liked merchants in Maysville—100 per cent cooperative at all times, kindly, and highly regarded by competitors as well as his customers. And this is right in line with the fact that he's a true-blue Rotarian.

Weekly Cash Prize Drawing

Another interesting point in his interview is where he tells how he and 24 other local merchants award a $25 cash prize every Saturday night at the local theatre—to some lucky customer of one of the 25 stores.

Of course there's nothing new in this idea itself. But the way it's handled in Maysville IS new. And it may suggest a similar plan that other merchant groups in other towns can try out.

His Advertising Secret

One of the highest spots in his interview with FARM & FIRESIDE, however, is where he discusses local store advertising. He knows what he's talking about, for he *does* get his advertisements read—and acted upon. His sales prove it.

Send for His Interview

FARM & FIRESIDE'S interview with this successful clothing merchant is now published in a folder, a copy of which you can obtain free simply by sending in the attached coupon.

FARM & FIRESIDE'S Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE'S series—which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-*personal* magazine—edited straight to the *individual* and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying FARM & FIRESIDE's interview with George Frank, leading clothier of Maysville, Ky.

Name _____

Address _____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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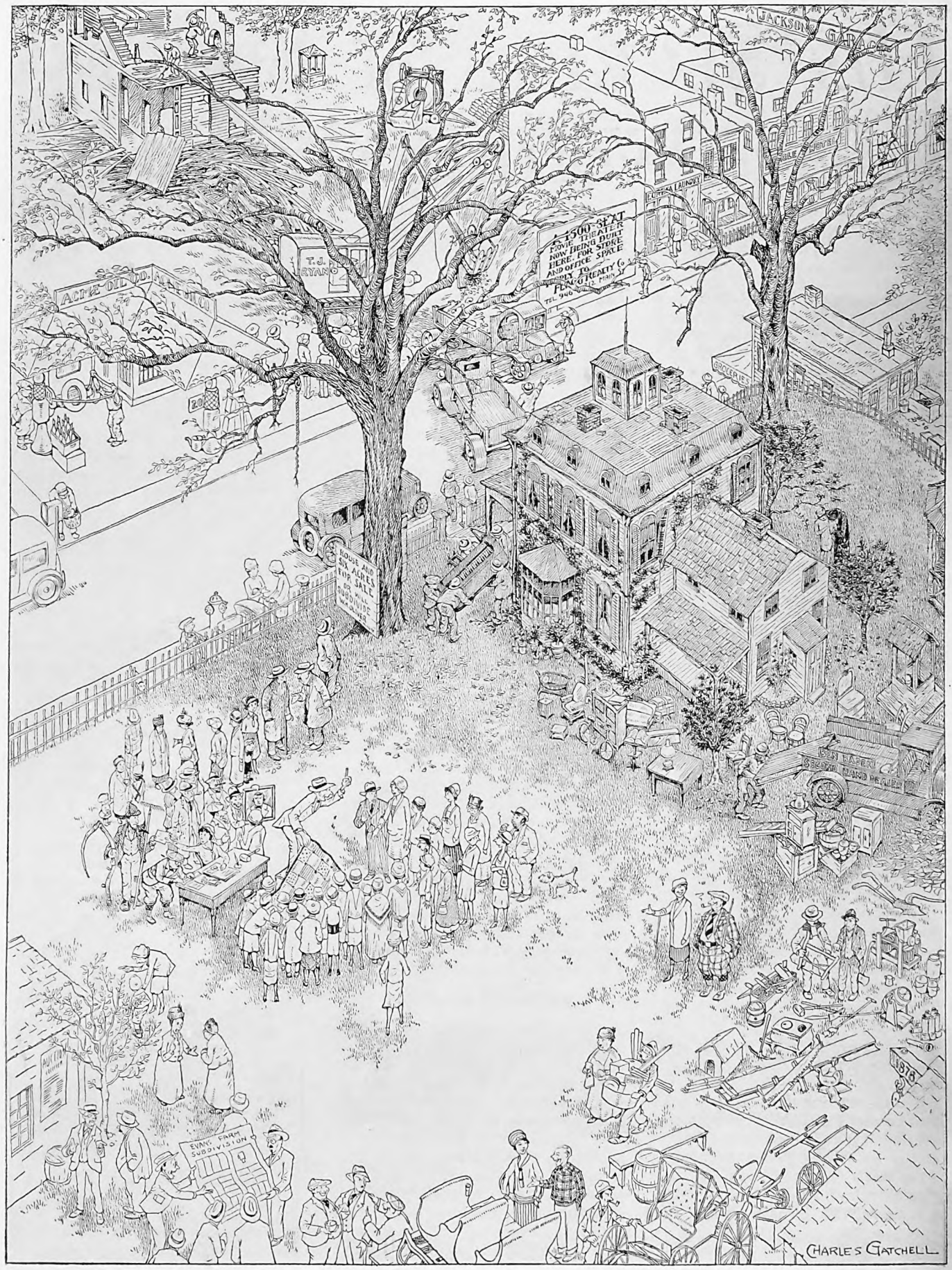

THREE CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST SHORT ESSAY ABOUT THIS PICTURE

In place of the usual prize contest based upon some personal experience, The American Magazine presents this month Charles Gatchell's picture, "The Auction," and invites you to write your letter about it. Full conditions are given on page 123. Study the picture and the conditions, then take a shot at one of the prizes

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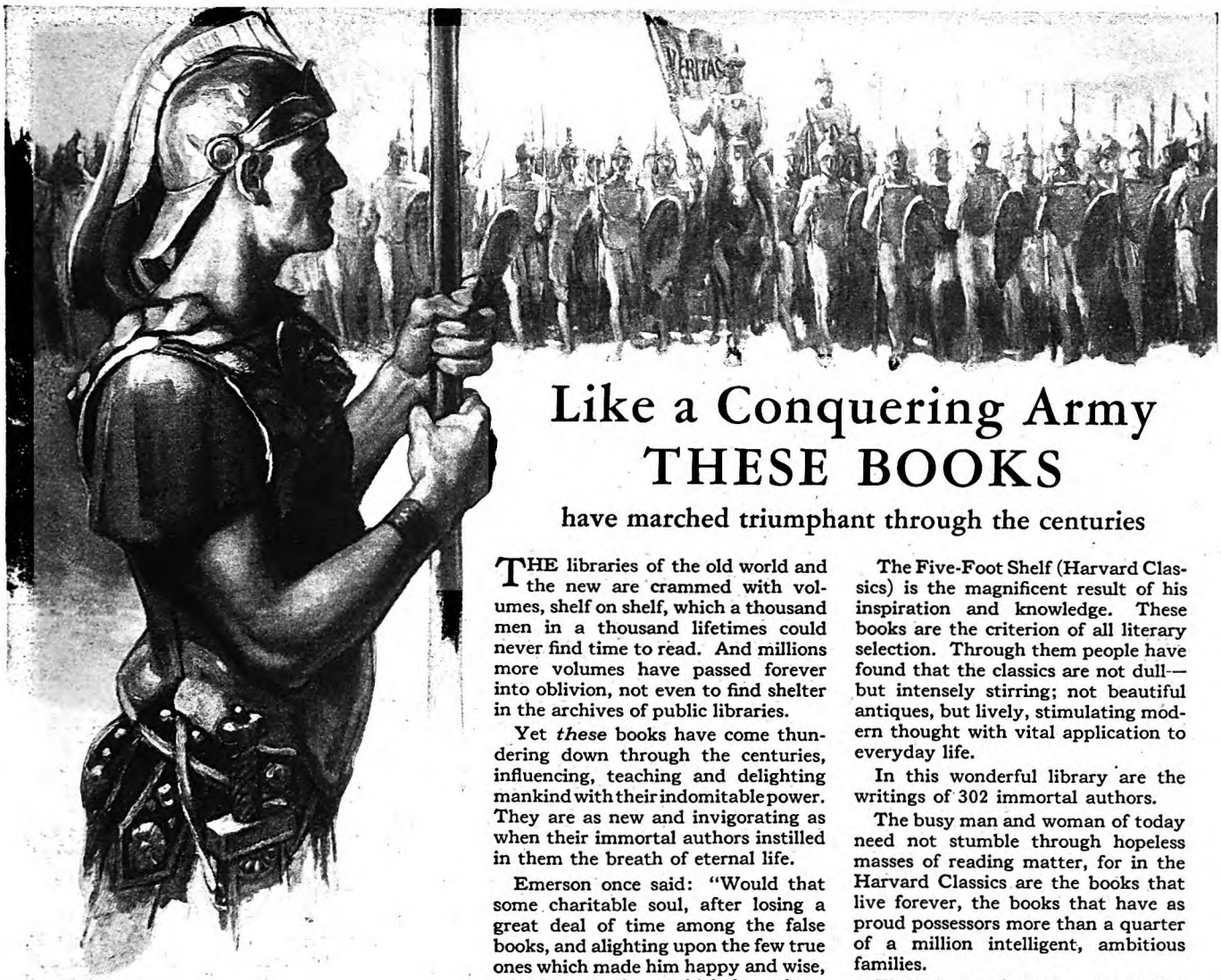


Like a Conquering Army THESE BOOKS

have marched triumphant through the centuries

THE libraries of the old world and the new are crammed with volumes, shelf on shelf, which a thousand men in a thousand lifetimes could never find time to read. And millions more volumes have passed forever into oblivion, not even to find shelter in the archives of public libraries.

Yet *these* books have come thundering down through the centuries, influencing, teaching and delighting mankind with their indomitable power. They are as new and invigorating as when their immortal authors instilled in them the breath of eternal life.

Emerson once said: "Would that some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon the few true ones which made him happy and wise, would name those which have been bridges or ships to carry him over the dark morasses and barren oceans, into sacred cities, into palaces and temples."

It was one of the monumental achievements of America's greatest educator, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, to bring together the truly great books, to sift the pure gold from the mass of writings the ages have produced. For forty years President of Harvard University, Dr. Eliot realized the need of a library offering everyone the culture which a university strives to give.

The Five-Foot Shelf (Harvard Classics) is the magnificent result of his inspiration and knowledge. These books are the criterion of all literary selection. Through them people have found that the classics are not dull—but intensely stirring; not beautiful antiques, but lively, stimulating modern thought with vital application to everyday life.

In this wonderful library are the writings of 302 immortal authors.

The busy man and woman of today need not stumble through hopeless masses of reading matter, for in the Harvard Classics are the books that live forever, the books that have as proud possessors more than a quarter of a million intelligent, ambitious families.

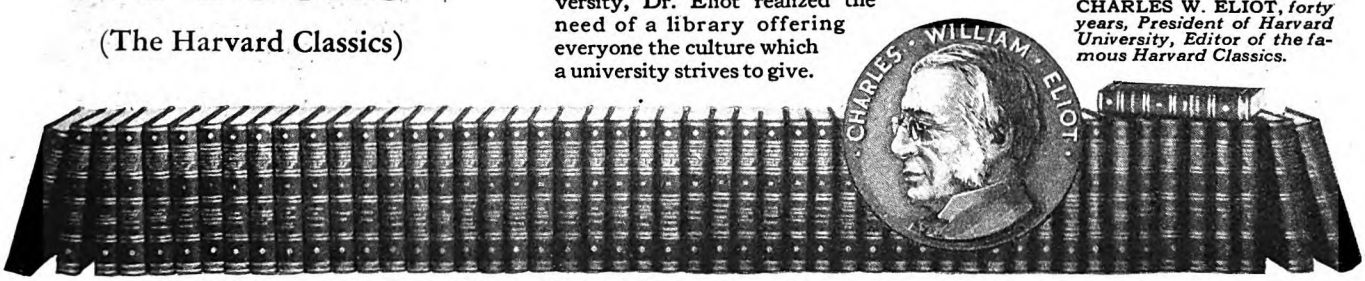
These books stand for stimulation of thought and, above all, endless enjoyment. They are the books which have won for themselves the well deserved tribute, "A liberal education in fifteen minutes a day."

P. F. Collier and Son Company has published good books since 1875. By the famous Collier plan, you can pay for these books while you are reading and enjoying them.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

(The Harvard Classics)

CHARLES W. ELIOT, *forty years, President of Harvard University, Editor of the famous Harvard Classics.*



This FREE *booklet*

The certificate is for your convenience. Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the famous booklet that tells how to turn wasted minutes into growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

P. F. Collier & Son Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and contains Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments. *(The Publishers can not undertake to send the booklet free to children.)*

NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss .....

ADDRESS .....

THIS IS YOUR CERTIFICATE FOR THE FREE BOOKLET *No.* 6124-HCA-L

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Grab It!

(*Continued from page 45*)

but the accident frightened her. She watched and listened to me after that.

"You mustn't think, because of this anecdote, that girls are more difficult than boys to handle in a flying act. If anything, girls are the steadier. They work right through from spring to fall, in rain or snow or stifling heat. Girls can catch as well as men, too. Most of my company can catch as well as fly.

"A flyer, as I have pointed out, is almost literally in the catcher's hands. He or she merely has to obey orders. It is the catcher who completes the trick. So, while a flyer has to have the daring, a catcher must have judgment and make decisions almost automatically. A catcher who has done nothing else but catch is used to swinging head downward on a swaying trapeze, timing his swing with the flyer's swing and trying to be at the proper spot when the flyer comes toward him at forty miles an hour. If the flyer has not left his perch properly or, after leaving the perch, lets go his trapeze bar too late or too soon, the catcher has either to revise his calculations or manage to guide the falling body he cannot catch.

"I always try to train my company to do double duty, because I never know when someone will be out of the act through injury. I don't count sickness, because we never have that in my company. No one ever lays off because he isn't feeling well. But accidents are unavoidable as long as human beings are what they are; and because I train my flyers to be catchers as well I've proved that catching has nothing to do with weight.

"In the early days of flying-return acts it was assumed that one must be extra strong and heavy to seize and hold a flying body. I exploded that theory long ago. I weigh 175 pounds. My star flyers are my wife, Mayme, who weighs 132; Bert, who weighs 138, and Harold, who weighs 125.

"But Mickey Ward, who weighs less than a hundred pounds, and who began her professional life as a flyer, is now catching in the act. She can even catch me without straining her shoulders or arms. How is it done? That's one of the tricks in our peculiar trade. Part of the explanation is that I 'take up' as I catch hold. My arms are not extended at full length. As our hands meet, I gradually straighten out my arms. Of course, on the return swing she holds my dead weight in her hands, but it never seems to bother her.

"ONCE a flyer has had a season on the road he generally becomes a confirmed trouper. During the first six *days* he may try his best to get out of it—may beg me to cancel his contract. But I haven't had a first-season performer actually quit, not in many, many years—even after a long spell of rain and mud.

"Each performer's wardrobe must go into one small trunk. That trunk has its regular place in the ladies' or the gentlemen's dressing-room. It is never more than three feet from another performer's wardrobe trunk. They must do all their dressing and undressing, ironing, mending, and making up, elbow to elbow.

"Three times each day they sit, each in his own place, on a hard blue plank at the same table in the circus cookhouse or dining tent, side by side with the same persons, all season long. Each night each one occupies his regular berth in the circus Pullman cars, usually only half of the berth at that, for space is at a premium on a circus train as well as on a circus lot.

"Of course the unmarried girls have a sleeping car to themselves and are in charge of some married woman, while the single men have their own sleeping car. But all the youngsters must be in bed by eleven o'clock. The circus management sees to that. And there's virtually no variety to circus life. Up at seven, out at eight. Breakfast by nine. Lunch at noon. Matinée from two to four. Supper from four-thirty to five-thirty. Two hours for visiting or mending in the circus back yard or for a little shopping in town. Night performance from eight to ten—and then to bed, to wake up in another town.

"After a month or so of traveling, the different towns make little impression on the circus trouper. In fact, they all look alike to him. Towners seldom interest us. Still less do we speak to them. Our job, as circus flyers, is to entertain them for half an hour a day. Beyond that we seldom go. We live in the tents, among ourselves.

"WITH this daily, rather restricted, program, you can realize that if the members of my flying-return act didn't like their jobs they couldn't stand the discipline. Yet I've had flyers or catchers with me for fifteen years. Most of them marry when very young, nearly always in their branch of the profession. That's natural enough, because they are thrown together constantly. At one time I had three married couples in my act, not counting Mrs. and Mr. Eddie Ward. And marriages made on the circus lot are nearly always permanent. A divorce is still big news in circusdom.

"You may be surprised that one can be a Flying Ward for fifteen years, and thrive on it. That's where another tradition comes to my mind. It is the tradition that we troupers lead such hard lives. Some of the days *are* dark and dreary. I've showed in sixteen days of rain on end. When a circus strikes a rainy spell like that almost everything mildews on the show, including the dispositions of the company. Incidentally, the wardrobe and property men are likely to 'blow' for drier fields.

"For weeks on end the male members of The Flying Wards have loaded and unloaded their own and their fellow troupers' wardrobe trunks and carried them, dripping, in and out of soggy dressing-rooms, in addition to which they have hung, guyed, and leveled their big steel rigging—a rigging which weighs two tons. And each night they have taken down, packed, and loaded that same rigging.

"But, except from dampness, the women seldom suffer in any weather. Even when they double on tight wires and swinging ladders and, as iron-jawed butterflies, hang by their teeth in the big-top's dome, they work no more than two hours daily. During the other hours they can rest or do whatever pleases them. Trouping does not make them old. And they have neither the time nor disposition to be dissipated. Good food and plenty of water and fresh air, to say nothing of their exercise, keeps them young.

"Just look at my wife, Mayme. She has been trouping with me for twenty seasons, barring the four weeks she laid off each time she had a child. Mayme is now well in her thirties and doesn't make any secret of it, either. But she hasn't gained in weight or lost agility. Do you know of any mother of three children—a boy of twelve, a boy of eight, and a girl of five—who can, with her eyes blindfolded by a handkerchief and her body bound in a gunnysack, throw a double somersault across forty feet of space into her husband's hands twice each day?

"That's a good example of circus discipline. We've done that trick so often that she doesn't miss my catch once in fifty times. When she does get by me, she is always close enough so I can guide her with my hands and see that she falls into the safety net on her shoulders or her back.

"Neither the boys nor girls in my act smoke or drink. They don't want to, and I wouldn't let them if they did. But I don't smoke because it might affect my work. It's business before pleasure in the circus flying game. That's why I don't allow any liquor drinking, either.

"WHAT do members of the act earn for doing their daily bits? Anywhere from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars a week, with food, berth, and railroad transportation furnished by the management, unless we are playing fair-grounds dates or indoor circuses in winter time. Then I pay board, bed, and transportation, in addition to all salaries.

"I've saved enough in thirty years to buy a small farm near Bloomington, where I have a nice home and two big training barns. I also have a good one-hundred-and-twenty-acre farm near Cedar Rapids, Iowa. I run those farms through relatives and make them pay. I'm going to stay on a farm when I get old enough to quit the road. That'll be about ten years from now.

"Thousands of circus people have saved their money and bought farms. It's natural for us to go to farms. While trouping we are close to the soil unless, if we're aërialists, we're in the air occasionally."

"I'M a good husband, though a poor one," says Archie Chadbourne. Next month he explains how, although always broke (Archie is a truck driver supporting a family on twenty-five dollars a week), he manages to keep himself sold to his wife. It is a delightful article, for Archie Chadbourne is a genuine philosopher. He was born that way.

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"Do this – and your Corns will stop hurting in one minute!"

WHAT you need to really enjoy freedom from corn pain is not some powerful *medication* to destroy your corns, but a healing *corrective* that *removes the cause.*

For that purpose you need Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—a thin, protective, healing pad that acts on the scientific principle of *correction* and *absorption.*

Zino-pads end pain the minute they are applied—not by deadening the nerves, but by *removing the cause*—pressing and rubbing of shoes. Relief is so instantaneous and complete, you speedily forget you ever had a corn.

It's the *only* way to heal corns *naturally,* and the only way to keep *permanently* rid of them. If new shoes should make the spot sore or tender again, you have only to apply a Zino-pad and the possibility of another corn is *positively prevented.*

Contrast this quick, safe, sure, scientific, *natural* healing corrective with many old-time powerful liquids and caustic plasters that *ignore* the cause and, as a consequence, never keep you rid of corns—often making toes sore from acid burn.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads won't harm the tenderest skin; they can be worn indefinitely on one spot with perfect safety. Physicians recommend and use them in their practice.

Zino-pads are also made in special sizes for Callouses and Bunions. Buy a box today. On sale at all drug, shoe and department stores—35c.

For Bunions

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Bunions stop pain at once, protect the swollen joint from rubbing and pressing of shoe. Safe, soothing, healing.

For Callouses and Burning Soles

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Callouses immediately relieve pain and remove the friction and pressure of the shoe. Also instantly effective in relieving burning soles.

Made in the Laboratories of the Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago, World's Largest Manufacturers of Arch Supports, Foot Comfort Appliances and Foot Remedies

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

FREE SAMPLES AND BOOKLET

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., CHICAGO, Ill.

Please send me a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns ☐ Callouses ☐ Bunions ☐ (indicate size wanted), and a copy of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's booklet, "The Feet and Their Care."

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Address.....

City.....*State*.....

If you live in Canada, Address The Scholl Mfg. Co. 112 Adelaide St. E. Toronto

A. M. 3

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For a Reel Good Time

With reel well oiled with 3-in-One, when you get a strike, oh, boy, how that reel will spin! And how quickly you can reel in when a slack line would mean a lost fish! 3-in-One keeps the sensitive mechanism working smoothly—surely. No sticking, jerking, backlashing. Prevents tarnish and rust.

Great for rods, too. Cleans and preserves the finish. Keeps bamboo rods supple, dry flies dry.

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans & Polishes*

For 34 years 3-in-One has oiled and cleaned sportsmen's firearms and fishing tackle, prevented rust on everything metal, cleaned, softened and preserved leather boots, puttees, belts, straps. The original "outdoor" oil.

3-in-One is an extraordinary oil. Instead of being merely a single oil of ordinary quality, it's a scientific compound of several oils of superior and unique character. Costs a little more, worth a whole lot more.

Sold by hardware, drug, grocery and general stores, in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans and three sizes of bottles. Get a Handy Can for your outing kit while you think of it.

Manufactured since 1894
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.. FREE ..
Novel sample with floating label and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.

LR955

THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

Don't Ask Your Money Where It Went—Tell It Where to Go!

THIS is the fighting slogan with which Inez Meyring has helped hundreds of families and individuals in her home town of Seattle, Washington, to untangle their knotty financial problems. Mrs. Meyring is the director of the Home Service Department of the Puget Sound Savings and Loan Association. It is her job to encourage people, especially women, to open savings accounts in her institution. Often the first step in her program is to get her prospective clients out of debt!

"Women," said Mrs. Meyring, "do most of the buying and all of the managing in the majority of homes. Inevitably they handle a large part of the incomes, so I planned a campaign that would appeal especially to them. I talked before various clubs and women's organizations on the subject of savings, budgets, and thrift, until it dawned on me that these women had no money to save. Most of them had spent their money months in advance, and many of them were head over heels in debt besides. They were, in many cases, trying to meet instalment payments that were in excess of their incomes. And they were nearly all women with good incomes too. By that, I mean that few of their husbands were making less than fifty dollars a week.

"I soon saw that actual personal contact was the only way in which I should be able to help these women, and at the same time win them for the bank. So I sent out invitations to wives to visit our budget classes, or to make personal calls by appointment to discuss their household finance problems. I also broadcast talks to women during morning hours.

"ONE woman who brought her money troubles to me in those early days is now one of my very best friends. When she first came she was in despair. She had bills all over town. She and her husband were paying on furniture in two different stores, paying on an automobile, a washing machine, a piano, and goodness knows what else! The husband was getting seventy-five dollars a week, and he was utterly discouraged. He had heard of our service over their unpaid-for radio. It was he who urged his wife to come to the bank and find out what it was all about.

"She made a clean breast of things and gave me all of her bills. The grocery bill alone was two hundred dollars! The situation looked pretty bad, but finally we got a budget worked out. Of course I had refused to touch the affair unless they would agree to put a certain amount into a savings account every month. We paid so much a month on each bill, according to its size, and kept a certain amount for current living expenses, which were put on a cash basis at once. Every week the woman brought me her husband's entire check, and I gave back to her just the amount that we had agreed upon for living expenses, kept the rest, and personally paid all of her bills. To-day, these same people have made a nice payment on a little home of their own; they are well on their way out of debt, and are about the happiest couple in town.

"People often come to me with the idea that I am against buying on the instalment plan. Not at all; I simply believe that folks should use a little judgment in assuming obligations. 'Own your own home' would be a hollow admonition without the part-payment plan. Many other things that come under the headings of both necessities and luxuries are possible to the majority only through the instalment plan. It is the instalment complex that causes distress and ruins many a home. Forming a new debt before the old one has been canceled—and never saving a cent!

"Helping people save is, of course, my business. It is the thing in which I am primarily interested. When people have reached the point where they can tell their money where to go instead of asking it where it went, then, and then only, will they get their money's worth.

"BUT how do you get folks started to save?" I inquired.

"First," she told me, "I help them fix upon a definite objective. I remember one man who said that he had always wanted a little store of his own. I finally persuaded him to start a savings account with his store in view. He began with a very small amount, but week after week he increased his deposits. At last he had saved fifty dollars, and one day he came with the request that I draw it from the bank for him. He was going to use it to make a payment on a little stand outside the city limits.

"I drew out his money for him; but the next week he deposited as usual. His savings had grown to $150 when he again asked me to get his money for him. This time he was going to move his little store to a location in town. For three years after that, he continued to work at his trade and to make his deposits regularly, while his wife kept the store. Then he, too, went into the store, and in 1927 that man's business amounted to $12,000!

"While it usually requires an objective to start people on the road to a savings account, almost invariably those who once start become established savers. People soon realize that a savings account is the only sure road to independence.

"The best way is to start with a small sum which you are reasonably sure of being able to keep up. Those who begin with a modest deposit are surprised at the rapidity with which it grows into an imposing sum. There is only one iron-clad rule to successful saving, and that is: Make your deposit before you pay out one cent for anything else. You will be amazed at the ease with which you can stretch the remainder to cover the things which you can't do without." H. C. C.

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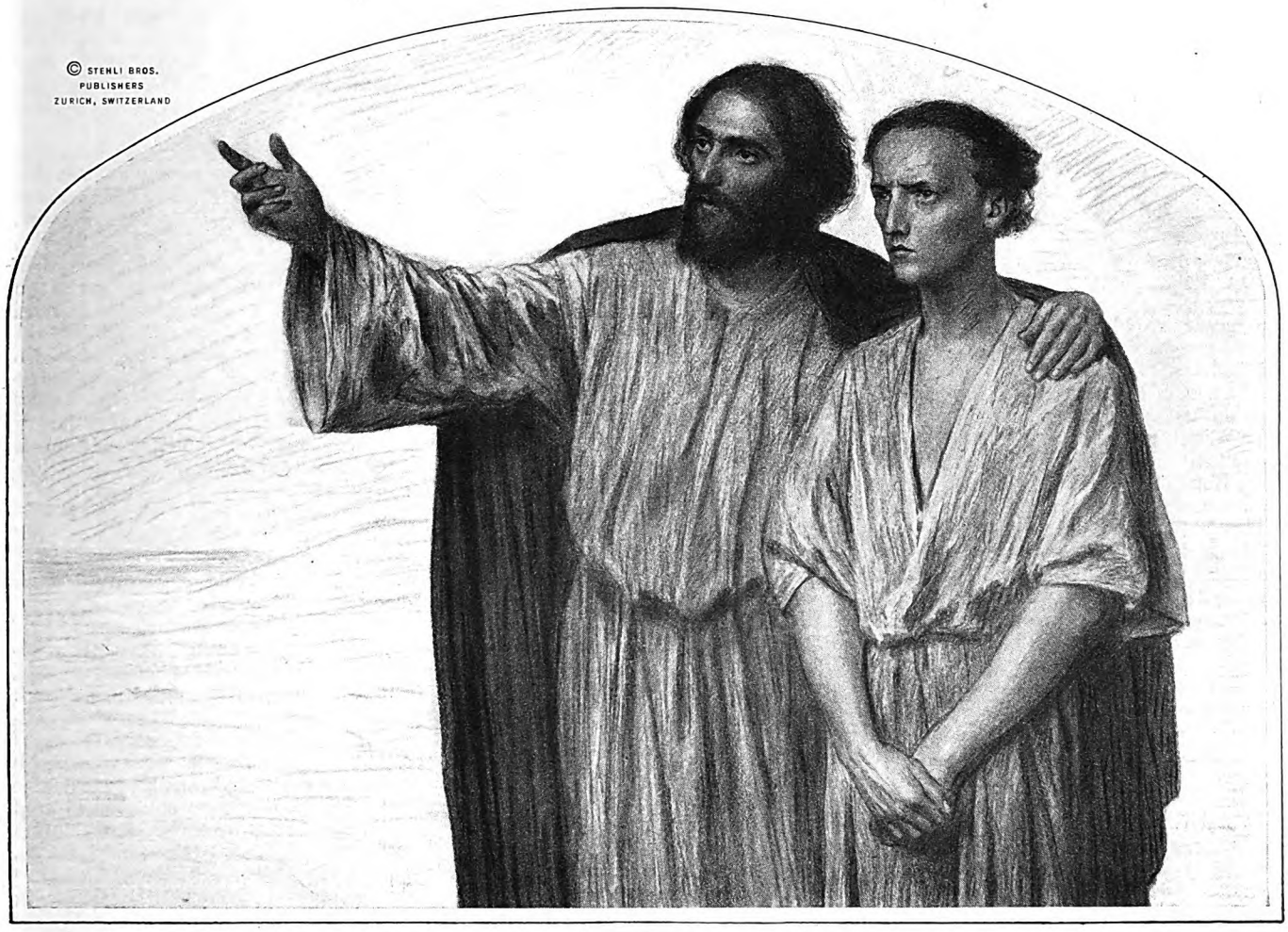
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
August, 1928
More Than 2,200,000 Circulation



"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—A drawing of Christ and Saint John, by Eugène Burnand

A Roughneck's Religion

By Albert Payson Terhune

On a dingy May night in 1927, a Boy was flying through the black reaches of upper and lower air at something more than a hundred miles an hour; bucking sleet storms and cross-currents; gloriously facing the Unknown. He was not a "flying fool," but a shrewd mathematician as well as an adventurer. He was wagering his glowing life on the accuracy of his own computations. Incidentally, he was carrying the hopes and fears of the whole Western World.

On that same dark May night, a prize fight of much attraction was staged in New York. The banked acres of seats were jammed with spectators.

The bulk of the folk at this battle were as the bulk of folk at every prize fight. In brief, they were Roughnecks. That is the truest and most forceful way to describe them.

Into the ring stepped a man who might perhaps be described as the most complete specimen of the genus Roughneck I have known. He was the leathern-lunged and leathery-faced announcer. Waving his shirt-sleeved arms for silence, he bellowed forth an impromptu speech, his raucous voice piercing the looser volume of sound, which presently hushed itself to deathly silence. In effect, his speech ran somewhat like this:

"Laaaay-dees an' Gent-ulll-mun! I don't know what you folks believe in, or what you don't believe in; and I don't care. But Slim Lindbergh is up in the air, some place between here and Paris, France. I know you're all of you rooting for him to win through, safe. So I'm asking you to help him the only way you can. I'm asking you to stand up, *for one minute of silent prayer for him.*"

There was no instant of hesitation. There was no snickering or repartee from a crowd whose specialties are snickering and repartee. As one man, that vast multitude of Roughnecks surged wordlessly to its feet. For a long minute the throng stood with bare heads bowed. From tens of thousands of hearts arose

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a tumult of fervid appeal—in a dozen languages and in no language at all—for the well-being of the steady-souled Boy who was flying blindly through that murky night.

Perhaps more eloquent petitions have pierced less far beyond the frontier of the stars and toward the ears of the Hearer and Answerer than did this multiple silent supplication of the Roughnecks.

As the sacred minute ended and the people sank back into their seats, the radio announcer spoke through his microphone to perhaps a million stay-at-homes who had been fidgeting with annoyance at the sixty seconds of stillness which blocked their craving to listen in on every ringside detail. Said the announcer:

"This great audience has been standing in a minute of silent prayer for the safety of Lindbergh. I ask you to do the same."

There is no record of innumerable groups of listeners who got up from easy chairs, laying aside cigars or glasses, and who stood in rapt silence, praying, until the minute was past.

Then, life went on again—the smoking, the chatting, the drinking, the reading; the avid animal interest in the two men who were to hammer each other so vehemently in the ring. But —for sixty seconds—hundreds of thousands of hearts had been lifted to God in pure and unselfish entreaty for the safety of a fellow man. All as the result of the plea of one Roughneck to a mob of fellow Roughnecks.

Yes, I have spun the yarn to some length. Perhaps most of you have heard it before. But it bears retelling. For, to me, it is one of the most beautiful stories ever told; as well as the most significant.

Not from the Roughneck has come the horde of sneers at religion, either now or in the past. The Roughneck has ever been sound, to the core. He has left doubts and atheism and higher criticism and the like to the Intelligentsia ("the High-brow Bunch," as he would call them); and to the Parlor Intellectuals who go smugly on, thinking 44-caliber thoughts with 22-caliber brains, and seeking to lead the Roughneck unleadables.

I like the Roughneck. Perhaps I like and understand him because I am one of him; and because, off and on, for a half-century, I have associated much with him. It is he who is the backbone of religion—not of dogma nor of quibble, but of the terribly simple and irresistible religion which made him stand in silent prayer at a prize fight.

So it was, nearly two thousand years ago, when Christ walked the earth. The Bible tells us: *The Common People heard Him, gladly*, and that the Scribes and Pharisees did not. Even in that day, you see, the Roughneck and the Intelligentsia were arrayed in opposite religious camps.

I have just bragged of myself as representative of the Roughneck's clan. So it follows that I should outline his religion as correctly as I can. I can do it, I think, in one short sentence. Perhaps that may not be complete; but at least it will strike the keynote. Here it is:

A Roughneck believes it is a million times better to DO good than merely to BE good.

That is his creed, as I understand it; though I much doubt if ever he has put it into words, even in his own innermost mind. And if you will stop for a moment to think the definition over, you will realize it has been the keynote of every great religious teacher, as well as of every truly great man, since the beginning. For Greatness means Accomplishment.

DRAWING BY GEORGE GIGUÈRE

Had Christ been content to sit in holy contemplation, in the Syrian desert, abstaining from sin and training His thoughts to sanctified reverie, he might have been sublimely good. But His name would be as utterly forgotten to-day as is that of any bygone yogi or medieval hermit. Nor would we have any Christian religion.

It was in His deeds of healing and of self-sacrifice, in His boundless generosity and tolerance, that He touched the souls of the Roughnecks of His day; not by His mere sinlessness. It was on the Cross, and by His miracles, not during the forty days of lonely fasting, that He founded Christianity.

Said Talleyrand, a born Intellectual:

"Any man can found a religion!"

Napoleon, a born Roughneck, made curt reply:

"Yes—if he chooses to die for it."

If Columbus had been content to crouch over maps and charts in the dust of an attic library all the days of his life, he might have died with a great knowledge in his brain that there was a continent which could be reached by sailing westward. But it was only by sailing westward at risk of life and prestige that he made himself immortally great.

The Wright brothers could have solved and then hugged to their hearts, the secret of aviation; for they were wise. But they found greatness in doing, not in being. Do you get the idea? Nowhere else does it apply as tremendously as in religion—the simple and mighty religion of the Roughneck.

In an office where I worked in my newspaper years there were all elements of men, from the super-Intellectual to the sub-Roughneck. A reporter died, leaving a large family in dire and immediate need.

One of the editorial department Intellectuals commented to me, in precise terms, on the sadness of the case, dilating on the "criminal non-providence of the semi-poor."

A sport-notes gatherer, who had risen from office boy to pork-and-beans pugilist, and then had drifted back to the newspaper, listened with perplexity-furrowed brows to the long homily. The Intellectual finished his sermon by saying:

"Of course, like everyone else, I regret the matter. I—"

"That means you're sorry for the poor guy's folks, don't it?" interrupted the sporting man.

"Naturally," assented the Intellectual. "Naturally I am sorry for his impoverished family. But—"

"How sorry are you?" insisted the Low-brow.

"I'm afraid I don't grasp your meaning," stammered the Intellectual, in evident worry at the other's vehemence.

"Here's what I mean," gruffly explained the Roughneck. "You say you're sorry for them. Well, so am I. I'm sorry fifty dollars' worth. How sorry are *you?* Come across!"

I have no shadow of doubt this Intellectual was a thoroughly good man. I doubt if he had a single sample-size sin to his debit. The sport-notes Roughneck was no model for any growing boy. Yet—he was "sorry, fifty dollars' worth," a sum nearly double his weekly salary, a sum which must represent (and later *did* represent) a pinching and scraping and a tightening of the belt—a sum he gave, gladly, to lighten the poverty of the widow and children of a man he had never liked.

To me, that is not only a case of Roughneck religion, but of white Christianity as well. And it is but one of a hundred like instances which I have picked up during my long association with Roughnecks.

Here is a wholesale example of the same thing; an occurrence too common, nowadays, to be worth news comment, yet hardly a week passes when it is not enacted in any and every big city:

A DESTITUTE child or woman or man is brought into a police station. Now, there is organized charity which takes care of such cases. But do the police wait for that charity's sometimes cumbrous wheels to get into due motion? They do not. At once they go into action. The hat is passed. A goodly, if ill-spared, collection is taken up to relieve the immediate needs of the sufferer. The Roughneck's religion is exercised to practical effect.

It is the same throughout the tenements—almost the only "neighborhoods" left in modern cities. Countless columns of "human interest stuff" have been printed in countless papers, telling of the glorious self-sacrificing generosity of Roughnecks toward other tenement-dwellers who have met with sudden misfortune through fire or accident.

Stanley Huntley, in a book published nearly a half-century ago, told how the first church happened to be established in a Dakota mining camp. A traveling minister came thither. One Dennis Hanaffin, the guiding spirit of the camp, announced that they had given Satan a fair deal, in their gambling dens and saloons, and that it was only square they should do the same by the Almighty.

Accordingly, the chief gambling house was set aside for the religious experiment. The minister opened his first service with

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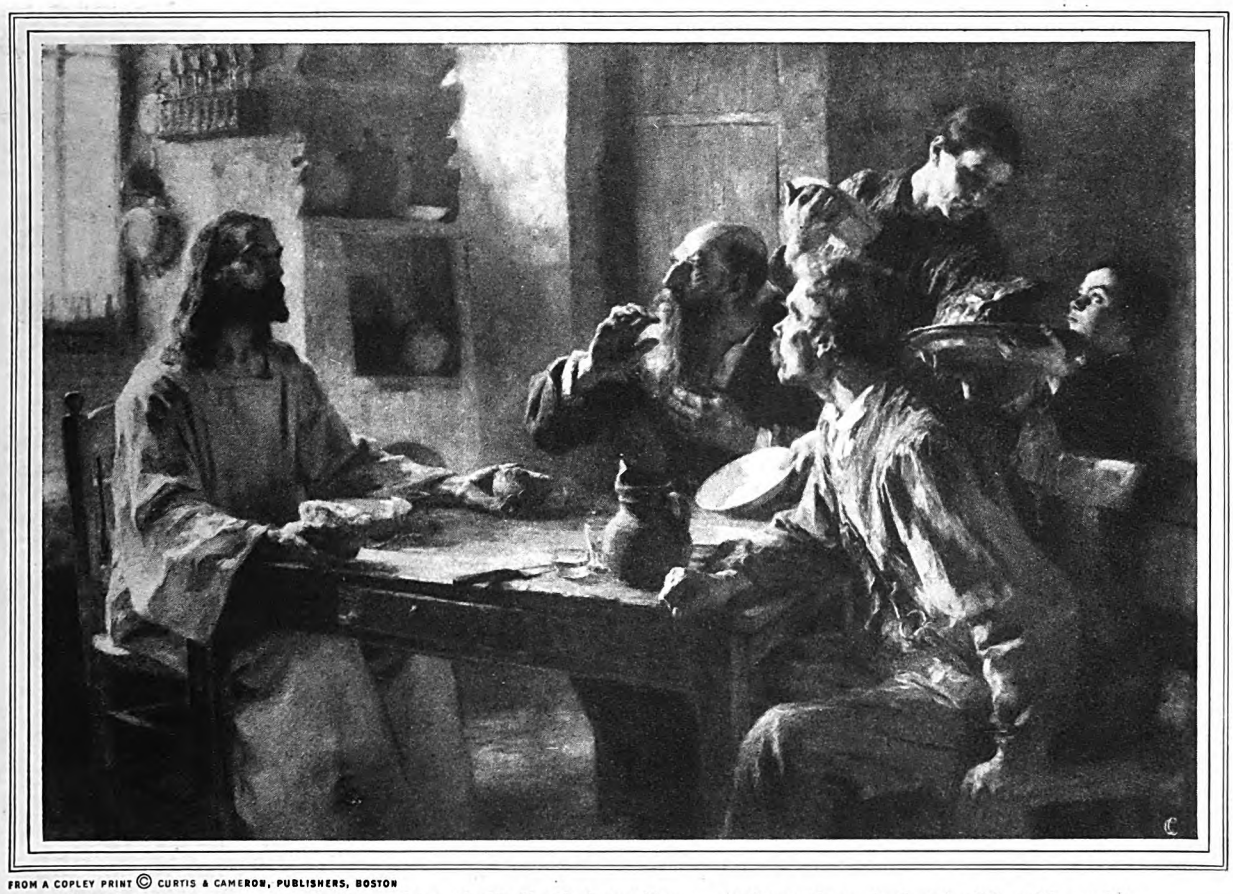

FROM A COPLEY PRINT © CURTIS & CAMERON, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

"And the common people heard him gladly." Christ at Emmaus, from the painting by Léon Lhermitte

prayer—a simple Roughneck prayer for simple Roughnecks. Then he preached a sermon along the same lines as the prayer—a sermon aimed at the heart as well as at the brain. It held no flowery language. It was crude. But it was strong. And it hit its combined target.

When the sermon was ended the minister announced that the service would close with a hymn. There was an awkward pause. In all that bunch of dissolute Roughnecks there was not one who knew the words or tune of a single hymn. Dennis Hanaffin went into executive session with a few of the best singers. Then he said to the preacher:

"We don't savvy no hymns; and the only song we know that's fit to sing in church is called 'Whoa, Emma!' So—"

"Sing 'Whoa, Emma!'" commanded the preacher. "If you sing it to the praise of God, and if it's the nearest to a hymn that you know, it will be acceptable On High."

ACCORDINGLY the Roughnecks rocked the flimsy building to the thunderous strains of "Whoa, Emma!"

As the shouted rendition ended there were tears in many eyes. For the men had been singing "to the praise of God," urged thereto by the minister's prayer and sermon. Dennis Hanaffin cleared his throat and said, huskily:

"If the angels, Up Yonder, really crave grand music I'm here to hope they had sense enough to lay aside them golden harps of theirn, and listen to us a-singing. Now comes the collection! And," with sudden grimness and a hitch of his pistol holster, "gents, *I'm* a-passing the hat."

He passed it. Into the greasy sombrero every worshiper dumped his money. Many were using poker chips (redeemable for cash at any reliable gambling-house in the camp) for currency. Thus the hat contained more chips than dollars. The minister blinked dubiously at the double measure of chips.

"But what am I to do with these?" he asked, bewildered.

"Well, parson," answered Dennis Hanaffin, "you can either cash 'em in or you can play 'em; whichever you've a mind to."

The minister cashed them in; and he used the whopping big sum as nucleus for a fund to build the camp's first church. In less than ten years there were three churches, and the frontier camp had swelled to an orderly city.

The Roughnecks had made good. Their religion had proved itself the real and mighty thing. All because a traveling parson had the good sense to speak to them in their own language, instead of antagonizing them with the highflown language of the Intellectuals.

I don't know what your religion may be, you who read this article of mine; nor is it any of my business. My own beliefs are those set forth in the Bible, though I do not force those beliefs on anyone. I mention all this, lest some of you be shocked when I speak now of certain Biblical Roughnecks. I do so in all reverence; and I take my facts wholly from the Bible's New Testament; which, to me, is the indisputable fount of Truth.

Just because a man or woman happens to be a Biblical character does not make that man or woman sacred. If it does, then we must worship Judas Iscariot and Cain.

The mortal characters in Holy Writ were humans, like our present-day Roughnecks. The term "Roughneck" applies most aptly to most of the twelve Disciples. Assuredly, during the time our Lord was still on earth, few of them merited the prefix of "Saint," however much their later holiness and martyrdom may have earned the sacred title. I am speaking of them as they were, before the title was earned.

A little earlier, a true Roughneck fared forth into the wilderness, wearing the skins of slain beasts and with unshaven face and unshorn head, and making his diet on wild honey and on the dried bodies of locusts. Harsh was his speech. To Herod, the ruler of Judea himself, he thundered fierce denunciations of Herod's morals. Also he proclaimed the Messiah; and, when the Messiah had arrived and begun His earthly ministry, the locust-eating Roughneck stood aside and made his own fame as nothing, in order that all honor might be Christ's.

The man in beast-skins, who denounced kings and made ready the road for Jesus, was John the Baptist. Not a drawing-room figure, surely; not even an Intellectual. But he lived and died for his religion; and he suffered martyrdom for what he deemed right.

I HAVE spoken of the bulk of the Disciples as Roughnecks. They were. Nearly all of them were drawn from the peasant class: fishermen and the like. Had Christ gone forth into the colleges and synagogues and picked for His Disciples only the wisest and best men of the day, there would have been less to wonder at in their final achievements in going forth, inspired, to preach the gospel until martyrdom (*Continued on page 96*)

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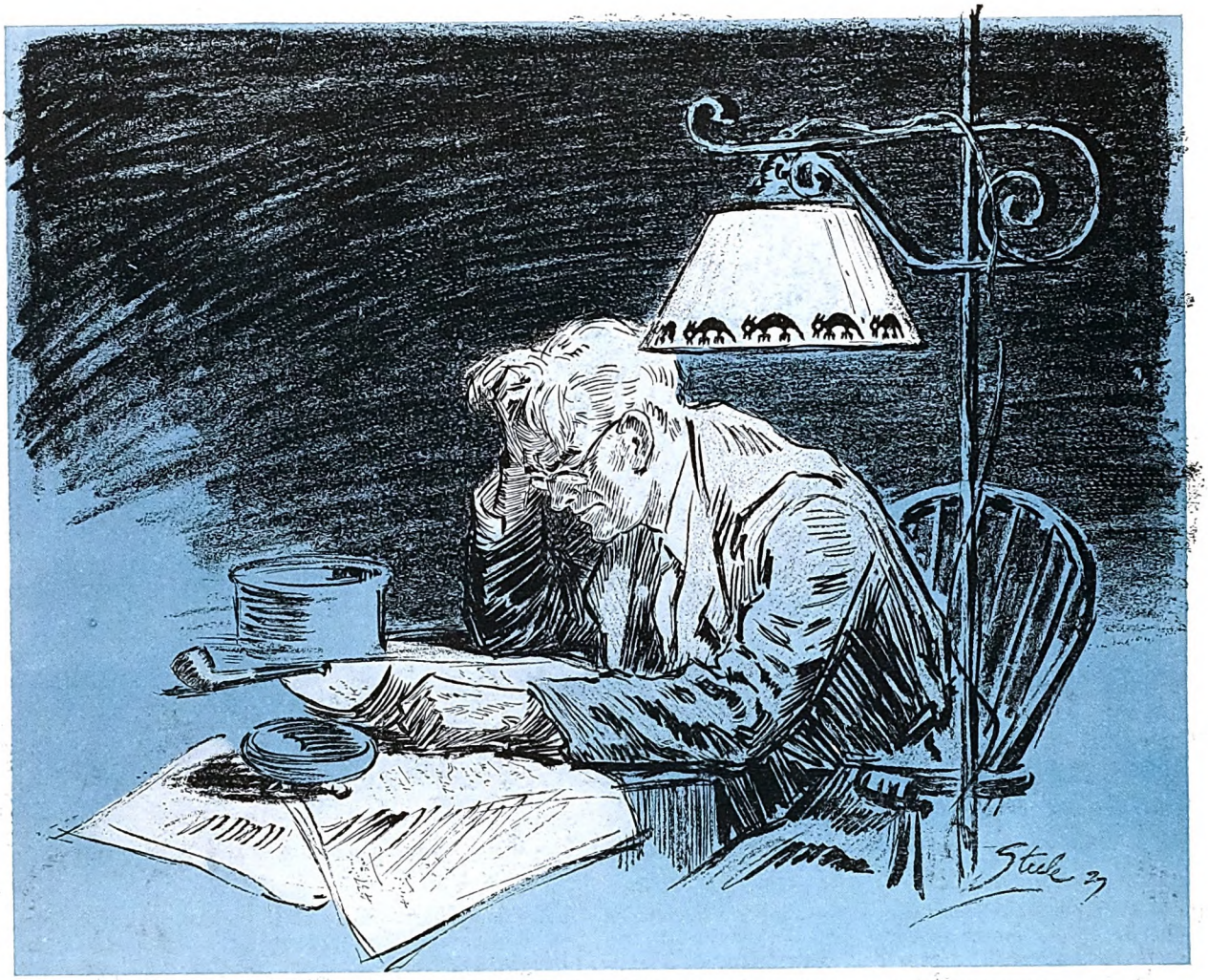

He bent his white head over the maze of symbols and hieroglyphics which made up the cryptogram

The Sting Of The Wasp

By RICHARD CONNELL

Illustrated by FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THAT night Matthew Kelton was working over a new puzzle, a cryptogram—a most difficult one. He had given himself till five in the morning to solve it. Then he would brew himself a cup of tea and go to bed. There was a smile on his face, which was rather like a ripe crabapple. He was getting the key to the cipher. But then, he usually did.

Matthew Kelton had one passion—puzzles. Having had the forethought to make a neat fortune for himself by inventing some new chemicals, he was able, in middle age, to retire and devote his life to his favorite pastime. Any sort of riddle held a fascination for him; but what interested him most was the deepest, strangest riddle of all—the riddle of human behavior.

The clock in the corner of his prim old-fashioned study struck midnight. He bent his white head over the maze of symbols and hieroglyphics which made up the cryptogram. Then his telephone rang. With a certain mild impatience he went to answer it.

"This is Evan Turner," said the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Hello, Evan. Something wrong? Your voice is tense."

"Can you come to the house of Guy Oakley—that big, ugly place on Dark River Road—at once?"

"I'm rather busy. What for?"

"Because," said Turner, "they've just found the body of Lewis Cope there—and he's been murdered—shot."

"Any idea who did it?"

The man at the other end of the wire hesitated. Before Turner could answer, Matthew Kelton said, "They're accusing Guy Oakley. Isn't that the situation?"

"Yes."

"Does he admit it?"

"No."

"Has he an alibi?"

Again Turner hesitated. "No. Not a conclusive one, anyhow."

"Doesn't sound like Oakley," said Matthew Kelton. "Still, you never can tell. Repressed men explode sometimes. Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Drive over here immediately."

"But why, Evan? I'm deep in a real puzzle. I see no puzzle in the killing of Cope. The bitter hate of Oakley for Cope, and Cope for Oakley, has become a classic, like the friendship of Damon and Pythias. When two strong men hate like that, something is bound to happen. Apparently, now it has."

"My duty is to do everything I possibly can to save Guy Oakley," said Turner. "That's why I'm turning to you. You might see something the police would miss. You'd be doing me a great favor, Mat-

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Matthew Kelton goes to the insect world for help in solving the strangest riddle of all—the riddle of human behavior—and thereby hangs a corking mystery tale

thew, to come over."

"Simple, vulgar murder fails to interest me much. It's worse than stupid—it's in bad taste," said Matthew Kelton. He thought a moment. "You say that Guy Oakley has no real alibi?"

"I'll be frank with you, Matthew. He hasn't. A jury would laugh at his story, and hang him without leaving the box."

"H-mm. Now *that* is interesting. In fact, I scent the elements of a puzzle. I'll be right over!"

THE residence of Guy Oakley, the banker, was a vast and gloomy mid-Victorian house, on the edge of an extensive pine wood.

Matthew Kelton was shown into a large somber drawing-room, full of black walnut furniture. A group of men had gathered there—Oakley, Evan Turner, Police Captain Lamotte, Doctor Ussher. They bowed toward Matthew Kelton as he came in.

"Evening, Mr. Kelton," the police captain said. "A bad business, I'm afraid."

"Crime always is, Captain. Well?"

"Come into the library with me, Matthew. I'll give you the facts," Evan Turner said.

Matthew Kelton followed the lawyer into an austere, book-lined room.

"Oakley is my client," said the lawyer. "I don't dodge the fact that the evidence is dead against him. He hated Cope, and Cope hated him. It's an old story, and not a pretty one."

"A woman?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Cope?"

"Yes."

"Go on."

"THEY were sworn enemies. Their hatred was almost a religion with them. I'm not going to keep any important fact from you, Matthew."

"Quite right."

"Only a week ago I had dinner with Guy Oakley in this very house. I've been his attorney for years, but I've never been a close friend. I doubt if he has any."

"Strong, silent men are apt not to."

"Well, the cocktails warmed up Oakley, made him communicative—for him. We were talking along about nothing in particular, when suddenly he burst out, "That cur, Cope! I saw him to-day, looking at me with those evil green eyes of his. I'll never be happy—or safe—while he's in the world. I'd kill him like a rat if I thought I could get away with it!"

"I told Oakley he was a fool to talk like that—to me, or anybody. He calmed down, and said he didn't mean it. But he did, Matthew."

"No doubt. Well, what then?"

"Here is what happened to-night: Oakley had dinner alone. He had four stiff cocktails, a half-bottle of sauterne, and a high-ball. So Reeves, his butler, testified. Liquor, as I know, always made him sullen, even savage. He was in a decidedly bad humor, Reeves says, when he went into his library immediately after dinner.

"At half past nine, Lewis Cope came to the house. He was in dinner clothes, and he seemed to be in a high state of excitement, Reeves, who let him in, says. He pushed past Reeves, and went into the library. Reeves heard the sound of angry voices, as if Oakley and Cope were having a violent row. Reeves went down in the cellar to look at the furnace fire, and was there possibly eight or nine minutes.

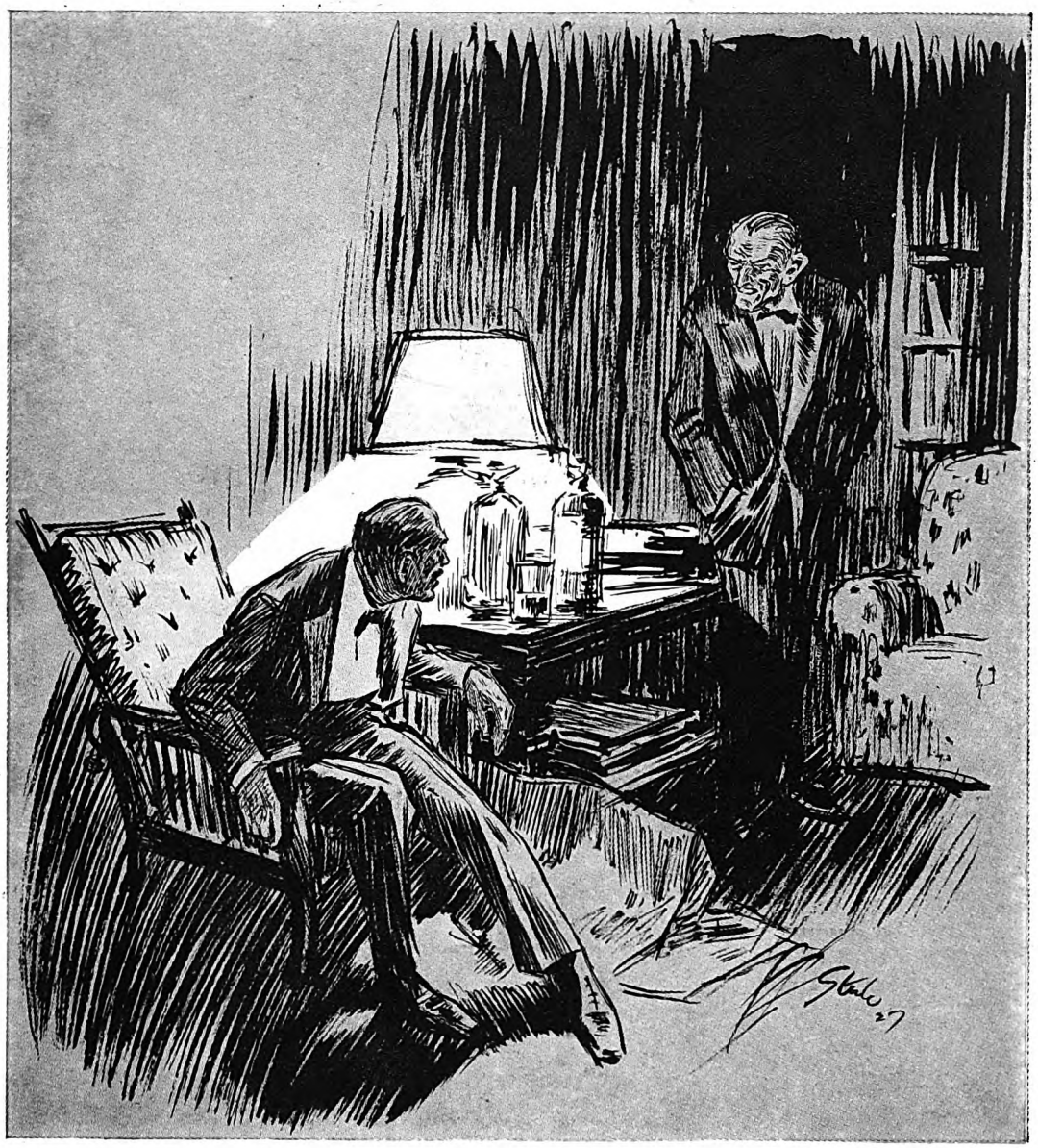
"When he came up-stairs, no sounds could be heard in the library. Somewhat alarmed, Reeves tapped at the door and, getting no answer went in. Oakley was sprawling in a chair, apparently in a drunken stupor, for there was a half-bottle of rye and a glass on the table. Cope had gone. Reeves helped Oakley up-stairs, and put him to bed. It seems that Reeves was rather used to that sort of thing."

"Solitary drinker, eh?"

"Yes."

"Bad," said Matthew Kelton. "Bad."

"At twenty minutes past eleven," continued Turner, "Oakley's chauffeur and his wife, and the gardener and *his* wife



"To my astonishment he did not attack me. Instead, he backed away, smiling that terrible smile"

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returned from town in the station wagon. They'd been in to see a movie. As they came up the main drive the car's headlights picked up something white, lying by the roadside on the lawn, about twenty-five yards from the house. It was Cope's shirt front. He had been shot through the heart. Slight powder marks were on the shirt, as if he had been shot from a distance of two or three feet.

"Without stopping to make any sort of examination, the chauffeur and the others drove down Dark River Road about a quarter of a mile, to where a state trooper is stationed, regulating traffic. Sergeant Lester, a keen young officer, came back with them, and with his flashlight made a thorough examination of the body and the ground around it. He found no weapon. He 'phoned for Captain Lamotte, who arrived shortly with Police Surgeon Ussher.

Doctor Ussher said Cope had been dead about an hour. They went into the house, and woke up Oakley. He appeared to be groggy from the drink, but the shock of seeing Cope's body sobered him completely. He kept a tight grip on himself, however. Said nothing. Merely stared at Cope.

"Captain Lamotte, who was watching him closely, says that he read in Oakley's face a fierce hate for Cope, even in death. Captain Lamotte is a man of action. He said to Oakley, 'Did you do this?' . . . 'I didn't,' said Oakley. 'I wish I had!'

"I arrived just then and shut up Oakley. Also, I persuaded Captain Lamotte not to arrest him formally until you had a chance to look things over. Bankers can't afford to be arrested, even if they are entirely innocent."

"AND it's even worse if they're guilty, I suppose," said Matthew Kelton. "Evan, I don't see much hope for Oakley. I dare say Lewis Cope was no ornament to society—a vicious, ill-natured fellow, I've always heard. Even so, it was mad of Oakley to kill him, especially like this."

"Drink-crazed," muttered Turner, more to himself than to Matthew Kelton.

"Beginning to work out your line of defense, eh?"

"Looks as if I'll need to."

"What about self-defense?"

The lawyer shook his head.

"Not much chance. There was no sign of a struggle, as Sergeant Lester will testify. Oakley denies emphatically that he had any sort of physical fight with Cope."

"Suppose you ask Mr. Oakley to step in here a moment. I'm not the sort of man who can tell a guilty person from an innocent one by feeling his pulse, but I'd like to ask a few questions."

The lawyer went into the other room and returned with Guy Oakley. The banker was a big man, fifty, perhaps, with the lined and seamed face of a man who has known much worry and sorrow in his life.

"Have a cigar, Mr. Oakley," Matthew Kelton greeted him. "I have these made in Havana." He offered Oakley his case. The banker took a long cigar, lit it. His fingers, Kelton noted, were steady.

"Now, Mr. Oakley, please tell me, briefly, what happened to-night," Matthew Kelton said, as casually as if he were asking for a description of a card game.

"I didn't kill Cope," said Oakley. He sank into a chair, as if he were very tired.

"That's what Turner and I will have to prove," said Matthew Kelton. "Help us by telling us exactly what occurred."

"I've been on the ragged edge, lately," the banker said. "Nerves all jangled. Business worries—and Cope. I think he hated me on sight. I know I took a strong dislike to him when I first met him, some seven years ago. That happens sometimes, you know.

"Then—four years ago—we got into that mess. We both behaved pretty badly, I guess. It was a nasty snarl of treachery, deceit, lies all 'round. It's all over now. She—she's dead. But our hate lived. Cope I knew to be vindictive—and subtle. I've seen him watching me with the eyes of a snake, waiting to strike. I waited. It was harrowing."

"Naturally," said Matthew Kelton. "Then?"

"To-night I drank too much at dinner. I've been doing that lately. An escape, you see. Afterward, I went into my library, with a bottle of rye. Frankly, my idea was to drink myself unconscious. I was well on the way when suddenly Cope came into the room. I thought at first it was some ghastly vision my disordered senses had conjured up.

"Then Cope began to talk. 'You're afraid of me, Oakley,' he said. 'You have reason to be.' I thought he had come to kill me."

"WERE you armed?" Matthew Kelton asked.

"No."

"You own a gun, though. Where was it?"

"I have several. Two. One was in a drawer in the dresser of my bedroom." The banker hesitated.

"And the other?"

"In the pocket of the suit I took off when I dressed for dinner."

"I see. Go on."

"Cope stood there looking at me. His face was the face of a crazy man. He smiled, a terrible smile. Then, very quietly he said, 'I've good news for you, Oakley. A doctor examined me to-day. You'll be delighted to know that my lungs are bad. I'll be lucky to live out the year. I hope we'll meet in torment.'

"He stood there looking at me with his green eyes. I burst out, 'Get out of here!' He dropped his quiet manner. 'Why don't you kill me!' he shouted. 'I will,' I said, and started to struggle to my feet. Because of the drink my body was not under good control. To my astonishment he did not attack me. Instead he backed away, smiling that terrible smile.

"'Not to-night,' he said, and laughed. I'll hear that laugh in my dreams. 'No,' he said, like a man talking to himself, 'I'll not kill you to-night. And you can't kill me, Oakley, because I've been dead for years.

"'But some day I will kill you, Oakley. You can look forward to that. Yours will not be a pleasant death. Good night!'

"He turned and went quickly out of the room. I stood there a moment or so, dazed. Then I downed a whole glass of rye, and sank down on a chair, pretty thoroughly knocked out. The next thing I knew Reeves was putting me to bed. That is the absolute truth!"

"You heard no shot?"

"No."

"You did not follow Cope out of the house?"

"No."

"Mr. Oakley," said Matthew Kelton, unexpectedly, "why do you wear only one stud in your evening shirt?"

The banker glanced down at his shirt front. It had two buttonholes. The top one held a black pearl stud, set in platinum. The bottom hole was empty.

"Couldn't find the other one," the banker said. "Maybe the burglars took it."

"What burglars?"

"My house was burglarized a couple of months ago, while I was away. They made off

Matthew Kelton, humming to himself, was gazing at the cage

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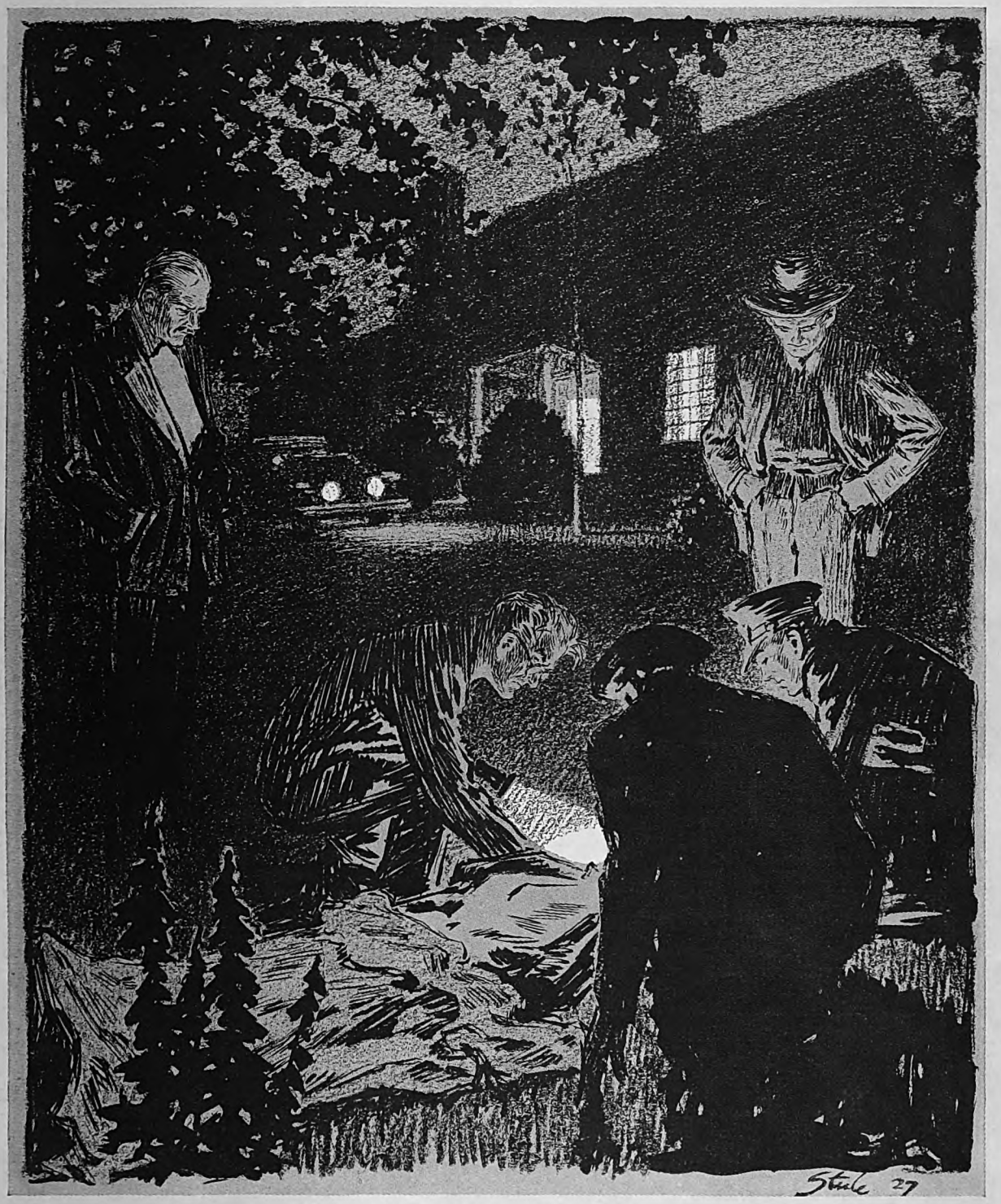

With a powerful electric torch, Matthew Kelton made a brief examination of the body

with some plate and jewelry. Nothing very valuable."

"That's all for the present, Mr. Oakley," said Matthew Kelton. The banker joined the others in the drawing-room.

Matthew Kelton gravely puffed at his cigar.

"I don't envy you your job, Evan," he said. "I've seldom listened to a clumsier and less plausible story."

"It might be true."

"That's what you'll have to convince a hard-headed jury. But, Evan, bear this in mind: there are times when nothing is more unbelievable than the truth. I'd like to see Cope's body."

Matthew Kelton, together with Turner, Captain Lamotte, Doctor Ussher and Oakley, went out to the spot where Cope's body, covered with a blanket, lay, awaiting the arrival of the coroner. Sergeant Lester was on guard.

With a powerful electric torch, Matthew Kelton made a brief examination of the body.

"Found anything new, Sergeant?" he asked.

"I've got the bullet, Mr. Kelton. Dug it out of the ground. It went clean through him."

"Let me see it, please."

The sergeant dropped a small lead pellet into Matthew Kelton's palm. Kelton examined it closely.

"What do you make of it, Captain?"

"I know a bit about guns. Hobby of mine," the police captain said. "But this bullet is something unusual. Steel nose. Very long. Like a small nail, almost. Too big for a .22 caliber. Too small for a .32. I can't tell what sort of gun fired it. I'd say, though, that it was fired at close range and by a steady hand."

"Obviously," said Matthew Kelton, studying the bullet. "Guns are a hobby of mine too, Captain. Now, it's my opinion—an opinion merely, you understand—that this bullet was fired from a Skomak pistol."

"Never heard of one," said the police captain. (*Continued on page 86*)

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The Chanins

Crazy! That's what people them, but those who said qualify as

IT'S funny about Irwin S. Chanin. Just as he was getting used to being called "crazy," and was beginning to enjoy it, people stopped doing it! Instead, they commenced to speak of him in awed tones as "the Crœsus of Broadway."

This transformation, from crazy to Crœsus, occurred in the short space of a few years. Even among the romantic stories of American business it would be hard to match the Chanin record.

He is small, clear-skinned, dark-eyed, and ordinarily looks as serious as an undertaker. But as he told me about those years when he was called "crazy," his eyes sparkled and he chuckled like a mischievous boy.

As he is only thirty-five years old, his real boyhood is not very many years behind him. He says he never played when he was a youngster. If so, he is making up for lost time. For he seems to get as much fun out of work as any boy ever found in play.

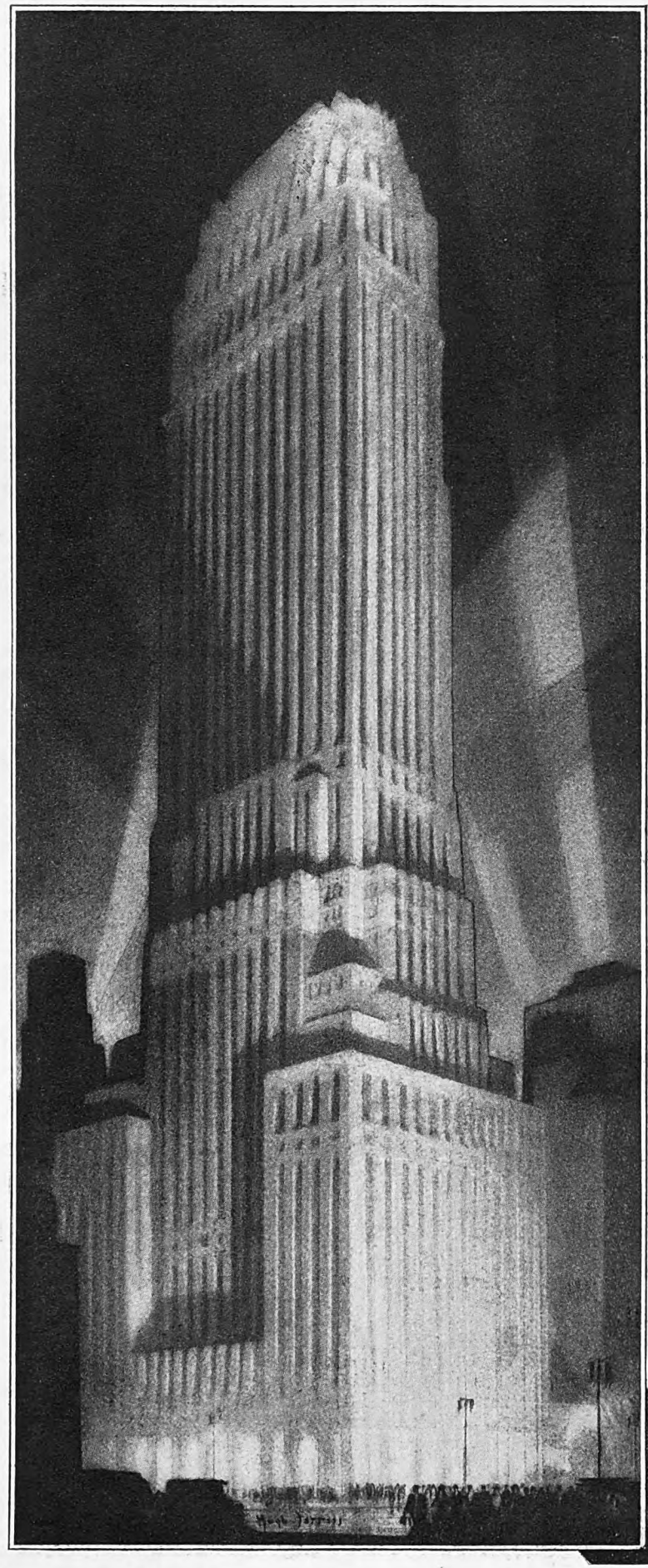
DURING the past few years, Chanin has been a sort of Mysterious Stranger in New York business affairs. When he and his brother Henry began putting up big buildings in New York and Brooklyn, people said: "Who in the world *are* these Chanins?"

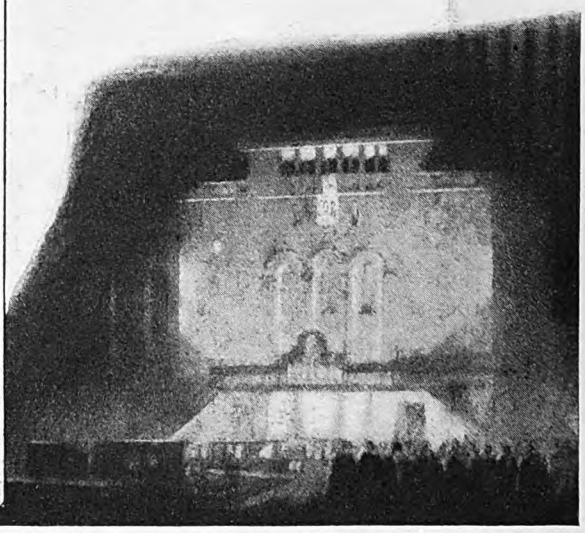
Gradually, it was discovered that the two young men, not then out of their twenties, lived in Bensonhurst, a modest suburban section of Brooklyn.

It was discovered, also, that, as recently as 1919, they were practically without a dollar. Yet in 1924 they bought a Brooklyn business site for $850,000 and started the construction of a $5,000,000 office building. No wonder people said they were crazy.

But not everybody said it, even then. Irwin Chanin himself was *sure* he wasn't crazy. He managed to make a few other men share this certainty. And to-day those men are boasting, with pardonable pride, of their shrewdness in picking a winner.

DRAWINGS BY HUGH FERRISS





(Above) The fifty-two-story Chanin building as it will appear when combuilt by the Chanins and, at the extreme right, the Hotel Lincoln. The next

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of Broadway

By
MARY B. MULLETT

once said about it could never alienists

If the less shrewd ones had known Chanin's whole story they might have sized him up more correctly. He is one of those amazing young Jews who perform what seem to be miracles of achievement. We watch them with curiosity, envy, and sometimes with resentment. We might better try to find out *how they do it!* That was what I tried to discover about Irwin Chanin.

He was born, October 29th, 1892, in Brooklyn, his father and mother being immigrants from Russia. After reaching this country the father became a painter. Then he began to get small contracting jobs: repairs and finishing interiors.

Instead of spending his earnings, he saved thriftily. By the time Irwin was six years old his father had accumulated about ten thousand dollars.

He and his wife were lonely in this country, for their friends and relatives were in Russia. Moreover, in Russia a man would be *rich* with ten thousand dollars! So the Chanins took themselves, their three children, and their little fortune, and went back to their native village in the Ukraine.

"I couldn't go to the public school there," explained the present Broadway Crœsus, "because I wasn't born in Russia. But that was really a lucky thing for me; for I loved to study, and in the private school which I attended there was almost no limit to the amount of studying I could do.

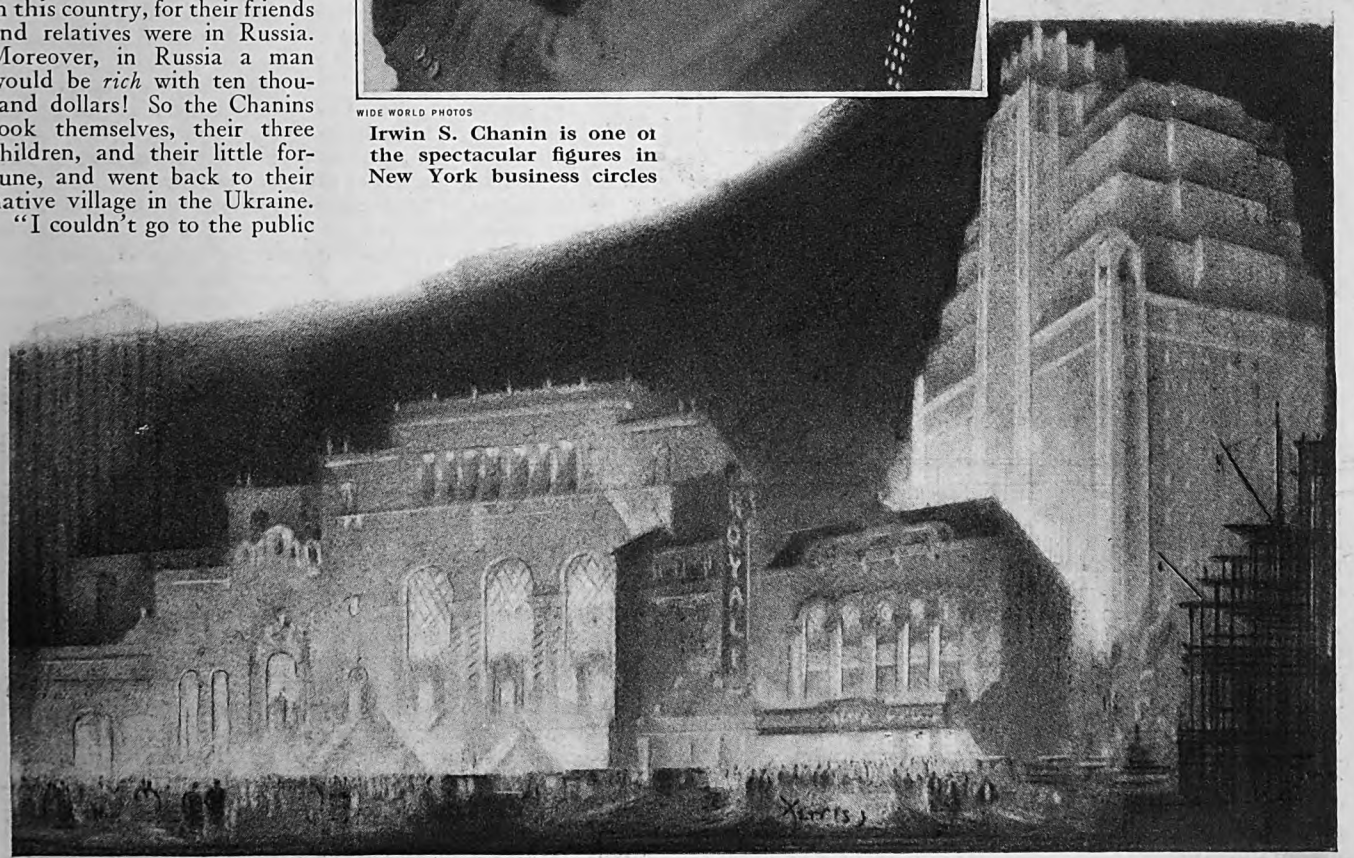
"I used to go to school at eight in the morning. Except for the time I took for lunch, I was there until seven at night. Or, if I went home at five-thirty for supper, I would go back to school, and stay until eight or eight-thirty. I never played. But I didn't miss play, for I loved study better than anything else.

"WHEN I was about nine years old, they started to build a railroad through that section. There was no school on Saturdays, so I used to watch the men who were surveying the line.

"The engineer in charge would set up a mysterious-looking instrument which I know now is called a transit. He (*Continued on page 122*)

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Irwin S. Chanin is one of the spectacular figures in New York business circles



pleted. Across the page you see three of the eight theatres recently hotel to be put up by Chanin will contain, according to plans, 6,700 rooms

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How *to* Live *in a* Small Town

By Dorothy Walworth Carman

Mrs. Dorothy Walworth Carman and her daughter on the lawn of their home in Maplewood, New Jersey. Mrs. Carman is author of "Faith of Our Fathers," "Pride of the Town," and "Chickens Come Home to Roost"

MAKING a success of life in a small town demands a special technique. The city dweller can shut himself off from his kind quite completely. If he wants friends, he can pick them, while in a small town they are apt to be forced on him.

On my street in Maplewood, New Jersey, I am in constant contact with the daily lives of at least twenty families—their comings and goings, their habits, their relations with each other.

I have enough literary material on my street to last me a lifetime, if I dared to write it. And yet my neighbors lead quite normal lives. But what happens inside them as they go about their business—their opinions, their family adjustments, their efforts to play the game—make a panorama of unfailing interest.

Lately I have been thinking about what I have called the "special technique" of living in a small town. All my life I have lived in one—and it is not surprising that I have come to a few definite conclusions. That "special technique" has a number of very definite principles and it is these which I am going to try to describe.

1. *A Sense of Humor.* This characteristic is rarer than people think. Nobody will admit he lacks it. Ellen Glasgow, in a late novel, mentions a certain Mrs. Spearman who assured everyone that she had no flaw in her sense of humor, "but the things other people laughed at never amused her."

I am not attempting to define a sense of humor, but, whatever it may be, it keeps you from getting pompous. Moreover, it enables you to get through cheerfully the minor irritations that are sure to arise in small-town relationships.

A city dweller has only the relations of his immediate family to keep smooth. A small-town dweller has an enlarged family life, sometimes containing a whole street.

But a sense of humor will keep the little events which crowd in on a small-town dweller from seeming too calamitous. Your day will not be completely ruined because the neighbor's dog tracked up your new-washed porch with his muddy paws, or your neighbor across the street refused to pay for the window his boy broke. After all, you will reflect, porches and dogs and windows are small details in the great scheme of things.

There is one woman in our town who has no humor in her dealings with the rest of us. She is continually dashing up our hill to tell us that our children have been teasing her little Gertrude. One would suppose that the teasing of little Gertrude shook the stars in their courses. The result is that this woman is not popular, and we all confess to a secret, evil joy when her offspring suffers some minor mishap. I have often thought that her life would be made over if she would only cultivate a sense of humor.

Humor is more than just a nice thing to have around the house. There is a ministry about it. It sweetens situations, it brightens whole streets. God put it in the world as one of his blessings. Cultivate it. It's of prime importance if you wish to live peacefully in a small town.

2. *Tolerance.* This attribute is invaluable in small-town life because it helps you to get along with the conflicting opinions around you. Suppose my neighbor on one side is a rabid Republican, and I am a rabid Democrat. We should soon come to blows if at least one of us did not have tolerance.

When you are tolerant, you do not necessarily believe your neighbor is correct in his opinions, but you respect them. Tolerance is best expressed by Voltaire's famous words to Helvetius: "I wholly disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

I have often thought that "live and let live" was a very good motto for small-town life. Don't expect too much of people; don't try to drag them up by main force to your own standard; take the beam out of your own eye, and remember that we have all sinned and fallen short of the glory of God.

3. *Kindliness.* This means the small acts of thoughtful good will which make existence more pleasant and which distinguish civilized society from that of savages. I recall, in Mount Kisco, New York, a dear old lady whom everybody called Auntie Bennett. I was only two years old when I lived in Mount Kisco, but I still hear stories about her. For one thing, she had everybody's birthday in a book, and everybody's birthday was remembered with a greeting. When there was sickness in any house, Auntie Bennett came to the door as surely as the doctor.

Now we cannot all be Auntie Bennetts, but we can all be kind. We can realize that the man across the street likes to have his birthday noticed, though he may pretend he doesn't. Suppose you send the woman up the block one of your pies once in a while. Telephone Mrs. Horton and ask after her little girl with the broken arm. Stop Fred Jones on the street and tell him you hear he has been made president of that men's club, and congratulate him.

Those small attentions require little time, and they make such a difference. I knew a good citizen who died, and when the letters of condolence came to his family, they mentioned most often the *everyday* kindness which this good man had performed. He had not waited for some large occasion to be noble.

4. *Human Interest.* All of us are interested in our own kind, and we should be. It is a form of unselfishness to enjoy other people. We should not appear bored when Mrs. Wayne stops us to say what wonderful progress her Alfred has been making on the violin. We should be so genuinely interested that we do not interrupt her with tales of our own child's precocity. We have all known people who talk animatedly enough about their own

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affairs, but who get that far-away look in their eyes whenever anyone else's affairs are mentioned.

Somebody has defined a bore as a "man who talks about himself when I want to talk about myself." Consider your neighbor's affairs almost as entertaining as your own, and you will be bored more seldom!

5. *Discretion.* By this I mean absence from talebearing and scandalmongering. In a small town, where much is known of one another's lives, the temptation to gossip is almost irresistible, and men are as guilty of it as women. When they get together in the evenings at their lodge meetings, they repeat all the rumors their wives have told them. But if a man or woman wants to be well liked, he had better not be known as a talebearer. We are all of us human enough to listen to such a person, but we never respect him.

And, it is a good thing to remember that some day a tale may recoil on you with uncomfortable consequences.

6. *Neighborliness.* Robert Frost has a poem about a New Englander building a wall and saying, "Good fences make good neighbors." It is true that much strife can arise over a boundary undefined. But we should learn to be good neighbors, even without fences.

My husband and I are friends with our neighbors, and I do not believe it is solely on account of the barberry hedge that separates us so definitely. It is because my neighbors have learned the art of being interested without being inquisitive. They run over to see me, but not too often. They do not embarrass me with over-attention, but neither do they neglect me. They are considerate, and when they put their car in the garage late at night, they are careful not to be noisy enough to waken me. They mind their own business, yet they do not hold aloof.

I think the whole twenty families of us on my street try to be decent to each other, especially in such practical matters as restricting our dogs, cats, chickens, and children. We seek to be gracious, also, in the matter of lending and borrowing. There is a time in the life of every woman when she is in the midst of baking and lacks just one egg. There is a time in the life of every man when he is in need of a tack hammer or a rake.

Lending, you know, may be a fine art. My neighbors all have equally fine morals, but there is one neighbor I would rather borrow from than anybody else. She knows how to lend something as if you were doing her a favor, instead of the other way around. She never acts as if it were too much trouble, not even when you interrupt her in the midst of crullers, and that is a test.

When my husband and I first moved into our house, our lawn was in a frightful condition and our new lawn mower had not yet come from the store. So we asked a near-by householder for hers, and though she lent it, she did it sourly, with the request that we pay her fifty cents for sharpening it afterward. Though, in the subsequent years she lived near me, I found her a woman with many good traits, I never quite forgave her for the lawn mower. The advice "neither a borrower nor a lender be" cannot be kept in a small town. You must learn to lend graciously, but you must borrow as seldom as possible, yourself. And whenever you are forced to borrow, *pay it back*, even to the half teaspoonful.

7. *Contentment.* By that word I do not mean placidity, but relish for everyday life. It might be better defined as the enjoyment of monotony.

We should learn to appreciate our familiar, repeated blessings, such as log fires, warmth, food, sunrises. We should cultivate a liking for habitual actions. For myself, I enjoy opening the back door and bringing in the milk bottles. I always pause with a milk bottle in either hand, and take a deep breath and look over my back-yard domain.

This seems a very little thing to do, but I tell you those milk bottles of mine have given me much pleasure in the course of my married life. Milk bottles, log fires, and sunsets are no flashes in the pan as materials for happiness. They are what President Eliot used to call "durable satisfactions."

It is a good plan to like conversation, too, as a durable satisfaction. It is a discouraging sign when we must pull out the bridge table every time the neighbors come over. Once my husband and I went to call on some total strangers who had just moved to town. We hoped to get acquainted with them because we had heard they were very nice people. We had scarcely got into their house when they pulled out the bridge table, and the conversation for the rest of that evening was confined to trumps. When we came away, we both remarked that we had not become acquainted with them at all.

8. *Magnanimity.* One of the signs of "large-mindedness" is lack of false pride. We should never be too proud to beg pardon once in a while. In a close community life, there cannot fail to be times when we hurt someone's feelings, unintentionally perhaps. We should always be willing to make it right. There are too many men who have stood on their little dignity, and said they would be willing to let bygones be bygones if the other man would apologize. Apologize yourself. It never lowered any man to apologize, though there seems to be a strange notion that it does.

Bear no grudge if you want to be happy in a small town. Be slow to take offense. Overlook much. And when it comes your turn to forgive, be a good forgiver.

9. *Modesty.* This means not boasting about yourself and your success.

There are times, among our intimates, when we can all let loose and tell of our good fortunes. But it is better in everyday life not to vaunt our blessings, lest we make other people uncomfortable. Remember that not everyone may be so fortunate, and the tales of your triumphs may ring harsh in other ears. Edwin Markham tells us that "we've each a darkening hill to climb," and if your hill happens to be brighter than some others, don't make a point of saying so.

10. *Interest in Work.* Perhaps I should have said hobby. At any rate, both men and women should have the satisfaction of contented absorption in some activity. It is good for the disposition. When we are absorbed, we are not apt to be "touchy." We don't stop to bother with small worries.

Well, there are my ten recipes. What are yours?

(*The End*)

Neighbors

By Arthur Guiterman

IG WAS a Paleolithical cave man,
A glum and morose though undoubtedly brave man.
His muscles were big and his body was burly;
His manners were rude and his temper was surly;
Aloof and suspicious, he lurked in his cellar,
And never consorted with any nigh-dweller.
But better days dawned on his narrow horizon,
When, houghing the mammoth or chasing the bison,
Or heaving a boulder on some such occasion
As that of repelling a foreign invasion,
Or facing the tiger whose tooth was a saber,
He learned that he urgently needed his neighbor.

Directly thereafter, he found himself wishing
For someone to growl at while hunting or fishing,
For someone to envy his prowess and cunning,
His skill with the throw-stick, his lightness in running.
And next he observed that in moments of leisure
Companionship failed to diminish his pleasure.
When frisking and playing, to make him contented
He wanted a comrade—and Sport was invented.
And, oh! how it heightened the joy of endeavor
When clansmen applauded and said he was clever!
In wrestling and racing and tossing the caber
He found that he notably needed his neighbor.

This World is an Inn, if you please so to term it,
Where Man is a Guest, and he isn't a Hermit;
He has to put up with the Inn's other lodgers—
These pushing young upstarts, those grumpy old codgers;
And soon, as a rule, he is rightly persuaded
To greet and be greeted, to aid and be aided;
For Friendship is good in our joys and our troubles;
Each sorrow it halves and each pleasure it doubles.
Then don't let your bailiwick languish without you,
But try to put up with the people about you;
For, whether in happiness, grieving, or labor,
There's no one but sometime has need of a neighbor.

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Another of SCATTERGOOD'S *adventures with the* SIX BIG MEN

Strawberries *don't grow on* Poison Ivy Vines

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by PAUL MEYLAN

NOBODY," said Scattergood Baines, "was ever yet so determined but what he could be made to change his mind, sooner or later."

"But Father's awful set," said Freddie Norton; "and Ma's set, too. Seems like neither of 'em can endure the thought of it. All you got to do is say *Haddy* or *Half Acre*. . . . And it's mighty hard on *her*."

"Her" was Freddie Norton's new wife, married by the young man out of that place of evil repute, Half Acre; and, as if this were not sufficient, she was of the blood of the Haddys—the Six Big Men who ruled that village of illicit stills and outcasts and fugitives—of unspeakable occupations and unlawful professions.

Lawyer Norton was proud. His forbears had lived in Coldriver since there had been a Coldriver. He had married a Higgins, of Higgins Bridge. As Lawyer Norton had said publicly in the post office, he would rather have seen his son dead at his feet than married to a Haddy.

So these two young people, who had been thrown together by chance or by fate, were not altogether happy, even though Scattergood, after seeing the girl and determining in his mind that she was good and not evil, had helped her to escape from her six huge brothers and had given her to Freddie Norton to have and to hold.

Recognition meant so much to the girl, who from birth had been deprived of everything which a decent environment can provide. Freddie could endure, but she—she was pitifully eager to be received by Coldriver and to have that dreadful past forgotten. She yearned to know good men and good women and to be as they were.

But Coldriver followed the lead of Lawyer Norton—and said hard things against Scattergood Baines for meddling in the matter. So Scattergood had taken the young couple home to Mandy, his wife. And there they made the best of it until public opinion should change, or until time should accustom the village to the presence of a real, live Haddy within its limits.

"You could go some'eres else, where folks don't know ye," said Scattergood tentatively.

Freddie shut his mouth grimly. "We're goin' to stay right here. Nobody's goin' to drive us out. Neither of us has done anythin' to be ashamed of; and if folks are goin' to be so dratted cussed ingrowin', why, they'll just have to sit and chew on it. No, sir, my wife and I stay right here."

"That's what I'd do, seems as though," said Scattergood. "But maybe you didn't stop to think of them Six Big Men. I warrant you they hain't satisfied. It might be safer if you was to go off some place. Them men is the kind to hold a grudge."

"So am I " said Freddie grimly. "I haven't forgotten, either. And, anyhow, I got her."

"You done so," said Scattergood, "and when Mandy gits through teachin' her how to cook I dunno but what I'll offer to swap—if you got suthin' to throw in."

"She's a kind of a miracle," said Freddie gravely. "I don't calc'late I'll ever understand it. Seems to me like she was all good. Yes, sir, everythin' about her's just as sweet and wholesome and all. And those she comes from are all bad. Did you ever see the like before, Mr. Baines?"

"I don't call no instance to mind."

"None of that wickedness she lived amongst ever touched her. Sometimes I get the idea she didn't see it or understand it; and other times I think she's awful wise and saw it all, but was able to hold it away from her. . . . It's just as if you was to find a strawberry growin' on poison ivy."

"What we got to aim to do," said Scattergood, "is to show folks they won't come out with a rash and an itchin' if they touch her. Time'll do it."

The old hardware merchant arose.

"Don't git no more impatient'n ye kin help," he said. "You can't ever tell what'll turn up."

He went out and untied his rotund old horse and drove into town, but not to the store. He stopped before the door which gave onto the stairway leading up to Lawyer Norton's office, and alighted. The stairs creaked under his weight and he puffed a bit as he got to the top. He was not the sort to knock on doors; that was a formality necessary to other people. Scattergood just opened and went in.

LAWYER NORTON was sitting behind his desk, and as Scattergood entered he looked up with an expression of mingled grief and anger.

"I didn't think you'd be comin' here, Scattergood," he said.

"Me? Why not?"

"The turn you done me and my wife ain't a good turn. Marryin' our son to a Haddy!"

"Have ye seen her? Eh? Have ye talked to her?"

"No; and we won't ever."

"Hain't that kind of harsh, don't ye think? Convictin' without a trial, hain't ye?"

"When she's ruined his life he'll be comin' back to us, Scattergood. And if I was you I wouldn't go nigh my wife. She's bitter. I ain't thinkin' kindly of ye, by no means, neither."

"Been friends a sight of years, hain't we? Ever ketch me in a meanness?"

"Not till now."

"I kind of figgered you wouldn't like it," Scattergood said, "not at fust. . . . Um. If you hain't ketched me in no meanness for the forty year you've knowed me, it looks like that was evidence maybe you hadn't ketched me in no meanness yet."

I AIN'T no doubt you meant for the best," said Norton. "But I calc'late you thought more about that girl than you did about my son. She's beholden' to you, as anybody'll say, but we Nortons ain't."

"Won't ye come to see her?"

"No."

"If you was to talk to her, and look at her eyes, now—"

"I don't need to talk to her to tell what blood's runnin' in her veins; nor to look into her eyes to tell what's bred in her bone."

"G'-by," said Scattergood. "I didn't much expect you'd come. . . . Um. . . . Ever hear of a strawberry a-growin' on a p'ison ivy vine?"

"Never; and neither did anybody else," said Lawyer Norton stiffly; "and that's just it!"

"But," said Scattergood, "if you was to go along and was to stoop down and pick a strawberry, and then found it growed on a p'ison ivy actual, you'd have to b'lieve it? Eh? Wouldn't ye?"

"No," said Lawyer Norton. "It ain't in nature."

"Offhand," said Scattergood, "a body 'ud say you was right. And mebbe ye be."

"So you got your doubts," said Lawyer Norton.

"I got no doubts what your son's picked is a strawberry," said Scattergood. "G'-by."

Scattergood called on the sheriff of the county, and was made as welcome as an individual of his political importance naturally would be made.

"Sheriff," he said, "I'm lookin' for a leetle favor. You know Half Acre, Sheriff?"

"Yes, dog-gone it. But it seems as

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though I can't git nothin' to lay my finger onto. They been perty quiet there these last few years—outside of their own town. We don't pay much attention to what goes on inside. Have them folks been annoyin' ye?"

"Not to speak of," said Scattergood. "I was jest kind of cur'ous. Allus gittin' cur'ous about suthin', seems as though."

"It's a healthy sign," said the sheriff.

"Now what I want is this—if ye kin contrive it for me. I want you should ketch me one of them Half Acre folks. Not jest any of 'em, but an old one. I want one that's lived there from 'way back. Jest fetch him in, so's I kin talk to him a minute; and then we'll let him go ag'in. Don't forgit; it's an old one I want."

A DEPUTY who stood by a window in the office turned: "Old Man Herts from there is in town, kind of half-way drunk, like always, and wanderin' up and down. I could git him perty quick."

"Fetch," said Scattergood, and settled down to wait.

In half an hour the deputy returned with an old man whose long, straggling, unkempt hair had a dank and greasy and untouchable look. His features were bloated, and his whiskers were stained; but his eyes were red and irritable and threatening like those of a cornered hen hawk.

In the middle of an old and musty vault stood a tiny, grimy, dusty safe of ancient manufacture

"What you fetchin' me in fer? I hain't done nothin'. You folks wait till I git home and tell about this. Somebody'll wisht he hadn't never meddled with me."

"Set down," said Scattergood. "You hain't arrested nor nothin'. You're jest asked to stop and talk a minute. Lived in Half Acre quite a spell of time, hain't ye?"

"'Tain't none of your business; but I guess nobody's lived there much longer,"

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said the old man proudly.

"I calc'late you've knowed most of the folks that lived there?"

"All of 'em."

"You never knowed a man of the name of Lawson?" said Scattergood.

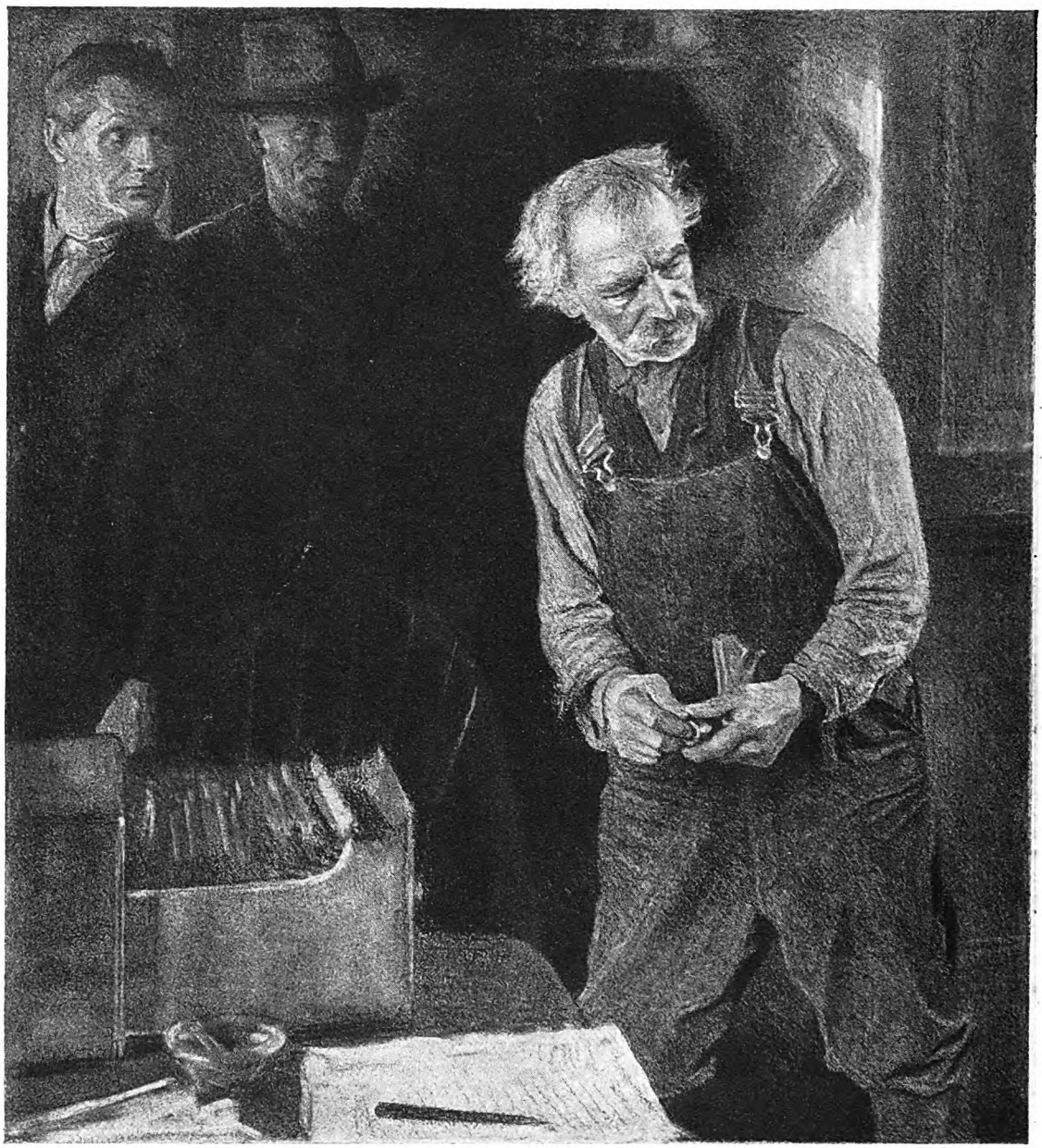
"Never was no sich feller."

"Mem'ry hain't failin', is it? Don't find no difficulty recollectin' things?"

"I tell you the' never was sich a man!"

"And I tell ye," said Scattergood, "you forgot, or don't want to tell."

"I hain't!"



"You folks wait till I git home and tell about this," said the old

"WHY," said Scattergood, "I bet you forgot folks a heap more important there than Lawson. I bet you don't recall Old Man Haddy himself."

The old fellow sneered. "I kin draw ye his picture," he said.

"Kind of a middle-sized man with red hair," said Scattergood.

"Naw, he wa'n't, nuther. He was the biggest of the lot, and his hair and whiskers was black, before they turned."

"To be sure," said Scattergood; "you remember better'n I do. I calc'late it was ol' Mrs. Haddy I got in mind. It was her that had the red hair."

"She didn't, nuther. And she wa'n't middle-sized. That old woman was nigh as big's her husband, and her hair was jest as black, and so was her eyes. All them Haddys was."

"And ye don't know this here man Lawson?"

"Never was sich a feller in Half Acre."

"Then I calc'late I must 'a' been mistook," said Scattergood, "and much obleeged, and sorry we troubled ye. G'-by."

The old man paused in the door and leered. "I'd jest as soon not be you," he said maliciously, "when them boys git around to ye!"

"G'-by," said Scattergood imperturbably.

The sheriff turned an inquisitive face. "Who's this feller Lawson?" he asked.

"Ol' Man Herts was right," Scattergood said placidly. "There never was no sich man."

"W-al," said the sheriff, "I'll be jiggered!"

"G'-by, Sheriff, and much obleeged."

"G'-by, Scattergood."

The old hardware man went home, packed his canvas telescope, and took the evening train to the state capital. There he engaged in literary pursuits in the reading-room of the state library. He read for two days—newspapers. But the papers he read were dust-covered and yellowing. At the end of the second day he returned to Coldriver.

SCATTERGOOD sat on the piazza of his hardware store, leaning back in his reinforced arm chair. His eyes were shut, and he frowned. Slowly he lifted one foot, and as slowly lowered his right hand to its laces, which he untied. Presently he sat barefoot and comfortable, and his toes moved rhythmically in the sunshine. But the solution of his problem did not come, even in these favorable circumstances. After a time he opened his eyes to see Pliny Pickett coming down the street to make his report as conductor of Scattergood's eighteen-mile railroad.

"Afternoon, Pliny," he said. "Afternoon. . . . Um. . . . Got any idees, Pliny?"

"Concernin' what?"

"Anythin'," said Scattergood. "Jest anythin'. . . . S'pose, f'r instance, that there hoss over there knew suthin' you was all het up to find out; but you couldn't up and ask him right out, because you knowed he wouldn't tell ye. How'd ye go about it to find out?"

"Take a gad to him," said Pliny.

"About all you git with a gad," said Scattergood, "is resentment, and seems as though the world was too full of that as it is. No; if you want to know jest how a hoss is goin' to act in any given set of circumstances, you got to *be* a hoss. Hosses and folks acts different. Fat folks and slim folks acts different. Dark folks and light folks acts different. Good folks and bad folks acts different. And it stands to reason any one of them kind'll know more about how his own kind's goin' to act, than any of the other kinds will."

"To be sure," agreed Pliny, who was not sure at all.

"And the nex' best thing," said Scattergood, "is to pertend you're the kind you're studyin' over. And pertend how he feels and pertend how he thinks—like the feller that found the lost cow by per-

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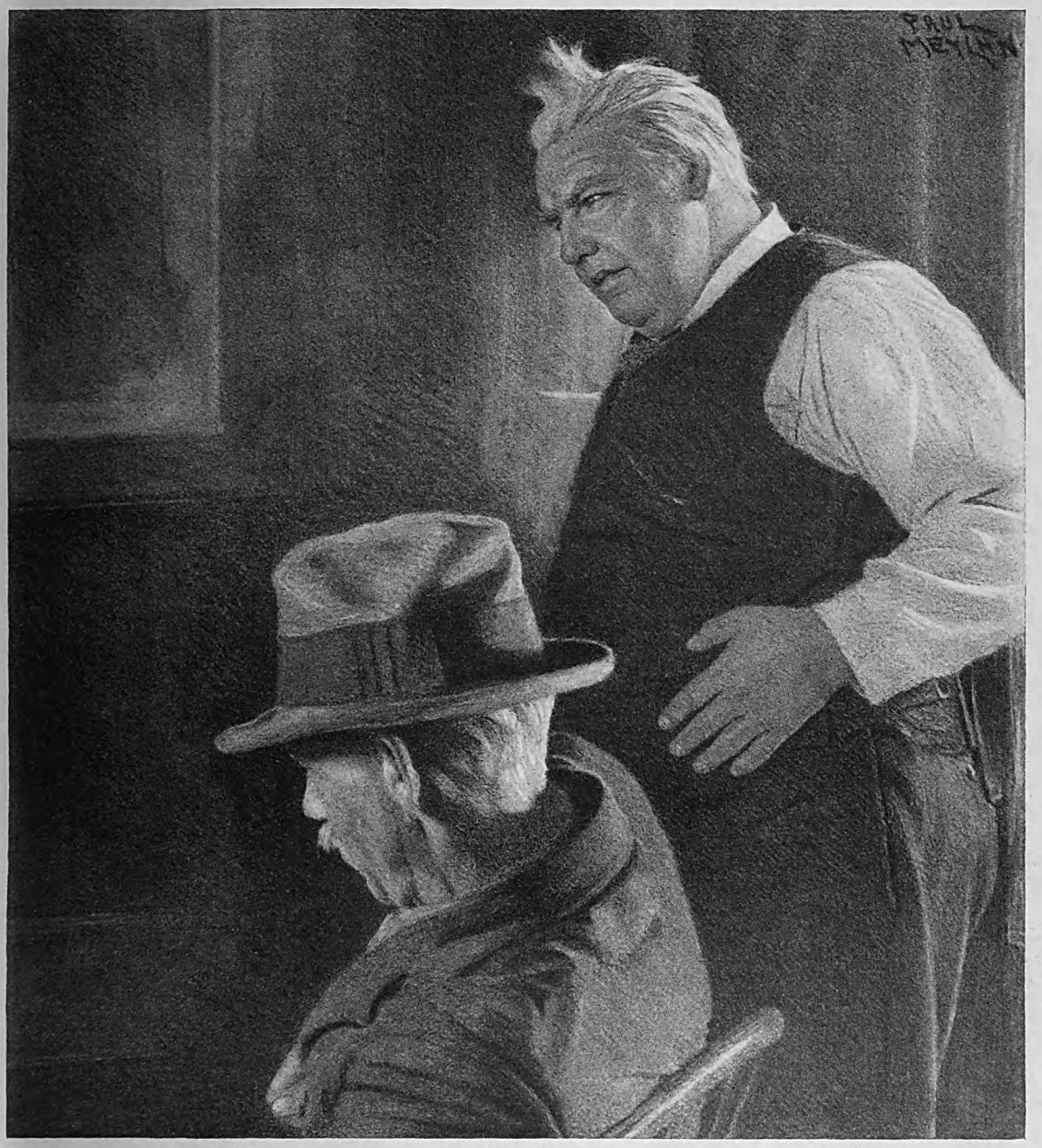

man. "Somebody'll wisht he hadn't never meddled with me"

tendin' he was a cow, and actin' accordin'."

"Seems as though," said Pliny.

"W-al, did ye ever stop to think that a scheme a criminal thinks up to fool somebody is the kind of a scheme that 'ud fool himself? Yes, sir. He considers and considers, and then he hits on suthin' he knows'ud bamboozle *him* if it was put up right. And so he feels sure it'll bamboozle the other fellow."

"Sounds reasonable."

"It's more'n reasonable," said Scattergood, "it's *so*. Now, I was readin' in the papers—lemme see—what was I readin'? About sharpers, it was. Pliny, did ye ever stop to think what a good sharper I'd be if 'twa'n't for the impediment of bein' honest? Kind of queer. Looks as though bein' honest was kind of a drawback for a feller that was ambitious to be one of these here confidence men."

"It jest seems to me," said Pliny, "as though you wa'n't talkin' sense a-tall."

"It seems like that to me a heap of times," said Scattergood; "but this here hain't one of 'em. I'm bein' deep and searchin'. I'm plumbin' depths of human conduct, and discoverin' a sight of whys and wherefores. . . . Now what was that there scheme I read about? Had suthin' to do with a safe. . . ."

"Hain't got no idee," said Pliny.

SCATTERGOOD sighed. "Anybody come up on the train—in special?"

"The senator, he come."

"Johnny Bones come? Um. . . Didn't calc'late to go past his house, did ye? No sich idee entered your head?"

"I could."

"Uh-huh. But ye wouldn't stop."

"I might."

"Dew tell. Figgerin' to call on the senator, and him with a silk hat and a Prince Albert coat and all! Looks perty slick when he's got up all regardless, don't he? Any purpose in p'tic'lar for stoppin'? Anythin' you got to say to him?"

"I guess I'd tell him you'd admire to see him."

"Didn't say so, did I? Didn't hear me say so?"

"No."

"G'-by, Pliny."

"G'-by, Scattergood."

The old man sat back again at ease, nor did he trouble his mind with reflections upon the impropriety of a barefoot old hardware merchant sending for a United States senator as if he were a clerk in a grocery. Class distinctions never were apparent to Scattergood, and, anyhow, as he would have said, "he had raised Johnny Bones from a kitten. . . ."

AND Johnny came, after a time, thinking no more of the impropriety of the summons than Scattergood did. Being a senator had not changed Johnny—which was one reason Scattergood had made him a senator.

"Johnny," said Scattergood, "be ye so busy senatorin' around you're pressed for time?"

"I can make out to find a little leisure."

"Good. . . . And you got to keep your hand in."

"In what, Scattergood?"

"Practicin' law. Mebbe the' 'll come a day when you won't be a senator no more, an' 'll have to go back to work."

"Have you some legal business?"

"No; but I know a client that's lookin' for a lawyer."

"What kind of a case?"

"W-al, it's a sort of a will case, as you might say, and a kind of a case to recover the estate of a deceased person, and kind of various and sundry other things. But you 'n' me kin handle it, all right, I calc'late."

"Who's the client?"

"Freddie Norton's wife—her that was a Haddy."

"And there's some estate due her?"

"Seems as though."

"Who's got it?"

"Them Six Big Men, seems as though."

"There's a fine chance she ever gets it," said Johnny; "or that there's any left to get!"

"I got an idee this here one'll be found as intact as it started out to be."

"Yes? And how do we proceed?"

"W-al, fust off, you write a letter to the boss Haddy, demandin' the return of this here estate. Um. . . . Without openin' it."

"Openin' what?"

"The safe."

"This is the first I've heard of a safe."

"'Twon't be the last. Yes, sir, you'll demand they send (*Continued on page 127*)

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Where Jim Pratt Found
The Highroad *to* Happiness

By M. K. Wisehart

Yesterday is but a Dream,
And To-morrow is only a vision;
But to-day well-lived
Makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every To-morrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day.
"*Salutation of the Dawn*"—*From the Sanskrit.*

A TALL, spare man, straight as an iron rod, bronzed by the sun and the wind and the fire of his forge, you see him at work to-day, at the age of sixty-seven, in his blacksmith shop in the little town of Essex, Connecticut, six miles from where the Connecticut River empties into Long Island Sound. A little red-brick building with slate roof, small-paned windows and wide-swinging doors, the place has about it all the old-time enchantment, and the grime and the soot and the dust of the regular village smithy.

Time was, and that one day in 1896, when Jim Pratt's father shod twenty-five horses by daylight in this little shop. To-day, of course, horses come few and far between. A blacksmith from the soles of his feet to the tip of his peaked leather cap, Jim Pratt has branched out into a new sort of ironwork. The few horses that are around Essex are shod there, to be sure; and with my own eyes I have actually seen the job being done. But, mainly, Jim Pratt and his helper are engaged in the making of hand-wrought hinges and latches, and they will accept any other job that is strictly in the blacksmithing line.

Though automobiles often stop at Jim Pratt's shop, it is never for repairs. The owner of a limousine, having passed the time of day with the smith, may be seen to come from within toting a newly made but old-looking and odd-looking fireplace fender, which he stows away in the back of his car; or perhaps the trophy which he brings out of this sooty little palace of antique reproductions is a Maine peavey fire poker. Right here, before I go any further, let me tell you about this poker!

Some years ago, Jim Pratt went down in Maine on a hunting trip, and among other things he saw how the lumberjacks handle their peaveys. Now, the end of the peavey is a sort of spike, but a spike with a screwlike twist in the end. Jam your peavey into a log, and you can tug all day and never get it out until you give it a turn which backs out the screwlike twist. And when Jim Pratt saw the peavey at work he was no longer interested in bear or caribou or moose; all he wanted was to get right back to Essex and try out one of those peavey screw ends on the tip of a fireplace poker. When this was done, it worked like a charm! With it you can lift your log, place it where you will at your leisure (swing it around your head if you like!), and you can't lose or even get rid of it until you unlock the combination by the same little backward twist that releases the peavey used by the lumberjacks.

Myself, I class this as a first-rate and original application of a worthy invention. Nevertheless, I must say at once that I have not set out to tell you of Jim Pratt because he is an inventor. Talk with him, and you learn that he has knocked around the world some. Widely read, highly intelligent, with a unique way of expressing himself at times, he is the associate of bankers and manufacturers, including not a few millionaires, and an ex-governor or two. Also, he is the eighth generation of Pratts to own this shop and do blacksmithing on this same spot. For the village smithy was actually founded 'way back in 1678 by John Pratt, eldest son of Lieutenant William Pratt, who came from Salem, Massachusetts, with Hooker in 1639, to settle Hartford. It has been in the Pratt family ever since, a matter of two hundred and fifty years.

INTERESTING and important historically as these facts certainly are, neither do they account for my telling Jim Pratt's story here. In short, the reason is to be found in an incident which, to begin with, had nothing at all to do with Jim Pratt. Let me explain:

Recently, for purposes of his own, a professor of economics in a university in New York City made a survey of a somewhat unusual nature. Fifty students, ranging in age from nineteen to twenty-six —twenty-five young men and twenty-five young women, chosen at random from the professor's classes—were asked to answer with care and truthfully, or not at all, three questions, as follows:

1. What do you want to do?
2. What do you want to be?
3. What do you want to get out of life?

In answer to Question 1, as was to be expected, all named vocations for which they are preparing. The tabulated results appear below:

Young Men		Young Women	
Manufacturing	8	Teaching	10
Lawyer	5	Librarian	4
Selling	4	Retail selling and buying (department store)	3
Teaching	2	Home-making (marriage)	7
Ministry	1	Banking	1
Engineering	2		
Writing	2		
Banking	1		

The striking thing about the answer to Question 2 was this: a majority described the type of person they admire and would like to live with, and said they would *like to be such a person.* But the most interesting result of all, I think, appeared in answer to Question 3. Eighteen made answers that were repetitions in one form or another of Questions 1 and 2. None expressed a desire to make a great deal of money; but thirty-two gave as their goal the acquisition of a moderate income and financial independence, so that they might be free ultimately to accomplish some good in the world in spheres connected with or outside of their chosen profession.

Later, I talked with a number of these students. Briefly summarized, the conversation in each case was something like this: "And you think that if you achieved a reasonably successful position in your profession and were the kind of person you describe in your answer to Question 2, you would be happy?"

"Why, of course!" or, "Yes, indeed!" or, "I feel certain of it," was the response.

Happiness, of course! Though not one of these fifty students declared it in so many words in answer to Question 3, it struck me that these responses indicate that, consciously or otherwise, what our young people are seeking to get from life is happiness. The old, old quest, to be sure; but a search that cannot succeed if followed without regard for that law of life which seems to say that no man can be happy unless at work, and unless he feels that his work is useful.

So I found myself asking this question: "Just what *is* happiness?" I tried to define it, and I found no definition that satisfied me. It did occur to me that what we call happiness can come about only as a distillation of a rich, ripe, free, and varied experience; that it is the inextricably interwoven pattern of a useful life in whatever sphere; and it was then that I thought of Jim Pratt. For Jim is certainly the happiest man I know. If ever a man has traveled the Highroad to Happiness and found the legendary pot of gold at the end of the rainbow it is he. So presently, we shall hear what wisdom he has garnered from a wayfarer's experience on this particular highroad, but first let me tell you something about how he started out in life.

LIKE most youngsters who have access to a blacksmith shop, Jim Pratt, as a boy, was fascinated by the cherry-red hearth of the forge, by the ringing anvil, the big leather bellows pumped by hand. Essex was then a fishing town, and there was much work to be done for the ships—iron work for masts, bands for the booms, bobstay and channel irons for the main rigging. Not one, as now, but, in those days, six blacksmiths were kept busy in this little place; and the wits made some merry verses bringing in the names of all the jolly smiths and imitating the rhythmic "bing-bang-bing" and "ding-dong-ding" of the hammers of the master smiths, alternating with the resounding blows of their helpers' mighty sledges:

"Ten pound ten!" says Uncle Ben,
"Six pound six!" says Bela Sticks,
"Strike a little harder!" says old Asa Parker,
"Who can beat that?" says Elias Pratt,
"I can, I can!" says Seidelman,
"Tut! Tut! Tut!" says 'Gov'nor' Foote."

Jim Pratt didn't (*Continued on page 131*)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN O. TROWERN

"SO YOU are to hum again, Jim," said one of the seventh generation of Pratts to one of the eighth, who, after seeking his fortune in the wide world, had returned home to become the village blacksmith. Above you see a picture of a really happy man, Jim Pratt. Jim makes the anvil ring in the same village smithy that his great-great- (you can work it out for yourself) grandfather, John Pratt, founded in 1678. Few horseshoeing jobs come his way now; but in the red heart of his forge he fashions reproductions of Colonial hardware that sell like hot cakes and keep the forge fires burning.

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Photograph by John Kabel

Timber Line, Glacier National Park, Montana

HEROIC sentinels at the timber line that for scores or hundreds of years have withstood the unchecked fury of every storm. "And if you are lookin' for wood that will stand all the jolts and strains," said an old mountaineer, "cut it from a tree that's been exposed, for storms tear and twist, but they sure do build character!"

A REMARKABLY fine picture of a flash of lightning, darting earthward from a magnificent thunderhead.

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

Thunder clouds setting loose a barrage

"THERE is something in the heart that rises up to meet a storm, and makes you a better man for having met it!"

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STORMS

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

FAR back into the lonely mountains I had driven to see an old friend of mine, an aged German cabinetmaker who has a tiny shop in the depths of the wilderness. The shop is equipped with modern machinery, the power being supplied by water from a trout stream that has been dammed.

After I had secured the black walnut plank for which I had searched the valley towns in vain, and was saying good-by, he looked southwestward with the just appraisal of a man who knows weather, his kindly blue eyes glinting with sudden brightness.

"You will be in a storm," he said; "it will be on you before you are half way home."

"Do you think I ought to start?" I asked.

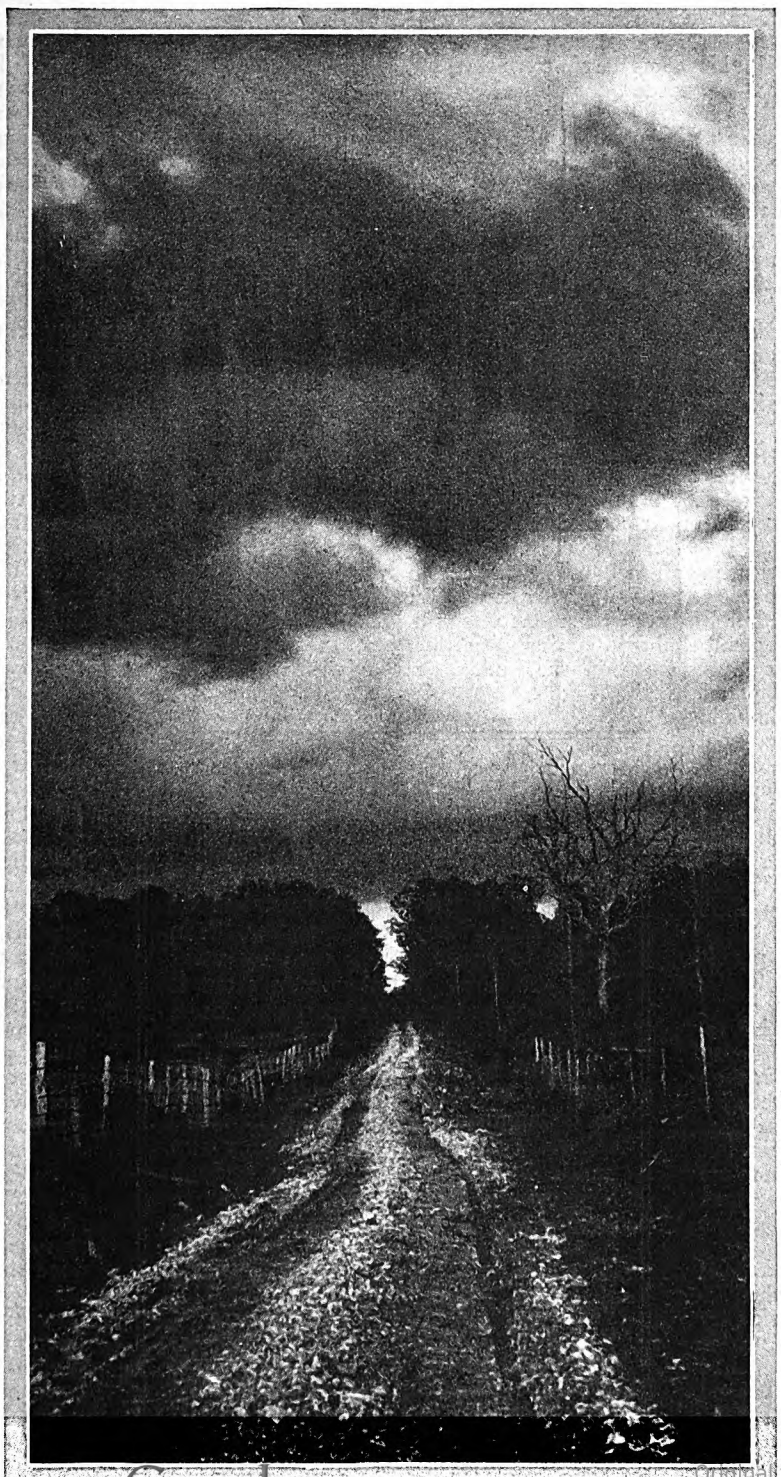
"I would like to have you stay with me; but a storm will not hurt you."

A far light came into his eyes, speculative, philosophical: "A storm does good. Something in here," and he tapped his broad chest, "something in here rises up to meet it. A storm makes a better man of me."

A half-hour later, when the tempest overtook me, I experienced what my old friend had said. With the rain rushing like a river, and with the wind wildly bowing the tree crests; with the stark spearheads of lightning riving the lost landscape, and the deep thunder detonating grandly, a wild joy was in me—wakened from I know not what obscure depths of being—a feeling that I was at war with one of the ancient devastating forces of nature.... Something in the heart does rise up to meet a storm, and no other kind of occasion appears to call it forth. Blessed are storms. They rend and mar; but they strengthen and they mightily build.

AT THE far turn of a golf course, recently formed out of valley land totally wild, there stands, on a little hill, a massive white oak. Its age cannot be under two centuries. A tolerant old giant it is, rugged, hale, and conquering. Two features about it impressed me most: one is the fact that it grows literally out of the rocks; the other is that, because of its extremely exposed situation, on a hilltop with no windbreaks near, it is powerfully writhed. The living limbs are gnarled; the trunk is quite visibly turned and twisted. Tenoned in the rock, implanted in the very foundations of the world, plunging its life-bringing roots far into forbidding places, it is a proud and ancient patriarch, illustrious and invincible.

Here is an outpost that has escaped no storm. Its strength has been shaped by hardship. A champion, strong, it is the product of those very forces that we usually consider to be the most destructive and discouraging. Here is a powerful warder of the vale. Here is a grand old bugle horn, summoning the mortal spirit straightway to arise and to meet, as it has done through the centuries, whatever storms may come—learning grace from the sunny days, and power from the tempest. Rugged Triumph!



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAS. T. CUSHING, N. Y.

Old Oak, you speak to me of what you have faced, endured, overcome. And that furious rage that was the storm's has now passed, by your resistance, into your own being, to abide there as gracious and seasoned power. Perhaps, after all, the Indians were right in believing that the valor of the enemy that they overthrew became a part of their own strength.

THE more natural people are—in the sense that they live close to nature—the more closely they watch the approach of storms, the better they understand them, and the more elemental is the ingenuous joy with which they prepare to meet them. I try never to lose an opportunity of associating with such people: they teach me much of the ancient wisdom of simple and humble humanity. I love the forest because of the people who live in it; I admire their objective way of living, their obvious motives, their honest struggle for existence; the hard hands, the clear eyes, the manly thought, the hale, direct speech. One of my woodsman friends never says, "The wind is rising." Looking with falcon eyes that are wont, in not unfriendly fashion, to estimate all nature's doings, he marks the untidy clouds in the west, where the stormy glory of a wild sunset is

(*Continued on page 117*)

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Burch Foraker *talks about*

Leadership

By William S. Dutton

"BROOKLYN BRIDGE!" called the guard, and the down-town elevated train ground to its momentary stop at Park Place. Passengers jammed the car aisles, pushing, hurrying.

"What station did that guard say?" queried a young man who straightened up uncertainly in his seat.

"I think he choked," said his companion. "You'd think they would teach these guards to speak English."

The two, on their first visit to New York, twisted their necks in an effort to look out the car window, hoping to catch sight of a station sign. The train gates swung shut and the train behind its puffy little engine swung into noisy motion again, just as the station sign of Park Place flashed into view.

"Hang that guard!" exclaimed the first young man. "It *was* the station for Brooklyn Bridge after all. Now we'll have to go on to the next stop and hike it back if we want to see the Bridge."

The guard yawned. He didn't look like an agent of destiny, and even less did he look like a molder of men's careers. And yet, in the light of time, he had unwittingly become both!

The other day, thirty-one years after that trivial incident in the New York traffic, I sat in the office of Burch Foraker in the handsome new Bell Telephone Building in Detroit. Mr. Foraker is president of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company, one of the main links in the great Bell System of national communication. He is one of the best known of American Telephone executives, and it is said of him that he has "made" as many Bell company executives as any other man.

"What's your story?" I asked Mr. Foraker. "How did you climb into this job?"

He smiled. "You can put it down to accident."

"Yes?" I said skeptically.

"It was an accident," he repeated. "I wouldn't be here to-day—there isn't a chance in a million that I would—if it hadn't been for an elevated-train guard, whose name I don't even know. I met him but once and never saw him again to my knowledge, and yet he was the man who launched me in the telephone business."

And then Mr. Foraker told me of that long-ago adventure in the Elevated Railroad in New York City when he and a companion, unable to understand the guard's cry, had been carried one train stop beyond their destination, which was Brooklyn Bridge. That day Foraker never saw the big bridge at all!

"Both of us were students in Cornell University, at Ithaca," he explained, "and when vacation came along we decided to start it off with a trip to New York City to see the town. Neither of us knew anything of New York; but of course we had heard of Brooklyn Bridge, the Statue of Liberty, and the Zoo. We agreed to visit the bridge first, and got on an elevated train to go there. If that guard had called out the bridge stop in an understandable way, we most certainly would have left the train there. As it was, we passed the bridge and went on to Cortlandt Street. Walking back along Broadway, we had to pass the offices of the New York Telephone Company—and there it happened!"

"What happened?"

"A SUDDEN impulse to go into that office and apply for a job!" said Mr. Foraker.

"Up to that moment," he went on, "the idea of getting a job in New York hadn't entered my mind. I still had a year more of study at Cornell, to get my diploma. My chum and I had come to New York with the intention of staying for two or three days. Our sole object in coming was 'to see the town'.

"Then, looking up, I saw the name of the telephone company. I stopped. The telephone was still new and I thought of its possibilities in the future. The name on the building struck a spark in my imagination. Maybe it was the romance in the thought of talking over wires; I don't know.

"I drew my chum into the doorway. 'Wait here a minute,' I said. 'I'm going inside.' He looked at me as if I had gone crazy, but he agreed to wait. I went in and asked for the general manager, nothing less. A few minutes later I was in the presence of J. J. Carty, who was to become one of the world's greatest telephone engineers. He was busy in a conference, but was kind enough to come out in person to ask me, a mere kid, if I'd mind sitting down until he finished his business. He was in shirt sleeves, smoking an old pipe; and he was as cordial as if I'd been an old friend.

"'Gosh!' I said to myself. 'How I'd like to work for *him!*'

"Well, the details are unimportant. Mr. Carty sent me on to H. F. Thurber, a young man of twenty-four, who later became president of the New York Telephone Company, and in a half-hour I joined my chum, who was still standing on the sidewalk wondering what had become of me. I had a job at ten dollars a week and was to start work Monday."

"But what about your college course?"

"I was through with college!"

"And the bridge, and the Zoo?"

"Forgot 'em," said Mr. Foraker. "I had to hustle back to Ithaca to close up business there and get my things. A couple of days later I was helping install telephones, and I've been in the business ever since." He smiled. "I'm sorry I never learned the name of that elevated guard."

BUT it took more than accident to make Foraker the president of the Michigan Bell, one of the important assignments in the Bell System. When Foraker was picked for the presidency, in 1926, his record over almost thirty years disclosed a surprising fact: he had never failed in an assigned task! Furthermore, scattered throughout the country, filling posts of responsibility in almost every Bell company, were men who had been trained by Foraker. He was known as a man of "ten thousand friends."

For a lifetime Foraker's guiding interest has been in men, wherever and however found. There is a story of how his men in the plant department, in New York City, attempted to stage twenty dinners for him in a single night and to bestow upon him a fortune collected by individual donations. But that we'll come to presently.

Foraker's real story is an answer—or as near as you can come to one—to that perplexing question of

"Be Careful How You Treat Them!"

"ONE of the gravest mistakes we make," says Mr. Foraker, "is in trying to judge young men by what they are now. What counts more is what they are going to be. In my time, young fellows have worked under me who later became my superiors. They came to me hat in hand, with no mark to distinguish them from a hundred others. I didn't know it, but in my own hands then, to make or break, was my own future, because the day was to come when I was to be the worker and they the bosses over me. I am here to-day, in large part, due to the men who've had jobs in my gang. Those who have gone ahead have pulled for me; those still below have pushed for me. It might easily have been the other way 'round."

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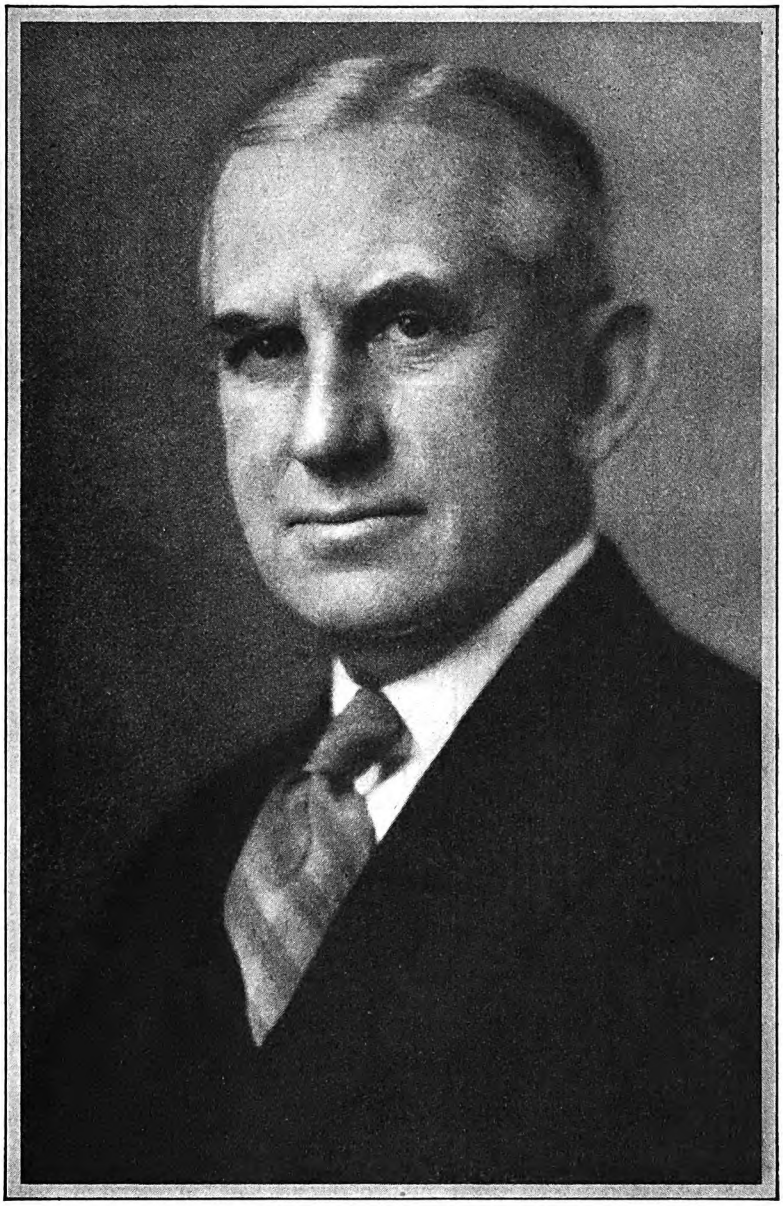
"What makes leadership?"

On one of the walls of his Detroit office hangs a picture of an old mill that is still standing not far from the village of Hillsboro, Ohio. Burch Foraker's great-great-grandfather built that mill more than a century ago and a few miles from it, fifty-five years ago, Burch Foraker was born.

His father, a Civil War veteran and a banker in a small town, died when Burch was three years old. The widow with her two small sons went to live with the boys' grandfather on a farm. The little family's only inheritance was a good name and a very small estate, which Mrs. Foraker refused to touch.

"The money's for the boys' education," she said firmly.

BURCH grew up between the farm and Hillsboro village. He went to school in Hillsboro—a small, wiry, good-looking kid with eyes full of mischief. He was a good student and had a code of his own. For instance: "Clothes don't make the gentleman" was an axiom drilled into him at home: a man in overalls could be a gentleman—as he often is. He heard much from his mother about "false pride," and "fairness," and "tolerance." At the age of sixteen, after graduating from high school, he went to work to learn from life.



Mr. Foraker, one of the most popular business leaders in America, is president of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company. He was born near Hillsboro, Ohio, fifty-five years ago, worked at odd jobs, studied in various places, and finally landed with the New York Telephone Company. His ability to win the affection of his associates accounts, in part, for his rapid rise

"My first job," he related, "was that of a helper at the Hillsboro railroad station. The pay was one dollar a day. Among my other duties, I had to stand under a sweltering sun and check hides as they were loaded onto the cars. The hides were raw. It wasn't a nice job.

"Two or three other boys worked at the station. One day the telephone rang and one of them picked up the receiver to answer. 'Hello!' he shouted. 'Naw—Yeh—I don't know! I tell yuh I don't know.'

"I snatched the telephone from him. He didn't know who was on the other end of the wire, nor did I. But it made my dander rise to hear a boy talk to anybody in that fashion. I apologized over the telephone to a man who, I afterwards learned, was of great influence in that section of the country. And here a dollar-a-day station hand might have turned that influence against the railroad!" The incident taught young Foraker his first lesson in business: To be civil to all men at all times. Especially was it dangerous to be uncivil to folks one didn't know.

Years later, in New York, Mr. Foraker was charged with the hiring of large numbers of men. To the dismay of some of his associates he insisted upon himself, or another in authority, seeing every applicant. Most of the men were plain day-laborers.

"What's the sense of wasting time with these fellows?" protested an associate. "We're hiring only ten in every hundred."

"That's the very reason we should see them," replied Foraker. "Every man who comes here for work goes away with a definite impression of the company. He's either going to say we're a good company to work for, or a bad one. We are building our reputation as employers with every man we see, whether he is hired or not.

"In that line of men," he continued, "it's possible there is a future bank president, or industrial leader. How we treat him to-day may determine how he treats us to-morrow, should we need his help. Maybe we won't have a job for him; but that only makes it more imperative that we be fair with him, because we've got to disappoint him. He is giving us two or three hours of his time—for nothing; surely we can give him two or three minutes of our time—for something."

Another lesson was learned by young Foraker at the Hillsboro station. There was only one railroad line into the town. Whoever traveled or shipped goods had to use that one line whether he chose it or not. The station master was a czar of peculiar power therefore. It wasn't deemed wise to win his disfavor.

One day the biggest shipper in town, a manufacturer who supplied the railroad with more business than any other in Hillsboro, complained mildly of the way his freight was handled. He was told in so many words to "go hang." However, he continued to complain, and the station agent continued to shrug his shoulders indifferently. The big shipper finally lost patience and made a threat.

"If you don't like the service we're giving you," retorted the agent, "you might go ahead and build your own railroad."

WHEREUPON, the unexpected happened. The shipper *did* build his own railroad, a line that carried his freight eighteen miles across country to a rival carrier! Young Foraker was an eye-witness to the occurrence.

In Detroit the other day, I was told the following anecdote of Foraker, the public utility executive, and I leave it to you to connect the two. In an office having direct dealing with the public he sensed that something was wrong. He couldn't put his finger on the trouble; but he knew trouble was there. He spoke to the manager.

"Personally, I think we've been doing well," said the manager. "Two weeks ago I had a check made of every customer leaving the office. Only about one in every hundred had any complaint to make."

"How many in every hundred *complimented* you on the attention he had received?" asked Foraker. "How many left here enthusiastic enough to talk about it to their friends?"

The manager could recall only two compliments.

"There's the trouble," said Foraker. "Any reasonably attentive clerk can satisfy, but it takes a good clerk to please; and you have got to please if you're going to make friends."

Back in Hillsboro, therefore, the station boy learned little (*Continued on page 82*)

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WOOD ENGRAVINGS BY HOWARD MC CORMICK

BARRETT WILLOUGHBY *tells you about* DR.

The Man Who

Doctor Georgeson, the plant wizard of Alaska

AT SITKA, one summer day, I was walking with Dr. C. C. Georgeson, the plant wizard of Alaska. We made our way through a field of ripe strawberries. Clean, dustless, knee-high, the green rows sloped fanwise toward distant, glacier-hung mountains shimmering in sunshine that warmed the fragrance from crimson berries at our feet. I plucked one, too large for me to encircle it with forefinger and thumb, and bit into it. Firm, cool, delicious, it melted in my mouth.

We halted beside rows of peas upheld by brush. Again I was impressed by the dustless Alaskan green that knows no insect pest. The luxuriant vines were eight feet tall and heavy with six-inch pods, exactly like the plump ones featured in seed catalogue illustrations. They popped with crisp vigor when I broke them open. The peas were sweet and tender, and of that ineffable freshness that marks the flavor of all Alaska-grown vegetables.

Where peas ended, potatoes began. The lusty, verdant lines were starred with flowers in which bumblebees stood on their heads for honey. "This variety yields splendid harvests as far north as Coldfoot, sixty miles *beyond* the Arctic Circle," remarked the doctor. "And it is up there, just where the Yukon sweeps north across the Circle, that we have developed a wheat which matures in eighty-two days from seed."

I turned from the thriving acres to look at the man who has accomplished what everyone once said could not be done. He stood, a Viking in aspect, six feet tall, massive-shouldered, vigorous, and straight as an arrow. His years are seventy-six, yet beneath thick sandy hair was a face scarcely lined. His eyes were blue and bright, his upheld chin firm, and a trifle arrogant—the chin of a leader who never ceases to fight for the cause dear to him.

"Act as if the country were your own, and go ahead." Such was the gist of the instructions given him by the Secretary of Agriculture who first sent Dr. C. C. Georgeson into the North to see what could be done toward developing homegrown products for Alaskan settlers. And it has been on that principle that he, one of the world's great experts in cross-breeding, has thrown the best of his energy and talent into evolving plants and cattle suited to conditions he found there.

I knew there lay behind his great agricultural achievement more than a quarter-century of fighting—fighting adverse climatic conditions, lack of funds, discouragements, and failures; fighting, too, the disbelief and derision of the very people for whose benefit he was giving his work and genius.

One of the first, and perhaps one of the most important skirmishes in his struggle began way back in 1900, at Washington, D. C. The Committee on Agriculture was about to bring its session to a close one morning, when the door of the committee-room opened and in strode a tall, sunbrowned man—Georgeson, from Alaska.

The chairman recognized in him the agronomist in charge of experiments begun two years before in what Washington was pleased to term "the land of the polar bear and the gold pan." He knew Georgeson had been working for weeks trying to get Alaska's annual appropriation for agriculture raised to fifteen thousand dollars. "It's no use, your coming before this committee for a hearing," he said quickly. "Your appropriation is twelve thousand dollars a year, and we're not going to allow you another cent."

A murmur of approval ran round the table at which the members were seated. In those gold-mad days of the Klondike and

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Harvesting at Kodiak, the oldest town in Alaska, founded by the Russians in 1792

GEORGESON
Put The Midnight Sun To Work

Nome, who cared what Alaskan ground produced if it was not gold! Twelve thousand a year for crop experiments in "the frozen North" where, every one of them was convinced, nothing could grow, seemed not only enough but far too much.

"I won't ask you for an extra dollar." Georgeson was addressing the chair in the deep voice that hinted of his Danish birthplace. "All I want now is a chance to tell you the truth about Alaska."

"But we already know all about Alaska," declared the chairman.

"Mr. Chairman"—a member from Kansas broke in—"*you* may know all about it; but *I* don't. Perhaps there are others here who also would like to hear what Doctor Georgeson has to say."

A few minutes later the man from Alaska had the floor.

He challenged attention at once by stating that the gold country had agricultural possibilities of more intrinsic value than all the mineral wealth then coming from the ground.

"You believe that nothing will grow in Alaska. Well, I believed that too, when I was sent up there two years ago. But, gentlemen, this is the country I found:"

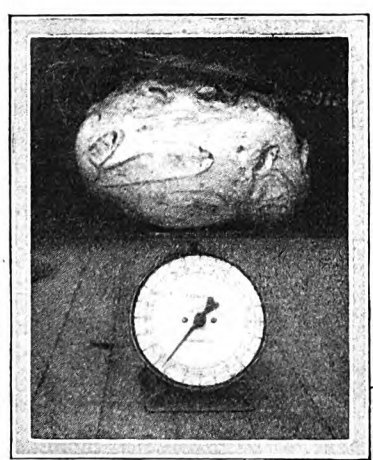
And then what a land he described to them! A sunny, summer-land, with wild raspberries reddening from the southern boundary to the Yukon; wild strawberries sweetening in the shadow of glaciers beyond the Copper River; wild currants ripening under the midnight sun a hundred miles above the Circle. And that same sun, during growing time, working twenty-four hours a day, making the whole section a veritable hothouse. He spoke of the surf-drenched coast line, where migratory ducks fattened on wild rice that tapped a man's shoulder; the Kenai Peninsula above the sixtieth parallel, where wild hay grew eight feet tall; the great valley of the Tanana, farther north, a-sway with native redtop reaching the height of a bull moose's head; fertile land that could be brought under cultivation and made to produce food for millions of people; the Arctic slope, with vast meadows stretching away toward the Pole.

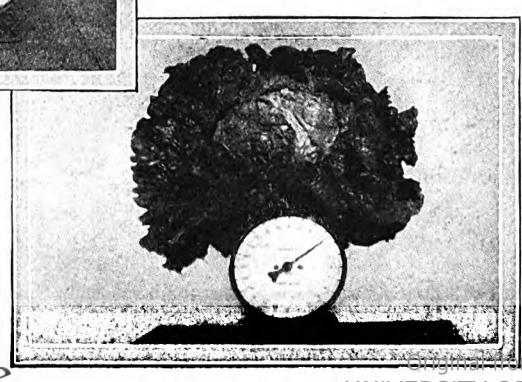
He told of the twenty-two different kinds of native grasses greening Alaska's soil in summer; with sixteen varieties of wild berries ripening on her hills and in her valleys; with two hundred and seventy species of wild flowers blooming all the way from her forest lands on the Canadian line, to her tundras, that edge the Arctic Ocean.

Such was the untilled "frozen" North that inspired the doctor's speech before his committee. He made Alaska plead for herself, for, true to his word, he did not ask for that extra three thousand he wanted so much; that three thousand which would bring the Territory's appropriation up to fifteen thousand—the annual amount then allowed each state in the Union for agricultural experiments.

ALASKA is thirteen times larger than the State of New York. It is three times the size of the German Empire; it is larger than England, Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Denmark combined. Perhaps it occurred to the committee that, after all, fifteen thousand a year was not too much to allow a man who was working out the agricultural destiny of such an empire. Perhaps they may even have remembered how little Alaska had received in return for the millions in fur and fish and gold it had poured into the coffers of the United States since its purchase.

At any rate, they gave Georgeson what he wanted, and the big sun-browned man went North again, and redoubled his efforts to put back into the ground something which might sustain those homeseekers he felt sure would come after the gold-diggers had looted Alaska of her mineral wealth, and left her.





Visible evidence of Doctor Georgeson's genius—a huge rutabaga and a great head of lettuce, both grown in Alaska. There are scarcely a hundred frost-free days in parts of the "Frozen North," but during the growing season, the sun is on the job for twenty-four hours a day, making of the whole section a veritable hothouse

More than a quarter-century has gone by since then. To-day great dredgers crawl like monsters through the worked-out placers of the Tanana and Yukon valleys, remining the low-grade tailings left from that earlier golden time.

The men who run them pause in their labors to shout greetings to farmers hauling loads of northern wheat to the flour mill operating near Fairbanks, in the very shadow of the Circle. The trade mark of that milling company is the Midnight Sun, and the mill grinds Alaska-grown grain into flour.

To-day, "Alaska grown" is a phrase seen on advertising placards as far south as Seattle, and the vegetables and berries so labeled command the highest market price, because of their

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Part of the experimental farm at Sitka, where the vegetables live up to the glowing promises made in seed catalogues. Those are pea vines over to the left, where the man is standing

rare quality and of their surpassing flavor.

To-day, Alaska's annual appropriation for agricultural experiments is seventy-six thousand dollars, and on the mailing list of the Government's stations are names of thousands of home-makers in the country who keep pace with every new development in horticulture and animal husbandry. A request on a post card brings to these farmers, free of charge, anything from a package of seeds to a fruit tree, and bulletins setting forth what Doctor Georgeson and his staff have learned from experiments in growing these things.

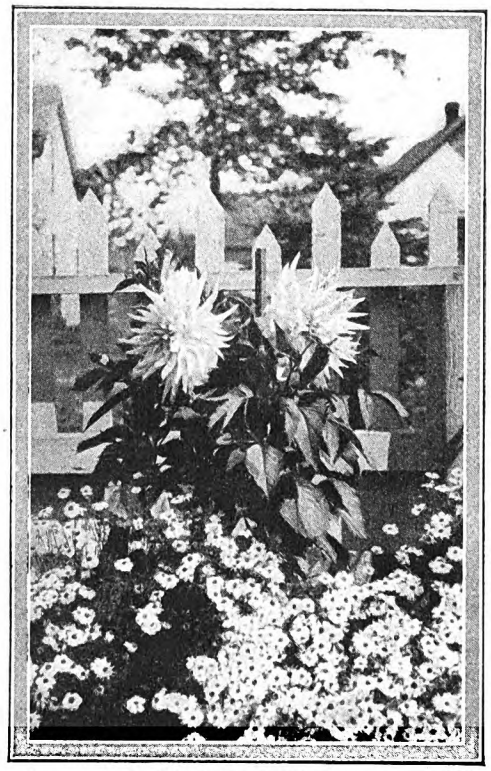
Such is the fruit of the resourceful genius, the indomitable faith, the prophetic vision of the big Danish-American, who, even now, is often called upon to convince skeptics that the Territory is not a frozen waste.

"BUT I'm always able to understand their skepticism," he told me, "because of my own prejudices before I saw the country. On my first trip up here, I was praying every day that I'd be recalled. Having a wife and three little children, the prospect of exile in what I then believed to be a frigid wilderness was appalling. I found nothing on my journey to reassure me, either, for it was the spring of 1898, and my steamer was crowded with gold-seekers stampeding to the Klondike.

"They all looked on me and my mission with pity and derision. I recall a stop our ship made at Juneau, and a stroll through the narrow streets of that mining town. I passed a group of high-booted, sombreroed miners standing outside a saloon between drinks, discussing free-milling ore and placer gold. One of them nudged another and pointed at me: 'Hey, boys, pipe the Alaska farmer! Ho! Ho! Ho!' Their hilarious scorn followed me down the street."

Doctor Georgeson had been advised to establish his first station at Sitka, which was then the capital. When he arrived at his destination, one rainy May day, he found that the land set aside for government experimental crops was a tundra swamp into which deer sank to their bellies, to become the prey of Indian dogs. The doctor hadn't a moment to lose if he was going to put in a crop that year; but immediate cultivation of such aquatic soil was, of course, out of the question. He promptly borrowed the back yards of the governor and the Russian priest, and in these small plots laid the foundation of agriculture in Uncle Sam's empire of the midnight sun.

"Other citizens, also, loaned me portions of their yards until I had in all about three acres for my experiments that first year," continued the doctor. "With a shovel, also borrowed, and the help of an Indian boy, I prepared the ground and planted the seeds I had brought with me. My plots were scattered all over the village, and, having insecure fences or no fences at all, the local boys, cows, pigs, and tame rabbits rollicked joyously through them. Hens, which in Sitka fly like sea gulls, flocked to the feast I had unwittingly prepared for them, and when, by chance, they overlooked anything, the seeds came up to become the playthings of diabolic ravens, which, with almost human malice, pulled up the little plants, merely to inspect their other ends."



Alaskan dahlias

UNDER these exasperating conditions, Doctor Georgeson managed, by a miracle of vigilance, to protect part of his crop, which rewarded him by doing remarkably well.

In the meantime he had set a man with a yoke of oxen to draining the tundra. "Oxen, deliberate, but steady workers, were better for this job than horses, because they did not become excited and hurt themselves when they sank over their knees in the muck," explained the doctor. "But the work went on slowly because it was nearly impossible for me to get laborers then and for many years after. Wages were high, my appropriation small, and all the men in the country were rushing to the gold-fields. You couldn't blame them—for who (*Continued on page 78*)

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"I Could Never Fear Death Again"

By Frederick L. Collins

WE WERE an hour out of Strasbourg when the thing happened. The Argonne and St. Mihiel were well behind us. The long white road to Paris lay just ahead. The great airplane had been working beautifully. Then, all at once, it didn't.

I knew nothing about airplanes. I had never left the ground before in anything giddier than an elevator. But I had ridden in everything on wheels from a tractor to a sightseeing bus. And I knew the sound of a gasolene motor when it was beginning to go wrong. This one sounded as if the garage man had let out all the old oil and had forgotten to let in the new. There was the recurrent knock-knock of a straining piston that comes just before, and just after, it breaks. And—what was more alarming—the face of the French boy beside me had gone Chinese white.

He was a good boy, that French aviator; and although he was separated from me by a tornado of wind and noise that made speech as useless as a fifth-wheel brake, we had managed to become very good friends. He had just been telling me in sign language that he had been down there, below, in the war. And a brave soldier he must have been. For now, as he faced death again in the familiar airways he was almost stoic in his calm. With his left hand he tightened the leather strap that bound him to his seat. I did the same. He threw me a look of silent understanding. Then, with the forefinger of his right hand, he made one final gesture—*down*.

It was somewhere around this moment that I died.

Of course I didn't die in the physical sense. If I had, I might never have known how I felt. But for one eternal moment, I *thought* I was dead. As far as my own feelings were concerned, I *was* dead.

And it was unlike any death that I had ever imagined.

Perhaps I should have said in the first place that the French boy and I were not alone in the plane. Directly below where I sat, through a square peephole in the roof I could see my fellow-passengers—a mackintoshed Englishman and his umbrella-ed wife, who had boarded the craft at Budapest, the second stop in the long flight from Constantinople. At least, I could see them if I cared to look. But, as a matter of fact, I had paid very little attention to them—until now, when, for some inexplicable reason, they suddenly filled my mind and heart.

At Prague, I had grudgingly offered the young Englishwoman my seat by the pilot in the open air; but I had been indecently glad when she refused it; and at Strasbourg, where we stopped for food, I did not repeat the offer. In fact, I scrambled back to my perch, while they were still playing with their tea-basket, in a cowardly fear lest they might rob me of my advantage.

I had always been a supremely selfish man. I had never hesitated to secure my own comfort at the cost of discomfort to others. It had been as natural to me to grab the best seat in that plane as it is for the earliest and greediest bird to catch the fattest worm.

But now—

WELL, the French boy and I had had our warning. We had seen the skies vanish and the earth rise. Even now, we could see the spot where we were about to crash. But those two knew nothing.

She was one of those sample-size English girls who tuck so neatly under the elbows of their towering husbands. And I found myself thinking that she was too pretty to die. The man, too, was quite a decent chap. I knew by his collar bone that he had been a British soldier.

I remembered now that I had seen him pointing out this spot and that, where he had done his duty. They had lived for the pleasure of these hours, when they should be sailing over the fields "where John had fought."

But why should I think of these English now, when rocks and trees, shell holes and trenches, were rising against me, when the very earth was hurling itself at me for my destruction? I wouldn't think of them. I would think of my own precious skin. But, somehow, my eyes no longer obeyed the dictates of my brain. They refused to leave the shaken figures of those two caged-up human beings, rushing unwarned and unaware to meet their death.

Down we went. One thousand feet. Two thousand feet. Only a few hundreds more in the final thousand lay between us and the shell-hardened ground.

I suppose I was scared. I wouldn't have much respect for the intelligence of a person in my circumstances who wouldn't be scared. But I don't especially remember any sensation of fear—at least for myself.

Something far more important was happening to me. Here I was, plunging headlong to my own destruction. The boy beside me, struggling with his controls, breathed only a stoic despair. The plane lurched and staggered. The earth rose to engulf me—and I didn't care. I had forgotten myself.

I was loosening the belt that I had so carefully tightened. I was leaning forward to call something—I know not what—of cheer and encouragement to those strangers. It was not important that I was doing these things. They were of no importance anyway, and of no avail. The important thing was that, in this supreme moment, I wanted to do them.

Alive, I had thought only of myself. Dead, I thought only of others.

I had often wondered what it would be like to be dead—and now, suddenly, I knew. I don't mean that I saw a vision. I don't say that I saw heaven. I saw a Frenchman's gold signet ring, an Englishman's worn coat collar, an American's leather shoe lace untidily tied. I saw clouds that reeled like drunken scarecrows, trees that jumped at me out of forest depths, suction—yes, I *saw* suction—so swift it hurt.

These things I remember. They were not visionary, not heavenly; not beautiful. The beautiful thing was that I saw all this un-beauty without feeling it. I was untouched by it; detached from it. *I was away from myself.*

My heaven didn't have any of the conventional accouterments. But it was not without a transforming splendor that made the old look new. For, as you see, the least familiar figure in that strange place was myself!

I NEVER will know what happened to the plane. But, somewhere in the last two hundred feet, the gallant boy in the pilot's seat, wrestling silently with the stops and levers on the board in front of him, managed to gain a partial momentary control over the crippled craft. We swerved—oh, so little!—to the right. And slid, rather than fell, into a boggy marshland in the middle of the River Meuse.

The ship was wrecked. So were some badly shaken nerves. But, as far as I was concerned, nothing mattered so much as the almost unbelievable thing that had happened to me during the sixty seconds I was so gloriously dead.

I could never fear death again. At a distance of several years—even of several miles—it had been a terrifying thing. But when it came right up to me and touched me on the shoulder it wasn't at all unfriendly. It didn't hurt me. It changed me. My brain acted as it never had acted. My heart responded as it never had responded. My soul—for now I knew that I had a soul—rose to meet a Force, which my eyes had never seen and my hands had never touched.

How did I know that I had a soul?

How do you know that you have hearing, sight? By using them. And, for the first time, I was using my soul.

How did I know there was a Force?

How do you know there is faith, love? By experiencing them. And, for the first time, I was experiencing God.

Maybe—I don't know; it's only just supposing—but maybe, heaven is like that!

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ARCHIE CHADBOURNE *tells*

How *to be* *a* Good Husband *though* *a* Poor One

PHOTO BY H. L. STANDLEY, COL.

Archie Chadbourne is a truck driver for a department store in Colorado Springs. He is also something of a humorist, philosopher, and writer, as you will see from this article, in which he tells how he hid his dumbness from his wife!

I REMEMBER distinctly my first lesson in making our family happy by keeping myself "sold" to my wife. She made some candy the first week of our married life. When I arrived home from work, she offered me some and then placed the dish on the buffet. After supper was over and the dishes were done we sat reading the newspaper a while. Ione said, "Have some more of the candy. It was good, wasn't it?" She got up to pass me the dish, and there wasn't a crumb left.

Ione looked at me without a word. You know how still it gets before a bad storm. Well, you could have heard a pin drop, while I sank deeper and deeper into that chair and paid strict attention to my reading. Without meaning a bit of harm, I had eaten the whole dish of candy that brand-new wife of mine had made. Of course that was definite proof that the candy was good; also, it was proof that I was a big, overgrown hog.

At home when Mother or my sisters made candy, they just naturally expected us boys to eat all they set out. What they did not want eaten they hid. Therefore, I had thought nothing of completely devouring Ione's candy. Well, believe me, Ione's viewpoint was not the same as my mother's. She had not expected to take me to raise, supposing that I had already been taught a few of life's niceties. By the time she got through explaining to me how tiny I was, I was even smaller than that. It seems that Ione does not eat her candy as I eat mine. I stay with it until it has disappeared, but Ione likes to have it sitting around to munch on one or two pieces a day, or to be eaten when company comes in.

It took me a long time to resell myself to her, and it was not a nice occupation for a self-respecting man. And I have had to resell myself on numerous other occasions, simply because I am merely a poor dumb-bell of a husband in his normal, raw state. If Ione hounded or nagged me, I presume I might get hard-boiled and never would care for a resale any more than she would, but Ione does very well, considering what she has to put up with.

I do not believe it would be quite so hard to make myself solid with my wife if I had plenty of money and could bring home a box of chocolates, a new record, or piece of jewelry, or take her to the opera when the air at home gets too highly electrified for comfort—but I cannot do those things. I have been married about twenty years, and I have been broke all of the twenty, so broke that I cannot attempt to do those exquisitely nice things which help to put a fellow over when he has blundered.

I simply do not have the money for such an investment. I fail to make my running expenses, let alone extras. I have had nothing to sell all these years but poor little me, and so I have given rather close attention to the product and to the market conditions, and so far have made the original sale stick.

The trouble with a lot of us husbands is that we are all out of breath by the time we have caught a wife. Our courtly manners barely last through the honeymoon, we must hustle so fast making a living. We never fully regain our former pep. We mean all right, but the zest of the chase is over. We argued and pleaded, and finally convinced her that we were by far the best buy on the market. We whispered in her ear, and there were no mental reservations, "Now, dearie, if you'll just be mine, I'll make you the happiest girl in the world 'till death us do part'."

And after the vows are said, we quite frequently forget to make good.

YOU know what a business house does when it buys a piece of machinery and the factory which guarantees the thing makes no effort to render service on it: It simply sends the machine back, C. O. D., and writes a letter telling the factory to throw the thing in the junk where it belongs.

Now, suppose you came home from work some evening all tired out with the day's struggle, expecting to offer your usual three grunts for the evening meal and maybe four for your bed, and found a note on your empty plate which read like this:

DEAR HUSBAND: When you married me you promised faithfully that you would make me happy. (Notice, she doesn't say a word about making a living—only that you promised to make her happy.) You haven't even tried to make me happy. You spend too many evenings and too much money away from home. You can spend them all away, hereafter. When you are home you sit around like a wart on a log. You are not mean; you are not sour; you are not sullen. You are simply dumb. You do not function. Take yourself back, for you are not what I thought I was getting when I took you for better or worse. You are worse.

I'll not say that nine out of ten husbands need that kind of message. I do not believe they do. But too many of us fellows who have to work hard and get little for our labor, too many of us who have nothing at all besides ourselves to sell, take too much for granted. We think the "old lady" ought to know we still love her, though we haven't mentioned it since Hector was a pup. It sounds silly for us to

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talk that way to our own wives. Gosh, didn't we marry her? She ought to know we love her, or we would never have conferred that favor upon her!

I will be perfectly frank: I do not come home every evening with a smile, and kiss Ione and tell her I love her. She would brain me. Nor do I kiss her every morning before I go to work. There are so many ways of showing affection that you must show it according to disposition.

Only, for heaven's sake, do let the wife know what you are driving at. I'll tell you what I can and do do: I can come home and sit in the little rocker right in the road between the kitchen table and the stove, and give her a little pat as she passes me and say right out of a clear sky and apropos of nothing: "Honey, you sure are nice. I kind of like you." I can say that without dodging, for she'll merely tell me to get out; that I'm trying to make her hurry along with the eats.

Or, maybe I'll come home sometime and find Ione's eyes a little red and her temper pretty brittle, and it looks like there'll be a hard squall before the evening is over. I'm no mariner, but I know the storm signals. It's highly probable that she has just received a nice long letter from that windy cousin of hers who married so well, and who lives on a lake and who has boating parties and week-ends, and everything; and the only lake we ever live by is when it rains and fills our back yard and cellar with muddy water and bullfrogs.

Well, that is not the evening for me to seek the little rocker and repeat some silly nonsense about thinking she is hot-dog. It is the evening for me to remain sort of inconspicuous, like a tree toad, and think up something to say which has no reference to love or matrimony or divorce.

It is my cue to act as though nothing strange has come under my observation—just appear as dumb as I am. Be myself, so to speak. I have those spells, too, when the world is all against me and I just hate everybody, whether I want to or not. The fact is, I sympathize with her heartily. But I do not sympathize out loud. I simply radiate it. Maybe that is not scientific, but I believe a man just naturally radiates what he feels, whether it is his loves or his hates. It goes to make up his personality, I guess; whatever that is.

OH, YOU say, this bird sure hates himself. He thinks he's some sheik. You'd like to hear the woman's side of that yarn. Well, I'm not modest. A too-modest salesman never put over anything, and I've spent a good many years trying to keep myself sold to Ione. I've made a study of being married successfully, and I'm willing to put down a lot of things I have learned, and let you judge for yourself if I know my onions or not. Yes; and I'll tell you before I am done just what Ione says about it too.

I remember the first time I proposed to Ione. I was so cock-eyed sure that she would fall into my arms that I did not rehearse my selling argument as much as I should. That proposal was as weak as the story you tell your wife when you want to spend a night up-town with the boys. We rode around about half the night drawn by a ring-boned, spavined, flea-bitten nag I had hired at a local livery stable. Those were the days before automobiles were as common as they are now. Finally, the old horse went to sleep directly beneath a street lamp not two blocks from Ione's home, and I proposed with nothing to distract her attention but the moths jazzing around the light.

I do not remember my exact words, but I do remember distinctly what Ione said. She said: "NO!" And followed it with the command: "And you can remove your arm and take me home instantly. See that milkman gaping at us."

As a matter of fact, she was not at all certain that she could stand me as a steady diet, morning, noon, and night. It took me six months longer to convince her that I was a good buy. I said: "Honey, Dearie, Lovey, I'll make you the happiest girl in the world. I am going to get ahead, and you'll be somebody big; we'll travel—you can pick your gowns in Paris; we'll have a summer cottage and a winter palace, and —and—and—" You know how it goes. I wasn't lying to her, either. I was simply fooled on my capacity to make good. So many of us are at that particular time of life.

I have not been able to give her money, nor the prestige of any worthwhile position, nor travel, (*Continued on page 104*)

If You Ask Me:

Self-pity is the greatest dope in the world

A MAN whom I have known for eighteen years died the other day. As far as age goes, he was in the prime of life. In reality, he was a soured, embittered old man.

Never have I had an ambition to write epitaphs, but if I were asked to turn out one for my departed acquaintance I should be tempted to say:

> Here lies Henry Blank,
> Aged forty-two years,
> He spent more than twenty of them
> In feeling sorry for himself.

Henry got the self-pity habit in college. When he did not "make" the football team his pride was hurt. He felt that he was the victim of special injustice. So he took a stiff dose of self-pity, and liked it. He refused to play his best on the scrub team, like a good sport, and became a "beefer."

This fact kept him out of the best fraternity. Disappointment again! More stiff doses of self-pity. He gradually quit seeking within for explanations of failure, and found justification in circumstances—the envy or the stupidity of others. He took to self-pity as some men take to drink.

Leaving college, Henry got a fairly good job in an architect's office, a line of work for which he had real talent. But promotion and pay didn't come his way as fast as he thought they should. Again he felt that he was being discriminated against. He grumbled and moaned so much that he was finally fired.

Always and always Henry felt that fate was using him badly. He never "got the breaks." Soon, self-pity was etching acid lines in his face. He had few friends and no pals. In fifteen years he held seven jobs. In none of them, it appeared, was he "treated right." Finally, he began to fail in health, as he had long since failed in spirit. Death must have been a blessed boon to him.

There are lots of Henry Blanks in the world. Their great dope is self-pity. It's mighty easy for anyone to become an addict. Self-pity is insidious. You have to keep taking it in larger doses to get any kick out of it. For a while, your mourning may excite the sympathy of others. But your fellow men can feel sorry for you only so long. After that, you bore and irritate them.

All of us have adversity in plentiful doses. No one has a monopoly. If a man bends before it and broods over it, he can soon build up a pretty good case that the stars in their courses are fighting against him. He increases his doses until a permanent quitter is born. And his story ends right there—save for some forlorn footnotes!

Merle Crowell

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"People Come *to* See *the* Scenery *but* Stay *to* Watch *the* Bears"

By Frank J. Taylor

IT MAY be true that "there's no place like home" on work days, but when holidays come most folks want to roam. There is a hangover of the nomad in nearly all of us. Every now and then we fairly yearn to go and see the world.

Not long ago, I tracked a few hundred thousand modern nomads to their objective in Yosemite National Park, high in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. W. B. Lewis, the superintendent of the park, told me that during the eleven years he has been in charge of Yosemite no fewer than a million and a quarter visitors have trekked over the winding mountain roads to the show place of the Sierras. Four out of five of them came in their own cars. They were mostly city folks, but they seemed perfectly at home around their flickering camp fires.

"People want to escape the routine of the cities," explained Mr. Lewis. "They enjoy the luxury of the open spaces. They long to be gypsies. Not forever, of course, but long enough to be glad to get back home. Our ancestors roamed the forests for food. Folks to-day roam it for thrills."

"What gives them their biggest thrill?" I wanted to know. "Yosemite Falls or the Big Trees?"

"Wrong both times," replied Lewis. "Meeting a bear face to face is the most thrilling thing that can happen to a visitor here. If a dozen people were watching the Falls and a bear came along, they would forget all about the Falls and watch the bear every time. They might watch Yosemite fifteen minutes, but they would watch the bear as long as it stayed where they could see it.

"In the summer time," Lewis went on, "more than half of the motorists camp out. Many of the folks who are here right now will come roaming back in midwinter to see Yosemite in a different mood. They come for the snow sports, too. In the winter most of them prefer the hotels and lodges. But nomads know no season. I'm surprised at the number of people who take two vacations a year now.

"The scenery in Yosemite is all on such an immense scale that people soon want to be relieved of it. I have taken visitors to Glacier Point, and heard them say, as they looked across the chasm at that sea of mountain peaks, 'I would just like to sit here all summer.' That view fairly takes your breath away. But an hour later they would be planning to go down to the Valley. The thing was simply too stupendous. They enjoyed it. They raved about it to others. But they longed to get back in the sheltered Valley."

Mr. Lewis and I drove through the camp grounds in Yosemite Valley. There were at that time about eight thousand campers scattered through the forest. Families were busily cooking supper. There were wood stoves and fireplaces and open fires and gasolene burners. There were gay-colored tents that looked fresh from mail-order catalogues. There were pup tents, and army tents, and tepees and lean-tos that converted limousines into camps on wheels. There were sleeping bags and army cots and folding beds and real bedsteads. All was a gay jumble.

"Automobile accidents are rare," the superintendent declared. "In the eleven years that I have been at Yosemite, I recall but one fatal accident to a visiting motorist. That is a safety record that few cities can equal. People are more careful in the mountains. Besides, we patrol our roads and see that they drive slowly.

"THERE are a few simple things motorists should know about driving in the mountains. First, go into low gear and stay in low whether you are going up or down a steep hill; second, use the brakes only to stop or slow down, never ride the brakes to hold the car back, low gear compression will do that; third, keep both hands on the steering wheel; fourth, when you want to look at scenery, stop the car and park it; fifth, go slowly, never more than fifteen miles an hour.

"Of course," he went on, "it is against the rules to disfigure rocks, trees, or anything in the Park. Flowers must not be picked. We want to keep Yosemite as nature made it.

"The public has changed a lot in recent years. When I first came to Yosemite, it was a common practice for visitors to carve their initials in the bark of a Big Tree, or to paint their names on a rock at the end of a hike. But not any more. Folks are learning to appreciate nature. The last time we had a case of willful defacement, we imposed a very effective penalty. Two young fellows painted their names and addresses on rocks all along the Tioga Road. We followed them up and located them in a camp where they were spending their vacations. They changed their plans, and instead spent their vacations with us, removing the paint from all those rocks!

"The only shooting allowed in Yosemite National

Superintendent W. B. Lewis and his son Carle

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Park is done with cameras. It pleases the wild animals more and delights the hunters just as much. Since dogs and cats have been excluded from the Park, the wild animals have ceased to be wild. Huge elk, their antlers silhouetted against the cliffs, pose in the meadows of the Valley for the camera enthusiast. Twenty thousand deer roam at random through the Park. And many of them are so tame that they will eat from a visitor's hand.

"I like the bears best of all our Valley animals, just as the visitors do. They're so sort of human! The bears are the clowns of the forest. No wonder people prefer them to scenery.

"Did you ever see a bear scratch his back? It's an amusing trick. He grabs a low-hanging limb of a tree and drags it across his back with a sort of sawing movement.

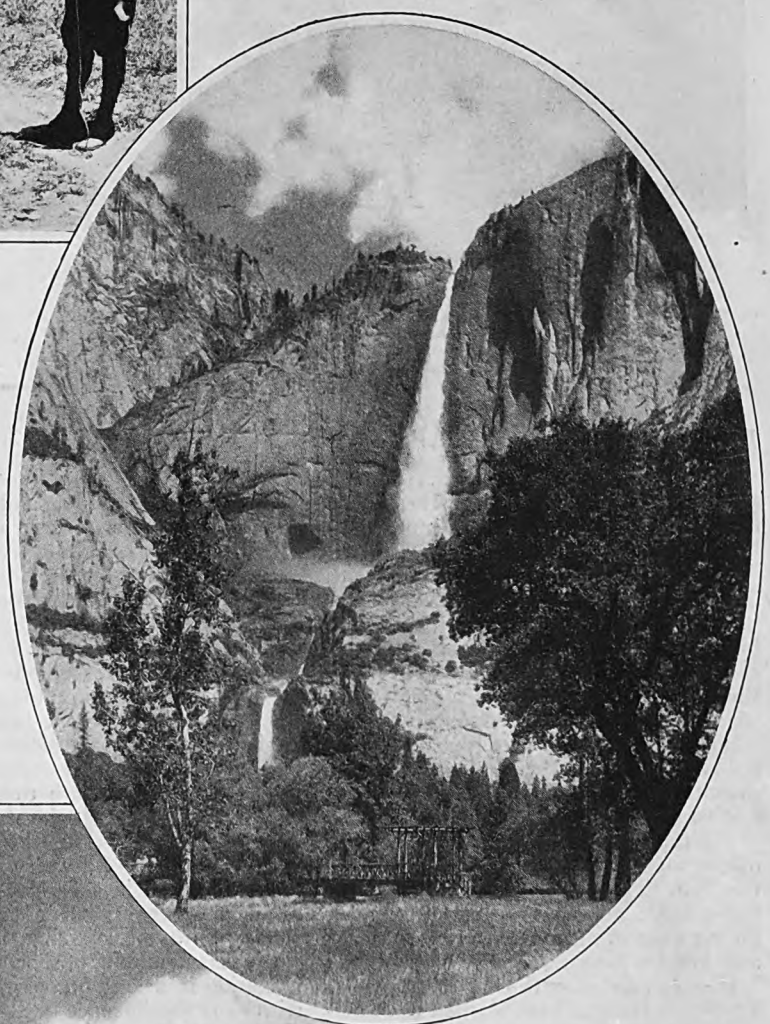
"MY FAVORITE bear is a big brown one that we call Old Billy. He frequently comes around to our back porch in the evening. We hear him scratching on the door, and that's his way of knocking. I gather up some pieces of meat, bread, and cake and go out. Old Billy will be patiently waiting for me. I sit down on the edge of the porch. Old Billy squats on his haunches. I give him a piece of bread, which he eats gravely. Finally, I give him the cake. Then we sit there and look at each other like a couple of old cronies visiting; when I rise, Old Billy gets up too, and ambles off just like a neighbor who has sat his visit out.

"The great sport of the Yosemite bears is knocking over the garbage cans. They bang them off porches and from the platforms on which we place the cans for the garbage collector. One spring I tried putting our garbage can on the ground and leaving the lid off, so that the bears could get at the food without knocking the can about. They never touched either the can or the food. When we put the can back on the platform, they knocked it down again.

"That's a good joke, from a bear's point of view. But a bear doesn't like to have the joke turned on him. He doesn't like to be teased.

"ANOTHER dangerous pastime is trying to make a bear jump. The bears have become so tame and friendly that people sometimes treat them like dogs. But a bear either can't jump, or he won't jump, for candy or anything else. The person who tries to make him jump by holding food out of his reach is likely to get a good hug or a good wallop.

"So far as I know, a bear will never pick on a human, unless he is tormented or is cornered. That goes for practically all wild animals. They depend upon their ability to flee, for their safety. People frequently surround bears up here, in their enthusiasm for pictures. That is bad business. As soon as the bear realizes he is surrounded his instinct for safety leads him to make a break for the woods. If you happen to be in his way you get upset. If you want to feed or photograph a wild animal, the best place to be is right in front of him. Then he isn't afraid of you." (*The End*)



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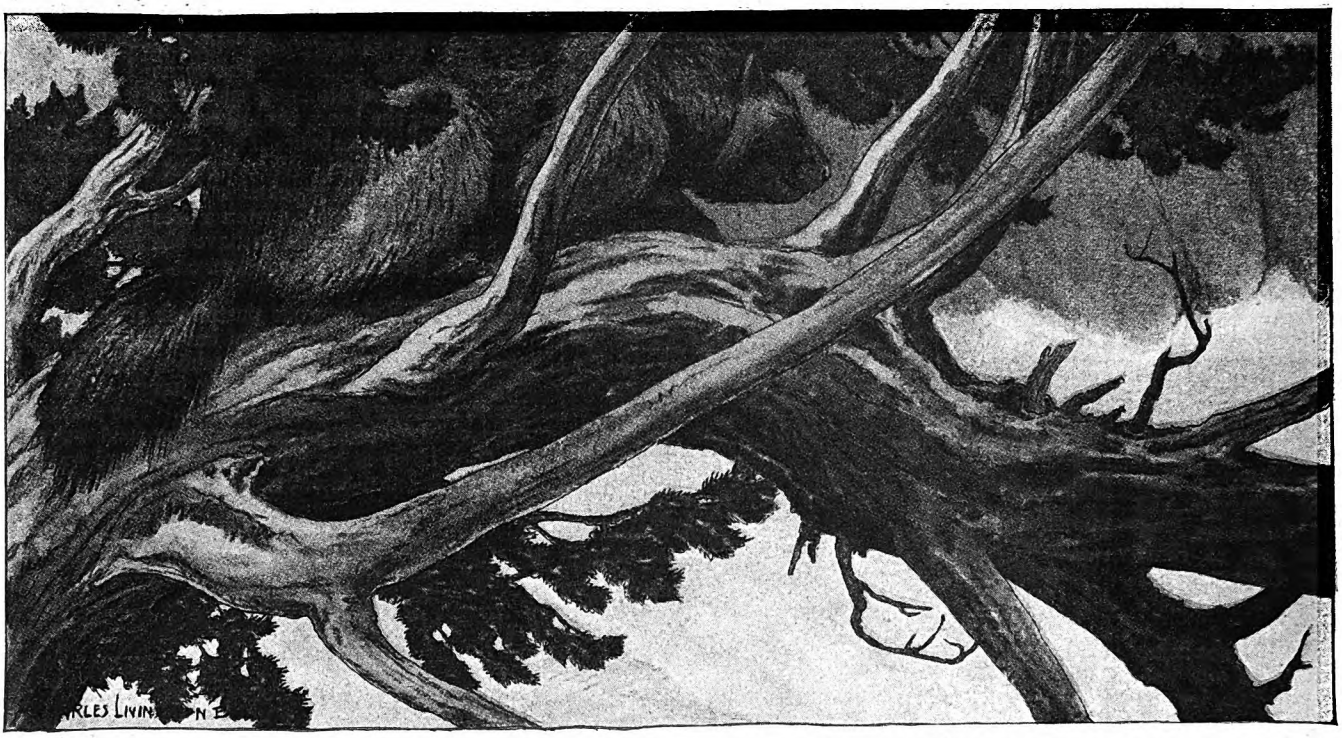


The crouching carcajou on the spruce bough

PAUL ANNIXTER'S *thrilling story—*

Enemy

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THOUGH it was only the last of October, a hush as deep as mid-winter lay over the forested slopes of old Table Mountain. Those late flyers, the killdeer, had gone south. Even the hardy meat birds, the ravens and the crows, were decamping in great talkative gangs between sunrise and dusk each day, a good three weeks before their usual custom. The keen wind that had risen with the black and red streaked sunset, swept down from the mountain heights, eddying the dead leaves and whispering eerily of imminent snow.

For those who could read the almanac of the woods, all signs were of the worst this fall. The silence that swathed the forest was more than autumnal stillness, for not even in the under-world of thicket and bracken was there a stirring of life.

It was a fatal seventh year of no rabbits, which the Indians have learned to anticipate and dread, when the prolific cottontail and northern hare, the mainstay of all the meat eaters of the forest, had been decimated by plague, and had brought forth no young. The bug and grasshopper crop had been phenomenal, and wild oats had matured no seed—hence, grouse and partridge were also scarce.

Hard indeed would be the lot of those meat eaters who tarried the winter on the slopes of Table Mountain.

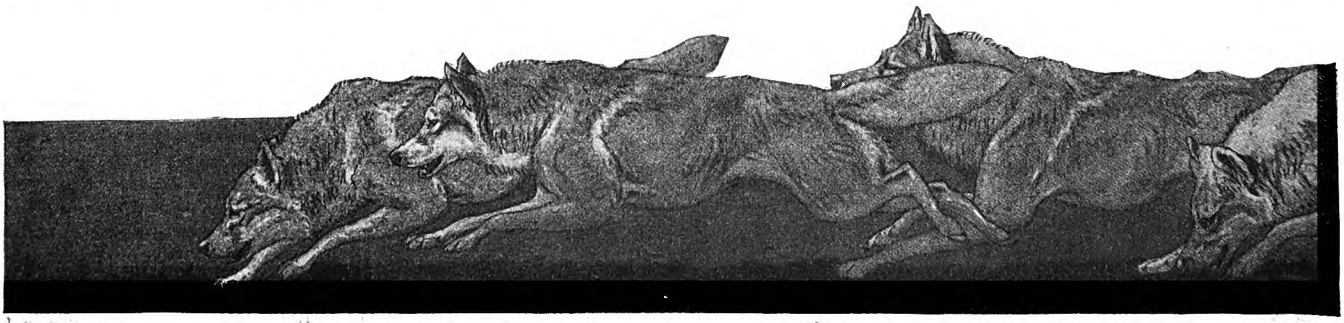
As if it were a disembodied voicing of this knowledge, a thin ululating cry came shuddering up along the forested valleys as the last daylight faded in a melancholy flare of smoky-red and umber. Thin and attenuated as the death tick of a beetle, the cry punctuated the frosty silence across miles of forest—the long-drawn-out hunting call of a wolf pack.

Three times it sounded, nearer each time, until it echoed along a spruce-shadowed ravine less than a mile away. Beginning in a series of short barks, it rose rocketing in a long quavering howl filled with all the menace and savagery of the terrible days of mid-winter, an unprecedented thing for the time of year, and another omen for the ear that could interpret.

The eleven big gray timber wolves that made Table Mountain their home were rallying nightly during this lean fall, under the leadership of a crafty old male, though ordinarily they would have been hunting singly or in pairs until the heavy snows of January. Already there was urgent need of their pack efficiency to keep life between their gaunt ribs. Tonight they were following a well-run deer trail up from the foothills.

AS THE bitter stars began to scintillate above the black pine spires, the eleven wolves swept out of a gap in the hills across a mile-wide swath of dead and blackened stumpage left by a last-year's forest fire, running silently now and in spread, fan-shape formation. They wasted no breath in useless yapping, but drew and quartered every thicket as they passed, for a strong scent told them that deer had been feeding on the new young grass amid the stumpage less than a half-hour before.

Well to the front of this particular



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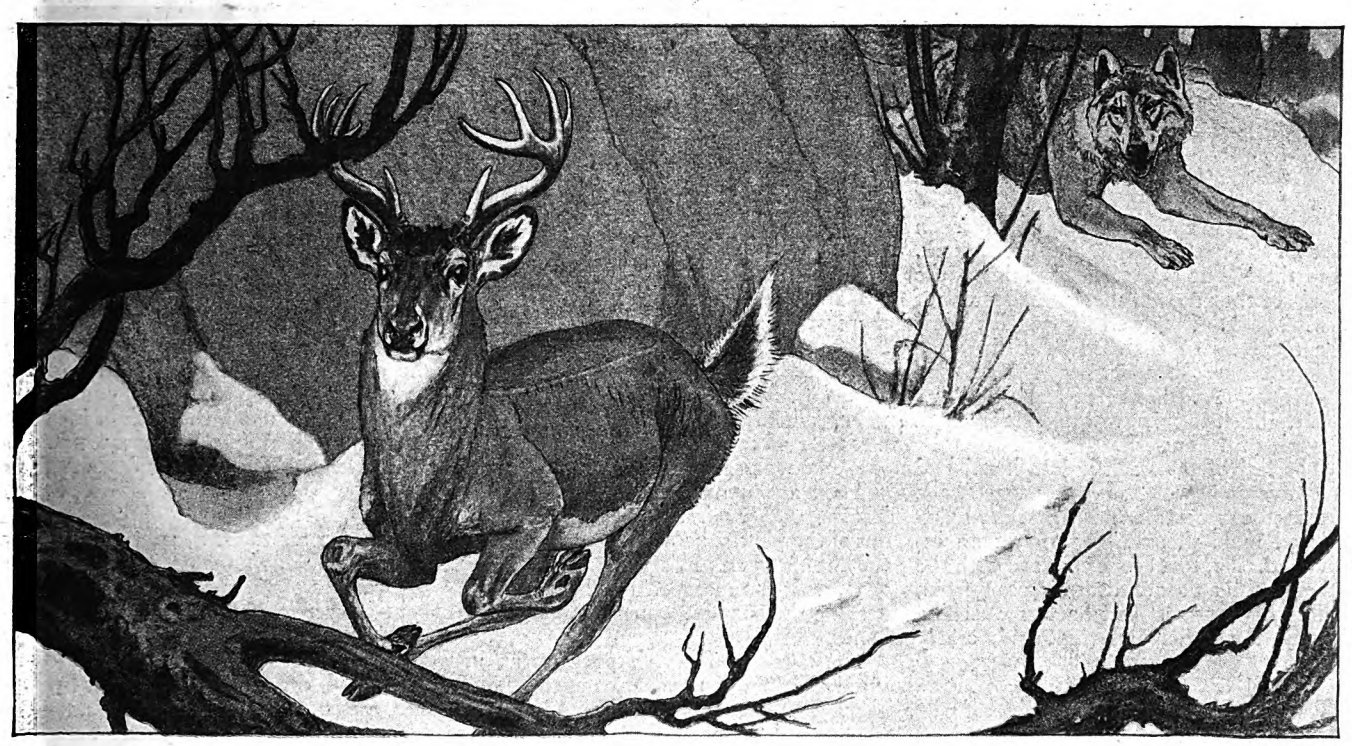


gathered himself together by imperceptible degrees

Allies

In which a great gray wolf matches wits with the man who had sworn to get him

band, near the wily, long-jawed leader, ran a young male wolf who by every look and action advertised the fact that he was second in command of the pack.

In height he stood almost an inch above any of his fellows, and he was further set apart by the lighter coloring of his coat about the chest and flanks, relic possibly of a cross with a more northern strain—the fierce white wolves of the Barrens. His deep-set eyes had a fierce yellow-green flare in them, betokening perhaps less of craft and trickery, and more of fearless, indomitable savagery. Between this wolf and the leader existed a tacit watchfulness and a recognition of possible developments.

Had things gone their natural course, a clash between these two would have been unavoidable: sooner or later the gray-white male would have been seizing the leadership for himself. But the trend of this night's events was to change all that. One of the band presently gave the short, high yap that signaled a new, fresh trail, and the band swerved to investigate.

It happened that a long-legged lynx, also with a mind turned to venison, had ventured down across the burning, drawn by the fresh deer tracks. She was slipping along through the burnt snags when the eleven wolves swept down on her without sound.

OFF she went for the nearest timber—doubling her absurdly long hind legs in grotesque bounds which not even the northern hare could hope to overtake—for a quarter of a mile or so. But cats are proverbially shortwinded, and the leather-lunged pack must soon have pulled her down had there not come such a slip behind the scenes as so often happens in the drama of wild life.

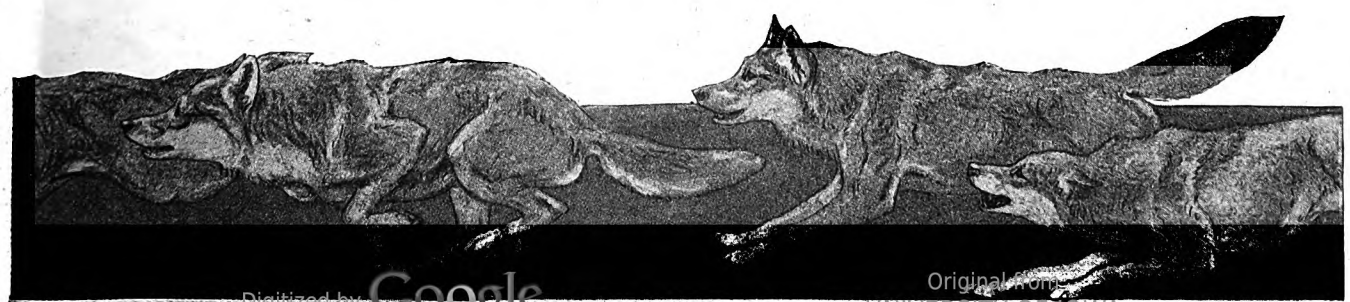
Right in the midst of that glorious chase, with the lynx barely holding her own, came tragic dénouement. A metallic clank sounded suddenly in air—or overhead, or underground—it could hardly be said which, the horrible sound that every wolf knew all too well. As if a bomb had riven them assunder, the pack flew apart in eleven different directions; or, more accurately, ten, for one of their number had stayed behind, pitched forward on her chin as if at the end of a taut rope.

That wolf happened to be the mate of the light-colored male who ran by the leader's side, and she had run squarely upon one of the cleverly planted traps of Mart Brenner, a settler, who a month before had built himself a cabin just over the next ridge.

The pack, that had melted into nothingness at the snap of iron, now paused and turned to gaze. They saw a fearsome sight—the figure of the captive she-wolf gone suddenly mad in the middle of the blackened burning, leaping and rending the trap and herself in her great extremity.

All thought of the fleeing cat whipped from their minds, the others sat on their haunches to watch, horror in their greenly glinting eyes. Drawn as by a magnet all moved closer, cautiously, for fear of other traps that might be 'round about.

And as they came horror slowly faded, mouths lolled open in strange caricatures



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of grins. Sheepishly, as if a bit ashamed, they fell to weaving in and out among one another, as their noses savored the fresh-spilled blood.

With her right foreleg broken, and bleeding profusely, the she-wolf snapped insanely at all in sight. All saw the pass to which she had come. She was now no longer a cog in their well-knit organization but all at once a broken and useless link. And there is no place for the maimed, the weak, or the aged, in the feelingless law of a wild pack. Very well the captive knew the meaning of their silent return, the different hue she now saw in the fire of their eyes. And her mate knew likewise. The slightest thing now would set them all slavering for her flesh.

The law of the pack is fate itself, and the average wolf would never have dreamed of forestalling it. But the light-colored male was nothing if not an individual. He, too, edged forward with the others, with an air of disarming sangfroid, lolling his tongue. But he was watching keenly the while with his cold, crafty eyes.

IT WAS the wily old leader himself who precipitated things. With a sudden rabid snarl, he sprang in and seized the trapped female by the throat. Her mate, who had been waiting for just that move, countered it with a lightning strike of his own. His long, keen jaws chopped, laying open the old leader's neck, then chopped again, and the latter loosed his hold.

But the gamy rescue had come too late. The body of the young female now lay still, and her mate, seeing she was beyond his aid, leapt aside in a desperate break for the open.

But murder lust was already loosed, and when the gray leader voiced the high signal that meant kill, the pack sprang forward as one. Two of them found the young male before he could win through the closing ranks, and his left foreleg went with a sickening crunch of bone.

Had the pack fought as tame dogs fight, there would have been no more to relate of this particular wolf—but wolf warfare is chop, dodge, and run. For a few moments things hung at an ugly balance. The young male fought, grimly, hopelessly, as a matter of course, for his life; but what was one against nine?

Then an opening showed itself for an instant. Through it he sprang, flicking out of the picture beneath the very jaws of the closing pack. In his extremity he ran then, as if his mangled leg did not exist, defying the fiery anguish of the splintered bones.

The turning of a wolf pack on an injured member is no nice thing to see or hear. The silence of the mountain night was made hideous with a long, quavering wail—interspersed with the high, sharp yapping that ever betokens bloodlust—as the nine swept after him, running so close they might all have been covered with a tarpaulin. Cannibalism was in the cry, fiendishness and a strain of insanity.

The young male had seen the ghastly finish of too many a hurt and infirm member of the pack. His shattered leg was telling on him now, and soon the pack began to gain, the terrible ululation of their cry like the chill breath of death itself.

Down a dense, spruce-shadowed valley the young wolf plunged at his three-legged lope, eye out for any chance shelter. It was but a matter of moments now before the end. Then, within a hundred yards, a miracle turned up the thing he needed—a strange sanctuary indeed, but perfectly ordained to save the plucky fugitive.

Mart Brenner, the settler who had taken up a timber claim on Table Mountain, had built his split log cabin at the head of the valley, and it was in Brenner's woodshed that the young wolf took refuge. It was timed to a saving second, for the pack was almost up to death range.

In the doorway he whirled to guard the entrance. The nine pursuers came to a skidding stop, in consternation. For in the air was now the dreaded scent of man, the upstanding Enemy himself. And in the open doorway stood the young male bristling like a devil, the flash of his white fangs proclaiming the heavy price he would exact from any rash enough to enter.

IT WAS a bit too raw, as sportsmen say, for the nine, who were but playing for the carcass of their stricken fellow. The light-colored male, who was playing for life itself, was a super-thing, beyond fear even of man, and so it was he won. Once nonplused, the pack's morale was broken, and presently all nine slunk off. And so for the time being the young male was safe. But out of the happenings of that night were to rise consequences that were to change his entire life.

For a quarter of an hour he lay where he was, doctoring his injured leg with healing tongue. In his great stress he was strangely oblivious to the man-scent that permeated everything here. His hackles rose instinctively at the dread propinquity, but, queerly, man seemed by far the lesser danger now.

His fear was largely supplanted by sorrow over his slaughtered mate. He remembered now the four motherless whelps waiting for food back in the home den. As soon as far cries told him that the pack was hunting in a distant valley, he slipped forth and made his way by devious courses back to his little family.

It was the profoundest moment of the

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He slipped forth in the growing light, his litter trailing behind him

young male's life when, with his clumsy, gray-brown whelps whimpering about him for food, it dawned on him all that was expected of him through the coming months of hunger. Gone were his days of heedless maledom, as a mere bringer of meat. Now, if his little family was to survive, it was up to him to play the difficult rôle of double parent and protector, the while he hunted for five avid gullets. Furthermore, he must do it all in spite of the combined menace of his erstwhile pack and this new enemy, the man who had settled in the spruce valley.

HIS first move must be to seek out a new den, remote and unknown to his former mates. He waited till the flush above the eastern mountains trembled with the coming dawn, then slipped forth in the growing light, his litter trailing behind him. Before noon he found what he wanted, a perfectly ordained den amid a tangle of inaccessible deadfalls that choked the throatlatch of a rocky gorge. And, whether by fate or by chance, that gorge marked the head of Mart Brenner's spruce valley, less than a mile above the settler's cabin.

Nightfall found the four whelps tearing at a fresh-killed partridge in the new dwelling, while the father lay on guard in the entrance. He had entered upon the greatest struggle of his adventurous career—a fight for the existence of his little family against the hand, fang, and talon of everything that dwelt on the slopes of Table Mountain.

NOW, Mart Brenner, after the habit of humans, considered the dark spruce valley his because he had "taken up" part of it as a timber claim. The valley with its close-standing ranks of jack-pine and Alaskan spruce would one day mean a fortune to Brenner. In the meantime, while he made good his agreement with the Government for its possession, he set about making a living with trap and rifle, for he was a woodsman of sorts.

With the first snows, he laid his trap line along the seven-mile length of the valley bottom. But he was not long in discovering that he had a noteworthy rival in the great gray wolf who denned at the valley's head and regularly included Brenner's trapping district in his hunting range. As a hunter, the big wolf was proving himself to be incredibly efficient.

Nightly Brenner had heard the Table Mountain wolf pack harrying the surrounding valleys for food, under the goad of their fierce hunger, and for a time he never dreamed that any lone wolf existed in the region. But a week after the first snowfall he found the remains of one of the five pigs he had intended to carry through the winter, slaughtered less than fifty yards back of his woodshed. And the tracks in the snow showed plainly that a single wolf had done the work—a wolf of amazing size and possessed of a peg leg. Furthermore, the killing had been done in broad daylight, an unusual thing in wolf tactics.

His ire roused, Brenner sought the life of the marauder. For the better part of two days he tracked the big wolf constantly. Three times he caught sight of him in his comings and goings, and fired, but missed aim by reason of the gaunt beast's amazing craftiness and speed.

The pique of mere anger had been back of Brenner's hunt until he gained his first fair glimpse of the culprit; then other and larger possibilities opened up. The old woodsman knew at once that the gray-white wolf was the largest of his kind that had ever lived in that region—the largest he had ever seen in twenty years of life in the New Brunswick forests.

Immediately his hunt began to mean more than revenge. Such a specimen was highly valuable. Many wealthy sportsmen frequented these forests each fall who would be glad to pay and pay well for such a specimen, dead or alive. And many a museum would prize such a head and skin for mounting.

"I'll have that darn peg-leg's pelt before the week's up," he proclaimed grimly, and forthwith summoned all his craft for the setting of traps and deadfalls.

THE following day he found the hidden den amid the blow-downs, and there he planted three artful sets, one directly before the entrance, and two others—the important ones—at either side. Then he legged it homeward, full of confidence, never dreaming that the gray-white male had been a witness of his tactics from a well-chosen lookout on the ridge above.

In the new and arduous responsibility that had been thrust upon him, the lone male wolf had grown ripe in wisdom. Quick to see that his own pack was a greater menace than man, or any of the solitary marauders (*Continued on page 112*)

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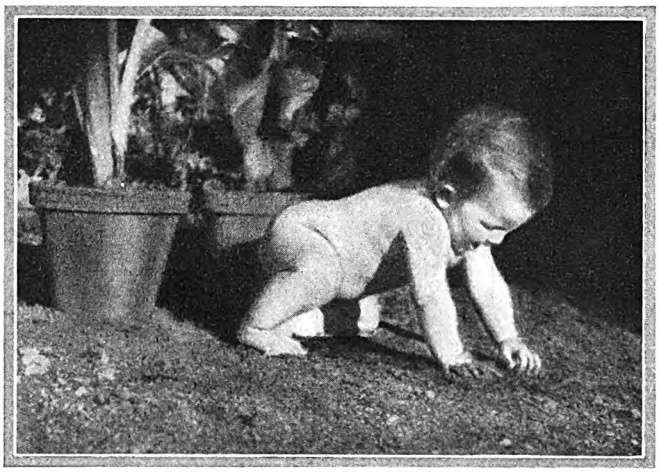
Becoming *a* Father *at* 60 *is a* Liberal Education

By LINCOLN STEFFENS



"IT'S all right," said a young lady member of the staff, "for Mr. Steffens to write about the advantages of becoming a father after you are old enough to be a grandfather. And it's all right for him to talk of his young wife—but how does *she* feel about it all? That's what I should like to know."

A good many millions of persons have made much the same comments when a young girl married a man much older than she. You are naturally curious to know more about these seemingly strange matches—and next month you can know more concerning them. For Mrs. Lincoln Steffens has written an extraordinary article, in which she, out of her own experience, tells you why she considers herself lucky in having married a man old enough to be her father! You will find in the accompanying article, and in the one to appear next month, something to think about, talk about, and argue about.

THE EDITOR.

BECOMING a father for the first time when you are old enough to be a grandfather is a fortunate arrangement, I find—for the father, and, I am told, for a young mother. I was nearly sixty when Pete was born. I had retired; writing some, but my active life, my "career" was all over and done with. I could devote myself to the child, and I did. I am making him my chief concern. Whether this is good for the first-born himself is a question Pete is too young to answer. He is only three and, though some experts declare that the most important period of education is before that age, I feel that my experimentation with Pete is not complete. He still changes my mind and his disposition. But as for me, his father, I can say, in general, this:

The man who puts off parenthood till he is old enough and free enough and wise enough to enjoy it, becomes a father, a grandfather, and a child again, all in one, a triple happiness few young fathers can know.

Young fathers frequently are busy and vain. They think that the home is the woman's place, down-town is theirs. The excuse they give is that they have a living to make, a home to build, a career to hew; or if not these, then they still have their masculine pride to protect. What young husband would let his foolish young wife go forth to make a name for herself, while he stayed home to mind the baby? What self-respecting young father would encourage the mother of his child to avoid the menial tasks of the cradle, in order to perform them himself? Only a shameless grandfather would do what I have done for Pete, and yet, by doing it, I have discovered that for ages women have been elbowing us men out of one of the greatest happinesses of life.

Pete, by the way, is what I hear people call my son or our baby. We have never thought of him as an infant, or as mine or ours. Pete was an individuality from the start, a regular fellow, and when he came, he was so self-sufficient that the nurse chucked him on a cot to look out for himself while she and the doctor took care of his mother. And that's how I first saw him, lying alone, patiently waiting his turn, independent, self-reliant, an equal, as he has been ever since.

One day recently, when I was sweeping out the garage, he walked into my cloud of dust. I rebuked him.

"Get out of this," I shouted.

"No," he answered quietly, firmly, "Pete stay."

Half humorously, but at some length and with some rudeness, I scolded him.

"What do you mean by walking into my work and my life the way you do, uninvited, taking the center of the stage which I used to occupy; owning me, my wife, my house, as if everything were meant only for you? Where did you get the idea that you are the head of the family, the dictator of all work and all play, stopping the one for the other, and—" so on and so on.

He looked up at me, listening with twinkling eyes till I had exhausted my tirade, then he said calmly:

"Papa, now say it nicely."

And I had to say it, as I had been advising him always to say things, nicely. He thinks that a rule for him is a rule for me, for us, for all. When I repeated my remonstrance politely, he said:

"Now Pete go," and he marched off like an obedient child. Which he is not.

Pete has something much better than obedience to give us: he has courtesy, and he has humor. He had these gifts from the very beginning, and a little inquiry among other parents seems to justify me in my theory that human beings are born with good will rather than subordination, and that they are governable, from infancy up, much more gently than we think.

THE first time I noticed this in Pete was when he was a few weeks old. He put his thumb in his mouth. He did not do that often, and I didn't want him to acquire a taste for it and the habit, so I jerked his hand away. He looked up at me, and deliberately put his thumb back into his mouth. Again I thrust it aside, and again he, slowly, defiantly, put his whole fist in his mouth. It was our first fight. Then I had an idea: I smiled. I knocked his hand away more forcefully than before, but I laughed; I laughed it off. He studied me a moment, saw that it was a joke, smiled himself, and left his hand where I had laid it by his side. It was just as if he had said:

"Oh, you were only playing. I thought you wanted to fight, and I'd have fought. But if it's only a joke, why, of course . . ."

By a few such lessons as this, he taught me to ask, not to command him to do or not to do things, and I generalized his instructions. I learned that he is very obliging when we make a reasonable request and express it courteously. He likes to please. A lively sense of approbation or of disapprobation was inborn, I think; at any rate it came early.

Children, like primitive man, like the animals, birds, and fishes, know not shame—and they don't need it. Maybe we grown-ups don't need it either. I am teaching Pete to hide certain unpleasantnesses without it.

Laughter is his (*Continued on page 148*)

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Drawn by B. J. Rosenmeyer from Photograph

Lincoln Steffens

LINCOLN STEFFENS is one of the most colorful journalists America has known. He became nationally famous when, as a result of his sharp writing, several of the biggest cities in the United States cleansed and reformed their governments. Mr. Steffens was born in San Francisco in 1866; was educated at the Universities of California, Berlin, Heidelberg, Leipzig, and the Sorbonne. Among his books are "The Shame of the Cities," "The Struggle for Self-Government," "Upbuilders," and "The Least of These." You see Mr. Steffens here with his three-year-old son, Peter.

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Preston stopped to talk with the Mexican sheep herders—
too many riders were snoopin' around Sunset Pass

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ZANE GREY'S

Strange and thrilling drama of frontier days

Sunset Pass

Illustrated by W. H. D. KOERNER

THERE were thirteen of the Prestons—"the strange, wild Prestons of Sunset Pass"—and Thiry was the lovely eldest daughter of the clan. They were newcomers in Wagontongue, and Trueman Rock had never heard of them until he came back after six years' absence in Texas, with the ten thousand dollars he had made in a cattle deal, and the purpose of looking in on his old friends and passing on again. But on the very day of his return he met Thiry Preston, and Rock—famous in all that country as cowboy, gunman, and lover—lost his heart to her promptly and completely.

He invested his money, bought a magnificent white horse, and rode sixty miles to Sunset Pass to ask Gage Preston for a job. He had been insulted by Ash Preston, the eldest brother, and ordered to keep away from Thiry; he had been warned against Ash by all his friends; he had heard vague and ugly rumors about Gage and his sons—but he had read suffering in Thiry's lovely face, and he had pledged himself to drive that shadow from her eyes, though he risked his own life in doing it.

Gage Preston gave Rock the job of overseeing his younger sons on the range, while Ash and the older ones attended to the extensive butchering which had been made the chief business of the Preston ranch. On his very first night Thiry implored him to go away, and her distress only confirmed the dreadful suspicions that had been growing in his mind. He refused to leave, accepted all Ash's insults, and bided his time. At last his opportunity came:

Amy Dabb, an old sweetheart of his, now married to a rich cattleman, was giving a Fourth of July ball in Wagontongue, and Rock got permission to ride in ahead of the rest. He stopped where the butchering was done, examined the whole place, and found just what he had feared—hides of another brand, the Half Moon, hidden in sacks with quicklime, which would destroy them and with them all evidence of theft. While he reconnoitered he saw Clink Peoples, foreman for a rancher named Hesbitt, who used the Half Moon brand, also looking over the butchering grounds. But Peoples rode off without having discovered the hides. With a heavy heart Rock went on.

At Wagontongue all was gayety in anticipation of the dance. Rock bought a gambler's outfit for the masquerade, and, coming out of the store, encountered Amy Dabb in reckless mood. She wheedled out of him the secret of his disguise for the evening; and with that knowledge went straight to Thiry, who had just arrived in town. By the time Rock and Thiry came together by a store that afternoon Thiry was so angry and so hurt by the things Amy had told her that Rock almost despaired of making his peace with her again. But she forgave him at last, and accepted his version of things.

And then, in the street, they came upon Amy Dabb and Clink Peoples. Amy was so frightened, and Clink was so plainly threatening her, that Rock ordered Amy home with Thiry and Alice, and challenged Peoples for an explanation of his conduct.

(*The story continues*)

PART V

THE red-scarfed rider had evidently had a drink or two but he appeared level-headed, and slowly the geniality with which he had accosted Amy Dabb faded into cold, watchful speculation. His tawny gaze swept Rock from head to foot, and back again.

"Howdy, Mister Big Hat," he replied, in imitation of Rock's greeting to him.

"My name is Rock."

"Aboot had thet reckoned," returned the rider guardedly.

"You're Hesbitt's foreman, Peoples," went on Rock, curtly. "He told me you were lookin' for me."

"I shore was."

"Ahuh. Reckon you didn't look very hard," rejoined Rock, in slight derision.

"Wal, I cain't say there was any particular call to rustle."

Thus these two range riders measured each other. Rock's reaction was vastly diverse from that following his encounter with Ash Preston. The foreman of Hesbitt's outfit appeared to belong to that type of cowboy whom Rock was wont to believe the salt of the earth.

"You're not drunk," replied Rock. "How's it you insult a married woman on the street?"

"Is thet any of your bizness?"

"It shore is. I'm an old friend of Amy Dabb's. Rode for her husband. Reckon it's not exaggeratin' to claim I'm his friend too."

"All right, Rock, I apologize," returned the foreman readily, though resentfully. "But it shore ain't because I think I ought to."

"I heard what she said, and your answer. Now, tell me, square, don't you think it was kind of low-down to brace her, right on the street?"

"Rock, I reckon it was," responded Peoples, staring hard. "But how aboot my takin' you as a slick hombre, a liar, sweet on her yourself, an' wantin' the inside track?"

"Peoples, you can take me any way you like," responded Rock, speaking hard. "But if you do it that particular way you've got trouble on your hands right now."

"So I aboot reckoned," nodded the rider. "Strikes me I've got to take a lot for granted aboot you. Shore, you know more aboot me than I do aboot you. It ain't a very square deal all around."

"I would take your word, if you shook on it," replied Rock.

"Wal, I guess I'd take yours."

"All right. We're gettin' somewhere," said Rock, more heartily. "Now, Peoples, tell me why you were lookin' for me."

"Easier'n your other cracks," replied Peoples laconically. "I kept hearin' aboot you out on the range. Then lately you come back an' went to ride for Preston. Thet made me curious, an' I reckon I jest wanted to meet up with you an' see for myself."

"See what?"

"Wal, Rock, do you know one of them queer range shadows is creepin' over the Prestons?"

"I've heard so," replied Rock gloomily. "But I'm hopin' it will blow over."

"Natural. But if it doesn't—if it clouds up black—you're shore goin' to get rained on, cowboy," said Peoples, with dark significance.

"Peoples, I like Gage Preston," went on Rock. "Do you know him?"

"Shore. Like him fine too."

"I DIDN'T take to Hesbitt," mused Rock, as if making comparisons.

"Shore, I never did either," admitted Peoples. "But—wal, I'm responsible for his stock. An' you can bet your bottom dollar I'd never be responsible for Preston's. An', now, aboot your connection with him. Let's just say there's somethin' off-color about him—speaks high for him to have you in his outfit. True Rock, clean an' square range-rider! Old hand at the game! Rode for the best ranchers in the territory! . . . Sounds awful good, when some new cattleman like Hesbitt or some wonderin' puncher gets to talkin'. . . . Rock, if Preston keeps you out there it's a safe bet he *is* rustlin', an' will ring you in with him, by hook or crook."

"So that's your angle?" muttered Rock, in deep thought. "Suppose I were to tell

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Ash Preston what you just said?"

"Wal, you'd drive me into a gun deal. An' you'd be breakin' confidence. After all, Rock, I cain't prove nothin'."

"I'll keep my mouth shut," rejoined Rock, and indeed his lips were tight as he spoke.

"All right, thet's what I'd expect. An' I'll say a little more: It always struck me thet this bizness of Ash Preston's chasin' the punchers away from Sunset Pass, on account of his sister, was aboot half fraud. I'll bet that's a put-up job between Ash an' his father."

"I don't know. Sure, he tried to chase me away," acknowledged Rock.

"An' played thunder doin' it! Rock, take my hunch for what it's worth. As I'd take yours: Grab the girl an' raise the dust away from Sunset Pass. For if anythin' ever comes of this deal—as I suspect—an' you're still with Preston in any capacity, I swear I cain't see how you'd ever square yourself on the range."

THE new town hall was the finest structure in Wagontongue, and the civic authorities, who happened to be mostly members of the Cattle Association, were proud of it and its expression of a progressive and prosperous community.

It was of Spanish design, low, rambling, many-arched and aisled, painted white, with red tiled roof. The outside had been draped with flags and bunting in celebration of the national holiday. Two aisles with arched walls formed the outside of a large patio. Here, and everywhere, gay, many-colored Chinese lanterns hung, singly from the tops of the arches and in strings across from wall to wall. Flowers and desert shrubbery lined the walks and circled the fountain, where water tinkled musically. Flags and sage and evergreen furnished the interior decoration, very simply and attractively.

Trueman Rock strolled from the town hall, which he had inspected along with a multitude of visitors, back to his hotel. The street was full of people. Lobby and saloon were noisy, smoky. He went to his room to avoid the crowd. Events had multiplied already this day. What would the dance and the Fourth bring about? Rock was inclined to the idea that it might be just as well for him to spend the rest of the day in his room. When he left it next he would be in masquerade.

Darkness had long set in when he left the hotel. He ran the gantlet of merry jests, admiring glances from dusky eyes, laughter and query, to the entrance at the main corridor of the hall. Inside the door was a gate guarded by men, one of whom was the town sheriff, very important and pompous, with his silver badge conspicuous. Two placards struck Rock's eye. One read: "No Admittance to Anyone not in Masquerade." And the other sign, larger, read: "Check your Hardware and Bottle."

"Howdy, gambler," greeted the sheriff. "'Scuse me while I search you. Mrs. Dabb's orders."

His second slap at Rock located the gun under the long frock coat.

"Ha! Not on the hip! Hangin' low, eh? Wal, cowboy, unbuckle an' pass."

The heavy gun belt went into the hands of an attendant, who deposited it on a shelf, where already a row of weapons glittered. Rock received a ticket.

Rock passed on down the corridor to where it opened into the patio. There was music somewhere and sound of voices and laughter. Then he saw masqueraders in goodly numbers, and he strolled down the right aisle, where under every arch gay young people, safe in their disguises, ogled the strollers and made remarks. The lights from the lanterns were just strong enough to lend glamour and softness to the Spanish aisles, the beautiful patio, and the brightly clad maskers.

A GIRL, slight of stature, passed Rock, to peer at him with challenging eyes, disguised if not hidden by a red mask. Her costume was Spanish, gold and black, very graceful and pretty. It could not be Amy, for surely she would wear something magnificent. A masker in cowboy attire accosted her, to be gayly repulsed. She passed on, and Rock forgot her in his growing, searching gaze for someone he would know the instant she appeared.

Presently someone took his arm lightly.

"*Buenas tardes, Señor,*" said a low voice at his elbow.

Rock bowed gallantly to the slim creature on his arm. He did not recognize her, but saw that she was the Spanish girl in gold and black.

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He cared nothing for Preston's sudden blows. He broke through them, beat him back, and knocked him against the wall

"*Buenas tardes, Señorita,*" replied Rock, peering into the black holes in the red mask.

She averted her face and walked with him, surely aware of the attention they roused. Rock grasped suddenly that there appeared to be a little pressure on his arm, a gradual but sure guidance of his steps. Being intent upon this unknown lady who had taken possession of him, Rock had not observed where they were heading. He was to find that they were entering the dance hall, where many masqueraders had assembled, plainly awaiting the mysterious first partner that chance might bestow upon them.

This Spanish girl was enterprising, not to say bold. Rock felt himself further drawn into the subtle charm of the atmosphere. Then the orchestra burst into music, a languorous Spanish waltz, once Rock's great favorite. The girl who had led him there swayed to the rhythm toward him, slowly lifting her hand to his shoulder.

"You handsome gambler! You don't know me!" she cried in arch reproach.

"Amy!" exclaimed Rock incredulously.

"Sure. Do you like me in this costume?"

"Great! You sure are a Spanish girl. Fooled me plumb good."

"Not a soul recognized me," she said in delight. "I'll tell no one but you. . . . Come, this is your old favorite waltz."

Before Rock knew what was happening she was in his arms, light as thistledown, and they were whirling, gliding, to dreamy strains that found the old chord deep in his memory.

"Trueman, hold me tighter," she whispered, and leaned back against his arm to look up at him. The dark eyes seemed inscrutable wells under the red mask.

"Behave yourself, Mrs. Dabb," he returned warningly, with a laugh. "Reckon I don't know quite all due my hostess, but I'm sure, not that."

"Well, if you won't I'll have to hug you," she went on. "Oh, I could hug you and kiss you before everybody! . . . Trueman, *what* did you do to my husband?"

"Did I do anythin'?" asked Rock, helpless in the unexpectedness of this attack. His old knowledge of Amy's resourcefulness tried in vain to fortify him.

"DID you? Trueman, he came home the other day, at noon—something unheard of," she went on swiftly. "He told me you'd been in to see him. That you had raked him over the coals. That you had cleared up something about you and me! Then he told me he had been sore and jealous for a long time. He admitted being mean, selfish, suspicious. He'd neglected me shamefully. He would turn over a new leaf. He would try to be young again. Oh, he knocked me cold! Since then he has been like he was when he courted me. . . . And, most amazing of all, he's to drop in here to-night—in masquerade. He wouldn't even tell what he'd wear."

"Good lord!" said Rock under his breath.

"You should say, '*thank* the good lord.' How'd you do it, old boy? It's a miracle. And maybe it's not too late. I was—I guess—on the ragged edge."

"All past, Amy," he said cheerfully.

"I don't know, Trueman. But I'm happy to-night, as I haven't been in years. . . ." Then leaning her head forward to his shoulder, she grew silent.

Rock was reminded that the better side of Amy had always come uppermost when she was dreamily, happily excited. When she was jealously excited, she was as tractable as a wildcat. Around and around they swung amid the colorful murmuring throng. The scrape and thud of cowboy boots drowned the patter and slide of lighter-footed dancers. Then suddenly the music ceased.

"Trueman, you always were such a wonderful dancer," murmured Amy, still under a spell. "I wish I had every dance with you."

"You flatter me, Amy. But it sure tickles me."

"Of course you'll dance often with Thiry Preston?" she asked, the old jealousy flaring up.

"Reckon I haven't the nerve yet to ask even one. Besides, I probably won't recognize her."

"Bah! That girl couldn't disguise herself in a burlap sack," returned Amy, flippantly.

Amy's last words added to Rock's sudden realization of what thin ice he was skating on.

"Trueman, I'll (*Continued on page 73*)

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BROWN BROS.

The mass of intricate cables that traverse underground New York

Under *the*

Lie Its Arteries of

As told by RICHARD KENT

ONE autumn noonday some fifteen years ago, a party of New York City officials, including many distinguished engineers and a celebrated jurist, the late William J. Gaynor, then mayor of New York, together with a score of newspaper men, dismounted from a New York Central train under the brow of Breakneck Mountain on the east bank of the Hudson River.

In long, silver, pencil-like diagonal strokes from beyond the Catskills and over Storm King Mountain on the west bank, a sleet storm raged. Not because of the gale above, but because of what was to be encountered deep down in the bowels of the earth His Honor doffed his squarish derby for a rubber helmet, and over his black overcoat slipped a yellow waterproof.

With the engineers, he stepped onto a crude, roughly constructed elevator that was to take him down below the bed of the Hudson. In two groups, the party descended. Down, down, down, went the elevator in a swirl of damp and darkness, through a shaft cut in solid rock, not to pause until it came to rest a fifth of a mile below sea level.

Out under the river, westward, stretched a seemingly endless tunnel. Dimly lighted by electric lamps strung on temporary wiring, the granite walls, rough-hewn with blasting, dripped moisture. Here and there were deep puddles. For fifteen minutes the silent procession trudged westward—a silence broken only by a splash and a restrained exclamation.

"Here we are, Your Honor! Half way!"

The procession halted, but nothing much was said. A flashlight shot its long ray into the cavern still farther out under the Hudson's bed. A warning shout was given. Having ascertained that the way was clear, an engineer showed the mayor an electric switch mounted on a rough board panel. The mayor closed the switch.

Instantly, there was a fearful roar, the rock strata under the Hudson shook. Presently, there was the grim smell of smoke:

"Hi! Yi! Ki! Yi!"

With this yell, three American-born workmen came hurtling through the six-foot aperture opened by the mayor's blast. Having descended by a shaft on the west bank of the river, they now joined the party that had come from the east. For a tunnel had been bored from each shore. The three workmen were to be the first to pass through the united tunnel from end to end!

As the exulting echoes of the workmen's shouts died away, financiers, engineers, and newspaper men all gathered about the mayor, curious to hear what he would have to say down there one thousand one hundred and fourteen feet below the surface and under the middle of the Hudson.

"THE occasion of this simple ceremony here today," he said, briefly, "is the firing of the last shot that is to make two great tunnels into a greater one. Three thousand and twenty-two feet long, and fourteen feet in diameter, this united tunnel now becomes what engineers know as an inverted siphon, one of the great engineering feats necessary to the construction of the Catskill Aqueduct which will furnish New York with its principal water supply. More than a hundred and twenty miles in length, it will be the greatest aqueduct in the world, comparing in magnitude and cost with the great canals and transcontinental railroad systems!

"But, hark! This is but one of the long line of historic aqueducts. The earliest of which there is a precise record was built two thousand six hundred years ago by Hezekiah, King of Judah. Fearing an attack by the Assyrians, Hezekiah built an underground tunnel about one thousand and seven hundred feet long, to carry water from the river Gihon to a reservoir or pool called Siloam. Hewn out of rock, this pool was seventy-one by seventy-five feet. Thus, Jerusalem had its aqueduct and reservoir.

"Let us not forget that the Romans knew how to build aqueducts. They built so well that two of theirs supply the city of

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Sidewalks of New York

DRAWING BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

Traffic, Heat, Light, Sound, and Water

Rome to this day. However, the longest of theirs is about half the length of the one we are building here.

"One other thing: Let me remind you that the waters which will rush through this tunnel will flow on and on and *under the streets of New York*, through a thousand branches. At its lower end, for a distance of fifteen miles or more, at a depth of from three to eight hundred feet, this aqueduct will pass under the city—under Central Park, down Broadway and Sixth Avenue, under Fifth Avenue at Madison Square, under the East River at Delancey Street to Brooklyn; then under the harbor to Staten Island."

THE Catskill Aqueduct was completed at a cost of two hundred million dollars. Any drop of water to be seen dancing, shimmering, glinting in the sunlight in some Catskill rivulet has in prospect a journey to New York. Assuming that it gets a good start to-day, it may, with luck, say good morning to the New Yorker in his shower bath three days hence!

Most visitors to New York marvel at her sky line and vistas. But think for a moment of those greater marvels underground! When in the metropolis, you ride to the top of a skyscraper in an elevator, you watch her sky line aglow at dusk, or perhaps in some distant city you hear a voice brought from New York by wire or wireless. Every miracle of the sort depends upon a giant Hercules and the sons of Hercules who dwell *under* the city streets and spring into action in response to valves, switches, and push-buttons operated from above.

Under the sidewalks of New York! Here are lodged what have been called the city's vocal cords, her muscular, nervous, and alimentary systems. Here dwell the genii of a great city's Aladdin Lamp whereby the routine marvels of everyday life are wrought. Elves and giants, cables and tiny wires, running in an ordered chaos, there are telephone, telegraph, and power lines, pneumatic tubes, and transit tunnels side by side with great channels of pure and sparkling water, huge sewers, and endless pipe lines for gas and for scalding steam.

Recently, at the request of the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and in company with a number of different engineers, each a specialist in his own field, I made a tour of underground New York. In this article I am going to tell you of some of the most interesting things I saw and heard. To begin with, I want to say something about what is unquestionably one of the greatest engineering marvels of all time—the building of the subways.

In operation in New York to-day there are a hundred and twenty-four miles of subway tunnels and six hundred and twenty miles of tracks. A new subway, extending from the southern to the northern end of Manhattan Island, with arms reaching into all the other city boroughs, is now being built. This will add fifty-seven miles of tunnel (route miles) and a hundred and seventy track miles to the present system—a total of a hundred and eighty-one miles of tunnel and seven hundred and ninety miles of track!

When in New York you go into the subway as a matter of course. You marvel at the vast tides of people flowing through these transit arteries; for, in a year's time, the number of passengers using the subway is several times greater than the entire population of the United States. Have you ever stopped to think how these subways *got there*, and of the unique engineering problems involved?

Assume, for a minute, that a gigantic cleaver were to descend upon Manhattan Island and split it from end to end along the line of Eighth Avenue and Central Park West, where this new subway is being installed. You would be amazed at the sight disclosed. For you would behold thronging skyscrapers and densely populated apartment houses and ten miles of street railway all propped up temporarily on stilts of timber, concrete, and steel. While rock is being drilled and blasted thirty or fifty feet below the surface, trolley cars and motors pass by overhead; while the foundations of skyscrapers and apartment houses are removed (and replaced) to let the new tunnel go by, the thousands who work and live in these buildings pass in and out, and live their lives as though nothing out of the ordinary were going on below!

GO DOWN into the subway excavation by one of the ramps by which motor trucks bring out excavated material, dirt, and rock, and what do you see? Steel girders thrown across the street, and wooden posts supporting them. On top of the girders rest the planks which make a temporary covering for the street. Technically, this is known as the "cut and cover" method of building a tunnel. First, the street is excavated to a depth of

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twelve feet, and then provided with this temporary wood pavement, which stays there until the steel and concrete tunnel is completed.

But suppose the excavation were made and the tunnel projected regardless of obstructions? Scores of great buildings would come toppling down. Pipes for water, gas, steam, sewers, telephone and telegraph lines, and power cables would be cut. A deluge would follow! Whole sections of the city would be paralyzed in their business and social activities!

So the obstacles encountered by power shovels and cranes are cared for as they are met. Temporary systems for water, gas, and electric current, and temporary sewer flumes are all laid, out of the path of the work. Electric cables are suspended from the beams that carry the street's wooden pavement. Even the foundations of skyscrapers and private dwellings must be juggled with.

At the upper end of this new subway, near One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, is a church beneath which the subway must take a drop of a hundred and fifty feet, and at the bottom of this drop there will be stations reached by elevators. Meanwhile, with this work going on below, services have continued in the church.

Off Broadway, on Forty-second Street, is the New Amsterdam Theatre. When a branch of the subway was being built directly beneath this theatre the performances were given as usual, neither the chorus girls of the Ziegfeld Follies nor persons in the audience knowing what went on below.

HOW is it that a new foundation can be built for a great building that presses down with a load of many thousands of tons? The process is known as "nibbling." Earth is excavated beneath the foundation a few feet at a time. A steel cylinder is then driven down to the depth of the subway and filled with concrete. Presently, the weight of that portion of the building directly above the cylinder is transferred to it.

Cylinder after cylinder is thus inserted, until eventually the whole structure is carried on a new foundation. And when the tunnel has been put through, the weight of the whole building may again be transferred to the roof of the subway, which, in places, is built strong enough to sustain skyscrapers twenty-five stories high.

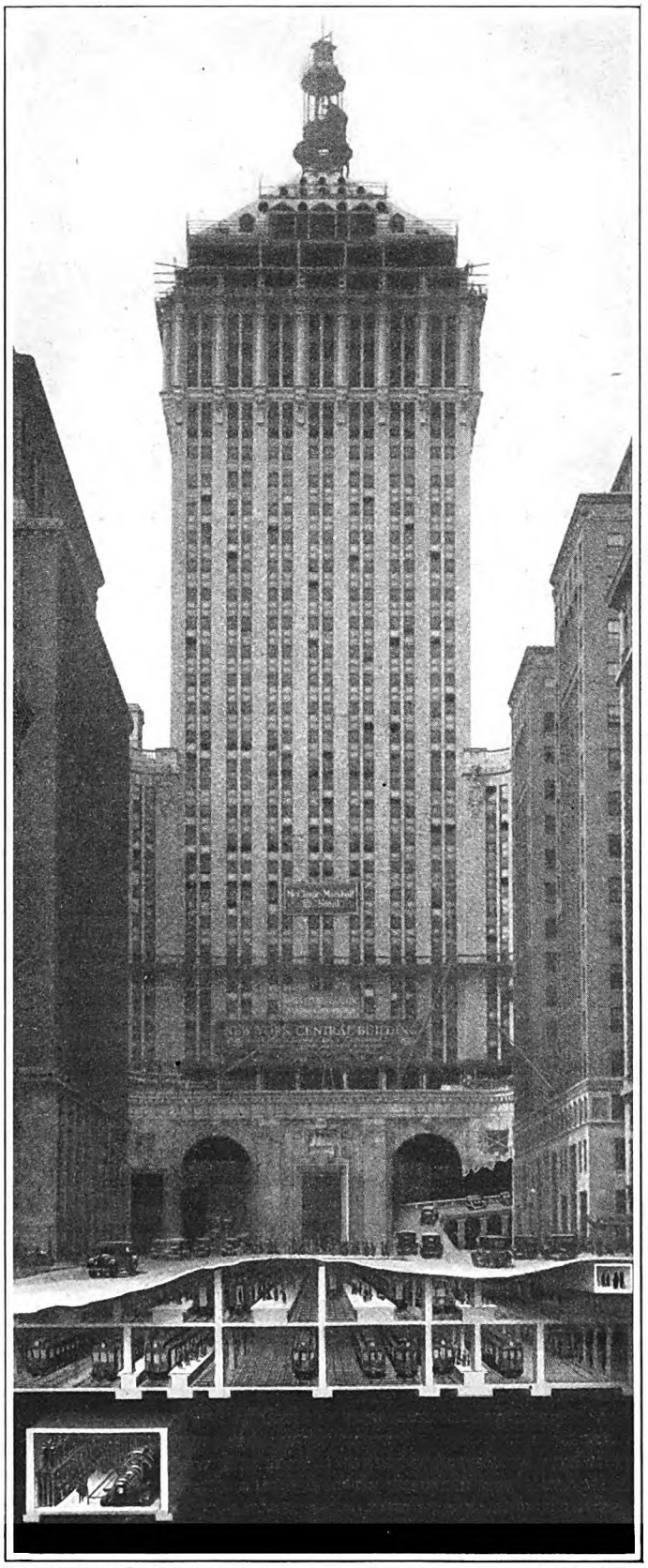
Burrowing in this fashion under the streets through an area congested with pipes and cables and foundations is not only the biggest construction job ever undertaken by a municipality, it is the wonder of engineers in an age of engineering marvels. Beside it, the building of the Pyramids was a pygmy's task. Imagine! In digging this tunnel from the southern to the northern end of Manhattan Island, six million cubic yards of earth and rock must be excavated. That is sufficient to cover a great city block to the height of the Woolworth Tower. Excavations, tracks and the steel and concrete housing of this new subway line will cost $400,000,000 and $200,000,000 more for signal systems, cars, and other equipment. Ten million dollars a mile for a four-track line! A venture such as only the richest community in the world could afford!

Now the first colossal underground marvel with which any visitor to New York immediately comes in contact on arriving in the city by the New York Central lines is the Grand Central Terminal itself. Here, in the vicinity of Forty-second Street and Park Avenue, 3,200,000 cubic yards of dirt and rock have been excavated, creating an underground area for terminal uses of more than forty-eight acres.

TWENTY years ago, trains bringing passengers into the Grand Central arrived through an open cut that extended from Fiftieth Street to Forty-second Street through Park Avenue. Between Forty-second and Fiftieth streets all cross-town thoroughfares were closed to traffic; and the yards could be crossed only by means of foot bridges. As for the yards, they were filled with steam, and belched soot and smoke.

To-day, these same cross streets are open to traffic. Looking up Park Avenue you would be struck by the magnificence of the vista. Numerous great buildings surmount the tracks. Yet the marvelous feature of this whole achievement is down there underground—a vast network of tracks and signaling systems, heating and communicating lines, pipe subways and ventilating systems. And under the streets, in the heart of the city, entirely out of sight, some six hundred trains consisting of from four thousand eight hundred to five thousand two hundred cars, arrive and depart every twenty-four hours!

Recently, when passing through these underground labyrinths in company with an engineer attached to the staff of the Grand Central



DRAWING BY BYRON MUSSER, INC.

The thirty-six-story New York Central Building, designed by Warren Wetmore, stands above two tiers of railroad tracks, supported by steel columns that extend down into bedrock. To the left of this great structure, several stories underground, is a giant powerhouse, indicated in the drawing. The hundreds of trains that pass daily down Park Avenue and under huge apartment houses and office buildings were not interrupted by the erection of any of these skyscrapers

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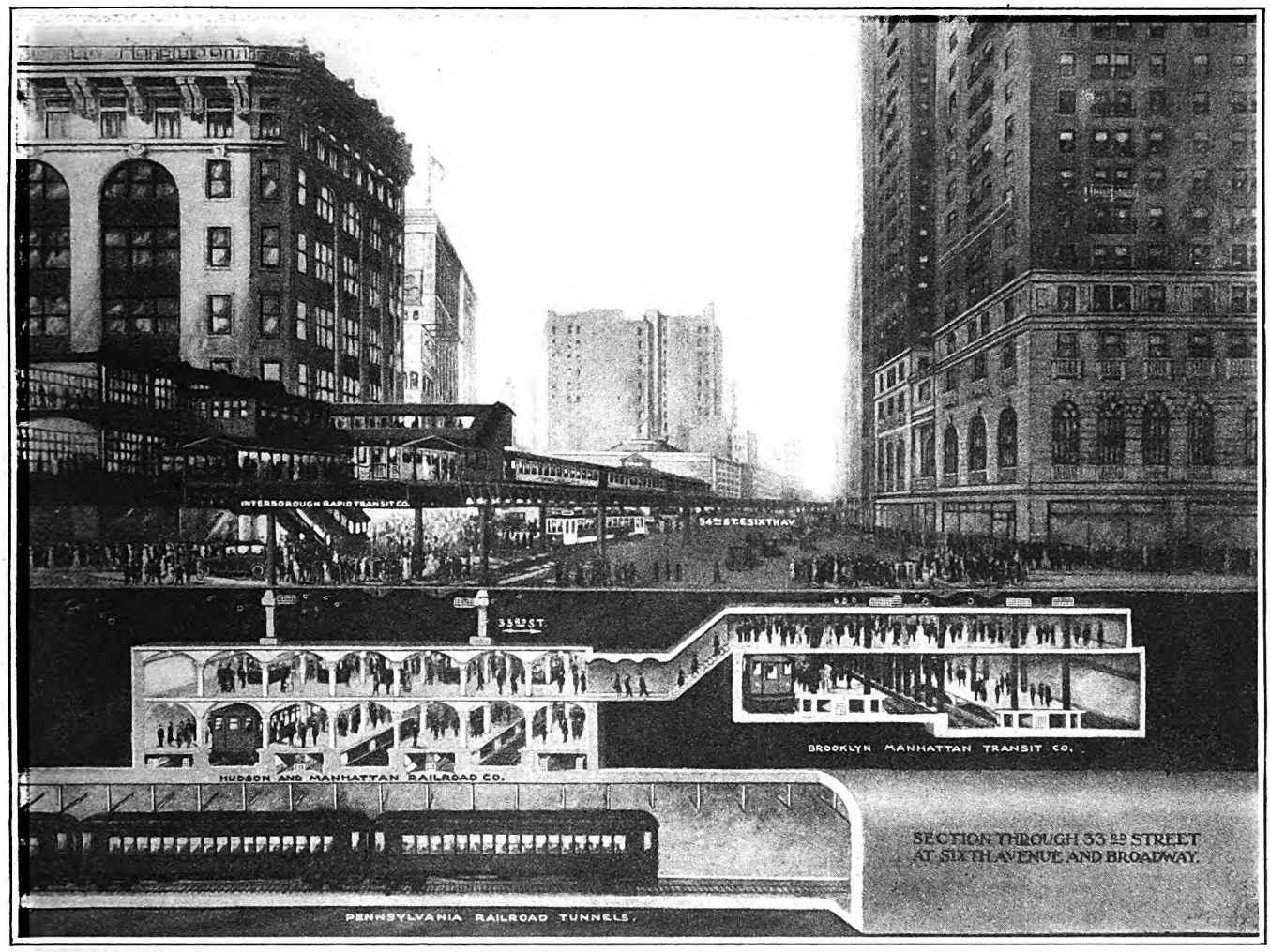

COURTESY BOARD OF TRANSPORTATION, N. Y.

Terminal, I asked this question: "What is the most interesting thing from an engineering point of view that the traveler can *see* when passing in or out of this station?" After a moment's reflection, he replied emphatically: "It is under Forty-fifth Street!" And so we went out on the upper track level to the platform where passengers arrive from distant through points such as Cleveland or Chicago.

FROM that platform under Forty-fifth Street, directly underneath Park Avenue, we could see the sky through a network of structural steel. A great girder was swinging in midair. The din of riveting was terrific. "But this isn't anything unusual," I remarked. "A visitor to New York could see the same type of construction going on above ground any day and get a better view of it."

"One minute! Let me explain. Here you stand amid the very foundation members of a skyscraper. Above, they are now erecting a thirty-six-story office building to be known as the New York Central Building. Down here, under the street, between the tracks and through this platform on which we are standing, are nine thousand tons of steel uprights and cross members, which will support this building and, in addition, part of Park Avenue itself.

"Bear in mind that this is but one of nineteen great buildings directly over the terminal yards. The New York Central leases what have come to be known as 'air rights'—the right to build over the tracks. Such is the demand for space in this part of the city that some of New York's best known buildings have been constructed in this way, including the Commodore Hotel, the Hotel Roosevelt, the Grand Central Palace, and many others.

"The underpinning of each of these buildings consists of steel columns fifty feet high; and in these buildings thousands of people live and work the year 'round, many of them never knowing that hundreds of trains a day are passing directly beneath them. No one in these buildings is ever conscious of the slightest vibration due to the railroad operations below. That was one of the complicated problems that had to be solved before their construction was possible."

"How was it accomplished?" I asked.

"All the way from the street level down to solid rock six feet below the roadbed of the lower track level, the great steel supporting columns are kept entirely separate from the track structure through which they pass. The building foundations and the track structures are not in contact at any point *for as much as an inch*. That is why you see these cross-members of the building supports twisted into such strange and ungainly shapes.

"The bottoms of the steel uprights rest on girders set in cement. Complicated and expensive, this method of construction eliminates vibration, but still it might be possible for sound to be communicated through the bedrock from the tracks and thus find its way upward to the buildings, where it would arrive in the form of vibration. So, underneath the steel upright there are vibration mats, consisting of alternating layers of lead, asbestos, and sheet iron, an inch in thickness.

"These buildings above the tracks have no basements. Hence, it has been necessary to provide central power and heating plants for them. Hot water is driven a mile in its circuit to most of these buildings. Steam for heating and cooking in restaurants has to be furnished in the same way, also ice water for drinking."

"WHERE are the power plants that do this work?"

"One of them is ninety feet below the surface directly under Forty-third Street. To make room for it there 37,000 cubic yards of solid rock had to be excavated. In this power plant, which is three hundred feet long and seventy feet wide, there are six boilers of 1,400 horse-power each. You will be interested to know that in a year's time for these basementless buildings over the Terminal tracks, the Grand Central power stations provide steam in a quantity sufficient to heat 12,000 houses, or a city of 60,000, throughout the entire winter season."

Now, the one thing on which practically everything else in a great modern city depends—telephone, telegraph, radio, the city's activities whether at work or at play—is *power*. In New York, as in some other large cities, power is carried under the streets. As a rule, in the metropolis the (*Continued on page 107*)

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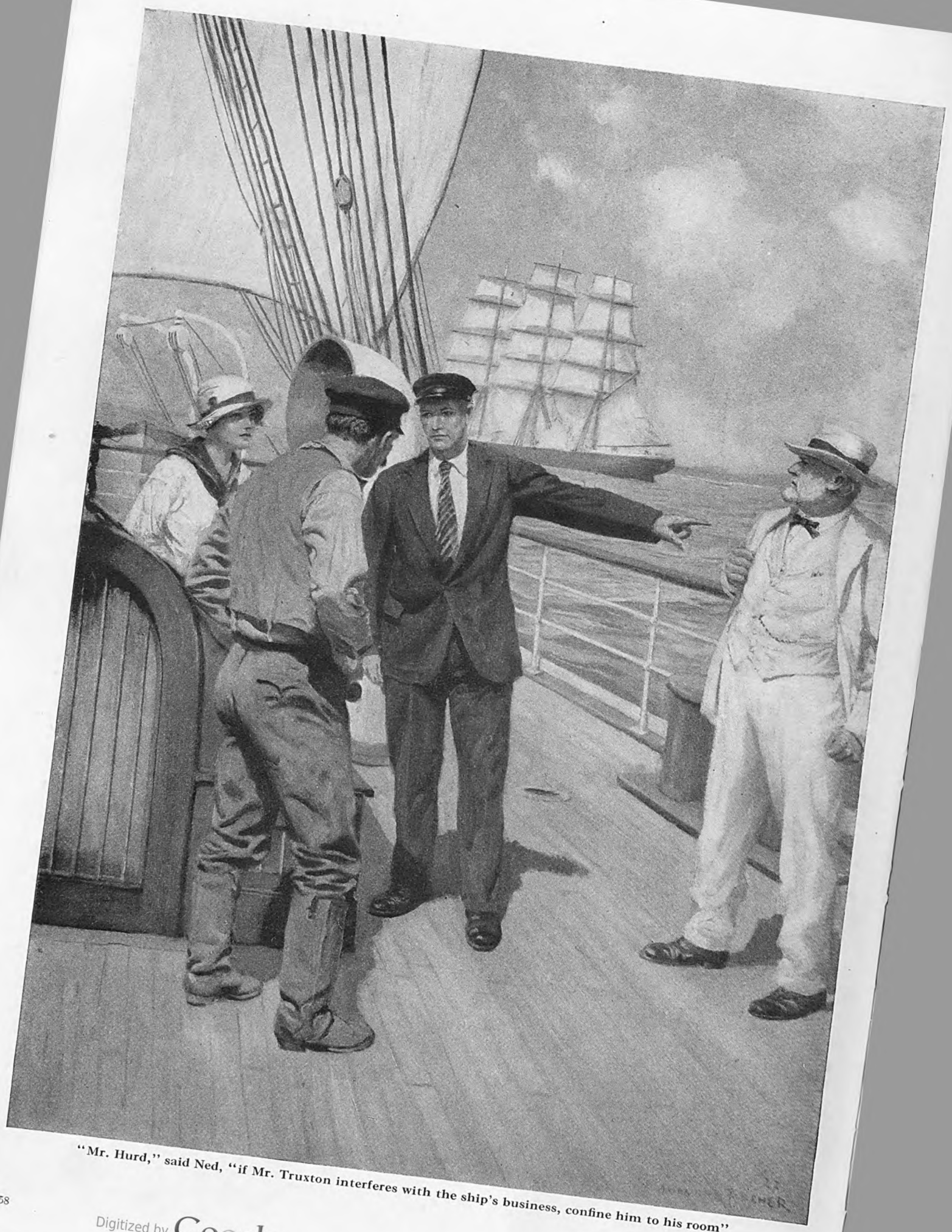

"Mr. Hurd," said Ned, "if Mr. Truxton interferes with the ship's business, confine him to his room"

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When

SHIPMATES

are put in command of rival ships and fall in love with the same girl—there's bound to be a story

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

Illustrated by ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WITH feelings not easily described, Ned Marshall had watched the "Tara" sail for home. The "Tara" was a bigger ship than his own beautiful command, but Marshall could never be induced to concede the "Tara" any superiority over the "Centaur."

Doubtless, with the full week's advantage at the commencement of the long passage home from Shanghai, Jim Glamis would make his big ship sail for all he was worth; and he might make Boston Light before Marshall brought his "Centaur" into sight of it. But Boston was a long sail distant from Shanghai, and ocean races were never won at the start. It was the finish that counted.

Besides, there were compensations; and one of these was Helen Truxton, who joined Ned Marshall on the Bund the moment the "Tara" vanished down the reach.

"We'll see no more of the 'Tara' this side of Boston," the girl laughed a little breathlessly. Her eyes danced with life, and her hair blew in the crisp breeze. She looked very clean and sweet, like a smart new clipper, and Marshall colored deeply under the fire of her eyes.

"If she carries a breeze like this we won't," he said. "But with light breezes the 'Centaur' won't grudge her twice the start."

Ned escorted the daughter of his owner back to her hotel, and seemed all unconscious of the fact that many a good-looking man regarded him enviously.

"I expect Father will let you take the 'Tara,' when Jim takes over the new ship," she said as they came in sight of the hotel. "I shall tell him to, anyhow."

"Thanks, Miss Helen, but I wouldn't give up the 'Centaur' for her."

"You still think you can beat her home?" The girl laughed, not so much in derision as with a challenge.

"Since you and Mr. Truxton are sailing home with me, you'll be there to see."

"I do hope you will! But won't Father be mad! Perhaps you had better not, even if you can." There was a hint of mischief in the girl's suggestion. She glanced keenly at Ned from under her sun hat, and dimples came into her cheeks when his teeth showed in a tight-jaw grin of determination.

"Your father employs me to sail the 'Centaur' at a profit, and getting my ship home as quickly as possible is part of my duty, Miss Helen. Besides, it's always been a point of honor between Jim Glamis and me to beat each other, if it can be done fairly. We win or we lose with a good heart."

Now it was Ned who looked slyly at the girl, and she caught the glance and colored.

"A contest is always thrilling," she replied, and bade him good-by.

Ned went aboard his ship, full of cogitations. It was impossible for him to feel hurt at any good fortune that might come to Jim Glamis. He hoped, and believed, that Jim could never feel envious because of any good that came to him. They had been boys at home together, had gone to sea together, and had risen to command of old Truxton's two crack ships together.

Of types so different that people wondered at their fast friendship, big, burly Glamis with the roaring voice and the forceful physical courage, and slim, fair-haired, broad-browed Marshall, were both superb seamen; both among the smartest of their profession.

As for courage, either in the way of seamanship or personal test, no man had ever seen Ned Marshall or Jim Glamis decline an issue; few had ever seen either take the short end of an argument.

"I'm glad old Jim's getting the luck," decided Ned, as he changed from shore clothes into uniform. "But I'm going to beat him home, just to show 'em that they didn't pick so cleverly after all!"

PERHAPS there was a tiny trace of envy in Ned, for all his decent manhood. A man must be very near to perfection to be without a bit of envy when he sees another, no better than himself, secure the promise of such a double prize as the command of a brand-new ship, and the wholly charming daughter of the owner for a wife.

In justice to Ned, he did not dwell upon the almost certain circumstance that the husband of Helen Truxton would in the not distant future come into the management of the entire fleet of Truxton ships, even if he did not actually own them. And he did not feel altogether resentful about the new ship. His "Centaur" was good enough for any man. The new ship would have to be a flyer to bring any chagrin from the commander of the "Centaur."

But there was Helen. Ned had never spoken. He was slow to express himself. Shy as a sailor can be. But he had hoped. And now he was almost sorry that a late arrival in China had forced the owner and his daughter to miss sailing home in the "Tara," and take the "Centaur," a week later, so that Helen might see at least a little of the land after traveling half way around the world.

The preparations for sailing, and the extreme attention given to every possible bit of the ship's gear which might in any way hinder her best performance by its inefficiency, gave Ned Marshall so much to occupy his mind that he had no time to brood over what might have been.

AND when the tug let go of the ship off the Amherst Rocks, and the "Centaur" shook out her gleaming canvas to a sunshiny, brisk, pleasant breeze that only creamily ruffled the sparkling sea, he forgot everything except the business of taking advantage of what the gods had sent.

"Mr. Hurd," he said to the mate, "please have the carpenter rouse out and rig the stuns'l gear. Tell Sails to break out all his light muslin."

"Huh! Stuns'ls? You'll have to take 'em in before dark," grumbled old Truxton, who had never seen stunsails set in all his own seafaring. He had been a cautious skipper. Perhaps that was why he became an owner. Ned Marshall paid him no heed.

"Oh, do you really think we may pass the 'Tara'?" Helen asked.

In her eagerness she laid a small brown hand on Ned's wrist, and the warmth of her grip forced him to look at her. He had to smile.

"Except for the first day after she sailed, the 'Tara' has had this sort of weather, Miss Helen. She can't carry stuns'ls. Glamis sent all his kites ashore last year. The 'Tara' depends upon stiff breezes to drive her. Are you so anxious to sight him?"

"Of course! Anybody likes a race," she said. "I like it better than anybody. Oh, do hurry those men with the stunsails!"

"Lot o' frippery!" old Truxton grumbled at her side. "The 'Tara' doesn't need frills. Jim Glamis can make her go without a lot of cheesecloth bags hung about his yards. I should think, my lass, you'd be more eager to have Jim beat us home than to have Marshall beat him."

"Why?" Helen's surprise was real. "Of course I want the ship I'm sailing in to beat everything else on the ocean! What sort of a sailor would I be otherwise? There goes the first stuns'l-boom aloft!

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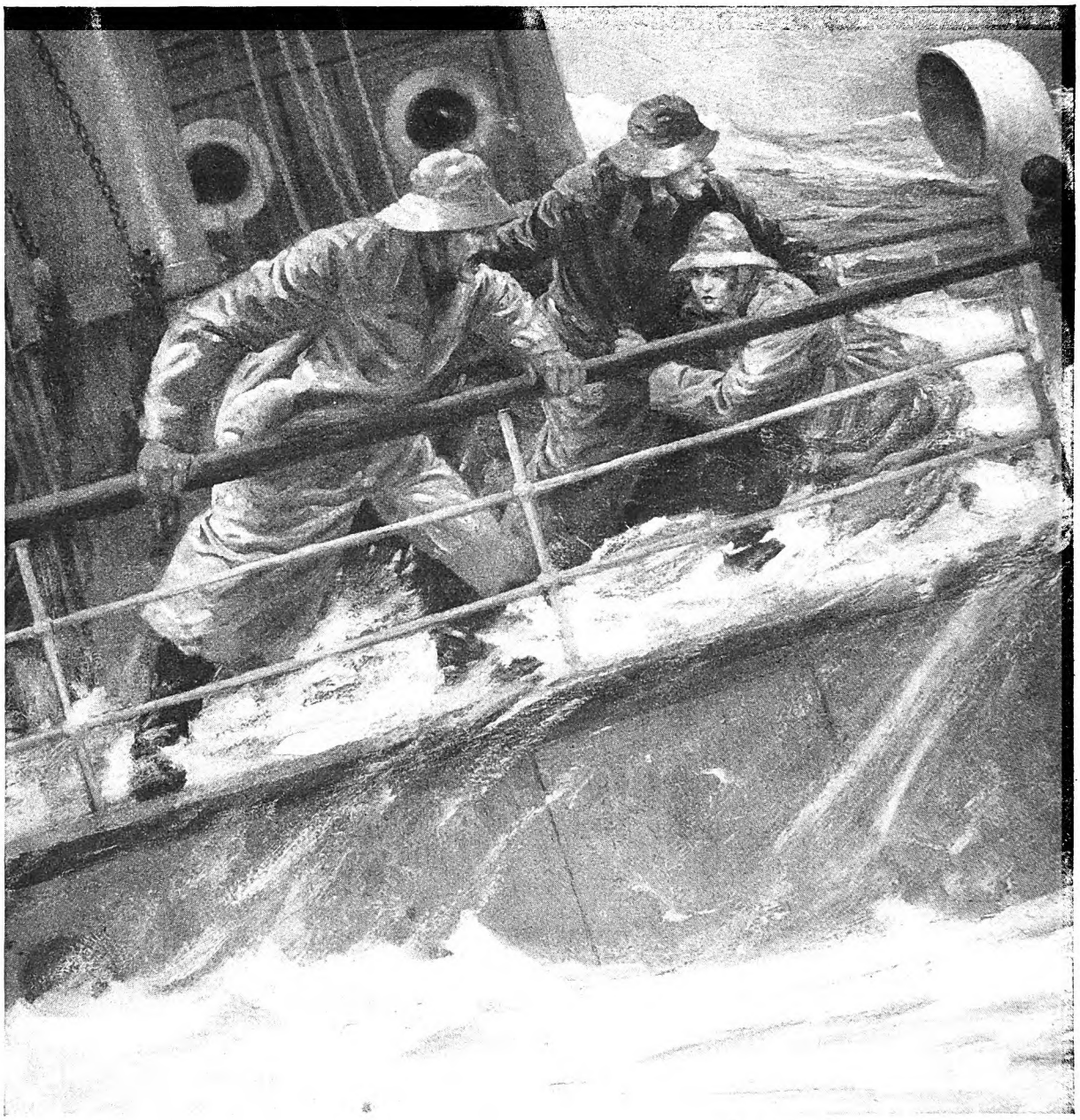

He had need of all his sea balance to

Can I steer when they're all set, Captain Marshall?"

Ned grinned, turning away from the old fellow, but all aglow because she wanted his ship to overhaul the "Tara" for love of sport.

In the light airs of the China Sea the "Centaur" ghosted along under a cloud of filmy canvas. Smooth water helped her. There was a pleasant tumble of water at her bows—for all the zephyr quality of the breeze—and the line of bubbles alongside, the gently swirling wake, moved with a swiftness that was uncanny.

Helen steered many a full trick. Marshall had demurred at first. But in one exhibition the girl had revealed a skill of helmsmanship which elected her to a sort of freedom of the wheel. And Ned Marshall found it more difficult, day by day, to avoid giving a lot of his attention to his fair helmswoman.

"But you don't watch the men so closely!" Helen protested one evening, when he had stood behind her at the wheel for an hour. There was no need to watch her steering. She steered perfectly. And Ned Marshall abruptly snapped out of a near trance and walked forward to the poop rail, his ears and neck red as the sunset had been.

THE girl stared after him so absorbedly that the stunsails bellowed alarmingly as the ship swerved from her course; the fore-top-gallant stunsail-boom whipped, sprung, and snapped like a stick of macaroni, filling the rigging with the vast sheet of flimsy sail.

"Keep her away! Up with the helm—up with it!" shouted Marshall, more fiercely because he needed just that relief for an overcharged breast. Helen's face was redder than his had been. But she obeyed orders, and brought the ship to her course, while men swarmed aloft to repair the damage. Old Truxton appeared.

"I told you so!" he grumbled. "Now, look what a mess!"

"I did that. It'll soon be put right," the girl snapped.

"Don't tell me he's going to set that muslin again?"

"Of course he is! And he won't lose any more sails by my fault!"

It was two days later, when the coast of Borneo lay misty blue to port, and another fine weather sun was hanging squat in the west horizon, that a tiny speck of gleaming white appeared for a moment on the sea rim, far ahead. A sailor, aloft securing a stunsail boom lashing, gave the hail, "Sail ho!" and Marshall scarcely beat Helen on deck from the supper table.

"Is it the 'Tara'? Oh, where is it?" she cried.

Ned Marshall was already half way up the mizzen lower rigging with his binoculars.

But the speck had vanished with the last of the sun rays.

"We'll know what she is in the morning," he told Helen, and smiled at her disappointed face.

In the saloon old Truxton sat reading, huge spectacles on his bony nose, giving

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withstand the rushing weight of her . . .

no heed to ships outside of the one he sailed in.

"Father, you're not a bit interested!" Helen cried impatiently. "We're overhauling a ship, and Captain Marshall says—"

"Don't be silly, child," old Truxton snapped. "Don't tell me Marshall says we're overtaking the 'Tara.' He's not foolish enough to think that, nor I to believe it."

Helen went to her room to find some sheet music. As she rummaged through her selections she rather let her thoughts wander. Her father thought a lot of Glamis. He must, to give him his new ship and his daughter. Glamis was the sort of man to impress the old owner of ships.

He had impressed Helen too; otherwise, she would not have consented to marry him. Not that she was frantically in love with him. But she liked him well enough; her father liked him; and for years it had seemed natural that in the end she would marry him, sail a voyage or two with him, and settle down placidly at last to make a home for him against the time when her father must quit active business and leave his affairs to Jim.

For a long moment she knelt before the cabinet, the loose music in her hands falling to the floor, and there was a mist of trouble in her eyes. She glanced at a framed picture of Jim Glamis above her dressing table, and the mist deepened. Gathering up the sheets she rose, and took the frame from its hook the better to turn the picture to the light. Only the faintest of smiles twitched her lips, and the mist was still dark in her eyes as she put it back and turned down the light before stepping into the saloon.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL was at the table, reading the "Indian Ocean Pilot."

"Please sing for us, Captain. I have some songs for you," the girl said quietly. "Do you mind, Father?"

"I'm going to bed, girl; but you won't disturb me."

Ned Marshall grinned at the old fellow's ungraciousness, and riffled over the music which Helen had laid upon the piano. She idly struck the keys in soft chords, her eyes following her flying fingers.

"Sing 'Maimua,' Ned," she said in a low murmur, and seemed unconscious of having used his given name. The song she asked for was an old forehatch favorite which he and Jim Glamis had often sung together for her, when she was a little girl making a voyage in her father's ship.

She had not called him Ned since those days, and he glanced at her in surprise. But she sat there with her eyes bent upon the keys, her face shaded by her hair. He picked out the song and set it open before her. And the simple, sweet old melody filled the saloon, not muting but merging with the ship's own precious harmony.

"The boatmen shout 'tis time to part, no longer can ye stay!
'Twas then Maimua taught my heart how much a glance can say;

(*Continued on page 135*)

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It Isn't The Principle It's *The Money* That Counts

By H. I. PHILLIPS

I WAS born thrifty. The first thing my eyes opened on in this world was a bunch of wall mottoes extolling thrift: "Waste not, want not," "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves," "If you want to know what a dollar is worth try to borrow one," "A fool and his money are soon parted."

I used to lie in my crib and stare at them. I guess before I was a week old I knew 'em by heart.

I wince at the mention of those thrift mottoes. They were responsible for a big crop of cheese-paring money grubbers, penny lickers, nickel nursers, tightwads, and skinflints. I never see a drama in which the hard-boiled old villain forecloses the mortgage and drives Nell and her husband and chee-ild out into the snow but that I am certain the old cuss was raised on thrift mottoes.

Impression of an old-school banker

Yet I must admit those mottoes left their mark on me, and even to-day I feel like a prodigal when I pay 21 cents per gallon for gasolene and then discover a station three quarters of a mile farther on with the sign "Gas, 19 cents."

Cover charges, toll bridges, service station bills, the income tax, apples at 10 cents each, $3 green's fees, 60-cent haircuts, $5.50 musical show tickets, 10-cent shoe shines with a 5-cent tip for the shiner, the 7c-cent pot of coffee, the old-time 5-cent cigar selling now for 15 cents straight, 7-cent car fares, head waiters' "gratuities," and 5-cent Saturday newspapers still pain me.

I'm for the extermination of the close-fisted and the annihilation of the tightwad. I hope I have no marked characteristics of either, yet the charge of 15 cents for a frankfurter and roll, 20 cents for a cut of pie, and 10 cents for a bag of nine peanuts just because the sale occurs inside a big-league baseball park, all but ruins my afternoon.

I just can't get rid of that quaint New England notion that a man is entitled to his money's worth, and that even a sucker should get an even break. It is only within the past two or three years that I have been able to pay $8 to $12 for a pair of theatre tickets and still get any enjoyment out of the show. That sort of thing takes practice. Even now it has to be one whale of a show to make me eliminate those old wall mottoes from my subconscious mind.

People who stress the importance of saving for a rainy day make me long for a custard pie and Charlie Chaplin's pitching arm, yet I can't recall a time since I was fourteen years old that I wasn't saving for a spell of unsettled weather. My energy in the matter would have given a bystander the impression I looked for an early blizzard. I opened my first bank account when I was sixteen. It amounted to $100, and I went down-town and walked by the bank three or four times the next day to make sure that institution was still there.

To amass money—oodles of money—was my boyhood ambition, and I believed in an early start. I hadn't met much of it, but all that I had impressed me most favorably. There was a man in our neighborhood named Charlie Waterhouse, who had a brick house with a fountain on the lawn and who used to wear a bearskin coat and drive a team of spanking bays about town. He was the personification of wealth to me, and I often tried to figure out how many years it would take at the rate I was saving (about $4 a month) to get the bearskin coat and the team of bays.

THIS determination to amass wealth was somewhat fired by the realization that my branch of the family had been strangely improvident, in spite of the wall mottoes. No member of it ever had acquired much money while he lived or left any when he passed on. There had been no Phillips fortunes. A rich relative Hadn't been sighted for generations.

I had dreams of qualifying as the family's first "wealthy uncle," or at least its "well-to-do cousin." When I had managed to get my first thousand dollars in the bank I thought this dream practically realized. It seemed too much money to trust to one bank, the more so since this bank was an old-fashioned gray stone affair; so I took out $500 and put it in a stronger-looking bank with a marble front. Both banks paid 4 per cent, and the idea of getting $40 a year from the institutions was quite dazzling.

TO PUT something in every Saturday, even when my weekly stipend as a cub reporter was $12 a week ($3 a week of which had to be paid at home for board), was my program, and I adhered to it faithfully. In fact I always put at least $5 in Saturday, even if I had to draw out $4 of it the next week to meet expenses. Still, the accounts grew, slowly but steadily until they passed the $2,000 mark. About that time I thought of buying the bearskin coat.

It seemed like a lot of money. With the possession of bank books showing that amount of wealth there came the worries that go with great riches. I began to fear gold-brick men, professional crooks, blackmailers and even gold-diggers. I remembered the words of some great capitalist: "It isn't getting money that is difficult; it is keeping it."

Life was becoming very complex.

From time to time there came thoughts of matrimony. Twenty-five hundred dollars, I figured, would be quite a nest egg. At that time, you must understand, eggs were cheap.

And nests could be had for $18 a month, including gas and electricity.

Came the dawn. I broached the question to "the only girl." It seemed but fair to acquaint her with my financial status. To tell the truth, I had long felt the urge to tell somebody and note the reactions.

"I have managed to put aside a considerable sum," I said, "through consistent saving," and struck an attitude that might have been captioned "Steel Trust Magnate Coming Up for Air."

"Have you?" she asked coyly.

"Quite a tidy sum," I assured her. "It will enable us to begin life together with the sense of security so essential to contentment." Here I crossed the room and leaned on the mantel in an attitude I had once seen in a newspaper picture of Thomas W. Lawson.

"How much?" asked the lady.

She put the question to me so abruptly,

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that my elbow slipped off the mantel.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," I stated proudly, coming quite close to catch her if she swooned. I was beset by a fear I should have had a doctor in the anteroom before mentioning any such staggering sum to a young lady of my own set.

"Hundred, did you say?" she asked, calmly and disappointedly.

"Yes . . . twenty-five hundred dollars, sweetheart," I assured her.

The lady never batted an eye.

"ISN'T that nice?" she remarked, in the same tone that might have been expected had I informed her that my asthma was better or that I had saved up 150 cigarette coupons.

"Not bad, is it?" I asked, still muddled by her failure to turn any cartwheels, fling her arms around my neck, give three cheers for the red, white, and blue, and cry, "Darling, I am not worthy of you. I am only a poor little girl, while you are a great big financial giant, a man of the world at whose feet many of society's darlings are ready to fling themselves. Oh, kind sir, I fear I would not be happy with such great wealth."

"Well," she said coldly, "it's better than nothing, of course."

"I thought I had done very well," I blurted.

"Don't misunderstand me, dear," she explained; "I think it's just dandy. And if we are very careful we can get along until you are able to put aside really substantial savings. I'll do all I can to help you get ahead."

"A fine chance!" I thought, words failing me. "If this girl thinks I can save more money as a married man than I did as a single one, she's crazy."

And so we were married.

Two can't live as cheaply as one, unless they happened to be a couple of park squirrels—and don't let anybody tell you otherwise. It costs almost twice as much, unless the wife is on a diet and doesn't wear hats. Marriage calls loudly for more money. We looked the town over and could see no prospects of additional shekels. I was for sticking around and waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up. That $2,500 nest egg still seemed a lot of money to me. But Mrs. Phillips had broader views. To her it was all egg and no nest. I found her quite exasperating.

"I have always managed to save money here," I argued. "I can still do it."

"Suppose you stay here another five years? How much do you think you can save on your salary of $45 a week?" she pressed.

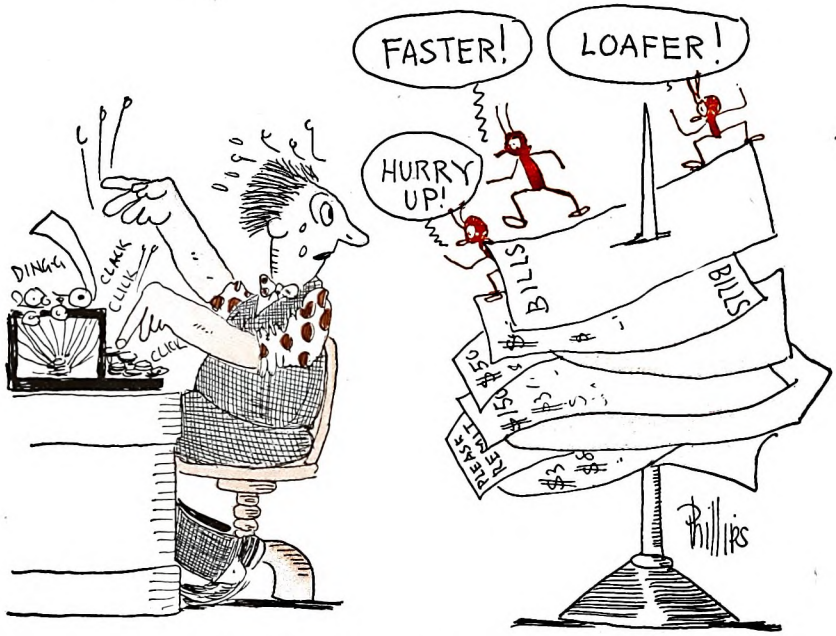
"Well, if everything goes well and we're economical, maybe I can save another $2,500."

"That would make $5,000. And what of it?" she countered.

"How much do you think I ought to save?" I asked weakly.

"At least a hundred thousand," she answered.

I fell to the floor and took a Gene Tunney count of fourteen seconds before rising. I was still groggy as I asked, "Are you crazy?"



H. I. Phillips finds that bills are great accelerators

"No, but *you* are if you don't get it," she replied frankly.

"How?" I asked.

"By striking out and going where it is," she said.

"I may get struck out if I do go where it is," I replied, exiting off at left.

SOMEHOW I felt certain she was all wrong; but every time I recalled her statement about $100,000 I felt more and more intrigued. That $2,500 in the two banks soon got to looking like twenty-five cents.

The wife won. We came to New York, and I got the lucky breaks. The weekly pay envelope climbed like a thermometer in a Florida sun. I began speaking of my "income," and seriously considered getting one of Doctor Eliot's five-foot shelves for my bank books.

Of course it wasn't a case of everything coming in and nothing going out. Expenses soared. They not only soared, they took dawn-to-dawn flights and good-will hops.

They established what was to me a new altitude record. Mrs. Phillips made out the monthly and weekly checks, and I never could stand the ordeal of watching her do it. The sound of check after check being torn out of a check book and put in an envelope was a terrific strain to my New England nerves.

"Are you ever going to stop?" I would cry out, in a sort of agony. "What do you think you are doing, autographing dance programs?"

"Only a few more," she would say, in her most soothing manner.

"You talked of coming to New York to get $100,000!" I barked. "We'll be lucky at the end of the year if we have that original $2,500."

"Don't worry," Mrs. Phillips would implore. "Turn your head away and stuff your ears while I am making out the checks, and it won't hurt you."

After a while I got used to it. Fears that we were becoming extravagant frequently assailed me. Bank statements have always been Greek to me, and I have never been able to balance my own check book with any marked success. Soon after coming to New York I had turned over the "business management" to Mrs. Phillips, whose capacity for figures staggers me. Striking balances is one of her favorite indoor sports. She seems to get positive diversion out of adding and subtracting. I like to see her add, but I hate to see her subtract.

We have no family budget. Nor have we much of a system of saving. What we do is to make it a rule to save a certain sum per week. If we fail to do it one week, we make up the difference the next. We don't save until it hurts, although (*Continued on page 100*)

The author's impression of himself after depositing his first $100

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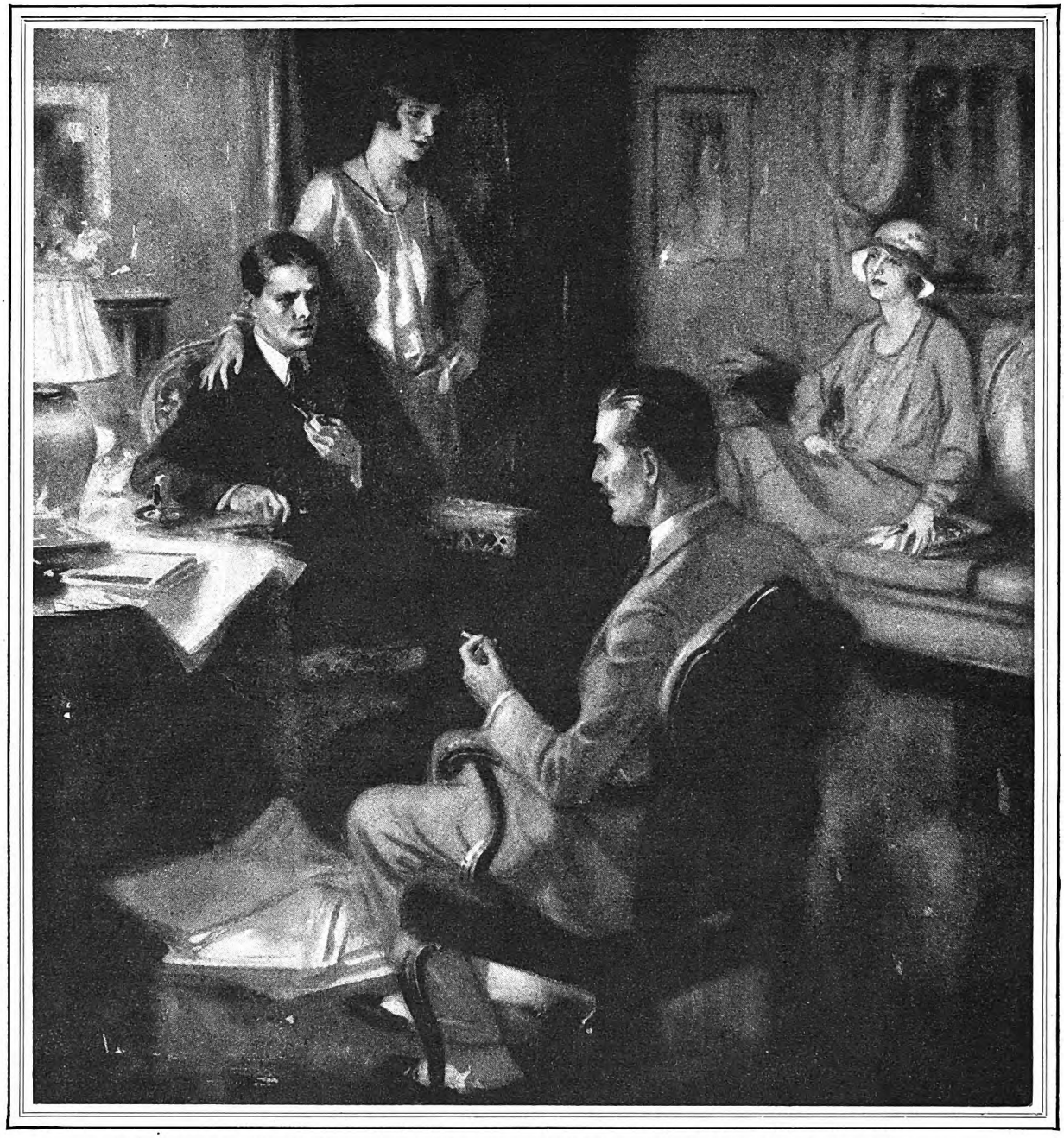

"Goodness, no!" said Joan, getting her cue quickly; "I couldn't possibly take care of your house, Audrey. The baby's fearfully messy, you know, and I'm a rotten housekeeper"

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING'S

charming love story of a girl and a boy who wouldn't give up their independence for all the social glamour of

The Shore Road

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

IT HAD always been a place of vantage. The Indians had known that, two hundred years ago, and now the millionaires, largely for the same reasons, agreed. The great lake protected it from approach on one side—in the beginning from unfriendly tribes, later from undesirable neighbors.

At first it must have been a natural woods trail, scouting closely along that serene bank which lifted itself above a lake so rarely tranquil. There was only a narrow beach until the millionaires took the matter up. The forest had come to the very edge of the rising bank, a dark, high forest of spruce and pine, Northern trees, with branches which were sturdy from bearing heavy weights of snow, and

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which were slow to lose or change color.

It took about forty years for the city, spreading madly sixteen miles to the west where the lake narrowed to a point, to breed enough wealth to demand remoteness and seclusion for it. Then the millionaires, their white motor roads laid before them like stretched ribbons, came out along the lake front, appraising it, discovered great trees, gentle coves with pleasant views, and the possibility of eternal protection for their property, because of the great barrier of the lake on one side.

Like the Indians, the millionaires hunted in tribes; but managed to remain almost fiercely individual. When they took over the Shore Road—and that was what happened rather quickly—they did more than surround themselves with graceful architecture chosen from a dozen lands and histories, more than widen beaches and build iron fences or low stone walls without a trace of mortar.

They went in for horses, dogs, gardens, swimming piers, sturdy children; kept their old clothes and bought pictures; and in such ways began to build up an aristocracy, which is, after all, quite a vigorous thing to do.

THE Peels came there after the property for ten miles had been bought up, settled and, to some degree, mellowed. It was a bit of luck for them to acquire land enough to build on at all, and only the fact that Gordon Peel was one of the officers of the trust company which handled the Lyon estate made it possible. But Elsa Lyon was growing irritable about her taxes, and querulously sold Peel five hundred feet of frontage at a fantastic price, with a fine air of making him a gift.

He did not dicker over it, knowing that it was not alone land and riparian rights he was buying, but a geographical social position. He paid for the intangible, and felt it quite worth the money. For some years he had been considering the possibility of building on the Shore Road. But neither he nor Audrey, his wife, allowed their desires to become excessive until they could be gratified.

That was probably one of the reasons they had got on so well financially. It may also have explained the deliberateness of their living, which sometimes annoyed Joan beyond civility. She was Audrey's sister, and lived with them, and she used to say that every few years the Peels did over their standards of living, as most people did over a room.

The ghosts of some of those earlier movings and settlings may have been in Audrey's mind on the day when she formally took possession of the new house. It was not an agitated moving in. The decorators had been working for weeks, so that rugs were already laid.

"It's really a sweet house," said Joan, caressing a Fortuni print with a thread of silver metal in it.

"I think it's rather consistent," Audrey answered in her quiet, sure voice, turning from a conference with her decorator.

Joan said that she didn't see what that mattered, and the decorator smiled, as at some ingénue child. But Joan was not paying any attention to him. She had a way of ignoring people which distressed Audrey. For Joan did it very indiscriminately, according to her own likes and dislikes. Moreover, she quite often liked in the wrong places.

She went to a long window which overlooked the lake, and, pulling the curtains back, regarded the sun-ridden water.

"This lake ought to be good for you, Audrey."

"It's really charming. The effect this house gives is of a rather fine Italian villa on the Mediterranean," said the decorator. "Don't you think so?"

"Why not a Chicago house on Lake Michigan?" asked Joan, rather rudely.

THE decorator smiled again, as if nothing gauche did more than amuse his sophistication, and Audrey held her peace, for Joan could be provoked from one such remark into another. She had never learned the restraint that Audrey had imposed on herself so successfully, either in clothes or manner. This morning, for example, Joan's hat matched neither her dress nor coat. It was a hat that should have been abandoned several years ago, according to Mrs. Peel's standards. There was no reason at all for Joan's dressing so deplorably, except her stubbornness.

The decorator left them, his problem having been settled, and Audrey and Joan went from room to room, nearly all of them exquisitely completed.

"*You're* going to stay, you know, Audrey. Better take your hat off."

"It would be more to the point to get yours off."

"But I'm not staying."

Audrey frowned.

"I don't see why you act so, Joan. It's too absurd. We thought of you especially when we furnished this room."

Joan regarded the silk-covered bed, the tall crystal lamps on the dressing table, the chaise longue, with its taffeta pillows.

"No good," she said. "I'd muss it up. It can't be done. I've got a room in town."

"Don't you see how that looks?" asked Audrey.

"Nobody's looking. You said yourself that you expected to make almost entirely new friends out here. Don't let them know you have a sister who works. Make it one of the world's great mysteries."

And she grinned with the blithe, mischievous grin which disconcerted Audrey more than any other of Joan's mannerisms. She herself had never taken up humor.

"I don't think it's funny," she said.

"It may not be," agreed Joan. "Anyway, I think it's a grand house and full of good silk and color and everything. I hope you live in it."

"Do you think we built it to rent?"

"I mean live hard. You know—burn a few cigarette holes in things and get some of the furniture dirty. Chip a few dishes. It's all so slicked up."

"It's really rather perfect of its kind," said Audrey; "but I don't think it looks new."

"It doesn't look new. It looks as if it had been here for years. That's your smart architect and the man who did your cedar planting six months ago. But it doesn't look *used*, Audrey."

Audrey did not argue that point. She only pointed out a worn oak bench in the hall to Joan in answer.

"That ought to look used. It's two hundred and fifty years old, according to the people who sold it to me. It's never even been retouched."

Joan shook her head.

"That's not what I mean. Museums are full of old things too. What I mean is that I wish you'd brought out the old buffet and that pretty chintz lamp you had in your old room. It was kind of associated with you."

"It would be charming in an Italian bedroom, wouldn't it?" asked Audrey derisively.

"Well, I'd Americanize this house here and there if it were mine. Is this your last moving, do you think, Audrey?"

"Of course. This is where we'll always live. The lake front protects the property, you see."

"I see. Then you really are settled. I just get used to you in one place when you pop off into another. There was the flat on the South Side—that had a gorgeous view of roofs, do you remember?"

Audrey obviously didn't intend to remember.

"You never did enjoy that flat as I did. I really learned to like the city from that slit of a window in my room—city smells, even when the stock yard got vigorous. And then there was the house on Cotton Street, and the first house in Winnetka—that cottagey one, and then the last big one. You've only been married ten years, and you've had four houses, Audrey. Quite a lot."

"Well, Gordon's got on, my child."

"I mean that I hope you live forever in this one," said Joan vaguely; "and that things wear out!"

"You're a crazy child, and I wish you'd get a new hat or take any of mine, and come and live with us as you should. This is where you should make friends, Joan."

"I have friends," said Joan; "and I'm having lunch with one of them, so I have to beat it back to town."

"Martin can drive you in."

"Not me. It's only a little way to the station, and I know when I can get a train. I really want to walk. And bless you and Gordon and the new house and—the Mediterranean," she added, with the laugh that always turned up the corners of her sentimentality.

She put her head in the door a minute later to ask if Audrey would like a dog.

"I know a man in town who's got some adorable Airedale puppies."

"Don't they chew up rugs?"

"Like thunder."

"No, thanks," said Audrey, "I picked my things out too carefully for Airedales!"

PEOPLE driving along the Shore Road all remarked about the Peel house. They could just glimpse its beauty through the spruce trees which stood around it, and sometimes, in a wind, laid dancing shadows against the cream-colored walls. Those who saw it more intimately were especially delighted with the terrace in the rear of the house, which gave directly, under its gay red awnings, on the beach and lake below.

Gordon Peel himself for months never entered the driveway of the house at night without a rise of pride at the success of the place. Just at what point custom began to dull that feeling, he did not know. Possibly it may have been about the time when he began to feel the Shore

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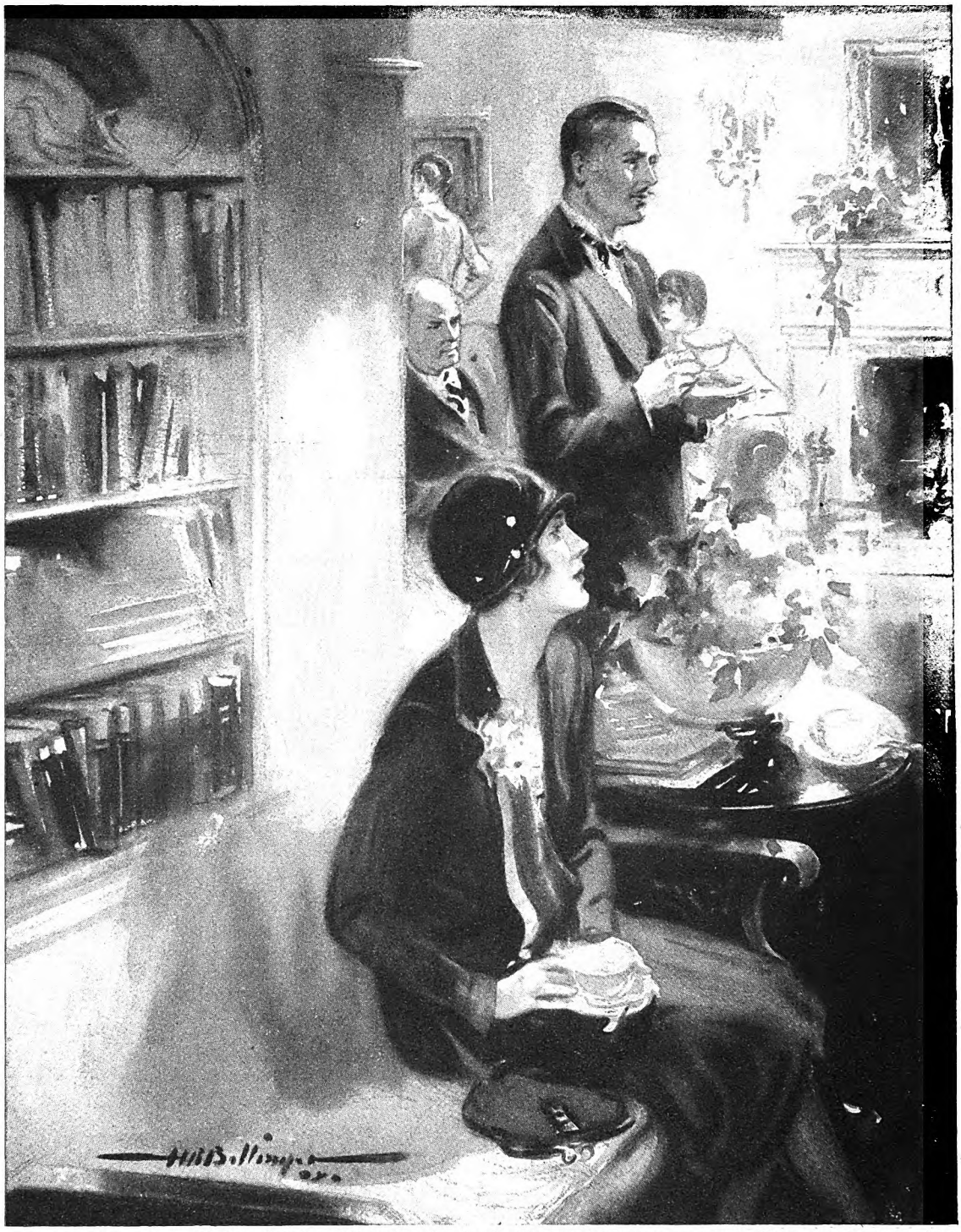
Road rather socially cold.

There was not a trace of common climbing about the Peels. Both of them knew what social heights were left for them to scale, and were intelligently earnest about doing it. They had never made close friends, because all their houses and connections, so far, had been temporary. But now it was different. Pushing themselves was out of the question, of course. They had seen that method caricatured and failing too often to dream of attempting it. The thing to do, as both of them knew, was to qualify for the place they wished to take.

THEY had gone about it quite properly. Their house was a model of good taste. Their manners were easy and quiet and flawless. Yet things did not happen as they had hoped and rather expected. People did not seek them out, or else they came once, and then let the acquaintance lapse in a friendly enough, disinterested way. No one snubbed them or shut them out from anything. They found it easy to join the Country Club, to contribute to any of the most expensive charities.



Audrey felt herself suddenly shocked beyond her own control. There, quite near her,

But Joan, coming out for a week-end, and looking wickedly pretty in a rose-colored dress, which she wore with shoes which Audrey sighed over as unsuitable, was the most lively incident of weeks. She was the first touch of intimacy in the house.

Gordon met her in the hall at midnight one night. He had been reading late, and wondering why lake air did not make him sleepy, but only restless.

"I'm hungry," said Joan. "Do you suppose there's anything to eat downstairs?"

Gordon laughed. He could always get Audrey's point of view on her sister, and yet Joan amused him.

"Sure you can."

"Audrey's asleep," said Joan. "Come along on, and I'll make you a sandwich."

It was the first food that Gordon had eaten in his new house without having it formally served to him. With a butler and several maids, there had been no excuse for intrusion into the rubber-tiled pantries and kitchen. As for robbing his own icebox at night, that was one of the things he had left behind him years ago, shortly after they left their first flat. Audrey hadn't encouraged such things. Besides, he had begun to diet.

Joan got out the bread.

"You used to like onion sandwiches, Gordon."

"I do. I haven't had one in ages."

"This is your big moment then," said Joan. "Now, while I make them—I'm going to put in some salad dressing too—tell me all the neighborhood news. Tell me about the rich!"

He shook his head.

"Sorry. It's not a neighborhood that gossips."

"All neighborhoods do. But Audrey was never one to hang over fences. You probably miss a good deal. The Lyons live in the palace that looks like Wedgwood china, don't they? But who's in the Farrington family on the west?"

GORDON said he didn't know. He knew Farrington and had met his wife. It was his impression that there were a couple of daughters.

"I know. That's the Farrington girl who married an Englishman, and didn't like it much. She was going to get a

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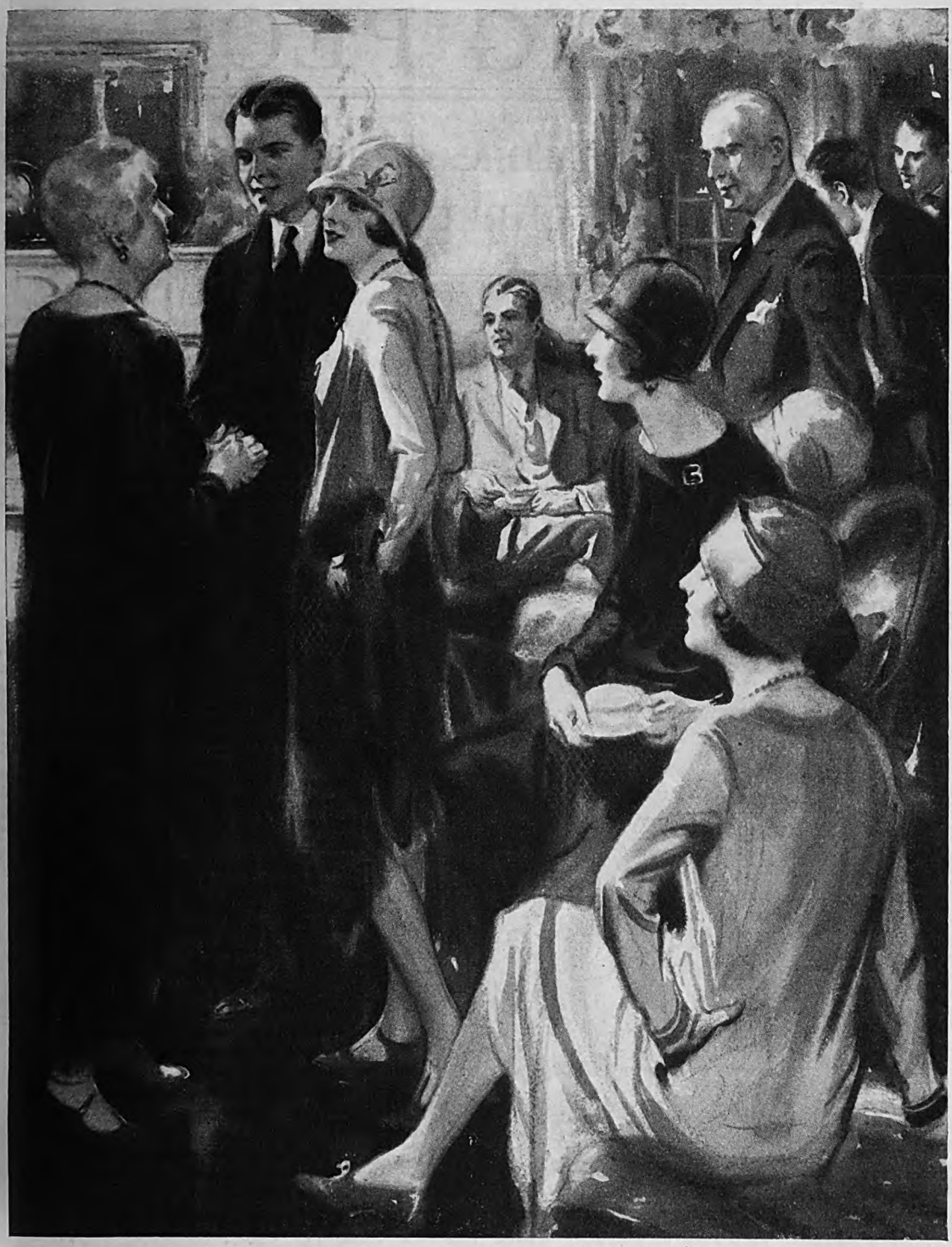

smiling at everyone in a perfectly friendly way, stood Joan, and Mark was beside her

divorce, and then he wanted to go to Parliament and somehow they squared things up."

"Where did you hear all that?"

"You hear a lot," said Joan sagely, "around a well-connected morning newspaper like mine. How about some milk?"

"I'll join you," said Gordon; "this is your party."

She poured the milk.

"Tell me who lives around the bend about half a mile down, in that gray clapboard house that rambles all about and has such nice gardens."

"That's Jim Ranger's house."

"Oh," said Joan, "so that's where they live, is it? Nice house."

"What news do you pick up about them?" asked Gordon, a trifle ironically, for the Rangers' house was the social keystone of the Shore Road. Minor groups traveled around them, like small constellations about the greatest one. But if you hadn't known the Rangers from birth, Audrey had remarked one day, you'd probably never have more than a bowing acquaintance with them.

"I'VE heard the name," answered Joan, filling up their glasses again with milk.

"That's not water, you know," protested Gordon.

"Afraid there won't be enough for breakfast?" she asked, and the question harked back again to that first flat, and was so familiar and yet so absurd in the midst of the impressive, beautifully equipped kitchen that they both laughed.

"My word, you were crazy about Audrey! I used to think it was so romantic. You wanted to give her the earth."

"I still do."

"You pretty nearly have, it seems to me," remarked Joan, and began washing up the dishes.

"Let that stuff go," he protested.

"No—I'm naturally housewifely. I like to keep in practice."

"For what?"

"Any emergency," said Joan.

SHE went back to the city on Monday morning after a Sunday of swimming and leaving things about in the wrong places. But when she had gone, the house was so quiet that even Audrey felt oppressed, and drove into the city herself in spite of the heat to buy some things she did not especially want.

It was a dull expedition, and that night at dinner she looked so tired that Gordon, in whose ears some remarks of Joan's had occasionally repeated themselves all day, remarked that he thought it was time she went away for a while.

"Why don't you go to Europe for a few months?"

"Will you come?"

"I can't. But perhaps Joan—"

"No; I don't think she will. It worries me about Joan. It's so ridiculous of her to work like that all summer."

"She looks husky—huskier than you do, Audrey. Why don't you drink milk the way she does?"

"I'd be a sight," said Audrey. "I'd get fat overnight."

Gordon did not refute that. He knew it was one of the articles of Audrey's creed.

"Well, anyway," he urged, "how about a little autumn Paris?"

Audrey went. Not that she really wanted to go, but she felt that it was necessary to go somewhere. The women who lived around her all came and went constantly, and she felt it must be made part of her routine. She did not like travel. Audrey (*Continued on page 143*)

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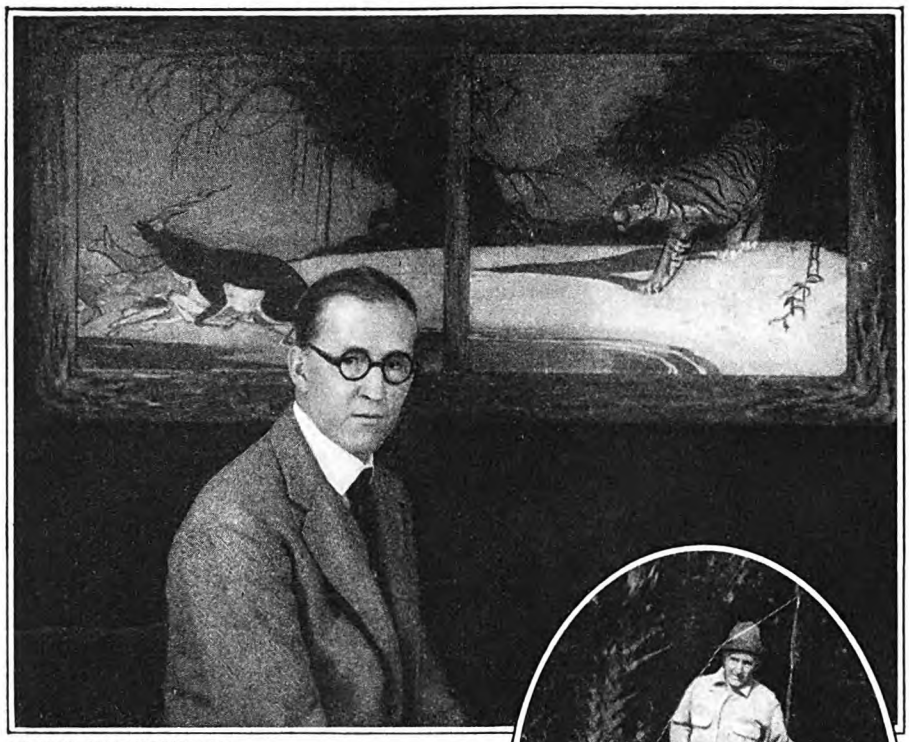
INTERESTING PEOPLE

He Studied Art While Learning How To Mount Animals



PHOTOGRAPH BY M. BAMBERGER & CO.

Charles Livingston Bull, noted animal artist, whose pictures of American wild life illustrate the story, "Enemy Allies," in this issue. Mr. Bull commenced his career as a taxidermist. He is an enthusiastic fisherman

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL is famous for his illustrations of animal stories. In this issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE you will see his pictures with the story "Enemy Allies." Often before you have probably seen and enjoyed his work in this and in other magazines and books. For he is a prolific worker, and a very distinctive one.

Mr. Bull is famous in his field for three main reasons: The first is that he is a skillful artist; the second is that he is a hard worker, and the third is that he knows animals and birds from the inside out, the outside in, and every other way. Literally, he knows them from the inside and from the outside, for before he became an artist he was a taxidermist.

"When I was twelve years old," he says, "I went to work in Ward's Museum, in Rochester, New York. This museum preserved skins and mounted animals and birds for exhibits all over the country. My job, at the start, was scraping the inside fat and grease off of animal skins. It was a smelly job that brought me an income of three dollars a week. For years I worked for Ward's Museum, rising gradually to a degree of skill where I could mount animals and birds. While I was there, Barnum's famous elephant, Jumbo, died, and we mounted him. I helped. We also mounted some of the game killed by Buffalo Bill.

"One of the biggest jobs I tackled for Ward's was the mounting of between four hundred and five hundred birds for the Guatemala exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago. The exhibit was late in preparation, so I had to rush. The Guatemalan Government wanted every bird native to that country in its exhibit, and I fixed up the skins at the rate of a dozen or more a day. Later on, I went to South America on a visit, and saw the Guatemalan birds in actual life. Only then did I realize what a poor job I had done on the Fair exhibit!"

From Ward's Museum, Mr. Bull went to the National Museum, in Washington, D. C., where he was a full-fledged taxidermist.

"I was at first more interested in the animals themselves," he says, "than I was in drawing them; but I have always been able to draw. My mother says that from the time I was four years old I could draw any animal I saw, and draw it fairly well too. But I had not thought seriously of becoming an illustrator until after a year or more in Washington. I had mastered the structure of animals and birds. I knew their muscles and bones as a surgeon knows the human anatomy. If a deer scratches behind his ear with his hind foot, I know exactly what muscles will be used in the operation, therefore I can draw a deer in that position. My experience as a mounter of animals is invaluable to me. Without it, I could not do my work. For ten or eleven years I studied the anatomy of animals and birds, and then I was ready to make some pictures. One of the first stories I ever illustrated, by the way, was for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

"I left the National Museum after I had sold a few pictures, came to New York, and have lived in or near that city ever since. For many years I lived just across the street from the Bronx Park Zoo, where daily I studied animals and birds. At my home in Oradell, New Jersey, where Mrs. Bull and I have lived for twenty years, I always have animals about me. For a time I had a herd of deer. Last year, when THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE sent me a story about a wild turkey gobbler, I bought a real wild turkey for a model, and still have him. He is a great bird too. I have no idea how many animal pictures I have made—thousands of them, probably, and of almost every family of animals.

"'How do you get animals to pose for you?' is a question I am often asked. The answer, of course, is that animals will not pose for anyone. I have a photographic memory, and if I see a goat running, I can recall accurately just how he worked his legs at a given time in his run. This mental picture, together with my knowledge of the physical structure and the habits of the goat, enables me to draw him as the story calls for him to be. If I see animals fighting, I have a definite, clear recollection of at least one position which they assumed in the course of the fight.

"Sometimes when I take a story to illustrate, I make an outline of an animal, then go to a zoo and sit by the cage of that lion, tiger, or whatever it is. I watch him closely as he walks, leaps, crouches, and from his positions I correct my outline, and then carry it home to be filled in. It takes me about ten hours to draw an ordinary animal picture. My working hours are probably the craziest in the world, for I begin at four in the afternoon and work until two the next morning. This curious habit of mine makes some

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people think I am not sociable, because I rarely go out in the evening.

"The story in this issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is an example of my luck in finding models. A wolverine is an uncommon animal, and rarely seen by man. He will not live long in a zoo, and in the wild places where he lives he rarely shows himself. But it happened that I was in the Bronx Zoo one day when a live wolverine was shipped there. I got permission to remain near his cage. All day I waited, but he did not come out of the shipping box into the cage. Finally the zoo was closed, and dusk came on. Then the wolverine, thinking himself alone, came out. He tried all the bars, he climbed about, he looked everywhere for a place of escape. He did not notice me, as I sketched him in many positions. So far as I know, no other artist ever had such a chance to study a wolverine, and get direct sketches of him from life. I used those sketches in illustrating 'Enemy Allies.'"

Mr. Bull makes many trips to the woods. He goes annually to Canada and to the South, where he lives in the open, sitting often for hours with his field glasses, watching some eagle on a far-away perch, or some animal as he steals out for food or water. Thus he is able, always, to draw his animals in natural and true poses.

JAMES C. DERIEUX

Armless, He Drives His Own Airplane

WHAT would you do if, just when you were getting your start in life, both your arms were cut off and you faced the dragging years permanently and totally disabled? Would you give up, become a burden to relatives and friends, or would you begin life anew and in the course of a few years realize your chief ambitions?

This was the problem faced by Loxla Thornton, thirty-five, expert mechanic and railroad man of Fresno, California, when in 1918, shortly after his marriage, he fell between the cars of a freight train and lost both arms. His left hand was crushed so that the arm had to be amputated midway between the wrist and the elbow, while his right arm was severed just below the shoulder.

Imagine your feelings if some day you awoke in a hospital and found yourself armless, especially if you had depended upon those same arms to provide a livelihood! Imagine the difficulty of picking up broken threads, planning life all over, facing the world with what most of us would consider a hopeless handicap!

With a background of three years in the navy, unlimited optimism, and a determination not to give up the ship, Thornton took a long breath and started in again; and briefly this is what he has accomplished since he was crippled for life:

With the aid of a steel forearm and hand, which he attached to the stump of his left arm, and with the aid of a versatile right shoulder he has learned to fly—a lifelong ambition—and is to-day believed to be the only armless aviator in the world.

He drives his own automobile in the heaviest traffic and into the high Sierras of California.

He supervises his thriving machine shop and foundry, which he has built up to one of the best in the Fresno district, and now employs normally fifteen mechanics. The plant is worth approximately one hundred thousand dollars.

He hunts, fishes, rides a bicycle, shoots a gun, signs his own letters, and checks, dresses and feeds himself, and enjoys life generally, as does any healthful, successful, normal young man.

"What did you think when you discovered yourself armless?" he was asked.

"My first thought, when I realized that both arms must go, was to wonder what kind of artificial arm I could buy; my next was to cast about for something new to do. Of course it was a shock, and I could have worried myself insane if I had let go; but I couldn't afford to do that."

Thornton solved both of his problems in a short time:

Five months after the accident, he had purchased and mastered his "educated arm" and was selling automobiles for a Los Angeles company. Later, he went to Fresno and borrowed sufficient money to start a machine shop in a small way, which was another of his lifelong ambitions. Making a specialty of rebuilding motors, he has since personally supervised this enterprise and has invented several mechanical devices which he uses in his shops.

Without doubt, Thornton's most unique achievement was learning to fly, a thing he did in the face of the earnest advice of his best friends. To-day, however, he is considered one of the smoothest and most dependable flyers in a state which has more than its share of good birdmen.

"I had always wanted to fly," he explained in his characteristic cheerful way, "but it was not until I had become established in business and after I lost my arms that I had the time and the money to try it. All my friends advised me that I was crazy to think I could manage it with only my "hook" to depend on. They said I needed two good hands and a good head, but I was determined to give the thing a trial, figuring that just because it had never been done was no good reason why it could not be done."

"Finally, I persuaded a former army aviator who didn't care particularly what became of him to take me on as a pupil. It wasn't so tough after that."

Thornton was given fifteen hours of dual instruction, asked what kind of flowers he preferred, then turned loose. The expected crash did not materialize. His first landing was on three perfect points. The rest was comparatively easy.

Since then he has done several hundred hours in the air, carried passengers, learned all the stunts known to present-day airmen, taught two other men how to fly, and enjoyed it all immensely. Scarcely a day passes now without a "hop" and, strange to say, he has never had a crash. One tail skid only has been lost.

Of course you wonder how he does it. He has to be strapped into his plane (he now keeps from one to four of them ranging from a fast little scout to a four-passenger carrier); then his left hook is tied to the "stick," or control, for safety sake. The throttle and switch he operates deftly with his right shoulder, and the

CRAIG PHOTO

Deprived of both hands in a railway accident, Loxla Thornton, Pacific Coast machinist, lived to become an aviator, flying his own plane alone with the aid of metal hooks attached to shoulder and elbow

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rudder just naturally seems to fit his feet.

Thornton, like every flyer, living and dead, has had his close shaves. Once, when he had attained an altitude of fifteen hundred feet, he decided to loop. Pulling back on the stick he obtained no action, and was horrified to see that his steel "arm" had come apart in some way, and that his "hand" was hanging foolishly to the control.

"How did you manage to get down without breaking your neck?" he was asked.

"I hardly know," he replied. "I do know that I ruddered her fast and furious with my feet to keep on an even keel, juggled the stick with my knees, and landed somehow. The boys kidded me about my porpoise landing until they saw my 'arm' dangling from the control.

"I would much rather be piloting a ship," Thornton says, "than driving a car or a pack animal. It is much safer; you have more room, and there are fewer reckless drivers to contend with."

FOREST TALMAGE HUMPHREY

Her Business is Making Hand-Painted Lamp Shades

"I STARTED on my own back porch eight years ago, with one baby on my lap and the other pulling at my skirts," said Virginia Darling.

I looked around me.

We were standing in a big, barnlike studio on the top floor of a tall building in New York City. Down at the north end of the room, where the light poured in through great windows, a dozen or more young artists bent over their work. Some were sketching designs; others were painting free-hand on parchment lamp shades. Scattered about the long room, groups of girls were sewing shades, or sorting and packing them. On every hand, piles of finished shades stretched ceilingward.

My roving glance finally came back to the pretty, bright-eyed woman at my side. I knew that Virginia Darling had, in a remarkably short time, built up, absolutely single-handed, one of the biggest businesses of its kind in the country. I had been told that her hand-made, hand-painted lamp shades can be found in all the smart gift shops, and in the interior decorating departments of all the big department stores in New York City.

"But you say you had no money and no business training to begin with?" I asked. "How on earth did you do all this?"

"Well," she confessed, "it didn't seem quite so simple eight years ago, when I was suddenly faced with the necessity of earning my own living and that of my two small children. Up to that time, the only money I had ever earned in my life had come to me as the result of a few painting lessons I had given the children of neighbors in my home town in Missouri. This didn't last long, because I got married in less than a year after I completed my course in the Chicago Academy of Design.

"We came straight to New York. My husband worked in the city; but we found it cheaper to live in a nearby suburb. For four or five years, I was chiefly occupied with my housekeeping and my babies. But I never let go of my 'relief work.' This is what I called my painting, because it meant change and relaxation for me. Every day I sketched or painted a little, or read articles on art. Occasionally I managed to get away to go into town to see an exhibit of some sort. These were my red-letter days. One winter, my husband looked after the babies two nights a week while I came in for an evening course in art.

"When I unexpectedly had to become the breadwinner for my little family, I already had sold a few lamp shades to friends who admired those I had made for myself. But when I decided to try to earn a living at making shades, I made up my mind not to rely upon the patronage of my friends to get started, but to seek a market at once among dealers.

"I made up some samples and came into town with a bursting suit case and a fast-beating heart. I picked one of the biggest gift shops in the city to try my wares on first. I had to wait two hours before the buyer got around to me and my bulging suit case. By this time all my hopeful pride in my work had oozed out of me. But a stubborn determination to see the thing through kept me rooted to my place in the long waiting line of those who, like me, had come in search of a market.

"Finally, it came my turn to go in and display my wares. I was too frightened to talk; I just laid my samples out in a row, and waited. The buyer looked them over, and said: 'I like these. Bring me a dozen by next Wednesday.'

"I suppose I went home on a slow local train, but I felt as if I were flying every step of the way. I got my materials together and I worked feverishly to finish the shades by the date set for their delivery. When I turned them in, I came away with an order for a hundred dollars' worth of lamp shades!

"I knew that I had bitten off a big mouthful. Of course the buyers thought I had a studio, or workshop of some sort, and a corps of helpers. They didn't dream that I was designer, working force, and saleswoman, all in one. All this in addition to cooking three meals a day, and keeping my house and my children decent, mind you! However, I called in a friend who had deft fingers and a knack for painting, and we got that order out on time.

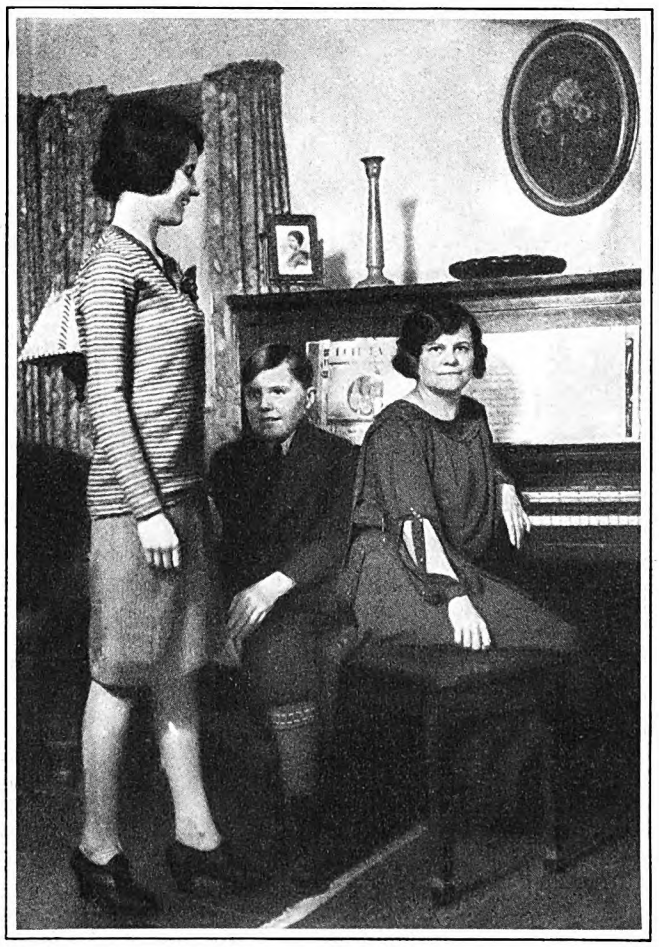
"At the end of six months, I had several hundred dollars saved up. I decided that I could make money faster by opening a combination tea room and gift shop. I rented the ground floor of a delightful old house on Madison Avenue and did all the decorating myself. People came in to eat my food; but they remained to rave about my lamp shades. When they learned that I had made them myself, they begged me to take orders. Soon I came to the conclusion that the only money I was making came from the sale of lamp shades. I gave up the tea room and put all of my energy to work turning out shades.

"Borrowing a thousand dollars from one of the dealers who had been interested in my work from the beginning, I rented a bright sunshiny loft and converted it into a workroom. Then I began looking for young designers with a flair for originality.

"That was four years ago, and the new business thrived from the beginning. We have doubled and trebled our output every six months or so."

Mrs. Darling owns a charming home in Tuckahoe, a suburb of New York City, where she keeps house for her young son and daughter.

MILDRED HARRINGTON



When she found herself left with two small children to support, Mrs. Virginia Darling turned her hobby for making pretty hand-painted lamp shades into a profitable business. Mrs. Darling lives at Tuckahoe, New York

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The amazing story of Soup

Read how, almost overnight, it captured America; and is now eaten daily in millions of homes....

STRANGE, isn't it, that not so very long ago the people of America were not eating soup regularly as they do today! It was an occasional dish in most homes . . . always enjoyed, but not served frequently. It was apt to be reserved for special feasts and for entertaining guests.

How different today! Soup is now an everyday family dish in thousands and thousands of homes. People realize that the many blended savors and flavors in soup offer a variety and an appeal to be had in no other food. For sheer enjoyment nothing can occupy its place in the menu.

But in addition to this, is the important action of soup in stimulating the appetite and the digestion. The hot liquid encourages the flow of the digestive juices and thus makes all you eat do you more good.

Today the Red-and-White Campbell's Soup label is familiar to housewives the country over. . . . Its widespread reputation is eloquent proof of the change in the eating habits of the nation.

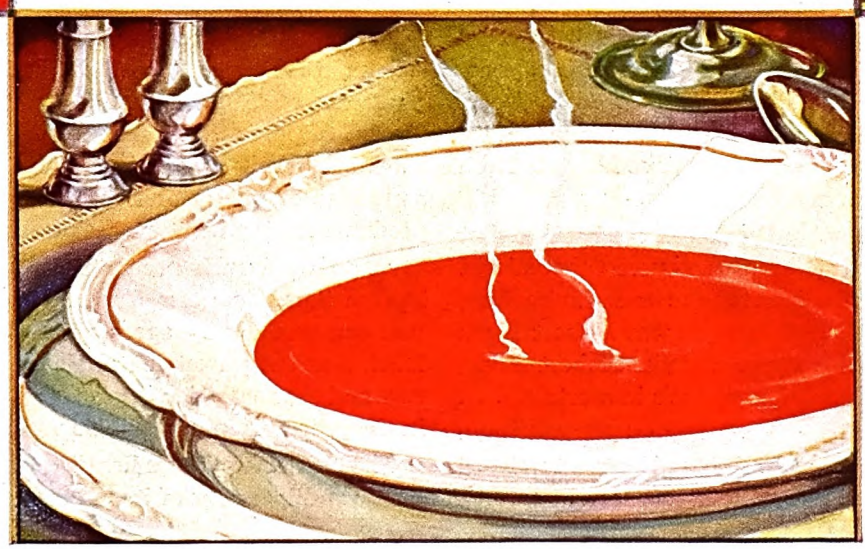
The moment housewives realized the advantages of soup, they eagerly welcomed the opportunity to obtain it in the condensed Campbell's form . . . soups of such outstanding quality, yet requiring but the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and a few minutes' simmering. Ease and convenience!

That most famous of all the Campbell's Soups . . . Tomato . . . will tell you at a taste why people are enthusiastic about these soups.

The complete list of Campbell's Soups is printed on every label. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of these soups you select. 12 cents a can.

Tomato Aspic for your summer salads

Tomato "aspic" jelly for delightful hot weather dishes! Soak two tablespoons granulated gelatin in one-half cupful cold water. Dissolve in one pint boiling water. Add one-third cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt and one can Campbell's Tomato Soup. Pour into a cold wet ring mold and set in cold place to chill.



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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ROBERT KOCH
1843–1910

SERVING A SCIENCE THAT SAFEGUARDS LIFE

When he began his experiments, Robert Koch was a country doctor, isolated, untaught in the art of research, lacking financial resources!

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Sunset Pass

(*Continued from page 53*)

have to stand for you paying some attention to Thiry," went on Amy passionately. "But be careful. If you dance more with her than with me—Lord help *her!*"

Amy must have had certain duties as a hostess, for with this she slipped away from Rock and mingled with the laughing, curious assemblage. He made no effort to follow, but haunted the long corridor, studying the new arrivals. He was at the entrance to the patio, standing close to the wall, when a small party entered the corridor and came quickly down.

"Look!" spoke up a woman to her neighbor on a bench near Rock. "That girl in white. Colonial wedding gown! Isn't she lovely! Who can it be?"

This remark caused Rock to take a second glance at the entering party. And it struck him that the girl in the wedding gown was certainly worth looking at. At first she did not appear to be masked at all, but as she drew closer he saw that she wore a close-fitting mask, scarcely any whiter than her powdered face.

Her hair was done up in some amazing style, and as colorless as snow. Arms and neck, of exquisite contour, likewise were of a dazzling whiteness. The gown, one of those hoop-skirted, many-ruffled affairs Rock had seen in pictures, took up the space of three ordinarily dressed women. Indeed, there appeared scarcely space enough for the girl to pass him.

Trueman flattened himself against the wall. Nevertheless, the young lady so marvelously gowned was forced to sweep her skirts aside to avoid contact. The momentary halting of the party, evidently to choose a direction, brought this Colonial masquerader so close to Rock that he meant to step forward and allow her more room. But she seemed to be looking at him, and he felt suddenly rooted to the spot.

"Gurls, you shore passed the dressin'-room," remarked one of the youths.

THEY turned, some of them laughing, and the wonderful girl in white pressed close to Rock in passing, still apparently gazing at him. As the soft, fluffy, perfumed gown swept him, Rock felt a hand touch his, slip a folded paper into his palm, with quick pressure. Then she passed on and he leaned there, staring. She vanished with the others.

Rock's trembling fingers tightened on the paper. It was a note. That girl had been Thiry. In one glance she had pierced his disguise. And he had been far indeed from returning the compliment. What a joke on him! His vaunted perspicuity, his vain sense of a lover's assurance, went into eclipse. And in its place shot a thrill at her cleverness, her superb masquerade.

Coming down to earth with a jerk, Rock peered into his palm at the note, then rushed off to find a light by which he could read it. Finally, he found one, and here, after a keen glance around, he opened the note.

Dear Trueman: I will know you the instant I lay eyes on you. Will you me? I am in terrible fear, but I will come to the dance, cost what it may.

Ash is in town, hiding. I do not know what he means. It may be there is some other reason for his action. Allie and I will go to the Farrells' to dress, and come with their crowd.

Ash never saw my great-grandmother's wedding dress. He won't recognize me, when he comes. *For he will come!* You must keep close watch over me, else I would not dare take the risk. He is capable of stripping me before the crowd. I will dance with the Farrell boys a little—the rest with you. I shall not stay till they unmask. I want to go before he knows me. You must take me away before that.

It may be madness. But I let my heart become set on this one dance. I grow furious at the thought of giving it up. I don't know myself of late. I *will* come—if only to—

Thiry

Rock did not draw a breath during his swift perusal of this note. Though he could not believe he was awake, the words were there, on white paper, in ink, clear and firm, in even, beautiful script.

What did they betray? He could not subdue his pounding heart, but he strangled the leaping, whirling, rapturous thoughts. She asked his protection. Thiry Preston—who not long before had begged him to leave her!

When Rock read again the sentence in which she confessed that Ash was capable of stripping her before the crowd, in his sudden realization of its content he froze in deadly fury. But it shook him and passed with the realization that she had promised to dance mostly with him.

ROCK placed the note inside his vest and strode back toward the corridor. As he entered it, Thiry came out of a door half way down and seemed to float toward him. They met, both aware of others present. Rock, removing his hat, made her an elaborate bow.

"Lady from Virginia, I salute you," he said gallantly.

"Sir Knight of the Card Table," she replied, and offered her hand.

Rock clasped it, and kissed it with the old-fashioned courtesy due to the character she personified. But they acted no more. She seemed silently confused as he led her to the patio. There, in the subdued glow of the lanterns, they were comparatively alone.

"Thiry! You paralyzed me," he said. "I didn't know you. I didn't *know* you. . . . And, oh, how lovely you look."

She murmured her thanks. They stood under an archway beside the fountain. The falling water tinkled in harmony with the soft strains of music. For them it was neither the place nor time for calmness.

"How ever did you know me?" he asked.

"It was the way you stood."

"Reckon that makes me awful happy—an' fearful too, Thiry."

"You! You have little to be fearful about. But I—"

"Never mind. If I ever had eyes I'll use them to-night. I'll let no insult, no humiliation touch you. . . . Thiry, where'd you get that gorgeous gown?"

"It was my great-grandmother's wedding dress. We are from Virginia."

"Virginia? Your father told me Missouri."

"Yes, after the war. I was little then. The war ruined us, and we moved to Missouri."

"Ahuh! You were always pretty to look at, in anythin'. But now you're—oh!—beyond the poor compliments—and hopes, too, I reckon, of a range-rider."

"I'm glad you like me, Trueman, but don't rub it in," she said naïvely. "In a few days I'll bake bread and milk the cows again."

"You'll be all the better for that."

THE music ceased and the gay dancers poured out of the hall to promenade in couples and quartets and crowds, all intent, it appeared, to peep under masks and find one another out.

"My brothers—the twins and Al—and the Farrell boys know me, of course," said Thiry, as if remembering where she was. "We must find them. Then, after a few dances I'll be free—if—if you—"

"Thiry, there's no if—now or ever," he replied unsteadily.

"Will you dance while I dance?"

"No. I'll watch you—and see if anyone else is watchin' you."

"Oh, but surely you must *want* to dance some?" she queried.

"Only with you."

"Not Amy Dabb?" she flashed, with odd inflection of voice.

"Not Amy Dabb," he said, turning to find her face averted.

"But, Trueman, she is your hostess. If I remember correctly, she meant to embody the duty of all her masculine guests in *your* attendance."

"Did she?" replied Rock, a little nettled at her satire. "You mean she gave you a hunch I'd dance all *my* dances with her?"

"Something or other like that," murmured Thiry.

"Reckon she was just talkin'."

"Then I was wrong to believe her. Forgive me. . . . But I didn't see how you could be so—so—such a liar."

"Thiry, I couldn't lie to you," he returned, with low voice ringing. "Save me agony by believin' that now. For some day you'll know."

"But you must dance with your hostess—at least once," said Thiry hastily.

"Once. Would you stand for it once? I mean, straight out—do you *want* me to dance with you instead of Amy Dabb?"

"Yes; I do," she returned hotly. "She hurt me. She said catty things all in a nice way. She offered to lend me a dress. She made me feel a—a country bumpkin. I told you before what she hinted about you. It's selfish, little, miserable of me, to want to show her. But she made me almost hate her."

"Thiry, my obligation is paid," replied Rock, trying to contain himself. "I have had that one dance with Mrs. Dabb. She met me. I didn't recognize her until she made herself known. It's over. So there."

"I'd like you to dance with Allie," returned Thiry shyly. It'll be fun if we can fool her."

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"Fine. Let's find her and your friends."

Thiry had introduced Rock to her sister Alice as *Señor Del Toro* of Las Vegas. And Rock felt that he had acquitted himself creditably. Alice was like a fairy on her feet, and Rock could not have forced her out of step if he had tried.

The dance was soon over, and Rock surrendered Allie to her next partner. He became all eyes then. He was no longer a masquerader, nor a lovelorn shadow of his lady. He shifted in one moment to the cool, searching cowboy on a trail. His searching gaze was concerned with the masculine element of that gay crowd.

He lounged around the door of the hall during two dances before he convinced himself that Ash was not among the cowboys dancing. Then he strolled down one long aisle and up the other, peering at every man, and into every shadow. Likewise, he searched the patio. Then he went into the corridor, and toward the entrance, where the deputy and his sheriffs still held forth.

When Ash Preston came in he would have to be masked, and he could not hide a gun from those laconic Westerners. This afforded Rock relief. Returning to his post just inside the dance hall door he took up his vigil there.

Another dance had just started. The big hall was a wonderful spectacle of movement, color, youth, beauty, and humor. Then Rock espied Thiry, conspicuous in white and notable for her grace. She was dancing with one of the lanky youths with whom she and Alice had come. As they came around in the gliding circle she espied Rock over her partner's arm. What a smile she gave him! It made his heart beat faster.

She appeared flushed under the white mask and powder. No doubt of her enjoyment! Probably for the hour she had forgotten the menace of Ash Preston. Soon that dance ended, and as the laughing throng pressed in a stream out the door, someone, a woman, thrust her face close under Rock's.

"Traitor!" she whispered, and went on. The wine-dark hot eyes through the red mask, the gold and black Spanish gown, so striking on the slender figure, belonged to Amy Dabb.

TRUEMAN whistled to keep from swearing. He had actually forgotten Amy. Dance after dance had gone by, and he had never even seen her. But his dismay was short-lived, in that he looked around from the disappearing Amy to see Thiry close at hand, coming alone.

"Señor del Toro, you look lonesome," she said gayly. "Are there no charming *señoritas* here?"

"I can see only one."

"Come. The rest are yours," she said, and took his arm.

"Has anyone discovered you?" he asked, as they mingled with the merry masqueraders in the patio.

"Only one I know of, Amy Dabb. She was quick to see through it."

"Well. Did she say anythin'?"

"I rather think so. She said: 'Hello, Thiry, you look great. But wedding gowns don't always mean wedding bells.'"

"Humph! That was sweet of Amy, now. Thiry, I reckon there's not a young man at this dance who wouldn't ring weddin' bells for you."

"Rash flattery, Trueman," she retorted. "There must be many. I know five boys who are madly in love with their respective partners."

"Thiry, I make number six," said Rock, and quickly looked away, too guilty to dare to see how she took his remark. She made no reply at all. In silence they went the rounds of the patio, then up one arched aisle and down another, back to the dancing floor.

Thiry looked up with inscrutable eyes.

"You broke your word. You make me remember," she said reproachfully, as she gave way to his encircling arm.

A pang shot through Rock, but he did not think it was remorse. The miracle that tore him was his possession of this lovely girl. She was in his arms. She yielded to, rather than resisted, the close embrace he could not have forsworn to save his life. That dance was brief as a fleeting moment, but endless in its intangible mystery and joy.

Again they strolled under the magic rose and purple of the dimming lanterns, and on to the secluded bower in the patio. Here the stars shone white and watchful through the foliage. The water tinkled off in the darkness.

"It's very . . . warm," murmured Thiry, as Rock leaned over her in the shadow.

"Why don't you take off your mask?" he suggested.

"No, Señor."

Trueman took her hand in his. It was an almost instinctive action on his part. She made no attempt to withdraw it, greatly to his surprise and joy.

"TRUEMAN, you must take me home soon," she said, as if coming out of a spell. The time and the place, the languorous atmosphere of this Spanish edifice, which, though new, seemed old in beauty and romance, the music, the dancers, the youth, had indeed called to Thiry Preston.

"Oh, no, not now. Just one more dance," pleaded Rock. "You said the rest were mine."

"But I'd forgotten."

"What?"

"Ash will come any moment. I feel it . . . here," she whispered, her hand on her breast.

"Thiry, he is not here now. I've looked clear through every man in the outfit. Please risk it."

"Well, then—one more."

But at the end of this dance she forgot again or could not resist the joy of the hour. Once more Rock led her to their shadowed corner, once more he held an unresisting hand.

"Take off your mask," he begged again.

"Can you put it back on—right?" she replied, a little tremulously.

"Sure I can."

Then she was unmasked under his worshiping eyes, under the dim rose light of the lantern above, and the far, white and knowing stars. Once she lifted her eyes to him—eyes that betrayed the spell of the moment—then no more.

"You do not talk, Señor," she said, trying for conversation.

"How can I? I'm holdin' your hand."

"Oh, so you are? Well, let go."

"Pull it away," he whispered daringly.

But she did not.

Rock won her to stay one more dance, reveled in his power to persuade her, though his conscience flayed him. What risk he might incur for her! But he gambled with his happiness.

"Trueman, we must go now," she said nervously.

"Yes. But don't you hate to?" he returned jealously.

"No, I'm too thankful for—for all it's been."

They reached the patio. Something had happened, as Rock guessed from excited voices. A girl cried out in dismay.

"Hey, look out there," called someone.

"He snatched at my mask," replied a girl angrily.

"He got mine," added another woman.

Rock drew Thiry out of the press.

"Some cowboy snatchin' masks," he said hurriedly.

SUDDENLY, into the open space before him leaped the lithe figure of a cowboy, wearing a red handkerchief as a mask. He was as quick as light—so quick that Rock scarcely guessed his purpose in time to thwart it. But Rock was on the wrong side of Thiry. One sweep of hand tore Thiry's mask from her white face! She cried out and clutched Rock's arm.

The cowboy appeared to leap up. He snatched off the red handkerchief that masked him, to disclose the livid face of Ash Preston. His evil eyes, like coals of blue fire, flashed over her face, her bare neck and arms, her spreading ruffled gown.

"Ash," gasped Thiry, clutching Rock's arm tighter. "Meet Señor del Toro—my masquerade partner!"

"Señor Hell!" he bit out, incredibly cold and fierce. Like a snake's head his hand shot out, to fasten in Thiry's bodice and tear with fiendish swiftness.

In one single action Rock freed himself from Thiry and struck Preston on the side of the face. He went down with a thud. Women screamed; men shouted excitedly, and all spread back hurriedly. Up bounded Preston with catlike quickness, his hand flashing back for his gun. But it was not there. He had passed the sheriff, and had forgotten. If it were possible, his wolfish face gleamed fiercer. His tawny hair stood up.

"Greaser, I'll kill you for thet!" he ground out.

"*Caramba!*" replied Rock, and made at Preston with terrific fury. His onslaught was like a battering-ram. He cared nothing for Preston's sudden blows. He broke through them, beat him back, and knocked him against the wall. Ash fell, but got up cursing, to come back wilder than ever, his face the redder for blood. There was a swift interchange of blows, then one from Rock staggered Preston. Another, swift and hard, hitting solid like an ax on beef, sent Preston in a long fall.

Before he could rise Rock plunged upon him, beat him with right, left, right, left—tremendous blows that made Ash sink limp. Rock seized him by the neck, choked and shook him as a terrier with a rat, and, rising, dragged him to the fountain and threw him bodily into the shallow water where he lay on his back, his head just above the surface.

Rock, remembering his mask, felt for it, and found it intact. That helped release him from the grip of an awful anger. Thiry's white mask lay where Preston had dropped it. Snatching it up, Rock whirled

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to see some woman in the act of covering Thiry's naked shoulders with a shawl.

"Come—we'll—get—out—of here," he panted hoarsely, and placing a firm hand under her arm he led her away from the gaping crowd, down the corridor toward the outlet. The voices of excited people grew fainter. Rock halted long enough to produce his check and get his gun belt, which he threw over his left arm.

"What's up in thar?" queried the sheriff, sharply eying Rock.

"Some fool cowboy snatchin' masks off the ladies," replied Rock, and hurried Thiry out through the crowd of Mexicans, to the street and darkness.

Thiry was weak. She leaned on his arm. Not for three blocks did Rock speak, nor did she.

"He . . . didn't know you," she burst out then. "Called you 'greaser'!"

"Yes; that's the only good thing about it," returned Rock.

She was sobbing a little and clinging to the arm with which Rock upheld her.

"He tore my waist—almost off. Oh, I don't mind the shame of that—so much. But the gown Mother treasured. She loved it so. . . . She'll be heartbroken."

"What's a dress? That can be—mended," he panted. "But I kept you there. Too long! It was my—fault—my fault. If I had only left when you wanted to go! After my promise to you!"

"Trueman, I shouldn't have gone. I knew something dreadful would happen. I *told* you. . . . Only, he was worse than I ever saw him."

"Worse! He was a hydrophobia skunk!"

"Oh, Ash! My brother!" she cried brokenly.

Her grief tortured Rock, but he did not have it in him to retract his words. What language could do justice to Ash Preston! They hurried on to the edge of the town, down the pine-skirted road. Presently they reached Winter's house, which sat back among the trees. Rock saw a light. He wanted to say good night to Thiry at the gate but could not. She still clung to him. At the porch he halted and helped her up.

IT WAS shaded there by trees, but he could still see her pale face and the great eyes, strange and dark in the night. Before he knew what he was doing, he clasped his arms around her, as she stood a little above him. She did not repulse him, but she pressed her hands against his shoulders. Thus they looked at each other in the shadow.

"Forgive me, Thiry," he implored.

"There's nothing to forgive," she faltered.

"I'll go to my room before anyone sees me," said Rock. "Ash didn't know me. He never will."

"*She* will tell," said Thiry hopelessly.

"Amy Dabb!" exclaimed Rock, with a start. "She did know. But she'll have no chance to-night. They'll pack him out of there pronto, and to-morrow I'll find some way to shut her mouth."

"Yes, you will," said Thiry, with sad derision. "Don't waste your breath, Trueman. Perhaps it will not occur to her that Ash didn't know you."

"Then let's hope for the best." Rock tightened his arms a little, drew her closer. "Thiry, kiss me good night," he whispered suddenly.

"Trueman!" she exclaimed, and tried to draw away. But he held her, and as she turned her face he managed to kiss her cheek.

"Now you've done it!" she cried.

What he had done she did not say, but she ceased to pull away. That emboldened him. Still, he drew back the better to see her averted face.

"What's one more offense?" he queried. "I've ruined my hopes to-night—or I have found them glorified. Oh, Thiry, how I love you! Kiss me good night."

"No!" Yet she seemed weakening. He felt her quiver in his arms.

"Then let me kiss you? It might be the first and last time. For if Ash finds me out, I'll have to leave this country. Else, I'd have to kill him!"

"You'd go away for me?" she flashed, suddenly quickened and vivified, and her hands went to his shoulders.

"I promise you."

"You love me so much?"

"Thiry girl, I love you more than I can prove!"

Blindly, with unreckoning impulse she bent and met his upturned lips with her own. Quickly, with a gasp, she broke away to stare a moment, as if some realization had stricken her, then she fled across the porch and into the house.

ASH PRESTON did not return to Sunset Pass for a week after the Fourth. Rumor drifted down by a rider that Preston was hunting for the Mexican who had beaten him at the dance.

It was an anxious and brooding time for Trueman Rock, more, perhaps, because of Thiry's unconcealed dread than for his own sake. Nevertheless, he never drew an easy breath, despite the rumor, until Ash returned, sober, yet showing the effects of a prolonged debauch.

One moment Rock stood on the porch, his hand quivering, while Ash strode over from his cabin. Sullen, his face black and blue, still swollen, he presented no encouraging aspect. But, manifestly, that moment proved he did not know or suspect Rock had been his assailant. Then the suspense of this meeting for Rock ended when Thiry almost fainted in Ash's arms.

"Aw, Thiry, I'm sorry," rasped out Ash, while he held her on the bench.

Rock did not tarry with the family after supper that night. He carried away with him a look from Thiry's eyes—the first in which she had met his since that unforgettable last moment on Winter's porch—and it drove him to pace under the pines, to throw back his head, to fill his lungs with the sage-laden air of the Pass, to cast exultant defiance up at the silent, passionless, white stars.

He paced a beat from the open back to the gloom of the thick-spreading trees. On the soft mats of pine needles his feet made no sound; against the black shadow of the slope his figure could not be seen. But his own sharp eye caught a dark form crossing in front of a cabin light. He heard a voice low but clear—Gage Preston's: "Ash, come hyar."

Suddenly Rock made them out, perilously close upon him. Silently, he sank behind a great log, immensely glad that it lay between him and the approaching men.

"What you want?" growled Ash.

"Sit down there," ordered Preston, with heavy contact of hand upon his son's person.

Rock felt the jar of the log where evidently Preston had pushed Ash. Noiselessly craning his neck Rock saw the dim figure of the father, bending over. Then Rock espied Ash sitting not ten feet from where he lay. It seemed to Rock that cold blood oozed from his very marrow. If caught there he would have to fight for his life. Almost he ceased to breathe. The pounding of his heart sounded like a muffled drum.

"What's got into you?" demanded Ash.

"What's got into *you*, thet you hang on in town, lookin' fer trouble, makin' more fer me?" countered the father sternly. "I needed you hyar. There's work no one else can do."

"But, Pa, I wanted to kill thet Señor del Toro," protested Ash, almost plaintively.

"Bah! Señor del Toro? Why, you bunkhead, thet make-believe Spaniard was Trueman Rock."

"No!" snapped Ash hotly. "I had thet hunch. But I was wrong. Next mornin' I went to Thiry. I told her thet black-masked pardner of hers was Rock, an' I was agoin' to kill him. She fell on her knees. An' she swore to God it wasn't Rock. Pa, I had to believe her. Thiry never lied in her life."

"Mebbe I'm wrong," choked Preston, as if a will not his own wrenched that admission from him. "But, whoever he was, he gave you plumb what I'd have given you. You disgraced Thiry. You shamed her. You hurt her so she's been ill. She—who's loved you all her life!"

"Shet up, Pa," wailed Ash, writhing. "I can stand anythin' but thet."

"Wal, you shore have a queer streak in you. Yellow clear through when it comes to Thiry. But fer her you'd be a man. An' we could go on with our work, thet's callin' fer all a man's brains. You can't be relied upon, as you used to be. Now, listen, somethin's up out there on the range. I've done some scoutin' around lately. I've talked with the Mexican sheep-herders. Too many riders snoopin' around Sunset Pass. To-day I seen some of Hesbitt's outfit. An' Slagle asked me sarcastic like why Clink Peoples was over hyar so much. . . . Ash, there's a nigger in the woodpile. I shore don't like the smell."

"Clink Peoples had better keep away from the Pass."

"There you go again. What good will it do to throw a gun on Peoples? If they're suspicious thet'd only make them worse. . . . What'd you do with them last Half Moon hides?"

"I hid them."

"WHERE? Didn't you take them to Limestone Cave, as I ordered you?"

"I packed some there. It was too far, an' I was tuckered out. I hid the rest under the culvert."

"But I told you not to hide any more there. I always was scared of thet culvert. Once a big rain washed some out. It could happen again.

"Wal, it ain't too late. I'll take Boots to-morrow night, an' we'll pack the fresh ones over to Limestone."

"No. The ground's soft since it rained. You'd leave tracks. An' thet's too risky with these new riders searchin' around.

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Pure and healthful as Nature's sunshine!

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Better leave them. An' we'll lay off butcherin' fer a spell."

"Lay off nothin'. With all them orders fer beef. I guess not. Pa, there's room fer a thousand hides down in the old well."

"Ash, I tell you we'll lay off killin' till this suspicion dies down," said Preston, in hoarse earnestness, fighting for patience.

"Wal, I won't lay off, an' I reckon I can boss the boys," replied Ash, implacably.

Then Preston cursed him, cursed him with every hard word known to the range, and some besides, cursed until he was spent from passion.

"This hyar rider, Rock," spoke up Ash, as if he had never heard the storm of profanity, "when you goin' to fire him?"

"Rock? Not at all," replied Preston wearily. He was beaten.

"Wal, then, I will. He's been around too long, watchin' Thiry, an' mebbe us too."

"Ash, haven't you sense enough to see thet Rock's bein' hyar is good for us?" asked Preston, girding himself afresh. "Never was a rider hyar so trusted as Rock. Thet diverts suspicion from us. It was lucky he came."

"But he might find us out."

"It ain't likely. Shore, he doesn't want to."

"He might stumble onto it by accident. Or get around Thiry, an' scare it out of her."

"Wal, if he *did*, thet wouldn't be so bad. She could keep his mouth shut. He loves her well enough to come in with us. Only, I'd hate to ask her to do it."

"AN' IF she did win him over, what would *he* want?" hissed Ash.

"Huh! Reckon thet's easy to answer. An' I'm tellin' you, Ash, Thiry would like Rock if she had half a chance."

A knife plunged into Ash's vitals could scarcely have made him bend double and rock to and fro, like that thrust of Preston's.

"She'd like him, huh? So thet's why she made me promise not to pick a fight with him. . . ."

"Wal, Ash, if circumstances come up we can't help or beat, what'n hell can we do? I told you ages ago thet Thiry is bound some day to love some lucky rider. It can't be helped. An' it might be Rock. Which'd be most infernal lucky for us."

"Lucky fer him! Haw! Haw! . . . I'd shoot his heart out!"

Preston rose to loom darkly, menacingly, over his son.

"You can't murder him in his sleep, or shoot him in the back. Thet'd look bad in Wagontongue. It'd just about ruin us. An' if you call him out to an even break—why, Ash, he'll kill you! Savvy? Rock is cold as ice, as quick as lightnin'. He has a hawk eye. I'm warnin' you, Ash!"

(*To be continued*)

The Man Who Put the Midnight Sun to Work

(*Continued from page 38*)

would dig stumps when he might dig gold!"

The doctor did all his own surveying. The erection of a building for government headquarters was begun; but through lack of funds winter arrived to find the Georgeson family living in a bare-walled shell with neither plumbing nor stairways.

"Yes, we were a bit cold sometimes," he admitted; "but our view was the finest in the world! Our house is built on historic Castle Hill, one of the most beautiful spots in Alaska. It is the site where, behind a circle of mounted guns, old Baranoff, first governor of the fur colonies, maintained his log stronghold, and kept his keen eyes on the Thlinget Indians, continually lying in wait to massacre him and his fur hunters.

"Our incomplete headquarters were luxurious, however, compared with those of Professor Isaac Jones, whom I later left in charge of the station I established on the Arctic Circle at Rampart. We had no money to build him a house, so for a year he occupied a dilapidated cabin borrowed from a wood-chopper. The roof leaked so badly that he had to put a tent up inside the cabin.

"Single-handed, with nothing but a spade and a mattock, this loyal fellow, a graduate of the Kansas Agricultural College, grubbed stumps and cleared half an acre of ground, where were begun our most successful experiments with wheat."

IT IS now possible to go anywhere in Alaska by airplane; but in the days when Doctor Georgeson started out to look over his five hundred and ninety thousand square miles of territory for the purpose of establishing experimental stations, there wasn't a railroad, or even a highway, in the country. Transportation facilities by boat and pack train were meager and uncertain, and high freight rates prevailed all over the Territory.

"Hundreds of thousands of dollars," said Doctor Georgeson, "were annually expended for provisions which I felt the country itself could be made to produce. You can see how I thrilled to the wonderful work ahead of me—the glorious struggle to create new varieties of plants and new types of domestic cattle suited to the country, so that settlers might in the future be more independent of the outside world, and sustain themselves by the products of Alaskan soil."

SUCH was this pioneer agronomist's high ambition for the country whose atmospheric conditions alone might have daunted the stoutest heart. Alaska has a dozen different climatic belts. Its frost-free period, during which all planting, developing, and maturing of crops must take place, is seldom more than ninety days. Its temperature ranges from one hundred and twelve in summer, to eighty-six below in winter; and while there are regions in the interior where no drop of rain falls during the growing season, there are other areas along the coast that are numbered among the rainiest places in the world.

Sitka, where headquarters are maintained, is situated in this latter belt. "This station really has the worst growing climate in the Territory," admitted the doctor. "But we know that anything raised successfully here will grow anywhere else in the country. All this land you see under cultivation was wrested from the bog. It is made up of peat and volcanic ash. Though Alaska has many valleys of fertile soil there are also thousands of acres of such tundra swamps, and our experience in draining and preparing this one will be of untold value to farmers of the future. It has taken time and much hard work—but the result is gratifying."

Proof of his words lay all about me—triumphs of horticulture over which the tourist of to-day exclaims with wonder. I saw fields where men were gathering cabbages weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds each. One, unusually large, completely filled a wheelbarrow, and was later found to weigh thirty-four pounds. Celery, lettuce, and cauliflower all grew on the same generous scale, and the rhubarb had stalks as large around as my arm.

The doctor asserts that the Territory is the greatest berry country in the whole world, and I could well believe it as I looked at the heavy transparent clusters of currants, glistening red and white in the sun, the weighted branches of gooseberry bushes with their amber- and plum-colored fruits, and the tall rows of vines, in the thick of which an Indian housemaid was picking raspberries as large as walnuts.

Perhaps Doctor Georgeson's finest creation is the Alaska strawberry, eight of which have been known to fill a quart basket. They are almost devoid of acidity and will bear shipping long distances. Their fragrance is such that half a dozen will scent a room. They ripen in July and August, when as many as two hundred in all stages of development may be counted on one plant.

THIS fruit is the result of crossing the domestic berry from the States with the sweet wild strawberry that grows in profusion on the sand dunes along the Alaskan coast.

"The perversity of the wild berry was a source of many surprises, not only to me but to Luther Burbank, who was greatly interested in my experiments with it," the doctor declared. "At his request I sent him some native plants. He wrote back that they didn't know how to behave when they reached California: they started blooming in the dead of winter, flaunting their gayety in the faces of decorous California berries that were doing their best to get a little rest before spring! Here at Sitka, that first year we planted them in good soil and treated them like royalty. They rewarded our tender care by remaining absolutely sterile. The next spring we put them into the poorest soil we had, and ignored them. They overflowed with the lustiest blooms you ever saw. From them we took the pollen and transferred it by hand to flowers on domestic vines. When the resulting berries ripened we washed out the tiny seeds and planted them. Hundreds of little plants came up. At the end

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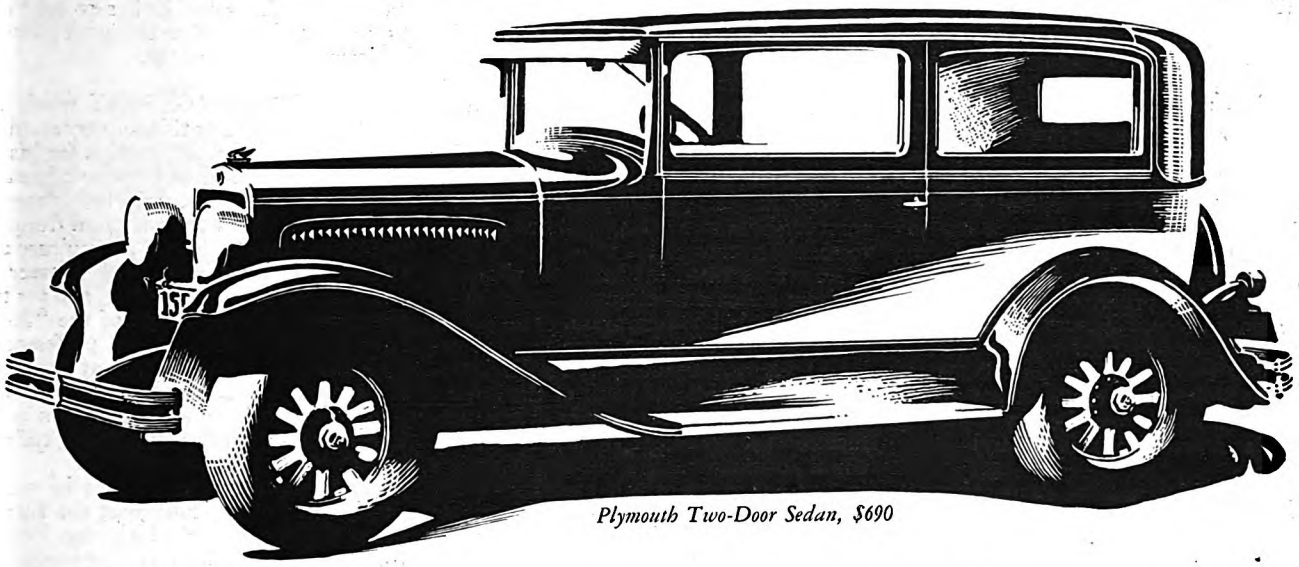
CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH



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Plymouth Features.—New slender profile chromium-plated radiator.—Long, low bodies.—Generous room for 2 to 5 passengers, according to body model.—Luxurious deep upholstery and appointment detail such as you expect only in cars of far higher price.—New "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine, for use with any gasoline.—Smooth speed up to 60 and more miles an hour.—Characteristic Chrysler acceleration.—Unbelievable smoothness of operation at all driving speeds.—Body impulse neutralizer.—Chrysler light-action internal expanding hydraulic four-wheel brakes—no other car of this price possesses this feature.

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It is so revolutionary an advance over other low priced cars, it is such conclusive evidence that the past year's strides in the science of manufacturing have multiplied the purchasing power of the motor car dollar, that you will surely want to see it and drive it.

A Plymouth ride is the best demonstration of the ease with which it leaps from 5 to 60 and more miles per hour—the quiet of its power and the smoothness of its flight. You yourself must put your foot to the light-action internal hydraulic 4-wheel brakes to know the confidence of the fastest and safest deceleration you have ever experienced.

And above all, you must see its beautiful lines and finish, and stretch at ease in its deep-upholstered, full adult-size bodies, to comprehend how completely the Plymouth surpasses cars heretofore sold under $1000.

Please see and ride in the Plymouth. We believe you will discover there has never been a car anywhere near its price that can approach the Plymouth for power, pick-up, smoothness, easy handling, safety, quietness and roominess—nor that can equal it in beauty and style.

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of three years these hybrids bore fruit, but, though we had thousands of new varieties, there was not one satisfactory strawberry among them!"

It took twenty-five years of patient experimenting with more than twelve thousand different varieties of hybrids to evolve the present delicious berry, which is as much at home on the Arctic Circle as it is in the mild climate of Sitka.

"It was eight years before we found apples that would ripen in this climate." The doctor chuckled reminiscently. "When I first came here, I thought we could develop an Alaskan apple by crossing a States variety with the wild crabapple that grows so well in the forests along the coast. To produce such a hybrid, blossoms of the native crab were cross-fertilized with pollen of several different early apples. You can imagine my joy when many of them set fruit. Each twig that bore hybridized apples was labeled, and the clusters protected by paper bags. Everyone in the village was advised of the experiment and warned against disturbing those bushes. Then, just about the time the fruit was ripe, the Indian women came along and gathered every one of my apples and made them into jelly!"

POTATOES form Alaska's most important crop to-day, especially in the interior, where high freight rates double the price of imported vegetables. When Doctor Georgeson came to the country, he found potatoes being grown by descendants of the Russians in small boxed beds heaped with soil to a height of three feet. In such gravelike plots the planting was done hit-and-miss fashion. After that, nothing was done until harvest. The tubers were very soggy and unfit for long storage.

Through years of experimenting with some fifteen hundred varieties, Doctor Georgeson has evolved a hundred and seventy kinds of potatoes suited to Alaska. In the Matanuska Valley farms have produced eleven tons to the acre.

Of the seven experimental stations established in the Territory, three were abandoned for lack of funds. Because of the greatly varying climatic conditions, those in operation to-day are situated in widely divergent regions. Each station deals with a class of projects suited to its particular locality.

The Fairbanks station, close to the Arctic Circle, specializes in the growing of grains. At first thought this seems hardly a possibility, since the ground, frozen to an unknown depth, is covered with moss, which prevents its thawing. When the moss is removed, however, the ice melts rapidly, and the soil is of such quality that, despite the shortness of the season, amazing yields are obtained. The largest recorded at Fairbanks are forty-one bushels of spring wheat to the acre, and seventy-nine bushels of oats to the acre. This in a region with scarcely a hundred frost-free days in a year!

But one must remember that during this growing time the sun is on the job for nearly twenty-four hours a day, and the earth becomes a regular forcing bed.

Though the great sunny valleys of the Tanana, the Yukon, and the Matanuska are especially adapted to and now noted for the growing of cereals, every variety of barley, wheat, and oats raised there is a special creation evolved for Alaska by Doctor Georgeson and his staff. All parts of the world have been drawn upon to furnish grains for these experiments.

Alaskan barley, for instance, had its origin on a plateau eleven thousand feet up in the Himalaya Mountains, where barley matures early but is so heavily bearded and so small that it is practically useless. The little immigrant from India retained all its undesirable qualities when it grew in Alaskan soil, but— This is what happens when an agronomist decides to mould nature to his will:

At a time when the barley is about to blossom delicate instruments are used to open a single budding grain. The pollen is removed, and pollen from another selected variety, similarly taken, is introduced to fertilize the pistil of the flower. This operation succeeds only if it is performed exactly at the right time and in the right manner. If a success, it results in *just one kernel* which partakes of the character of both parents. This single grain is planted the following spring, and its growth watched with affectionate solicitude. Its yield is a new creation, and one which can be perpetuated.

It took years of such skilled and patient cross-fertilizing to perfect Alaskan barley, which is not only a splendid variety, with five-inch beardless heads, but is also the earliest maturing barley in the world.

"AND what of the farmer who harvests these northern crops?" I asked the doctor. "Isn't his life a continual fight against Old Man Winter?"

My companion laughed. "On the contrary," he said, "the Alaskan farmer has, perhaps, an easier time than any other farmer on the globe, once he is established. As yet there are no insect pests and no potato bugs in the country. Nor is the virgin ground naturally weedy. The Alaskan farmer, who, by the way, is generally a bachelor, prepares his ground as soon as the snow goes off. By the end of May he must have his grain in and his potatoes planted. The bachelor does not, as a rule, keep stock, so now he can leave his farm and with a serene mind go off to work in the mines, do road work, or put up salmon for himself or for the market.

"In August he comes home to harvest. By the end of September, his crops are disposed of, and he can again turn his attention to other matters. Some farmers in winter work in the mines, others do freighting, for which there is much demand. Some occupy themselves with the improvement of their homes—the making of furniture and the multitude of things that are always ready to be done on a pioneer place. Game, of course, is abundant in the fall, especially in the interior, where farming is most successful. Large herds of caribou trek through the country, and many farmers then hunt for the market."

Alaska, however, is now rapidly coming into what may be termed the family stage of agriculture. For Doctor Georgeson has not only been marvelously successful with his plant breeding but, through his experiments in stock-raising, he has evolved new types of cattle suited to the great climatic variations of the country.

DOCTOR GEORGESON'S whole life before coming to this country seems to have been a special preparation for his remarkable work. Born in Denmark, he made a study of Danish agriculture before coming to America. He was graduated from the Michigan State College of Agriculture and later granted its degree of Master of Science. He is an able writer, and for two years was assistant editor of the "Rural New Yorker." He became professor of agriculture and horticulture at the State College of Texas, until Japan heard of him. Then for several years the Imperial College of Agriculture in Tokio claimed him as head of agronomy.

On his return to the States he served as professor of agriculture at the Kansas State College, from which the Federal Government sent him as a special agent to Denmark to study dairying.

"No," said the doctor, in answer to a question I'd asked him, "I've never wanted to join any of the gold stampedes that have come and gone since I've been in Alaska. My job is to make things grow, and for me it's the finest job in the world."

We had climbed to the lawn before the Government House, that stands high on Castle Hill. On the circle where old Baranoff's cannon once roared defiance to the savages, now grows a hedge of ruby-tinted roses native to Japan. Against the side of the building, in the French fashion, were trained cherry trees laden with crimson fruit. Honeysuckle from China clambered over the doorway, and beside the steps nodded flamboyant dahlias from California. Beyond the quaint bulbous steeples of the Russian church below us lay the green acres the doctor has wrested from the wilderness.

"Alaska is the Scandinavia of America," Doctor Georgeson said. "Here, a hundred thousand square miles—not acres—of land lie fallow for agricultural purposes. Fifty thousand of these can be converted into tillable land capable of supplying food for at least three million persons.

"We Alaskans are but making a beginning in farming. It has not been possible for me to do all that I planned to do for this great land; but my heart is glad because I have been permitted to have at least a part in the important work of preparing for that time when Alaska's valleys will be peopled with millions of hardy, prosperous home-makers."

WHAT IS THE FORMULA for a successful personality? The answer is very simple: Be Yourself. However, few of us take time to be ourselves; we're always trying to be someone else. Next month, Bruce Barton, through the medium of illustrations drawn from real life, and in particular the extremely interesting lives of Roy Howard and Bob Scripps—joint owners of the Scripps-Howard chain of twenty-seven newspapers—shows the "Be Yourself" principle in action. This "Be Yourself" policy may be somewhat difficult to follow at times, but you may take the word of Bruce Barton that it is well worth the struggle.

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Mobiloil in Oporto, Portugal

Mobiloil in Mombasa, Africa

Mobiloil at Saigon, Indo-China

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Why you can't meet 1928 friction with 1923 oil

Today on improved highways you may average as much as 40 miles an hour. On the poorer roads of a few years ago, you averaged about 20.

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And today's congested traffic forces you to stop and accelerate twice as often.

To give added power and quicker acceleration, many of today's engines are built to make 1000 more revolutions per minute. This increases friction and friction makes heat.

The higher heat in today's engines sets up a more difficult lubricating problem. The oil standards of 1923 simply won't do for the conditions of 1928.

Constant improvements in Mobiloil quality have met new and more exacting demands for a lubricating margin of safety. Good as Mobiloil was in 1923, it is far better today.

That is why Mobiloil is almost always chosen for the world's most difficult lubricating jobs.

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Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine		1925 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, *6-66*	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Flint	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland *all models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige *all models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless 90, 70, 72	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Reo *all models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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Burch Foraker Talks About Leadership

(*Continued from page 35*)

details of conduct which were to grow and become firmly rooted policies. He saved some money, and went to Ohio Wesleyan University for three months. His money exhausted, he returned to Hillsboro and found work in the post-office, where again he was in contact with all kinds of people. Finally he struck out for Cincinnati to get work in a bigger field.

For days he walked the streets of the Ohio city. Men were being laid off instead of being employed. He applied for fifty jobs, and got none, but presently he found himself in the offices of the Edison company, where men were being hired.

"What's your technical training?" he was asked.

He had had none.

"Then we can't hire you," said the other. "We want technically trained men, college men. We can get a thousand of the other kind within an hour."

"I quit looking for work and went home," said Mr. Foraker. "There I did some serious thinking. Without training I was one of a thousand, but with training I would be one *in* a thousand. I decided it would be a good idea to get some training."

A few weeks later he was enrolled in the engineering course at Cornell University. Vacation came. He studied on, taking a year of required shop work in two months. During the next semester, this time, saved from the shop work, enabled him to double in other studies. The holidays came, but he kept at his books. He was paying his own way, mostly out of savings, and he had to hurry, for his money was melting away. Another year passed in college, his second, and he had done the equivalent of three years of work. Then came that trip to New York, the elevated guard, and the job with the Bell Telephone Company.

"WHY did you quit college?" I asked him.

"College had served its purpose," he answered. "I didn't go to get a diploma, but to get training, enough training to enable me to get work. When I got work, college lost its attraction.

"However," he added, "I didn't stop studying. For two years after moving to New York I went to night law school. For a time I thought seriously of becoming a lawyer, and I studied law. Then, becoming more deeply interested in telephony, I made up my mind to stick to the telephone work.

"I believe in college, but not in too much of it. I think a lot of things taught in college could be learned outside while engaged in practical work. Most young men have more spare time than is good for them. If they leave college with a realization they still have much to learn, they'll employ that time to their advantage."

On the job he was moving along too. He became a draftsman in the company's first engineering department, and then went into plant work in the cable-splicing department. Looking about, he saw that it was a complicated thing, this telephone business. He was surrounded by a maze of highly technical jobs, each requiring specialized training. How could he possibly learn all of this work? He wanted to advance, to become a boss, a leader of the men about him. To qualify for a boss, should he undertake to learn all the jobs, or one?

The decision he made was important. About it was to grow the Foraker policy that has resulted in the training of hundreds of men, now executives in the Bell System.

"In seeking for the answer to what makes for leadership," said Mr. Foraker, "I decided to do the work at my hand, to master it absolutely, to forget every job but my own. I was with the cable-splicing department; I decided to make myself the best man in that work that I possibly could. I wanted it said that I *knew my job!*

"Since then I've done many different kinds of work. I have had men under me who knew much more about the task at hand than I did, their boss. Yet they've never questioned my right to be over them, nor resented it. I had mastered *my* job, and they knew it; therefore they credited me with ability to master others.

"AS I grew older and became experienced in handling men, I learned another thing: that it is just as easy to develop the habit of doing good work as it is to develop the habit of doing poor work. In fact, poor work may be the consequence of habit. And it may be the consequence of unconscious imitation.

"I remember once watching four bookkeepers at work. Presently one of them propped his elbow on the desk and rested his chin in hand. Within a half-hour, all of the men were working with elbows on desk, chin in hands.

"Poor work is contagious, and so are habits; and bad work and habits, for some reason, are more likely to be imitated than good work and good habits. I have seen one poor workman disrupt a force of twenty otherwise good men.

"A few months after I joined the cable-splicing department, I was placed in charge of a gang of eighteen. One day, coming back to the job after a brief absence, I found the whole gang gone. They were having a little celebration in a nearby saloon.

"'Oh, you've got to expect such things,' I was told. 'It is impossible to get cable splicers who aren't drinkers.'

"I wasn't so sure of that. I didn't see why, if temperate cable splicers were not to be had, one couldn't train temperate men into good cable splicers.

"Next day my gang was back at work as if nothing unusual had happened. I said nothing, but began to study the men. More than half of them were steady, reliable workers. The drinkers were in the minority. But when they drank, on duty, they dragged the whole gang with them.

"On the next Monday, as usual after a week-end, the drinkers didn't show up. Recognizing that this condition could not continue, I started at once to build a new gang of splicers from steady men. The old gang, finding their jobs filled, only laughed at the new turn of affairs and said I'd learn. They expected to be taken back.

"But while the new men were inexperienced they were young, reliable and eager to learn. I had picked them carefully. It wasn't very long until the whole gang was doing better work, and taking real pride in its steadiness. The new men became good workers because they had only good examples to follow; they developed good work habits at the outset and kept them.

"Take any man of reasonable ability, industry, and ambition; give him proper training and good example from his associates, and he will make good, barring accident."

THE steps by which Foraker rose in the New York Telephone Company were gradual ones. From a foreman over eighteen men, he became a superintendent of three hundred; from that, superintendent over two thousand, then seven thousand. He hadn't been with the company more than a few years before he began to be known as a trainer of workmen. Foraker-trained men were in demand. There was always a call coming East for such men.

"Any man who is hired and worth keeping is worth training," is one of the things Mr. Foraker told me. And he added, "As an individual you can't do your best work unless you know how to do it. As a boss, you can't do your best work unless your *men* know how to do it."

The story is told that one January night an executive of the telephone company stopped in amazement at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway. What he saw was a man in evening clothes emerging from a manhole in the street. The man proved to be Foraker. It was midnight and cold. On his way home from the theatre Foraker had stopped to see how a couple of his cable splicers, down in the manhole on an emergency job, were getting along. He had walked far out of his way and had "just dropped in on 'em to have a little chat." The point of the story is that this was a usual thing.

"He was the kind of boss in those days," one man told me, "who could bawl you out, and send you away not cussing him, but cussing yourself and prodding yourself to do better."

"He was the kind of boss," said another, "who was never too busy to go to bat for his men. If he had a good man—and he always had dozens of them—he was never satisfied until he got that man promoted. If there was a vacancy anywhere, there you'd find Foraker boosting one of his men to fill it."

And just as Foraker's first little gang of eighteen became known as one of the most efficient in New York City, so did Foraker's "big gang" of seven thousand become known as one of the most efficient in the country. Said E. S. Bloom, president of the Western Electric Company, which is the manufacturing unit of the Bell System: "It is my opinion, as a result of observation throughout the country, that there is hardly a telephone plant in the

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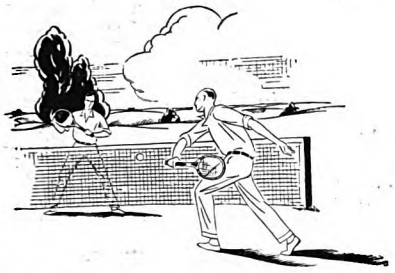

"No sweet cloying after-taste"
". . . no cavities"

writes Mr. A. Harris of Brooklyn

Gentlemen:

In the years previous to 1911, I had been painstakingly regular in my visits to my dentist, who wondered why I had so many new small cavities, although I brushed my teeth regularly.

I changed dentists and the new practitioner described what a good tooth preserver should do. One day I came across an advertisement that described "PEBECO." It tallied with the desirable points named by my new dentist. I sent away for a sample tube. I remember now how I treasured that little tube of "PEBECO" that really was so different. No sloppy, rancid soap to nauseate me, no everlasting sweet cloying after-taste. It left a clean, refreshing sensation in my mouth.

Today after using "PEBECO" for 16 years I have not had a new cavity, no decay at the margins of my fillings and my teeth are not in need of sharp instruments for removing deposits. I am pleased by the pearly white rows when I look in the mirror. My gums are firm and healthy pink and do not bleed.

(Signed) A. HARRIS

© 1928, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Its keen honest flavor is evidence of its usefulness to your teeth

Good teeth—a clean-tasting mouth . . .

TASTE the sharp, clean tang of Pebeco. The refreshing after-feeling! A mouth that feels so wholesome must be a healthy environment for your teeth and gums.

And it is. For the salty exhilarating taste of Pebeco is more than a flavoring. It is the clarion call of the main ingredient of Pebeco's formula—an important salt which summons the guardian mouth fluids to the protection of your teeth.

A famous physician worked out the formula for Pebeco to correct the scarcity of the mouth fluids which he found to be the almost universal cause of tooth decay.

Discover for yourself the fresh wide-awake feeling Pebeco gives your mouth in the morning. That pleasant sense of fitness lasts for hours. The bedtime brushing renews the well-being of your mouth for the night.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

Free Offer:

Send coupon today for generous tube.

Keeps the mouth young . . .

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. D-39, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER AUGUST, 1929)

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United States to which you can go without seeing there a result of some of the work of Burch Foraker as it was done in the New York Telephone Company."

A snowstorm swept Long Island, disrupting telephone service there. Foraker and his men broke records in cleaning up the mess. Service was restored where Foraker was in command almost before some districts had started work.

"How did you do such a quick job?" Foraker was asked.

"By not asking first how to do it," he replied. "We began work on the spot, the first spot we came to. While doing that, we saw what next should be done. It's easy to see what must be done next if you are already doing something; but it's hard to see what to do first if you're doing nothing. We would have lost a day down there if we had tried to figure out in advance how the job should be done.

"That rule holds good anywhere," he explained. "A young man wonders what he should do in life. Let him tackle the first job in sight, and *then* look around! You wonder how you can improve yourself. Begin by improving the thing that you are doing at the moment! It is all right to plan ahead. Every person thinks best, and sees best, and plans best when the hands are busy."

We were talking of promotion and of the things that make for leadership. Mr. Foraker had just said that the surest way to promotion was to do well the task at hand, to learn it thoroughly.

"But isn't it well too," I asked, "to learn something of the job up ahead, so you won't be entirely unprepared for it?"

"If you really know the job you've got, you're prepared for anything within striking distance of it," he answered. "All work has a common denominator. The numerator is all that changes, which means you simply must master another part of the same unit. If you have learned how to master one part, you'll easily master the next in order."

He continued in his analysis of leadership:

"ONCE I was trying to tell a group of men how to be better foremen. I had talked for an hour when, suddenly, something prompted me to stop. The first of the men was a strapping big Hebrew, square, rough, and a driver. Next to him sat a little Italian, smooth, smiling, and excitable. By the Italian was a slow, plugging, easy-going chap who had six youngsters at home. The next man was quiet and sober of face; the next, jolly; and so it went down the line. No two men there were alike.

"I had been telling them how to be fair to their men. Now I asked myself: 'Have any two of these men the same conception of what is fair?' Would fairness to the big Hebrew be fairness to the Italian or vice versa? I doubted it. Yet each man, according to his conception, would be right! And here I, different from all of them, had been asking them to discard their own ideas on fairness and to accept mine. I had been advising them, not to be themselves but to imitate me.

"'Forget all that I've said,' I told them finally. 'The quicker you forget it the better. If you really want to become first-rate foremen you'll do it, and each man will do it in *his* way, not mine. All I can give you are three fundamentals: Be fair; be honest, and know your job! That's all!'

"The common denominator of work," Mr. Foraker added, "is made up of the old, old rules we all know but don't always put into practice. I've yet to hear of a poor foreman who made a good superintendent."

The war had just ended when Foraker became plant superintendent of the Bronx-Manhattan-Westchester District, which embraces the most important boroughs of New York City. The company had just started the installation of the new dial telephone, and was committed to this improvement. Entire central offices had to be changed over into the machine-switching equipment. Men, from the top of the organization to the bottom, had to be trained in entirely new methods.

A large part of this task fell on Foraker. He had scarcely got started in it when there came the tremendous boom in business that followed the war. Overnight, thousands demanded additional telephone service. New buildings, new businesses, demanded telephones at once. It was a crisis unprecedented in the company.

Most of us think, when we order a telephone, that it is a simple matter of putting an instrument into the house and hooking it up with existing wires. It usually is, because the telephone company has planned and built *two years ahead* purposely to take care of new subscribers to its service. There is the necessity of central offices, underground cables, overhead wire systems, switchboards, and what not, that all are connected up with our telephone. So, when new telephones are ordered by the thousands, it means new buildings, new lines, and expenditures of millions of dollars. The equivalent of a whole new city telephone plant had to be built in New York following the war.

Foraker had two thousand men. This force had to be increased to seventy-three hundred. The old men, as well as every new man he hired, had to be specially trained, for dial switching was a brand-new thing. The new men had to be taught highly technical work, and taught it in a fraction of the usual time for training. And, to cap it all, this great force of men had to be assembled in the face of a serious labor shortage.

Foraker got the men. He trained them. They went to school for him after working hours, on their own time, without additional pay. They did this, thousands of them, when they could have gone to other jobs at higher wages than Foraker could pay. And the only thing that brought the men to Foraker was his reputation as an employer. For a quarter of a century he had been "treating his men right." He had been treating the fellows right in the job line. Not always had they got a job from him, but they had "seen the boss himself," and had gone away saying kindly things of him.

THIS led to Foraker's promotion to general manager of the up-state district, with headquarters at Albany. This district included all of the New York company's territory outside of the New York City districts proper, and Long Island. At company headquarters in New York, somebody proposed that a dinner be given Foraker as a sort of testimonial.

"He helped me into my job," said the executive who, until Foraker's promotion to Albany, had been his superior. "About thirty of us will get together and give him the surprise of his life. We'll make it an intimate, personal tribute to Burch from some of the men whom he has helped."

But while this little group in headquarters was arranging its dinner, down in the splicing gang where Foraker had worked as a youngster, a second group likewise planned a dinner. It, too, was to be "intimate and personal"—a "surprise to the old boss."

And then in the ranks of the installation crew, somebody planned another dinner. The linemen, the testers, the supply yards gang, each in turn began to arrange a dinner, and as the news of Foraker's promotion went out, in its wake followed plans for many more dinners.

In the plant department of Foraker's old district in New York City were those seventy-three hundred men he had hired and trained. Somewhere a workman suggested: "We ought to chip in and make Mr. Foraker a present." Simultaneously, it seemed, a thousand other men had the same thought.

Subscription lists appeared—out on the road among the construction gangs, underground among the cable workers, inside where men worked at complicated switchboards, in offices. Grimy hands and clean hands, soft hands and calloused hands, kept adding names and yet more names.

AND then an executive, stumbling onto the truth, brought to an astonished headquarters the news: "There are twenty or more dinners being planned in Foraker's honor, most of them for the same night. The plant department is taking up a collection to buy him a present. And they're subscribing ten dollars apiece!"

It was true. Apart from the dinners, a fund that promised to be in excess of fifty thousand dollars was being raised by the men. They were talking of buying "the old boss" a mansion.

"The only way we could stop the thing," a company official told me, "was by an order from headquarters limiting each man's subscription to twenty-five cents."

The dinners had to be canceled, and what amounted to an official function was inaugurated. The president of the company was toastmaster. His executive staff and the highest officers of the telephone industry sat at his right and left, facing a huge banquet hall that was filled to the doors with the men who represented thousands unable to get in. One after another they paid their tribute to Burch Foraker—such men as Bancroft Gherardi, E. S. Bloom, J. S. McCulloh, and other leaders. The men, who would have given him a fortune if left to their own dictates, presented Mrs. Foraker with a solid silver dinner service. Nothing of the kind had ever happened before in the company's history.

Burch Foraker didn't stay long at Albany. He had been there as general manager only four months when a president was needed out in Michigan. Detroit demanded the Bell System's "best available man."

And Foraker was named as that man!

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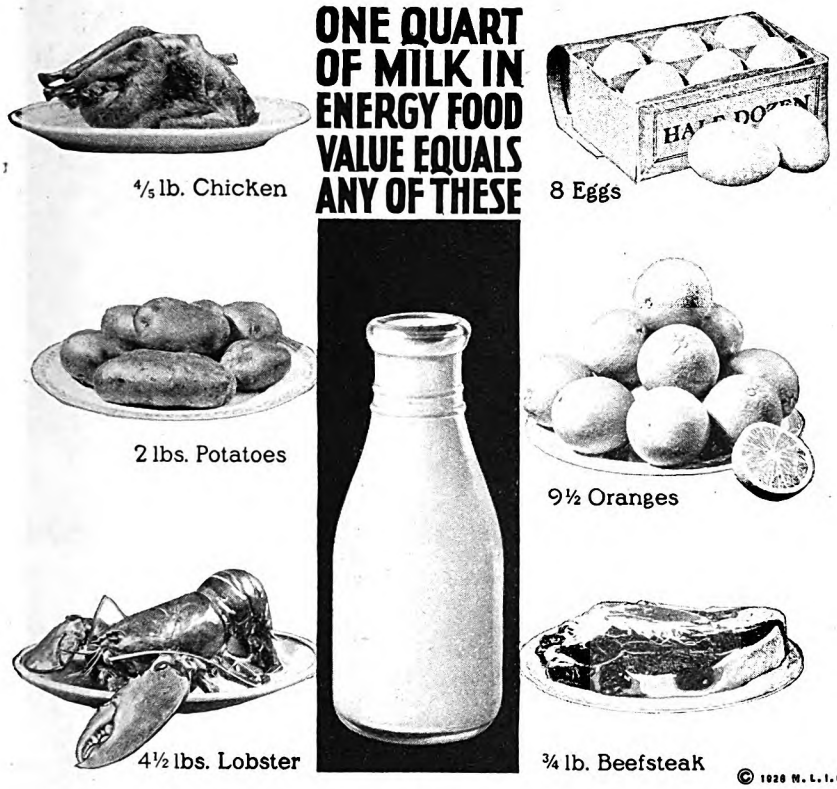
Milk—the Builder



Each of these foods has its own value. The comparison is only for "energy value" —the property which gives the body strength and power to carry on its activities.

FROM the moment baby's eyes open upon a strange world his demand is for food—food that will build a sturdy body and help him grow. Nature provides milk for his needs. In milk are found in right proportion all the many kinds of food required in the business of body-building. Throughout babyhood and youth the elements contained in milk are essential to sound growth.

As a general rule, milk should not be regarded as a beverage to be taken when thirsty, like water. It is a food and should be sipped (eaten) slowly. In milk are found a greater number of the materials required by the body than in any other one food.

Milk contains minerals from which the bones and teeth are made, elements which produce strong muscles—as well as vitamins to assist growth and to ward off disease. There is no part of the body which it does not nourish.

The boys and girls who have milk regularly all through childhood have a better foundation of health—more rugged bodies to carry them through life—than those who have little or no milk. They will have more reserve strength with which to fight illness.

A quart of milk a day, in some form, should be the rule for every child all through the growing period. A few children have a real or imagined aversion to milk. But even with them, the doctor may find that they can take it and enjoy it if served as cocoa or in soups, sauces, custards, puddings, or frozen desserts.

Encourage your boys and girls to appreciate milk. Make them understand that for most people it is the finest all-around food in the world. Tell them what it will do for their bodies. Children love games. Teach them the game of body-building. Protein "bricks" for strong muscles; lime "bricks" for bones and teeth; milk sugar "bricks" and fat "bricks" for energy and warmth. All these and other building materials in milk.

Not only is milk a builder—it is a repairer, as well. That is why it is important that adults also should have a regular supply—not so much as children—but a glass or two a day or the equivalent amount served with other foods. Milk is a great help to men and women who want to keep strong, vigorous and youthful. But remember that milk has so much food value that when added to the diet a smaller quantity of other foods may be sufficient.

To take milk regularly is the surest and easiest way of making certain that you give your body the variety of food materials it needs to keep you in good physical condition.

Give milk to the children and—take it yourself.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company wishes to emphasize the importance of getting clean milk and keeping it clean after it reaches the home. Much of the difficulty in bringing babies safely through their second summer comes from the dangers which lie in impure milk or milk improperly cared for—milk left uncovered or without sufficient ice-protection.

Find out whether or not the milk you buy comes from a dairy where every scientific precaution has been used to keep the milk free from contamination—from the time of milking to its delivery.

Many of the great dairies, realizing the difficulties of safeguarding every bottle of milk during the hours in transit, take no chances and pasteurize it. Many cities and towns demand that practically all milk must be pasteurized. In some cities special certificates of quality are issued upon convincing evidence of clean and safe handling and the testing of cattle for tuberculosis. Dairies which have such recognition are glad to show copies of dairy reports upon which their special certificates are issued.

If your milk supply is not pasteurized or certified, it is advisable that you pasteurize your milk at home. Complete and simple directions together with other valuable information will be found in our booklet, 88-A, "All About Milk". It will be mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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The Sting of the Wasp

(*Continued from page 21*)

"Not many people in America have," said Matthew Kelton, looking, not at the captain, but at Guy Oakley. "And that's fortunate too. I doubt if there are a dozen weapons of this particular sort in the entire country. They are the invention of a German and are, or rather were, made in Czechoslovakia. The police prohibited their manufacture after about a hundred had been placed on the market. They are tiny, single-shot pistols of .25 caliber, so small they can easily be carried in a vest pocket.

"The inventor, who had a macabre sense of humor, called his pistol 'the murderess,' because it was so convenient for homicidally inclined ladies to carry in a hand bag. It looks like a toy—but it was with such a toy that poor Cope was killed."

ABRUPTLY Matthew Kelton said to Oakley. "Do you own a Skomak pistol?"

The banker's jaw tightened. "I do."

"Where is it?"

"In the top drawer of my dresser."

"Loaded?"

"Yes; I keep it loaded."

"Did you have it to-night?"

"I did not."

"When did you last see it?"

"I don't remember—exactly. I got it from a New York importing firm several months ago. I practiced target shooting with it on several occasions. It was rather inaccurate at more than about twenty feet. I loaded it, and put it in a small drawer of my dresser, and have had no occasion to take it out since then."

"Then it should be there now."

"Yes."

"Loaded?"

"I'm certain of that."

"What about your other pistol?"

"That is an ordinary, five-shot automatic of a well-known American make. It is in the hip pocket of the gray suit hanging in my closet."

"Sergeant Lester," said Matthew Kelton, "will you please go up to Mr. Oakley's room and bring back both guns?"

"Yes, Mr. Kelton."

"Let's see, now," said Matthew Kelton, "was Cope armed?"

"No," said Police Captain Lamotte. "Here is a list of the contents of his pockets: A gold watch and chain to one end of which is attached a cigarette lighter. A leather wallet containing nothing but some visiting cards, and forty-two dollars in bills. A white silk handkerchief, with his initials, L. C., on it. A flat pigskin cigarette case, containing four cigarettes. A small paper bag, containing what appears to be raw beefsteak cut into cubes about the size of lumps of sugar—"

"Well, I'm dashed!" exclaimed Matthew Kelton, his eyes brightening. "There's some puzzle here. Let me look at this odd exhibit."

He peered into the paper bag.

"Now, why," he said, "should a well-to-do gentleman like Cope carry a bag of bits of meat in the pocket of his dinner coat?"

"You've got me there," said the police captain.

"Anything else in his pockets?"

"No. Wait a bit. Sergeant Lester did pick up something that must have fallen from Cope's pocket. Here it is."

He handed a small object to Matthew Kelton. It was a black pearl stud, set in platinum.

Quickly Kelton bent over and stared at the body.

"It's not Cope's," he announced. "His studs are plain gold, and they are all in place. He wheeled 'round to Guy Oakley, and thrust the black pearl stud under his eyes.

"Is this yours?" Kelton shot at him.

The banker looked at it with wide eyes. "Yes. That's mine."

"How do you explain its presence here?"

"I can't."

Sergeant Lester came hurrying up.

"Here are the two pistols, Mr. Kelton," he said.

Swiftly Matthew Kelton snapped the safety catch off the automatic, and looked into the magazine. It was full. Then he took the small Skomak pistol, opened it, examined the chamber. The brass butt of a cartridge could be seen. He shook the cartridge out into his hand, and whistled. It had been fired.

Guy Oakley cried wildly, "I tell you it was loaded when last I saw it!"

"It isn't loaded now," said Matthew Kelton grimly. . . . "Great Scott, what is that?"

FROM the woods came a cry—a long-drawn, moaning, eerie sound. They all started.

Then Evan Turner laughed.

"It's an owl—one of those big horned fellows. The woods around here are full of them this time of year. What a racket he is kicking up! Some night animal, perhaps a lynx, has got hold of him, I suppose."

The owl uttered a series of agonized cries. They stopped, abruptly.

"Another tragedy," muttered Turner.

Matthew Kelton said nothing. He was standing, silent, and his face wore a look of the utmost concentration.

"Imagination," he said.

"What?"

"Nothing. Sergeant Lester?"

"Yes, sir?"

"You made a careful examination of the ground around Cope's body?"

"Every inch of it, within a radius of ten yards or more," the sergeant answered.

"And found nothing?"

"Only that stud."

"How tall, Doctor Ussher, do you think Cope is?"

"Well over six feet."

Matthew Kelton called Police Captain Lamotte to one side.

"Captain," he said, "as a favor to me, I'm going to ask you not to place Mr. Oakley under arrest until to-morrow. Keep him confined to his house, and watch the house. But don't arrest him."

"You don't mean he isn't guilty?" demanded the policeman. "Why, there's enough evidence against him to swing a couple of men!"

"Granted. If he is guilty, he'll be just as guilty to-morrow as he is to-night. If you don't hear from me by five to-morrow afternoon, arrest him."

"It's taking a chance," the police captain said.

"I'll answer for him," said Matthew Kelton.

"Well," said Captain Lamotte, "you've helped me out a lot of times, and you've never let me down yet. I'll do what you want. But—look here—you've got some theory. What is it?"

Matthew Kelton smiled. "I wouldn't call it a theory," he said. "It's a flight of fancy, a wild, wild speculation. If I told you, you'd think I'd been hitting the hop pipe. Wait till to-morrow!"

He turned to the others.

"I'm going home now," Matthew Kelton said, "and finish my cryptogram. It's a corker."

"Can you hold out any hope?" asked Evan Turner.

"Only a shadow, Evan, I'm afraid. Come to my house to-morrow morning at ten. You'll find me out in my apiary, thinking. The presence of bees always helps me think. Good night."

EVAN TURNER found Matthew Kelton in the apiary in the garden of his house next morning, sitting on a stool, watching the bees.

"Morning, Evan," said Kelton. "Bees are most interesting people. Spiders, too. I find them a great help in some of my problems. Sometimes, when I have a problem in human conduct, I reduce it to terms of bees or spiders. In the insect world you'll often find the little fellows acting very much as their larger relations, men, act.

"Take certain lady spiders, for example. Invariably, they eat their husbands. The poor husbands appear to know what fate is in store for them if they go a-courting; but love conquers all, and the gallant little Romeo goes to his rendezvous, and presently serves as a breakfast for his Juliet.

"I watched such a performance last spring, and it suggested a line, by following which, I was able to clear up the bizarre case of Mrs. Marlton and her three poisoned husbands. Now the irrational, but rather human conduct of a certain species of wasp—"

"Matthew," interrupted Evan Turner, nervously, "it's after ten. Let's discuss the ways of wasps some other time. Oakley's life is at stake."

"As I was saying," went on Matthew Kelton calmly, "the conduct of a wasp I witnessed just before you arrived gave me a hint which may be the means of saving Oakley from the gallows."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not going to tell you, Evan," answered Matthew Kelton, with a smile, "I'm going to try to show you. There's a very strong chance I'm entirely wrong. I

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Unspoken Tributes

EVER SINCE GIRLHOOD

to the charm of her lustrous teeth

Miss Maryland Lee, when a tiny girl twenty years ago, began keeping her teeth clean with Colgate's. The large picture above shows Miss Lee's flashing teeth today.

AND now the clear, white teeth that lend her face its radiance are the envy of her friends.

"After all, I have done just what anyone else can do," Miss Lee tells us. "Every six months I have gone to my dentist for examination, and I have made it a rule of my life to brush my teeth vigorously twice each day with Colgate's—the dental cream that cleanses."

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women like Miss Lee. Because they began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, their teeth are exceptionally sound and beautiful today.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. These people did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of thousands of people like yourself?

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist today for Colgate's.

CLEAN

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can do.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 201-H, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y. FREE

Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

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MEN FEEL

the difference Instantly

When beards are softened Small-Bubble Way

Many men do this! Read advertisements like this . . . then buy Colgate's

Now whiskers come off smooth and quick. No razor-pull . . sting . . or smart. Try this scientific beard-softening method at our expense. See coupon below.

A STUBBORN beard. A good razor. Just a half-inch of this "small-bubble" shaving cream . . . and any man can learn the secret of a quick, smooth shave in three minutes.

The reason? It's very simple. Just a new and different method of beard-softening.

Small Bubbles did it

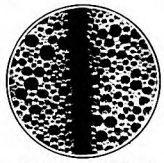
No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real beard-softener.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to drench your beard with moisture at the whisker base, where the razor work is done. That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

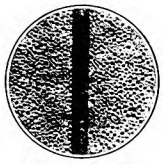
2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting.



Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



Colgate Lather

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

FREE OFFER, *MEN!* Colgate & Co., *Dept. 501 H*, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's "After-Shave."

Name_____

Address_____

have gone about the matter in a quite illogical way. I have started with a fantastic theory. Now I must look for hard, concrete facts to back it up. I think I'll take my friend the wasp along with me, for good luck."

Matthew Kelton picked up a specimen card to which was pinned a large wasp. He put it in his pocket.

"Let's be on our way, Evan," he said.

"Where?"

"To Lewis Cope's house."

"What for?"

"Facts," said Matthew Kelton. "We need them."

"Cope lived in a small house on the edge of Briarly Forest," Evan Turner said. "For the last three or four years he was a recluse; practically, a hermit."

"Solitude," observed Matthew Kelton, as they started away in his car, "is dangerous for men with brooding minds."

HE SAID nothing more until they found the house of Lewis Cope, a plain stone box of a place at the end of a lane. Not near any other human habitation.

"Hardly a cheerful place," said Kelton, getting out of his car.

"What do you expect to find here, Matthew?" questioned Evan Turner.

"I'd not be astonished and, indeed, I'd be rather pleased," answered Matthew Kelton, "if I were to find a mouse trap."

The house was deserted. The front door was locked, but the lock soon succumbed to Matthew Kelton's skeleton key, and the two men entered.

The house was simply furnished, and for a man Cope had been a fairly neat housekeeper.

"Let's see what he read," said Kelton, glancing about the living-room. "A man is what he reads, you know."

He shook his head as he looked at the small bookcase. Lewis Cope's library consisted of an old set of the works of Poe, and a fairly new encyclopedia of ornithology in four volumes.

"Queer combination," said Matthew Kelton. "Significant, too. It's a bad sign, Evan, when a man lives all alone, and hasn't a large library."

He wandered out toward the kitchen. A faint, squeaking sound was heard, coming from a small pantry. Matthew Kelton smiled. He pushed open the door, and pointed. There in a corner was a large, old-fashioned mouse trap, of the wire maze type, and it held three live and frightened prisoners. Matthew Kelton set them free and they scampered away.

"So far, so good," he remarked. "Now, for a hasty look at the woodshed, and we're finished here."

He stopped in the kitchen long enough to rummage about in an odds-and-ends drawer. He pounced on something there, took it out, put it in his pocket. The mystified Turner saw that it was nothing more exciting than a small ball of light but strong twine.

Lewis Cope had devoted some of his solitude to sawing wood. It was arranged in neat piles in the shed.

"Nothing here," said Turner.

"No?"

"I don't see a thing but some wood, an ax, a saw, a chopping block, a few rakes and hoes, and an old parrot cage."

Matthew Kelton, humming to himself, was gazing at the cage.

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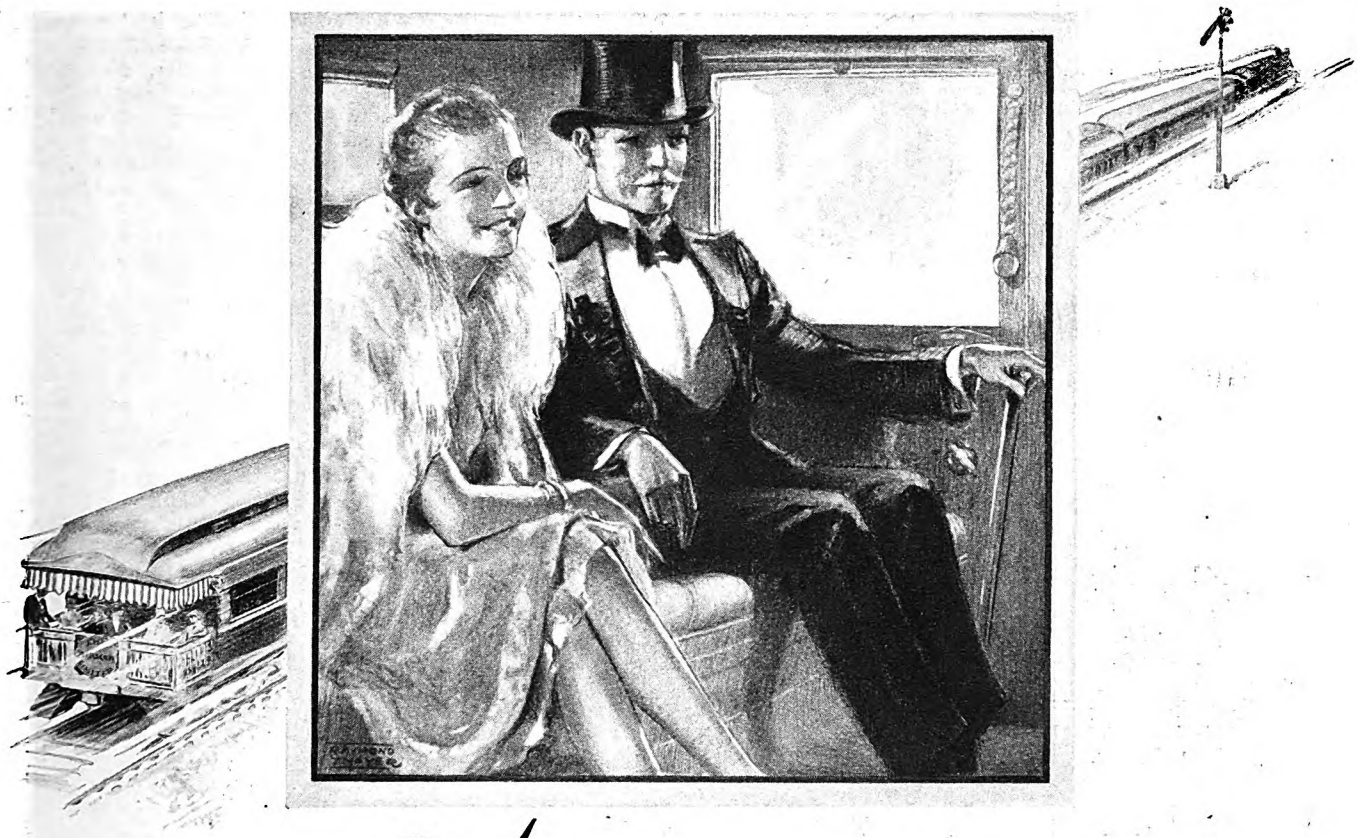

Announcing

THE NEW FRANKLIN

AIRMAN LIMITED

introducing a wholly new vogue of

Luxurious Fast Travel

FRANKLIN has stolen a march on the entire motor world! The Airman Limited inaugurates an era of luxurious interiors which have been no more than hinted at by the built-to-order motor cars exhibited in recent American and European Custom Salons.

To a long-established supremacy in motor performance and riding comfort—to a beauty of body lines already copied by half the motor world—Franklin now adds undisputed leadership in *interior* style and luxury. No listing of the many new features can give an adequate picture of the Airman Limited.

The car must be seen and driven—then you will know the meaning of LUXURIOUS FAST TRAVEL. No single automotive development of recent years holds such significance. We predict that no other manufacturer will be able to duplicate these interiors *for three years*—if ever. Franklin alone has the facilities for this important step—the one motor car builder who has never sacrificed quality to price or profit. . . . . For a quarter century the Franklin has been built specifically for comfortable and long-sustained high speed. In these new models, the increased motor compression achieves still greater responsiveness. And a new perfection of the famous spring suspension brings riding comfort surpassing all previous standards of this renowned Franklin feature. Throughout the car, quality has been added to quality—performance to performance.

The *complete enjoyment* of a motor car, as now afforded by the Airman Limited, establishes an entirely new conception of values, which must inevitably benefit every automobile owner.

Luxurious Fast Travel
Twentieth Century Limited
Broadway Limited *Palmetto Limited*
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Oriental Limited *Sunset Limited*
Dixie Limited

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

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This new precaution helps guard thousands from common maladies

HOW many men and women there are who linger on the borderland of perfect health—who suffer from various minor discomforts!

Some of them, it is now believed, can be helped by taking a new, simple precaution. Thousands of men and women are already using it to aid in protecting themselves against several common maladies. They are profiting by a remarkable discovery about Japan green tea.

A health-giving property that is entirely absent from most of the foods we eat, has been recently found by scientists in our familiar Japan green tea.

Countless people, scientists now believe, are suffering from minor ailments, merely because their daily meals do not give them enough of this all-important element —Vitamin C.

"Observations during the World War," writes one of the country's foremost scientists, "and my recollection of specific cases, all combine to suggest that *much of the so-called rheumatism which afflicts such a large part of our people* is due, at least in large part, to the use of diet too poor in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a *sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains in the limbs, usually mistaken for rheumatism.*"

In the leaves of simple Japan green tea, scientists have found a rich store of the precious Vitamin C

Entirely lacking in most foods

Only a small number of foods aside from Japan green tea—spinach and a few fruits and vegetables—contain this food element.

That is why so many men and women are delighted with this new revelation of science—the richness in Vitamin C of that old favorite drink, Japan green tea.

For that "tired feeling," for sallow skin, for so-called "rheumatic" pains, they are doing this simple thing: drinking Japan green tea regularly at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon. Start this health-building habit yourself. Take advantage of the rich supply of precious Vitamin C, in fragrant cups of Japan green tea. In a few weeks you will probably feel and look more vigorous—more joyously alive. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is *Japan green tea.* Grocers have it in several grades, at different prices under well known brand names. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

"What do you make of it?" he asked the lawyer.

"I deduce," said Turner, with mock seriousness, "that at one time Cope, in common with many other people who live alone, kept a pet parrot. I further deduce that at some time the bird died or escaped, so he put the cage out here."

"Anything else?"

"I am unable, with the data at hand, to determine the age, sex, or name of the parrot," said Turner.

"Look at the condition of the cage," said Matthew Kelton. "Look at those small red stains. Go on, deduce some more."

Evan Turner surveyed the cage more closely.

"Offhand," he said, "I'd say that Polly met a violent death, and within the past two days. Possibly she said something Cope didn't like, and in a fit of temper he wrung her neck."

All Matthew Kelton said was: "The face of a man, even in death, tells you things about him. Now, I didn't think Cope looked like a man given to uncontrolled outbursts of emotion. He seemed to me to be of the type which has strong, hot passions, but a cold brain which guides them. Come, we must be going."

"Where now?"

"I have an engagement with some friends of mine," said Matthew Kelton, "at the main gate to Oakley's estate."

AS THE car drew near the house of Guy Oakley, Evan Turner saw a dozen figures in khaki sitting on the wall near the gate. They sprang to attention as Matthew Kelton stopped his car.

"Boy Scouts," said Evan Turner.

"Fox Troop," said Matthew Kelton. "I'm their patron saint."

He got out of the car, and the Scouts gathered about him. Turner saw him talking to them, gesturing, and saw them listening with respectful attention. Then the Scouts trotted away into the woods which bordered the Oakley estate.

Matthew Kelton and the lawyer made their way to the spot beside the main drive where Cope's body had been found.

"If my reasoning is sound," Matthew Kelton said, "and I have rare good luck, we'll know something very soon now. While we're waiting, perhaps you'll let me say a few more words about wasps."

"I'm completely at sea, Matthew," said Evan Turner. "I haven't the least idea what you're getting at. Wasps, mouse traps, empty bird cages, Boy Scouts—now wasps again."

"I'm sane, or almost so," said Matthew Kelton, with a chuckle. "You see, Evan, the scheme of human existence is made up of a myriad of small, trifling things, each unimportant, perhaps, but all necessary to make the complete pattern. We'll start with the wasp."

He took the dead insect out of his pocket.

"This misguided creature strayed into my apiary to-day," he said, "and as I did not want him there, I cornered him, and took him in my hand to eject him. He flew into a rage and stung me. I was wearing gloves, fortunately. Presently, he died; but I did not kill him. He belongs to that species which can sting but once, and then dies as the result of stinging.

"Now, he knew this. Insects have curi-

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What is due the public

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Bell System recognizes the public requirement for a constantly extending and improving telephone service. Last year 4 million telephones were either put in or moved. The number of local calls not completed on the first attempt was reduced by 5 per cent. The average time for handling toll and long distance calls was reduced from 2 minutes to 1½ minutes.

During the last 5 years the Bell System spent $1,800,000,000 on additions, and improvements of its plant.

There is equally a public requirement for safety of principal and earnings of the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company — the parent company of the Bell System. Since its incorporation in 1885 it has never missed paying a regular dividend to its stockholders, who now number more than 420,000.

The very nature of the telephone business necessitates a single interconnected system. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company accepts its responsibility for a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust. It is fundamental in the policy of the company that all earnings after regular dividends and a surplus for financial security be used to give more and better service to the public.

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They'll both neglect it ... *unless*

These men of yours may think it a little feminine to bother about their hair . . . men usually *do* think so until hair begins to thin, or dandruff appears.

But there is one tactful way of starting them on the road to good hair-habits now—have on hand, for constant use, one of the three Packer shampoos: Packer's Tar Soap, Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, or Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo.

Regular Packer Shampoos are the safest, surest road we know to healthy hair—and we have been studying the care of the hair for 55 years. Into these soaps go ingredients especially selected for their benefits to the scalp—bland glycerine, stimulating pine tar, imported olive oil. Each ingredient is the finest and purest of its kind.

Outdoor health for a sleepy scalp

Men usually prefer the tar soap with its clean tang of pine woods. The generous snow-white lather encourages them to massage well into the scalp the outdoor health of pure pine tar which is so helpful to dandruff. They like the waked-up feeling, the glow of health a Packer shampoo gives. And who wouldn't?

Quicker and easier

Let the children try one of the liquid shampoos. See how quickly they pile up billows of lather . . . how easily they rinse away every trace of soap. Notice how soft and silky and shining their hair becomes.

Even one shampoo with Packer's makes your hair more attractive. And regular Packer shampoos keep your hair healthy and bright and vital. Read the offer below and start your own and your family's hair off to healthier, better habits now.

Send for sample. Send 10c for sample of one of these three Packer Shampoos (specify which one) and our new 28-page book on hair health, the care of dry hair, oily hair, dandruff, etc. Address The Packer Mfg. Company, Inc., Dept. 6-H, Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

3

PACKER'S TAR SOAP
(in the metal box)
PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO
(contains pine tar)
PACKER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
(golden-colored, perfumed)

Packer Shampoos

ously developed instincts, as, for example, the husband spider, who knows in advance that if he makes love to a lady of his species he is sure to be eaten by her. This wasp, I feel sure, knew that to sting me meant death to him. But his hate was stronger than his sense. Some *men* are like that, Evan."

"What are you suggesting?"

"Samson pulled down the temple on his enemies, even though he had to crush himself in doing it. Love, my dear Evan, is strong. But there is nothing stronger in life than a good, deep-seated, robust hate. Now let's take a quick review of our case. Cope hated Oakley. Cope lived alone, and brooded. Cope had a hundred chances to shoot Oakley down in the past few years—and didn't do it.

"Why? Because Cope was both cruel and cunning. He wanted to punish Oakley; not merely kill him, but torture him. So the warped mind of Cope worked out a really brilliant scheme. Cope knew that he himself was doomed, that he would die from his disease within a year. It would be small satisfaction to murder Oakley, even if he could do it and escape detection, since Cope himself must soon follow his victim. So Cope decided that he would die, and die in such a way that Oakley would be convicted and hung for his murder—as diabolic a revenge as I ever heard of.

"COPE worked out his plan in minute and careful detail. He was the burglar who visited Oakley's house. He took the plate and jewelry for a blind. His real object was to get hold of Oakley's gun, and fire it, so that when it was found, there'd be an empty cartridge in it. Taking the black pearl stud was probably an inspiration. It would be just one more damning bit of evidence against Oakley when it was found near Cope's body.

"Then Cope picked an evening when he knew Oakley was home and alone. He may even have had the hope that Oakley would actually kill him. Oakley didn't; but Cope provoked him to shout threats and angry words, which the butler heard. Then Cope left the house when he heard the butler shaking the furnace, and shot himself a few yards from Oakley's door, with a pistol exactly like Oakley's.

"The case against Oakley was perfect. Any dumb district attorney, with such evidence, could hang Oakley. You felt that way yourself, Evan. I, myself, at first saw no chance for Oakley to clear himself. Cope had certainly put a noose around his hated enemy's neck. I only looked further into the case to please you—and because I was puzzled by a problem in psychology, namely: Was it possible for a careful, shrewd man like Oakley to commit so stupid and unplanned a crime."

"It's an interesting theory, Matthew," said the lawyer, despondently, "but it doesn't wash. It fits into Cope's character—but, one point you can't theorize away: What became of the pistol which killed Cope? Pistols do not vanish into thin air. No weapon was found near the body, as it surely would have been, if Cope had shot himself."

"That," said Matthew Kelton, "brings me to the most ingenious part of Cope's plan, a bit of real creative imagination, Evan. Do you remember the bag of bits of meat in his pocket?"

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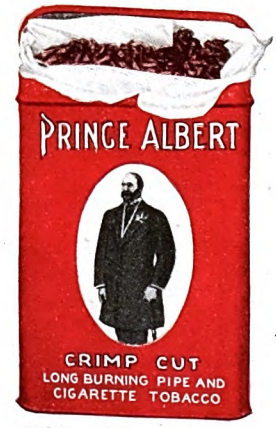
You're what I call a friend

OLD PIPE, we've pal'd around together for years. You've bucked me up when the other side was getting the breaks. And you've helped me celebrate when we were winning. In return, I've tried to give you a square deal, too. I've bought you the best tobacco I could get—Prince Albert.

You've never had to produce an alibi, Old Pipe, even when you were new and inexperienced. For Prince Albert has given me everything I want in a smoke. Fragrance . . . an aroma that never fails to thrill as I open the tidy red tin. Mildness . . . a genuine gentleness that is always kind and considerate.

Between the two of you, I am perfectly satisfied. I have traded experiment for experience. It's all settled. I don't even have to say "P. A.," except when I'm in a strange town. The man knows my brand. And he tells me that the P. A. fans are the great majority. We can understand that, *eh?*



This tin contains TWO full ounces of what every pipe needs.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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The lather's the thing—

MENNEN lather won't sharpen a dull razor, but it will soften the toughest, horniest beard that grows. And that's the most important part to any shave. For unless your beard is thoroughly and actually softened, the keenest razor is up against a stiff handicap. When the razor edge runs up against a partially soft beard it does one of two things. It either hurdles the hairs or hooks part way in, yanking and tugging painfully at the hair roots and nerves.

When your razor slides into Mennen lather it does just one thing. It shaves the beard off square, smooth and close at the skin surface without pulling or scraping. It's *dermutation* that does it—that special property in Mennen lather which completely softens the horny stiffening in every hair, while relaxing and smoothing out the tiny skin mounds at the base of the hair. No more nicking or scraping or rawness. No caustic to burn. No slapped, tight-drawn feeling when you're through. It takes only the addition of water—hard or soft, hot or cold—to put *dermutation* to work in the rich, heavy, moist bank of lather that rolls up under your brush without messy finger rubbing. What a difference *dermutation* makes! Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather cleanse and tone up the face, leaving it smooth and fit for hours to come. 50c a tube.

Also made Mentholized

There's a reviving coolness in a dash of menthol in your lather that's refreshing and luxurious. For those who revel in its brisk, tonic feel we now make Mennen Shaving Cream with and without menthol. To get the mentholized, ask your dealer for the Mennen tube with the red ball. Either tube—50c.

There's only one Mennen Talcum for Men!

It was the first Talcum for Men, made neutral tinted not to show. It's the only one they'll have, too. Tones down that after-shave glitter. 25c a tin. In stick form—50c.

"Yes."

"That was a clue. It caused me to hazard a fantastic guess—and I'm not sure yet I'm right. Yes—I am. Here comes one of my Boy Scouts on the run."

A bright-eyed boy came panting up, stopped, saluted.

"Well, Freddy?" said Matthew Kelton.

"Got it, sir," said the Scout.

"Take us there," directed Matthew Kelton, and he and the bewildered lawyer followed the Scout into the woods.

FIFTY yards in, the Scout stopped, and pointed. The eyes of the two men saw hanging from the lower branches of a pine tree the body of a giant horned owl, two feet tall, with talons the size of a man's hand. The owl had been killed, and partly devoured by some small nocturnal climbing animal. The bird had been unable to defend itself, because a piece of twine, tied about one of its legs, had become entangled in the branches.

"Climb up and carefully release the owl," said Matthew Kelton. The Scout shinned up the tree, and presently the bird fell at the feet of the men. A piece of twine about two feet long was attached to the foot of the dead owl, and at the other end of it was a small pistol.

"It's like Oakley's," cried Evan Turner.

"Exactly. It's a Skomak, a 'murderess'," said Matthew Kelton. "And, look, Evan. The cartridge has been fired. The bullet you have seen. It was the one which Cope fired into his own heart."

"But—how?"

Matthew Kelton held out the tiny weapon.

"See," he said, "it has a hair trigger. Goes off at a touch. Cope, who was very tall and had unusually long arms, as you may have noticed, held it at arm's length from his chest, and touched the trigger. The little pistol fell from his lifeless hand, and naturally the owl flew away, as Cope knew it would, with the pistol dangling from its foot."

Turner whistled.

"Cope," continued Matthew Kelton, "figured that the owl would head for the woods. There the pistol would be knocked off against a tree and be lost forever, or the owl would get entangled in a branch, and starve to death, or be killed, and in time the string would rot, and the pistol would drop down. Small chance of its ever being found in woods so little frequented."

"But how could Cope keep the owl quiet while he was shooting the pistol?"

"It must have been a tame owl," said Matthew Kelton. "Cope probably caught it when it was just out of the egg, and raised it for this very purpose. A methodical man, Cope. The owl was accustomed to him. He raised it on live mice. He kept it pacified last night by feeding it bits of meat. No doubt he tied it to a bush when he went in to interview Oakley."

Matthew Kelton sighed.

"Poor Cope!" he said. "Like the foolish wasp, he died for hate. I wonder if there will ever be a time when there is no hate in the world. Here, take the owl and the pistol, and go to the house and tell Oakley and the police the story. I'm going home to work on a new puzzle!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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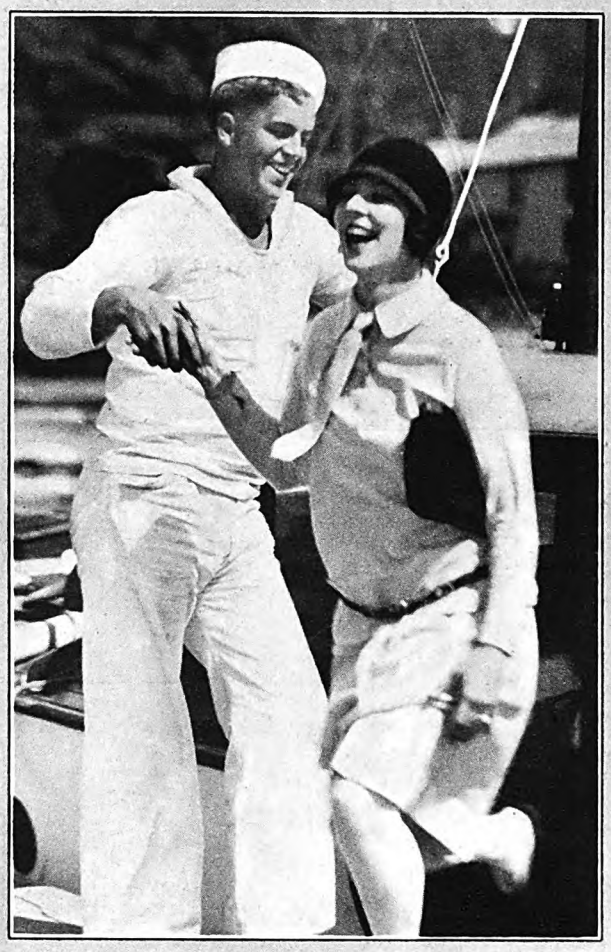
WINNER OF HONORS at Aurora. C. E. Allen, jockey, receives the congratulations of the Misses Vera Maroz and Eva Strohm of Chicago. Whenever you see smiles like these there is but one explanation—Pepsodent.



MISS MURIEL WIES comes ashore from the Nancy Lee at Portsmouth. Hers is a smile seen often among social circles—its charm is partly due to Pepsodent—the scientific dentifrice that brightens teeth by removing dingy film.

Dazzling smiles are gained so easily

This special film-removing dentifrice is advised for twice-a-day use in cleansing teeth and combating the commoner tooth and gum disorders

MODERN dental research has thrown a new light on dull, "off-color" teeth and on many of the commoner tooth and gum disturbances. Both conditions now are largely charged to a stubborn film that forms on teeth. To a film ordinary brushing has failed to remove successfully.

For that reason, a new and essentially different way in tooth and gum care—the Special Film-Removing Dentifrice called Pepsodent—is being widely advised by dental authorities. *A tooth paste different* in formula and action from any other dentifrice. Dentists widely urge its use at least twice each day—*every day*.

By running your tongue across your teeth, you can feel that film—a slippery, viscous coating. Film clings to teeth and stays. It absorbs food and nicotine stains, and makes teeth look dull and clouded. It supplies a breeding place for the germs of decay. Film, also, is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is a cause of pyorrhea.

Pepsodent removes that film in gentle protection of the enamel, giving teeth thorough cleanliness and high lustre. It aids in firming tender gums in accordance with the latest scientific findings. It increases the alkalinity of saliva and thus combats acids of decay.

Teeth lighten as dull film coats go. Gums harden and take on healthy coral color. You note a marked difference in both teeth and gums. Please get a tube at your druggist—only a few cents—or write to nearest address below for free 10-day supply.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., *Toronto* 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N. S. W.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

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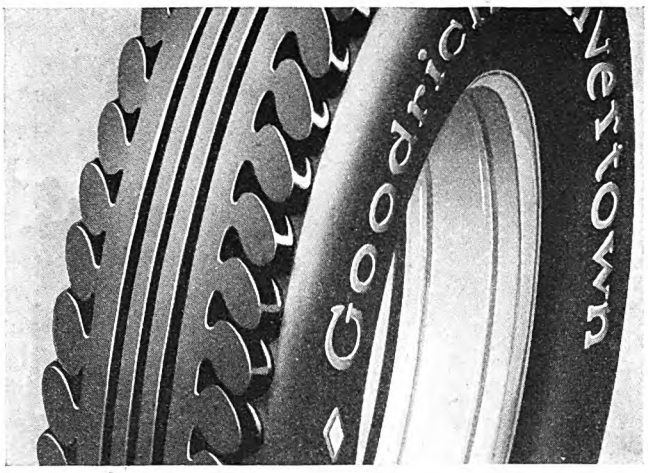
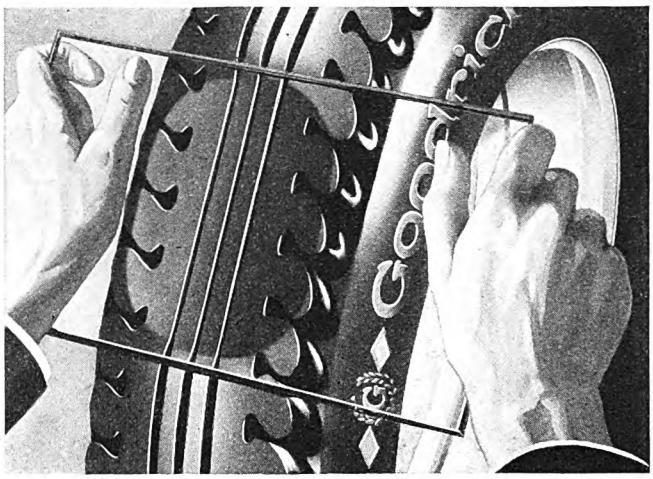


COMPARE *the tread under pressure in the picture below with the tread at the left.*



BENEATH *the plate glass is a Silvertown "in action"—here you see the tread as it would look in that fleeting instant when it rushes against the road.*

By this easy test

—you can see why Silvertowns are making new mileage records!

LOOK through the plate glass and see how the grooves can close up under pressure—easily, smoothly, without harmful tread distortion.

Then glance at the edges of the tread—the shoulders—and see how those heavy safety blocks come against the road with full, firm contact.

Perhaps this does not seem so important. But remember, what you see here happens close to 300 times a minute when you drive 30 miles an hour.

That is why the balloon tread, to be successful, must have a flexible center. It is the reason Goodrich Silvertowns have proved so remarkably free from uneven, choppy tread wear. They give your car comfort, safety, silent traction and smart appearance, combined with true economy.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY *Est. 1870* Akron, Ohio

Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif. • *In Canada:* Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ontario

Goodrich Silvertowns

Goodrich Silvertowns Deserve the Dependability of Goodrich Inner Tubes

A Roughneck's Religion

(*Continued from page 17*)

overtook them; and in their converting so many thousands to their sublime Faith.

But He chose a "scratch lot," from almost the dregs. This unpromising raw material, He fashioned at last into martyrs and saints. To me, this was one of His greatest miracles; and it shows me that the religion of Roughnecks, even then, was infinitely greater than was that of the Intellectuals.

Of Christ, Himself, most of us have the wrong physical idea. He is often pictured as thin and puny and with an almost womanish face, and ascetic features and weakly, dreamy eyes. Such a character could never have won the adoration of the Roughnecks. Let us look at some of the things He did—the physical things—and see what a mistaken idea we have had of him.

I lived for some time in Syria, as a very young man. In my youth, the back-country villages of Palestine were in most respects as they had been for thousands of years. I used to watch the carpenters of Nazareth at work in their primitive shops. They had no modern tools. Wood must be hewed or sawed or shaped as it was done in Christ's day. In other words, a carpenter must be a man of mighty physical strength and endurance in order to wield the cumbrous tools and lift the heavy timbers with which he worked. It was no trade for a weakling.

Again, I used to try to duplicate His daily journeys from place to place, as the Bible outlines their course to us. I was an athlete and well shod. Moreover, there were somewhat better roads and trails than in His day. Yet, strong and vigorous and young as I was, I could seldom equal His pedestrian records.

IT WAS these things, I believe, among others—this mighty strength and endurance and courage, coupled with the true Strong Man's tender gentleness toward the weak and afflicted, and His rare good-fellowship with those who mourned or who feasted and made merry—it was these things, I believe, which drew the Roughnecks to Him, and made them adore Him. The Roughnecks—yes, and the little children.

He preached for us Roughnecks—for the Common People who "heard him gladly"—for the minds which are more concerned with the core of a thought than in muffling it in shimmeringly complex verbiage.

The mighty body and the skilled endurance which had carried Christ through the close-packed homicidal mob at the cliff-edge above Nazareth could well have carried Him through the straggly little group of sacerdotal servants and petty officials who came upon Him, led by Judas, as He prayed by night in the Garden of Gethsemane. Such a veteran woodsman and mountaineer could readily have made His escape through the darkness of the Garden's olive-tree tangles. And it is what a mere *man* would have done.

He could have got away with ease, and

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No need now to WAIT *for* Sunshine

Even on Cloudy Days you can get good, clear Snapshots with the Modern Kodak

HAVE you ever been all ready to click the shutter and then seen a cloud suddenly cover the sun? Do you have to wait when this happens, knowing that unless you have more light your picture won't come out the way you want it?

How many times do you discover your children, or friends, in poses that just cry for a snapshot, only to realize that it's too early in the morning, or too late in the afternoon, or that the weather's too dull and cloudy to permit a good result?

Much faster lenses now supplied

You no longer need put up with these annoying disappointments. Simply provide yourself with a Modern Kodak and notice how much more successful you become in getting good pictures.

The Modern Kodak contains many important improvements, but chief among them is the increased speed of the lens on models of moderate price. Now you are able to make excellent snapshots under light conditions that heretofore have spelled certain failure.

One instance is the lens of the $20 1A Pocket Kodak. To get that same lens in 1925 you would have had to buy a $40 camera, at least.

Simpler than ever—more convenient, too

We urge you to examine one of the new Kodaks and note its wonderful simplicity. Note how smoothly and easily you pull out the lens and how quickly you can set your focus.

Then look at the remarkable new Exposure Guide which you will find on many of the Modern Kodaks. Conveniently, below the lens, are specific instructions as to the correct speed and lens opening. Chances for error are greatly reduced and no time is lost in arriving at the correct exposure for the existing light conditions.

These improvements are due to constant study by Eastman scientists, whose efforts extend to all things photographic. They have made Kodak film—in the familiar yellow box—dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. *It gets the picture.*

KODAK

Only Eastman Makes the Kodak

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. 116
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me about the Modern Kodaks.

Name.....

Address.....28

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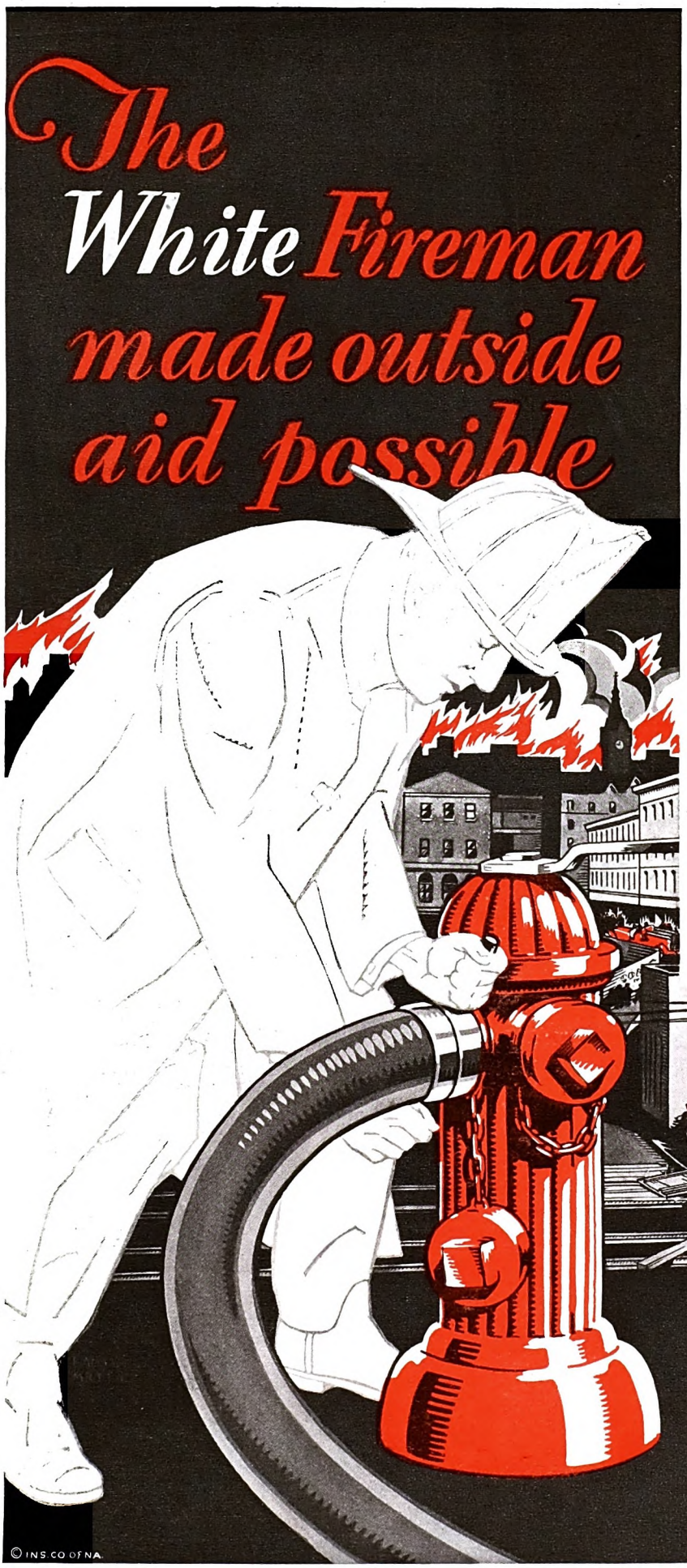
The White Fireman made outside aid possible



LASHED into a fury by a forty-mile gale, a fire which started in a congested area threatened to destroy the entire city. Local fire forces were inadequate to control such a conflagration. Help was summoned. To the rescue came men and equipment from neighboring towns. The city was saved. Disaster was averted.

Only a short time before, the White Fireman had induced the municipal government to adopt standard couplings for hose and hydrants. Thus, it was he who made it possible for apparatus from other communities to aid in saving the imperiled city.

THE White Fireman symbolizes the Loss-Prevention Service supported by insurance companies. This service includes: Consultation on proposed structures, that they may be as fire-safe as possible. Inspection of property, with recommendations for the reduction of fire-hazards. Maintenance of the Underwriters' Laboratories for the testing of building materials, the practical trial of fire extinguishers and other protective equipment, the examination of electrical apparatus and materials. Various other kinds of technical assistance for the furtherance of property conservation. The North America Agent will tell you how to secure this valuable service.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Property Owners may Secure this Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

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He could have lived unmolested for years among the hills above Galilee; beyond the reach of Jerusalem's Roman and priestly influence; had He chosen to—revered and fed there by the lawless folk who loved Him. To me, nothing proves His godhead or His true strength more clearly than this refusal of His to make use of His physical prowess to evade the cup whose dregs He had resolved to drink for the sake of Mankind.

A Samson would have smashed his way to safety through the puny opposition. Christ was strong enough not to use His strength. That is another hold He has on us Roughnecks—His sublime courage in not seeking safety, when safety would have wrecked His divine mission.

Yes, I have just been talking of what perhaps I don't understand. But, to me, it is more real than anything which has happened since then. So forgive me if I have bored or shocked you in my effort to explain why Our Lord has ever been worshiped by the "common people"—by us Roughnecks.

THE Roughneck Roman emperor, Julian, strayed from Him to His adversaries. But, smitten unto death on the battlefield, Julian flung a handful of his own blood toward the lowering heavens, and gasped in final surrender:

"Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!"

Let me tell you another war tale of a Roughneck whose religion went into battle with him. This particular Roughneck chanced to be my great-grandfather, old Lieutenant Abram Terhune, of Washington's so-called "bodyguard," in the American Revolution. Here is the yarn. I think it illustrates much of what I am trying to picture in regard to a Roughneck's religion:

The Revolutionary forces battled back and forth across New Jersey, a half-armed and half-equipped and half-drilled little band, generaled by an inspired leader, and opposed to one of the finest armies on earth. In the course of those successive years of Jersey warfare the battle of Monmouth was fought. The time was late June of 1778. The weather was murderously hot.

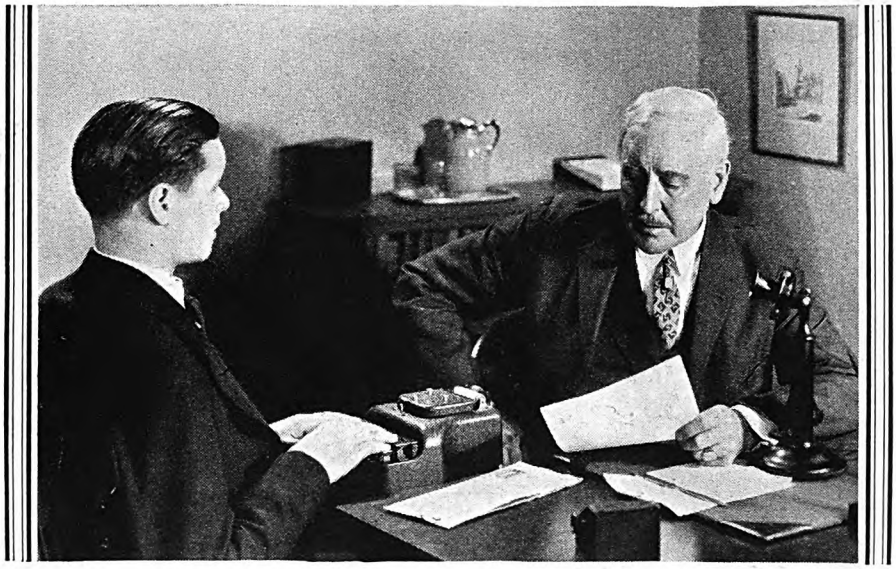
At sunset, my young great-grandmother sat in the bay-window of her home, looking along the dusty yellow road for sign of her husband or of any passing straggler from the army who might give her some news of him. He had ridden forth on his little brown horse to join his command, days earlier; and no word had come from him.

All day long, the far-off rumble of artillery had come to the waiting wife's ears through the sickening heat and sun glare. Then, down the winding road, in the sunset, appeared a right strange spectacle:

A huge white horse plodded slowly along, his snowy hair blood-smeared and dusty. On his back rode a young giant, my great-grandsire—he who had ridden forth on a horse that was small and brown. The rider was reeling drunkenly in his saddle. His face was sick-white, except for blood that dribbled from a gash on his head

Across the saddle pommel in front of him lay dangling the body of a red-coated British cavalry captain, a saber wound through his throat.

(By the way, to the hour of his death, my



First LONGHAND: *He thought she spelled her words well*

Then SHORTHAND: *[illegible]*

Now STENOTYPY

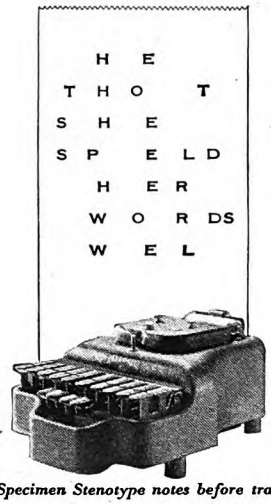
The efficient, modern, machine way

IMAGINE, if you can, any more nerve-wracking, back-breaking office labor than taking dictation by longhand!

With the introduction of shorthand, the labor was decidedly reduced.

Then the Stenotype was invented, by a shorthand expert, to do for shorthand what the typewriter did for longhand.

Instead of curves and loops and hooks made with a pencil—notes in plain alphabet type, produced by touching the sensitive keys of a fast little machine.



Above—Specimen Stenotype notes before transcription

Business is Asking for It

Business men want good Stenotype operators because the Stenotype means letters that say exactly what they said; because today's mail goes out today.

Good Jobs—Good Pay for Competent Stenotypists

Employers write us asking where they can get good Stenotypists. The demand for competent Stenotype operators is far greater than the supply.

Young people trained in this fast, accurate machine way of taking dictation are going to get the good jobs—with important executives, where they are in touch with the real opportunities.

With the Stenotype, you have entire self-confidence and poise, no matter how fast the dictation. You are under no nerve strain, and aren't fatigued.

Moreover, you prove your efficiency in your first job—and go ahead to better and better positions.

Before you start on that first job, that may determine life success or failure, find out how Stenotypy can open *unusual opportunities* for you in many business fields. Stenotype classes start soon in 200 leading business schools. Mail the coupon TODAY.

Trial Lesson Free

THE STENOTYPE, *Dept. 833-ST*
LaSalle Buildings, Michigan Avenue at 41st Street, Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation, send me card of introduction to nearest Stenotype School for free lesson and demonstration of Stenotypy.

Name.....
Position.....*Age*.....
Street.....
City.....*State*.....

THE STENOTYPE

A DIVISION OF LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY • CHICAGO

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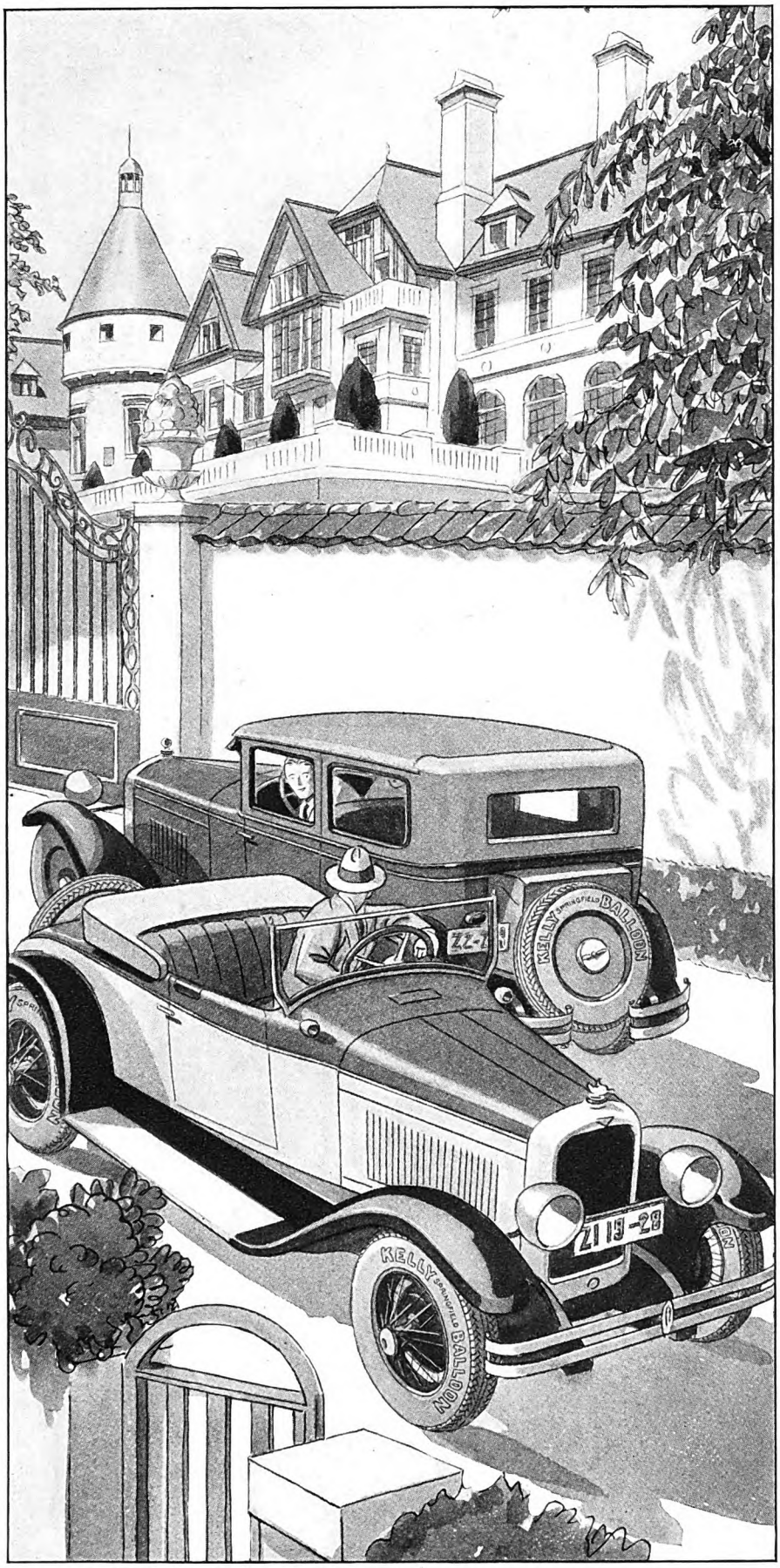

"Hello, Dick—glad to see you! I see you've had the old bus repainted —and Kellys all around, too! That's fine."

"I can thank you for the Kelly-Springfields, Bob. I always thought they were as much out of my reach as that estate in there, until you told me they didn't cost any more than the ones I was using."

great-grandfather never could remember how he chanced to be mounted on that big white British cavalry horse, nor how the slain British captain happened to be dangling athwart his saddle bow like a shot animal, for his own head wound and a touch of sunstroke had made him delirious.)

Guided by some subconscious homing instinct, he was riding back to his wife, bearing with him this grisly trophy of his day's work on the battlefield. As the huge horse and huge rider came into view, the swaying and lurching man was chanting crazily at the top of his lungs the fierce old Covenanter war-hymn:

"The Lord of Hosts, my Captain He!
Jehovah is my guide!
And shall I flee from two or three
If He be at my side?"

Drunkenly delirious and stricken almost unto death, yet he was singing the hymn whose words and spirit he and his fellow Roughnecks of Washington's army had carried into battle that day. For, like the Scottish Covenanters of old, these men were as mighty in hymn and in prayer as on the field. Such a combination is terrifically hard to conquer; whether in war or in peace.

In soft years of ease, our soft manners and softer religion, or no visible religion at all, seem to suffice the world at large. But in times of stress, it is the Roughneck and it is his simple and stark Faith which comes to the front and saves the day. A hundred times, throughout history, it has been so. Always must it be so.

It Isn't the Principle; It's the Money That Counts

(*Continued from page 63*)

now and then I think it might be a good idea to feel a pinch or two for old New England.

Mrs. Phillips has a theory that financial obligations help to swell a man's savings. It sounds cuckoo; but in my case it has worked. It is her idea that the more bills I have coming in, the more money I will have to earn. She plays the system on her knowledge that I am no demon for work, and that, reacting to expenses like a true Connecticutite, I will never be spurred to such energetic endeavors as when I face a bill for a new electric piano or something equally trivial.

She is always buying things. A few years ago she informed me that she had opened charge accounts in all the larger New York department stores. This gave me heart flutterings for weeks. Nobody in my family had ever had any charge accounts, and I had been taught that when deferred payments entered the doorway the savings account flew out of the window.

"It's a serious mistake," I argued. "It is a well-known fact that, human nature being what it is, anybody will make purchases on a charge account that would never be made if they had to be paid for at the moment. This will just run us into debt. It is gross—"

"Don't worry," was her answer. "We

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"Noise is...on every Employer's Payroll" *Roger Babson*

The Mellon National Bank —Pittsburgh, acoustically treated by Johns-Manville.

Babson's Reports No. B-300 of February 28, 1928, says—

"*Reduce Industrial Noise.* The increasing seriousness of industrial noise as a drag on efficiency, presents a problem to which most clients have paid little attention. Both in the factory and in the office the increasing volume and intensity of sound has reached a point where it ceases to be merely a nuisance and becomes a definite economic liability. As a result, efficiency has been reduced and production slowed up. Wherever office-quieting treatments have been installed there has been a decided improvement in efficiency. Wherever brains are active, noise costs money.

"*We urge clients to examine the acoustic conditions in the various rooms of their office and plants. Noise is today on every employer's payroll. Much of it can and should be removed.*"

We can take noise off your payroll..

Just as science has learned to deal with the invisible in so many forms it has mastered *NOISE*. The course of sound waves in any room, regardless of its size or shape, with study becomes clear to Johns-Manville Acoustical Engineers.

Years of study and experience have won for us a position as leading technicians in the whole matter of sound control, a subject otherwise almost completely neglected.

And our engineers not only know how and where the unseen sound waves travel, but they have devised a marvelous substance low in cost, simple to install—yet which soaks up office noise as a blotter absorbs ink. No longer is it necessary to tolerate noise which interferes with efficiency or comfort.

Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment fulfills the requirements of an ideal sound-absorbing finish. 1. It is an excellent light reflector. 2. It can be washed or painted without affecting the sound-absorbing qualities of the material. 3. It is the *most efficient* sound-absorbing material on the market today, consequently the *cheapest per sound-absorbing unit.* 4. It is fire-resisting.

In a great number of important buildings, Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment applied to ceilings, or walls and ceiling, has made unusable offices pleasant places in which to work, has stifled the nerve-racking noises of hospitals, or corrected entirely an echoing auditorium.

We have been consulted on Auditorium Acoustics for years

The Johns-Manville Acoustical Division offers a free service to architects planning auditoriums. Architects of practically every large church, theatre or auditorium built in this country for years have consulted us. This service aims to aid in the designing of acoustically correct auditoriums regardless of whether any Johns-Manville materials are required.

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto
(*Mail this coupon to branch nearest you*)
Please send me your new booklet describing acoustical treatment for offices.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Ac-5-8

MASTER *of* ASBESTOS
Johns-Manville
ACOUSTICAL TREATMENT

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Challenge on Card Accepted by Smoker

Returns tobacco can enclosure. Instead of making "kick" he gives "boost"

As you open the can of a certain brand of tobacco, you have often noticed a little slip with some such message as:

"Edgeworth is as nearly perfect as tobacco can be made. You will oblige us by writing us and returning this card should you find any irregularity in this box."

Recently, the following letter was received. It starts off like a kick, but—well, read it for yourself:

Westwood, N. J.
January 4, 1928

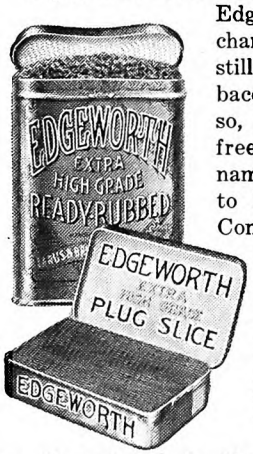
Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:
I have just bought a half-pound tin of your "Edgeworth," and notice your card inviting any complaints regarding irregularity in this box.

I have been a frequent user of your perfect tobacco, usually buying a pound at a time, and have never found any defect so far. It is the best tobacco, in my humble opinion, for the price.

Think you ought to alter the name of "Edgeworth" to "All Round Worth," for it is very uniform in quality.

Yours very truly,
Harry Thurnall

If you have never seen one of these little Edgeworth slips, the chances are you have still to try this tobacco. Should that be so, let us send you free samples. Your name and address sent to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va., will bring you samples of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice.



Try Edgeworth, and then should you want to *buy* it, you will find it everywhere in different sizes—from the small tin you can carry to the big pound humidor that looks so handsome on your smoking stand, and various others in between. Each size comes in Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice whichever you prefer.

And you will always find Edgeworth the same, whenever, wherever you buy it, because its good quality never changes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

have specified a certain sum to be put aside each week, haven't we?"

"We have."

"Well, these charge accounts may increase your expenses; but they'll also increase your earnings."

"How do you make that out?"

"You know how I make that out, dearie."

And I did. She regards debts as accelerators. Those charge accounts bring in a hamper full of bills every month, and all she has to do is to rattle them to make me abandon a program of golf, bass fishing, and lofty lofting to do some real work and earn some more money.

A few weeks ago I was hanging around the house thinking dreamily of a vacation, when Mrs. Phillips returned from the shopping center and announced that she had purchased a $1,000 rug. The news jarred me right out of a fit of pronounced lethargy, and I quit thinking about the vacation and did $2,000 worth of writing at once.

"See," said the wife a little later, when the checks came in. "You made one hundred per cent on that rug!"

How can I beat that kind of reasoning?

Last season we talked about trading in the old car and getting a new one. Mrs. Phillips objected. "We ought to keep this machine another season. It is in good shape. Let's not be foolish. And don't go around looking at the new models."

I decided she was right.

A few weeks later I came home and found her musing over a high-priced-automobile booklet. I grew suspicious at once.

"I think you ought to get one of these," she said.

"But only a short time ago you urged me not to."

"Yes; but it's so good-looking."

To tell the truth—I was susceptible. I had always wanted that particular car. For some years it had replaced Charlie Waterhouse's bearskin coat, team of bays, and front-lawn fountain in my suppressed desires. I bought one.

"Isn't it splendid!" said Mrs. Phillips, when we took our first ride in it. "Now you'll have to get busy and do some extra work. It *is* an extravagance, you know!"

That new car kept me so intensely at the business of increasing my income that I burned out two typewriter ribbons in ten days.

Mrs. Phillips knows her "onions." I could truthfully sign a testimonial saying, "All the loafing I have *not* been able to do, I owe to you."

SAVING money, however, is no great credit to anybody these days. They're making the modern banks so warm and attractive it takes a strong man to pass them. It used to require strength to get into a bank; today it takes strength not to.

The old-time bank was a bleak, dismal place, thoroughly uninviting, from its narrow doorways to its narrower board of directors. There was a musty atmosphere in it. It resembled a combination of morgue, prison, and cellar, retaining the worst features of each. The president was just about the coldest person in the city, and when you reached him you knew you had penetrated the point marked "Farthest North."

The other officials were usually pale, hostile-looking gents who never registered any of the lukewarm emotions, and who seemed to think that anything like a look of affability would result in a speedy closing of the bank by the state inspectors.

They were a frosty lot, and it always struck me that they lived in constant fear lest some warm-blooded man would get near enough to raise their temperatures.

I always had an idea there was good skating, even in July, in the private office of the president of the first bank I ever put money into. That bank could have increased its depositors by distributing mittens at the door.

You never knew what it really was to be snubbed until you went into the bank of yesterday to open an account. You were expected to have a letter of introduction and notes from three character witnesses. And then you had to be looked up to determine whether you were the type of person the bank cared to take money from.

TO-DAY all this is changed. The banks are among our most attractive buildings inside and out. The interiors are almost as charming as the interiors of the classy motion-picture palaces. Some of them even rival the latest restaurants in appointments.

Newspaper advertisements invite you to drop in and chat with the president or come and sit in a director's lap. Closed-in offices are being done away with, and the officials sit at desks out in the open where anybody can see them. They are mostly young men of attractive personalities.

I go to a bank these days whenever I feel the need of warm personal contact and the atmosphere of brotherly love. Even the doorman treats me like a long-lost relative.

Frequently I visit my favorite bank, and confer with the president on a $500,000 loan. I don't want it and couldn't get it, but he makes me feel that I almost could. I leave him with the conviction that if he had it personally he would give it to me.

Thrift, due to this widespread propaganda, is on the rise. Every Saturday finds a decline in the number of people who think Frugality is the name of a parlor car. There is less and less belittling of economy. Even the village spendthrift keeps some kind of bank balance.

I have saved more money than I ever expected to. It isn't anything to gloat over. It wasn't even a difficult trick, and I got far too many "assists" to take the credit, if any. There isn't the kick in my bank balance to-day that there was in that original one hundred dollars.

The first hundred dollars were the hardest.

However, I shall probably have to go on earning and spending . . . and saving. My inclination is to go fishing, but the outlook is not so good. Mrs. Phillips is becoming interested in antiques, bronzes, and colored glassware.

"Remember that time when you said I ought to save $100,000?" I remarked pensively the other day.

"Did I say $100,000?" asked the wife.

"You did."

"You must have misunderstood me. I'm sure I said $1,000,000."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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The story of

White Coal

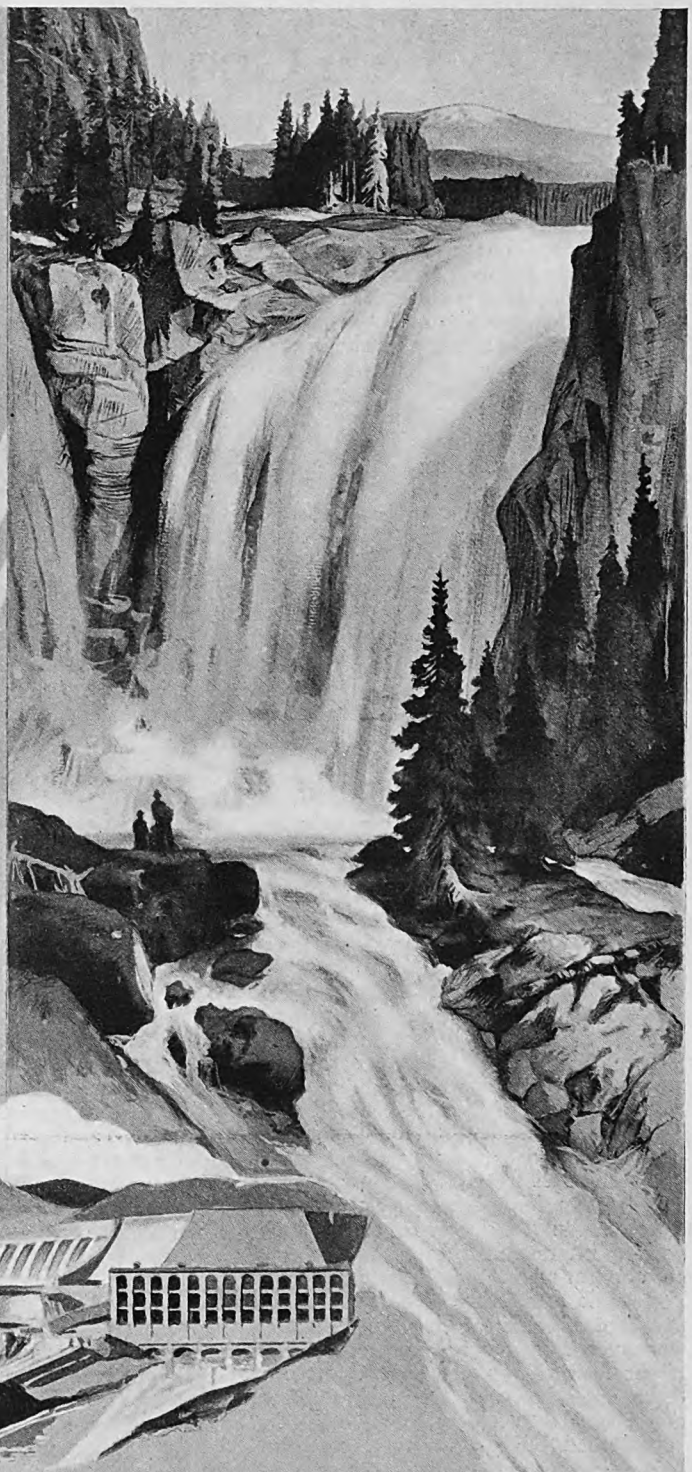
From melting snows, lakes and springs high up in the mountains comes a swelling flow . . . faster and faster until, at the brink of a rocky cataract, the waters pitch and plunge wildly to the depths below.

Here the fury of the maddened stream is brought in leash; its force harnessed to the giant wheels of dynamos whose revolutions create vast stores of electrical energy—"white coal."

The "white coal" that comes from the mountain streams carries Milwaukee trains for 660 miles across four mountain ranges—smoothly, swiftly, silently. No soot—no smoke—no cinders. Travel in the open observation cars of the new Olympian is a novel and pleasant experience. Forty per cent of all the electrified railway mileage in the United States is included in The Milwaukee Road's transcontinental line.

Available for industry, as well as transportation, "white coal" is an important factor in the development of The Milwaukee Road's West.

For your copy of booklet or detailed information on any subject concerning this railroad, address The Milwaukee Road, Room 884A, Union Station, Chicago



FAMOUS TRAINS

The Olympian
Chicago - Seattle - Tacoma

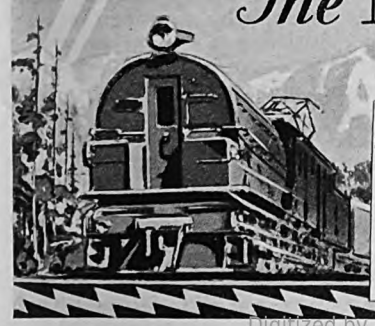
The Pioneer Limited
Chicago St. Paul - Minneapolis

The Columbian
Chicago / Twin Cities - Yellowstone / Seattle-Tacoma

The Southwest Limited
Chicago / Milwaukee - Excelsior Springs / Kansas City

The Arrow
Chicago / Milwaukee - Des Moines - Omaha / Sioux City

The MILWAUKEE ROAD



CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL PACIFIC

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How to Be a Good Husband Though a Poor One

(Continued from page 41)

nor anything at all, save just me—less than nothing you might say. I do not mean to say we have ever starved, you know, though I can vividly remember the first chicken dinner we had after our marriage. We had been eating round steak for so long that I was beginning to moo. We had been wishing we could afford a chicken, but it just seemed impossible. Ione was crossing the railroad tracks on her way to the grocery store one day, when along came a chicken trying to outrun a fast freight. The chicken lost the race. Fortunately, we knew no neighbor who owned Barred Rocks, so Ione simply wrapped it up in her apron, and next day we ate chicken and noodles instead of round steak.

But eating is not all of married life, though some husbands appear to think so. A neighbor once told Ione she had a husband like that. She said she used to glance through our window of an evening, and wonder what we found so interesting to talk about after being married so long.

Normally I'm not a very sociable creature. I can come home tired from work and sit for an hour or two before bedtime, and merely enjoy my own company and silence. Most any man can—after he is married. Well, that is no way to make a woman happy. When we were first married, I used to sit down after supper with the evening paper. Ione would finish up the dishes and come in. She did not ask me for part of the paper, but pretty soon she would ask me what had happened during the day, and to save me I could remember nothing at all except that I went to work and arrived back home.

I WENT to considerable trouble to change all that. I never was a barber for conversation, even when I was courting Ione. I am about as loquacious as a clam. In fact, try as I would, I simply could remember nothing interesting to talk about when I got home at night. It appeared to me that I must do something, so I hit upon the plan of carrying a card in my pocket; and whenever I met with anything which might lead to conversation, I jotted it down. For instance, by night the card might read: "accident, monkey, Mrs. Jones, load of hay," which, being interpreted, meant that I had seen or heard of an accident, had seen a monkey, and Mrs. Jones had inquired after Ione, and that I had passed a load of hay.

Just a word, don't you see, to call to mind what had occurred which might prove of interest to her. Take that load of hay, for instance. A load of fresh-cut clover, and the smell of it will call to my mind fifty-six distinct memories, and if I mention it to Ione she will remember how she used to wish on a load of hay or a white horse, when she was a kid. So one thing leads to another until a whole evening passes pleasantly.

Conversation does not consist chiefly of big talk, unless there is company and we wish to appear dignified. It is made up mostly of little things, for life is a rather commonplace affair with us.

I also worked this card business on lodge stories, and sermons and lectures and other entertainments which came my way, for Ione could not always accompany me. People who sat around me used to watch me curiously. I presume they thought I was a reporter or some freak professor. So I have not always remained at home with Ione when she could not go out with me. I don't think she wanted me to do that; but she would like me to bring something more worth-while than stale tobacco smoke when I return.

I NEVER let Ione know I used this card system. I used to sneak it out of my pocket and glance at it surreptitiously. I did not want her to know how dumb I was. Of course I knew her days were often long and tiresome, and I ought to strive to make her happier; but that was not the idea: I wanted to make her think I was smarter than I am.

I like to read out loud. I used to do that a great deal before the children came along, and Ione did not seem to mind it. We read books from the library and magazine stories, and many happy evenings slipped by that way. Occasionally we played checkers or dominoes, though Ione despises games. This was her concession to me, you see, and I presume she has conceded much more to me than I have any idea of. That is the point I wish to bring out, exactly—that I do not want Ione to believe I have been put to any trouble to keep myself sold to her. I want her to think it is just natural.

Since the children came along they have pretty nearly filled our time, with their lessons, their games, and their reading. Both Edyrl and Lyril love to read aloud to their mother, and Ione gets a liberal literary education that way, all the way from Grimm's Fairy Tales to Paradise Lost.

My girls frequently ask me in the evening what I am going to do. Not that they are concerned so much about my time; they merely want to read to Ione, and they know that if I am at home and not busy at some work, the reading is all off. Ione and I have the habit of discussing what happened while I was on my job of driving a truck, and we comment on what we read in the newspaper. You know, I never cared much for that old saying that a man should not bother his wife with his troubles, and she should bear her own petty annoyances alone. That does not seem to me to be the way a going business should work. If I had a partner, and the business was going on the rocks, or was sort of getting my goat, I know I should be pretty likely to tell him about it, so that together we might make the business go a little smoother.

When I come home, and Ione is all tired out with the children and the neighbors and everything, as all wives get sometimes, if we just talk things over and get another angle on affairs, it's great to hear Ione say: "Why, things don't look as black, now I've told you about them, as they have been looking all day!"

I got a letter from a relative telling me she and her husband had been living apart for a year and were seeking a divorce. They had children and everything to make them happy. They were simply incompatible, whatever that is. I wrote each of these incompatible creatures a letter offering them advice, which is the only thing a poor man can give away and not expect to need himself some day. What I said was this:

It always takes two people to misunderstand, two people to make a fight, two people to make a divorce suit. I want to recall to your memory that you entered into a solemn, sacred covenant when you married to make your companion happy with you—not apart from you. If you failed to keep yourself sold to your companion, it is that you merely did not want to make the effort to resell yourself when you failed. If you were first learning to drive an automobile, you would consider the intricacies and idiosyncrasies of the machine, and learn just how far to hold the spark open and when to give it gas, and how much to give it. You would learn that; but you refuse to learn how to handle your companion. You have simply failed to keep yourself sold to each other."

Love has become a rather misused term lately. Now, I like to qualify the word "love" with the word "respect." A respectful love is a love which will consider the desire and wishes of the person loved, and will strive to find what that desire and that wish is. Respectful love is never a love mixed up with an appetite, as mine was that time I ate all of Ione's candy. It will not break down through the years, but becomes more steadfast, like the love represented by the old man helping put a frail woman on the platform of a train: "Now, good-by, Mama," he said as they turned toward each other before the train started. "Have a good visit. I'll get along all right and be waiting here for you next week when you come back." A love represented by years of travel up and down the same road, sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough, but always cementing that love until it shines most gloriously at the end of the journey.

ONE thing that I had to learn right away was to respect the different views from mine which Ione held on many subjects. Her environment, her training, and the influences which had touched her life and modified her viewpoint were different from those which molded my own. There are some things upon which we radically differ, but that is no reason why we must make ourselves unhappy by stressing them.

She is entitled to the same respectful attitude toward her convictions which I exact toward mine. I do not believe Ione really wants me to be forever agreeing with her, forever trotting around like a little dog, doing her bidding and striving to please her.

I heard a man say that he and his wife had never in all their married life had one single cross word. I believe him, too, for he is the dearest big old fellow you ever saw. But we are not all so fortunate, and

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flavor

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57 flavor

HEINZ GOOD THINGS FOR PICNICS

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I am not at all certain we should be. A man does an injustice to his wife if he is always considerate and peaceable. If he is tied to her apron strings like I am—and that is a good place to be tethered—she will want him to tug a little now and then, so that she will know he is there. A woman likes to manage things—and she is happiest of all when she is managing a husband.

Now, if that husband never gets a grouch on now and then, and never gives her a chance to manage him, he is stealing some of the happiness which should be hers. He ought to give her a chance to do her stuff. Yes, and he is losing a lot of happiness himself, for if he is like me he enjoys being managed.

There are a lot of things I do not care to do, and will growl about if I have to do them. I do not like to window-shop. It is no pleasure for me to drag along the street on Saturday night and gaze ecstatically at all the things I can never hope to buy. I'd rather sit at home any time. But I permit myself to be led around, growling like an old dog all the way. I do this so Ione can see she is managing me. I admit that is pretty deep stuff. It's called psychology, or something.

I don't like to get down on all fours and crawl around with a stack of pins in my mouth, fitting the length of Ione's skirt, but I do it. I will not buy groceries or shop around town except under the stiffest protest.

THERE is a heap of difference in bossing and in managing. The man who thinks he is bossing his wife generally has another think coming. Women have been schooled for ages in getting around a man by devious methods, where they have not voluntarily been accorded the equality of thought and action which should be theirs. She's shrewd enough to manage him and let him think he's managing her. Marriage is a partnership affair between Ione and me, and though I might attempt to manage her, as she does me, I would not attempt to boss her.

Take that time when the women were first bobbing their hair. The neighbor women wanted to know if I was going to permit Ione to bob her hair. Well, I never thought it was my place to do any permitting around here. Ione and I discussed that bob proposition, just as we have discussed whether I should grow whiskers to cover up a weak chin.

WE HAVE, at times, discussed whether it would not be a fine thing for Ione to work. She never did work before she got me; but she could get a job clerking, or as telephone operator, or something which does not require long training to learn, and perhaps she would be happier doing it. Ione does love her home, though. She likes to shove the furniture about so I do not know where the dickens I'm going to sit of an evening. She likes to make her own draperies, and she likes to cook. Maybe I am just kidding myself on what she likes, but that is the way it seems to me.

It would be no novelty for a married woman to work, even though she does not have to. A lot of them do, and are happier and healthier than they would be at home doing the drudgery of housework. Work is merely a diversion meant to make folks happy, and women, as well as men, should choose that work which they can enjoy most.

Of course Ione has been unable to work outside the home on account of Edyrl and Lyril. Oh, she could have; but we decided we would rather sacrifice a little more personal pleasure and profit and have them raised in a real home by a real mother. But now that the children are getting so large that they will not need her as much as they did, pretty soon she will be saying: "I believe I'll get me a job."

I do not imagine I am going to like that, for I have a foolish pride about "letting" Ione work. A lot of women do not work down-town because their husbands believe it would hurt their standing in the community if their wives worked, even though they would be happier and better off in some outside employment.

When the time comes that Ione wants to work and have a little money of her own, I'm going to try to swallow my foolish pride, let the neighbors talk, and tell her to go to it. Then she will be a business partner of mine, just as now she is a home-making partner. And if she wants to spend her money on the girls and me, as she will, I'm going to try to get her viewpoint and perhaps sell myself to her all over again by taking it and getting a new suit of clothes and a watch with her money.

I'll certainly have to keep myself sold then in competition with other men. I do not mean that the way it sounds. I mean that Ione will naturally compare me with other men she meets, and I must be on my toes, even in my old clothes and small job. I've got to stay sold.

Now I have very frankly and intimately told you how I have tried to make myself a good husband with the handicap of being broke all the time, how I have rendered service on the original sale and tried to make the old machine stick. And it has been worth the effort, for in trying to achieve happiness for Ione I have had a lot of satisfaction in knowing that I have at least improved on the original article of sale—meaning me. I've sort of mellowed down with the years. As the old woman said to the young bride who had just had her first misunderstanding: "Just keep steady for a few years, and he'll mellow down. They all do."

THE other day, when I first decided to write this article, I thought I would record Ione's exact words, so you would not think I am spoofing when I repeat that I am keeping myself sold to her. I will admit I did pick a propitious day, when there was a little flour left in the bin and I had praised her biscuits, and we had scraped up the price of a show out of her chicken money. I slipped my arm about her and said:

"Ione, honey, after all these twenty years would you marry me again, knowing you would have everything to do all over just as you have done?"

And she said, just what I knew she would say, "Oh, I don't know whether I would or not. There might be others." And that's why I love her.

Under the Sidewalks of New York

(*Continued from page 57*)

telephone wires run along one side of the street and the lighting wires and power cables along the other side, in separate conduits. They are approached, repaired and extended by means of separate manholes.

The energy transmitted underground in New York is estimated to be three times that generated by all the electric plants on both sides of Niagara Falls—hundreds of thousands of horse power. Perhaps I can best show you what that means by a little experience I had recently:

In company with an engineer representing one of the great New York electric light companies, I was walking down Broadway when we paused at a cross-town street, our attention drawn to a trench in which three men were pulling from the earth long spaghetti-like tubes of rubber. Stretching as it came out, slowly it contracted in length and expanded in diameter. There it lay, coiled like a snake, yards upon yards of it, in all about a hundred feet.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That," returned the engineer, "is an invention that has saved millions of dollars." And he went on to tell me the surprising story of monolithic conduits—a device which is responsible for a great part of the electric light and power conveniences in New York to-day.

"On Manhattan Island," he said, "the problem of carrying high-voltage cables in properly protected conduits over, under, and around the numerous obstructions beneath the streets had for a long time been acute. Inventive geniuses the country over had been seeking some economical method of pouring concrete or monolithic ducts for electric cable without the use of iron pipe as a mold. To be sure, underground electric conductors had been encased in iron pipes since the very earliest days of Edison's electric light system. Pipes had been used as a mold for pouring the concrete. But the iron remained in the conduit, having become encased in the concrete.

"Not many years ago, when the Hell Gate Power Station, the world-famous generating plant on the East River, was being built, it was found that seventy-four miles of conduits were required for cables in this one building. Had it all been poured by the use of iron pipe, the practice then in vogue, the cost would have been prohibitive. It was then that Thomas E. Murray, vice president of the New York Edison Company, began experimenting with an eighteen-inch section of pure para rubber, which he used as a mold. He discovered that rubber of a certain composition, after being encased in concrete, could be withdrawn, leaving a tunnel the exact shape of the rubber.

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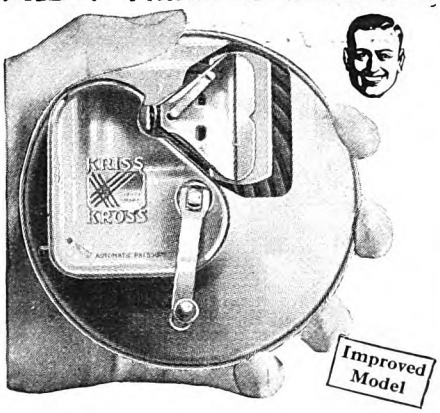

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"Watch closely now as this next tube is withdrawn from the concrete! See how it stretches, and then assumes the exact size and shape in which it was used as a mold! The tunnel it leaves behind is smooth and of even diameter, and it follows the course of the rubber over and under obstructions, and around corners, up and down steep hills. Later, there will be pulled through some of these tunnels a three-inch cable, which will carry electric energy at 132,000 volts, or about twice the pressure of the most powerful underground electrical current now in use commercially anywhere in the world.

"Already more than 13,000,000 feet of electrical cable have been laid and protected by this method."

"THE amount of wire under the streets for telephone, telegraph, and lighting must be tremendous," I observed.

"Wire is being added to the telephone system in Manhattan at the rate of 20,000 miles a month," was the response. "Think of it! In all our American cities, we take it for granted that water, sewage, and gas shall go by underground channels. But the use of electricity for lighting, for power, for telephones, began but a half-century ago. At first the wires were overhead. Within the span of a generation there were but ten thousand telephones in New York. To-day, the city has in the neighborhood of 1,500,000, and twice that number of wires are under the streets, their total mileage amounting to millions and millions.

"It is not an uncommon thing to find cables centering twenty-four feet below the street level. At that point, thousands upon thousands of wires may be 'fanned out' to instruments near by. This underground power distribution point is in a manhole—and some of these manholes are three stories deep, big enough on each floor to accommodate a parlor, bedroom, and bath!

"Take an exceptional instance: Some time ago the telephone company was preparing to house eight central offices in a new building west of Seventh Avenue in Thirty-sixth Street, to serve customers in the vicinity of Times Square and the Pennsylvania Terminal. Now, along Seventh Avenue there is a subway line. This was the main obstruction to the collection of cables required for the telephone service. So, two huge shafts were sunk on either side of Seventh Avenue, down into bedrock, twenty-five feet below the tracks of the subway, fifty feet under the surface of the street. Sappers, with picks, shovels, and dynamite, worked beneath the subway trains laden with passengers, and eventually cleared a U-shaped passage a hundred and fifty feet long, eight feet wide, and eight feet high.

"More than a third of a million separate telephone wires now lie in this tunnel. They are clustered in cables a little less than three inches in diameter, each leaden sheath containing one thousand two hundred pairs of wires. If the wire under these two blocks of Thirty-sixth Street between Sixth and Eighth avenues were coiled about the globe, the earth would wear a copper belt of six hundred and forty gleaming strands. Sixteen million miles of telephone wire under these two blocks! Imagine then the wire network under the streets of all Manhattan!"

As yet, we have hardly begun to complete this picture of underground New York. Among other things, we have not considered the pneumatic subway, the gas mains, and sewers.

Three feet below the surface of Manhattan is a subway of an entirely different sort from the one with which most of us are familiar. Eight inches in diameter and fifty-four miles long, it is an iron pipe that connects the old general post office at City Hall with Wall Street and the Hudson Terminal, and with the new post office on the west side. Also, it links these points with postal stations at the Grand Central Terminal and with stations in upper Manhattan, connecting twenty-seven stations.

Fleeting messengers are ceaselessly traveling back and forth in this iron pipe subway at a speed of thirty miles an hour between the hours of four A. M. and 11:15 P. M. These messengers, three thousand in number, are dispatched from the various stations at intervals of ten seconds. Eleven power stations operate the air compressors which keep these messengers—steel carriers twenty-four inches long and eight inches in diameter—on their way.

Owned and operated by a private corporation, the New York Mail and Newspaper Transportation Company, the pneumatic subway is used by telegraph companies for dispatching messages and by news agencies for delivering copy to newspapers. But mainly they are used by Uncle Sam for moving the untold bulk of New York's first-class mail. Daily, some six million letters—approximately seventy tons—fly through the tube from one postal station to another, hastening delivery, and decreasing by hundreds of thousands of miles the distance that Uncle Sam's delivery trucks would otherwise have to travel through the streets.

Nearly every apartment and dwelling in Manhattan has its gas supply for lighting or cooking, or both. More than half a million families live in this one borough, though it is not the most populous borough in New York City.

As for sewers, those of Manhattan are neither long nor large in comparison with those of some other big cities, owing to the fact that the elongated shape of the island makes it a simple matter to reach water.

Now you may be wondering whether, with all these complicated structures under the streets, accidents do not occur. The answer is "occasionally, but not often." In the main these denizens of the underworld are well behaved.

It is against the law to drain gasolene into a sewer; but now and then a careless housewife or some garage employee overlooks the fact. When the vapor of gasolene is mixed with air in the ratio of two per cent of gas and the balance air, you have the explosive force which makes your automobile go. This same mixture occurring in a sewer and set off by an electric spark or a match (a gang of thirty or forty men are continually at work in Manhattan's sewers) results in an explosion.

ONE word more, and that about *tunnels*. The transit subway systems are but a beginning of the artificial caverns in Manhattan. As you doubtless know, the Hudson-Manhattan Railway Company operates its electric trains under the Hudson connecting Manhattan with Jersey City

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USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—ANY SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

and let your face decide

Make this 3-day test

Apply any shaving soap in the usual way—hot water, brush, rub-in, hot towels, more soap, more brush, more lathering, all the fuss and muss that Soap & Co. call for —*but only on one-half of your face.*

Now wet down *the other side* with hot water or cold. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Only this:

1—*Wash the face {and leave it wet}*
2—*Spread on Barbasol {but don't rub in}*
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Do this three shaving days. And then—

Just listen to your face

"Always use Barbasol on me! I never felt those whiskers slipping off. No soapy 'alki' burn or after-sting or smart. I feel all fresh and cool and soft, with the natural oils left right in the skin, because Barbasol is 100% beard softener: no air bubbles. Barbasol shaves last longer!"

Do it now. Before you go on vacation. Barbasol saves space and worry—no brush, no mug to pack around.

Try Barbasol Skin Freshener, too. After-shaving, after bathing, any time.

Big handsome bottle of Barbasol Skin Freshener, 65c. Big he-man tube of Barbasol, 35c and 65c. At all druggists.

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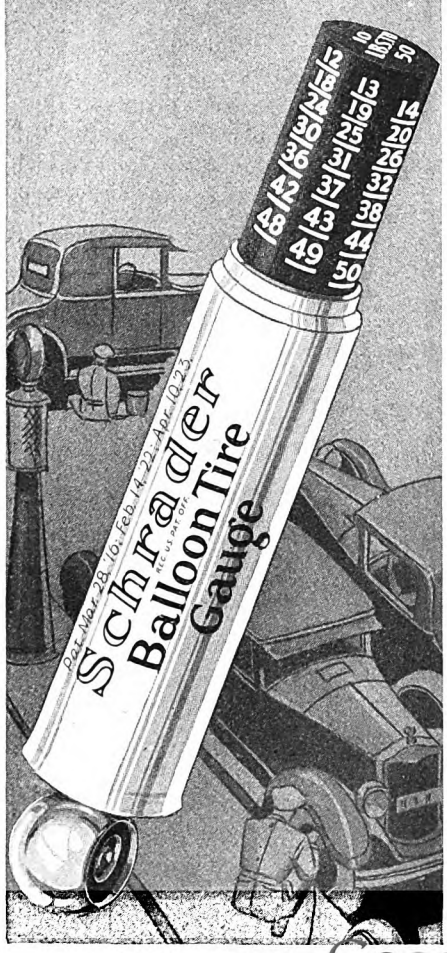

and Hoboken; and the Pennsylvania Railroad has tunnels under the Hudson, and also operates twin tubes under Manhattan Island and beneath the East River for its Long Island commuters. But the most wonderful tunnel in New York, or in the whole world for that matter, was opened to traffic in November, 1927—the twin-tube Holland tunnel for vehicular traffic between Manhattan and Jersey City.

Fifteen million automobiles and motor trucks annually will dive beneath the streets of Manhattan and Jersey City to enter this tunnel, and speed from shore to shore in six minutes. No more must they stand in line at the ferries. Twenty-nine feet six inches in diameter, a mile and three quarters in length, this tunnel required seven years to build and cost $48,000,000, appropriated jointly by the states of New York and New Jersey.

London has its Blackwall and Rotherhithe tunnels, Glasgow its three-tube harbor tunnel and Hamburg its twin-tube Elbe tunnel. But none of these is as long as the Holland tunnel, and in none were the engineers concerned with the crucial problem of ventilation due to the endless stream of motor vehicles discharging smoke and the deadly carbon monoxide.

Some day, when taking in the sights of New York, either in your own car or in a bus, you will doubtless ride through this famous tunnel. So I am going to tell you here how it comes about that you can do so in safety—how the engineers made this tunnel possible by solving in an unprecedented way the all-important problem of keeping the tunnel free of carbon monoxide.

THIS gas, which is similar to coal gas, and is actually the chief constituent of the gas burned in kitchen ranges, is *not* a poison. It is deadly because it asphyxiates. When it is breathed, hemoglobin, the red coloring matter of blood, absorbs it more rapidly than it can oxygen, and thus the blood is unable to perform its functions.

Now, the exhaust of your automobile may contain as little as one half of one per cent or as much as fourteen per cent of this deadly substance. On the open road, this is of little account, but in a tunnel it would be a constant menace to life. So the first step that had to be taken was to determine how much carbon monoxide a human being could breathe with safety, and this puzzle was answered after a long series of curious experiments at Yale University under the direction of Professor Yandell Henderson.

Professor Henderson built a gas-tight chamber half the size of a small bathroom. Yale students entered this chamber and breathed air containing proportions of carbon monoxide. Through an aperture in the wall of the chamber, each student thrust out a hand, and, as the contaminated air within produced its result, his blood was tested for its carbon monoxide content.

In addition, tests were made in a brick chamber thirty feet square. One of the old Fords was jacked up and operated under all sorts of carburetor conditions. In succession, twenty men sat in the driver's seat, breathed air containing a known proportion of the deadly gas, and suffered to the point of acute headache and nausea in the process.

Thus, it was determined that passengers and traffic policemen in the Holland tunnel *cannot safely breathe more than four parts of carbon monoxide in ten thousand parts of air.* (Incidentally, this discovery is a warning to us all not to run the engine of an automobile in a garage with the doors closed!)

TO KEEP the air in the tunnel free of carbon monoxide within the limits that scientific research had set, a ventilating system of an unusual sort had to be devised. An artificial draft was necessary, of course. Had ordinary blowers of the kind used in some factories been installed, it would have been necessary to keep a gale of seventy-two miles an hour sweeping through the tunnel in order to keep carbon monoxide down to the prescribed level. Such a man-made gale, does, in fact, do the work, but it is a gale so tamed and controlled that in passing through you are scarcely aware of it.

Beneath the roadway of the tunnel the seventy-two-mile-an-hour storm rages in a long concrete duct. From this duct branches lead to an "expansion box" along the curb of the roadway. Here the storm expends its fury, and out of grilled openings it emerges with a speed resembling that of a zephyr.

At each end of the tunnel there are ventilating shafts—two on the New York side and two on the New Jersey side. These shafts have been designated as "storm factories," for here are produced the gales that clear the tunnel atmosphere. Eighty-four fans, forty-two blowers, and forty-two exhausters are required to create the storms—and six thousand horse-power to run these mechanisms! But not all are in operation at one time. Some are held in reserve for an emergency. If an accident should cripple one fan, another can be switched on to take its place.

In addition, what is known as an "electrical brain" keeps watch over each ventilating motor, atmospheric conditions in the tunnel, and over all traffic lamps. This device is on top of the administration building on the New York side. A switchboard twenty feet long and seven and a half high, it is in the shape of an arc. Within this arc stands a man who watches the signal lights flashing messages of danger or of safety. There are lamps to tell what each of the eighty-four fans is doing—whether it has stopped or is running properly, too fast or too slow. Other lights report that the traffic signals are working properly. Still others indicate that the air in the tunnel is good, with carbon monoxide not more than two or three parts in ten thousand.

"This switchboard brain," observed an engineer the other day, "gives us arbitrary power over atmospheric conditions in the tunnel and over the three thousand and eight hundred vehicles that pass through it every hour. The man who stands in that arc has only to stretch out his hand and move a control switch to start or stop a fan or change its speed, or to warn the hundreds of drivers in the tunnel to stop their engines. Every policeman in the tunnel might drop dead at his post; but this directing brain would still show exactly what is going on in the tunnel from minute to minute, and what action to take to avert danger."

* * * * *

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Johnson Oil Refining Co.
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Enemy Allies

(*Continued from page 47*)

of the forest, he had taken to day hunting during hours when he was sure his kind were asleep.

Taller, lanker, and fiercer he had become, sleeping little and hunting longer, harder, and farther in the grim struggle for existence, the insatiable wants of the four whelps pressing upon him night and day. Little success attended his hunting, and often the father would satisfy his gnawing hunger by grinding the bones and tendons of a kill after his litter had stripped the carcass of meat.

He knew no freedom from worry or hunger these days, and it seemed, indeed, that he had given hostages to death at the outset. But through it all he was able to hold his own, and a modicum over. His mangled leg had knit, and though he still ran with a limp, his speed was almost what it had been. He had proven it twice in his chance encounters with Mart Brenner, and once when the Table Mountain pack had winded him as he returned home from a belated hunt.

He had had to put up a running fight clear to the mouth of his den that night, and he was badly slashed from tail to ears by their ripping fangs. But in the den mouth he had turned and dared them to come on, with a steady snoring snarl. Bone-thin and lame though he was, he was more than a match for any two of them, and the pack knew it well.

One day would come a time of vengeance. Each one of his stalwart litter bid fair to match his own strength and prowess, and a time would soon come when they would run together as a compact little pack of five—wolves whose like would not be known in all New Brunswick. And toward that day the father wolf bided his time with a cold and far-seeing craft.

And now fate or nature or whatever power it is in the wilderness that tests the fibers of the worthy through adversity, saw fit to put him through the further initiation into the wiles of men.

UNKNOWN to Mart Brenner, the big wolf had followed him many a day on his trap rounds, and had watched from different vantage points as he set his snares and deadfalls, studying the man's attempts at camouflage and later investigating the sets, sometimes finding some dead creature imprisoned there. So it was that he had already become familiar with the menacing smell of iron.

Later, he had learned also the danger as well as the impotency of Brenner's gun, the black, loud-barking stick the man ever carried with him, and which he knew could inflict mysterious death at a distance. He learned soon that the gun was harmless when merely dangling in Brenner's hand, that only when he saw the man looking along its length could the gun spout fire. Likewise, the gun was useless at night, as were the woodsman's eyes.

The longer Brenner kept to the trail of the peg-leg wolf, the more evidence he got of the gaunt beast's cunning. The three traps near the den entrance had been quickly smelled out, and a new entrance put to use. After four weeks of fruitless trying, Brenner began to let the one-pointed hunt die down for the time being, for he was losing too much time along his regular trap lines.

And then came the bitter month of January with its still cold and actual famine, and with it a fresh tribulation for every dweller on Table Mountain, in particular for the harassed father wolf. It came in the form of a squat, shambling beast about three and a half feet in length, that looked like a cross between an undersized bear and an overgrown badger. This newcomer was an enemy more to be dreaded than man, by the lesser of the wild folk, crueler and more crafty than the fiercest panther, whose fang and claw was against every other forest dweller, man included.

It was an old male wolverine, driven southward by the cold and famine of this unprecedented winter in search of better hunting grounds. He had crossed Table Mountain in the midst of a driving snow storm, and, like the peg-leg wolf, had been led to seek sanctuary in the thicket-choked bottom of Mart Brenner's valley. And there he decided to tarry.

AS EVERYONE knows, wherever a wolverine makes his habitat things unsavory are likely to happen. It was on a ghostly gray day of threatened storm that the peg-leg wolf first crossed the old carcajou's trail. And though he had never before encountered a wolverine at first hand, the rank, weasel-like taint that came up to him from the snow bared his fangs and plastered his ears against his skull in instinctive rage and defiance.

Instinct seemed to whisper to him even then what lay ahead for him—not another test this time, but the key ordeal before which he must prove the right of himself and his family to live and thrive—or succumb—according to the mettle that was in him.

Here was an animal that could best a bear and outfight either wolf or lynx. Furthermore, the hatred between the wolf and the wolverine is instinctive and age-old, the eternal feud between the guardian and the marauder. For the wolverine springs from the weasel strain, while the wolf is the direct forefather of the dog.

The long, lobbing canter of the peg-leg wolf had stopped on the instant, while the stiff hair rose along his hackles as he peered about into the silent frosted thickets for a sight of the stranger. Like Mart Brenner, the big wolf had come by now to look upon the spruce valley as his hunting ground, annexed by three months' residence therein, and he was ready to defend it with life itself against all comers.

To the wandering and surly-tempered carcajou, however, it was no more than a detail in a range that might cover all of three hundred miles before spring, for, immune as the great weasel was to the cold, he could make his home wherever he chanced to be, even sleeping at times in the crotch of an ice-sheathed forest tree.

For a week thereafter the peg-leg wolf hunted warily, with an eye out constantly

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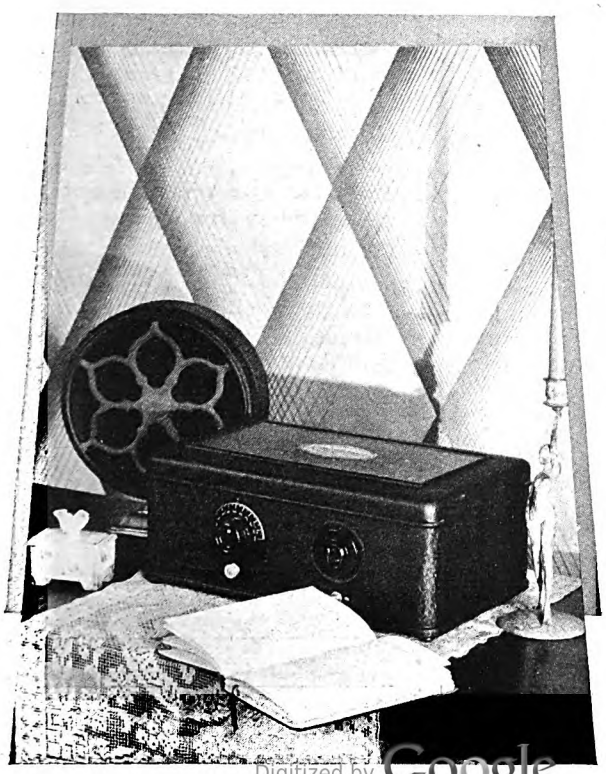

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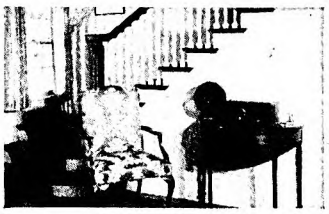

Often the Atwater Kent A.C. set is tucked away in a bookshelf; it is so small it displaces only a few books; you turn to it as you would to a well-loved volume. A window ledge is a good place, a chimney corner another.

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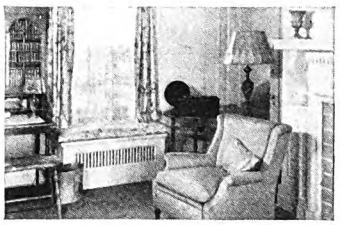

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for a sight of the sinister form of the wolverine. But throughout that time he was rewarded by no glimpse of his rival.

To Mart Brenner also the wolverine came as a specific enemy. He knew carcajous from several unsavory experiences, and with his first sight of the imprint of the beast's flat, hairy soles mingling insolently with his own tracks along the trap line, he knew that as long as this beast hunted the region his catch of fur would be scarce worth the effort.

AUTOMATICALLY, his feud against the big gray wolf at the head of the valley became negligible, and he began pitting his craft against the more dangerous marauder. It remained, however, for the peg-leg wolf alone to meet and best this ancient enemy of his kind, by sheer nerve and the prowess of his fighting fangs.

Their meeting was staged in a strange way: During that first week the wolverine had spent his days and nights in hatching mischief after the manner of his kind. He had systematically sprung Brenner's traps, eaten his bait and defiled or destroyed his catch of fur, with all the ingenuity for such pastimes that makes his clan more thoroughly hated by woodsmen than any other living beast.

At the end of that time, Brenner went forth one morning to find that his storage shed had been broken into in the night. With a strength and patience that seemed not of earth, the carcajou had gnawed his way through the heavy plank door and rifled the place of all food except that which had come in cans. The meal and flour, which had not been to the robber's liking, he had defiled.

Standing amid the débris, Brenner swore an oath of vengeance, and that day, with the aid of a dog borrowed from a settler down the valley, he tracked the enemy to his cunningly concealed den amid the blow-downs. But the wolverine, as if guided by some uncanny instinct, was not at home. No wolverine is ever at home when wanted.

This one was away on a special lethal business on which he had been engaged for a day and a night. And as a light snow had fallen, Brenner was left hopelessly at fault once more. With the half-mystical imagination of the simple outdoor man, the woodsman was beginning to suspect that the grim powers of the wilderness itself had consorted to thwart his trapping and drive him out of the spruce valley.

At the time, less than half a mile from the spot, the old wolverine was engaged in a crafty hunt, after the peculiar manner of his kind. Slow and lumbering as a bear in movement, the carcajou is yet one of the most successful hunters of the wilderness, succeeding by craft and a deathless persistence where the swiftest killers fail.

Clambering up into a dark gnarled spruce which overhung a natural deer trail, the canny beast had flattened himself out on a limb to wait. For thirteen full hours he had lain there, watching the sun out of one sky and the moon out of another, with a patience unequaled by any other hunting beast.

Few though the deer were in this lean winter, sooner or later one must pass along the trail, and though it be days he would continue to wait. His flattened body seemed as lifeless as the limb against which his soot-brown coat was blended.

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About this time, the peg-leg wolf, which, unknown to Brenner, had been keeping tab on his movements up the valley, heard the sound of a faint, far crackle, like flames running through dry brush. His lambent yellow eyes suddenly took fire, his ears cocked to a peak, and he swung off his rock and melted into the thickets, noiseless as a puff of drifting wood smoke in his prime mid-winter coat.

That sound, so tenuous that it had escaped the ears of Mart Brenner entirely, he had interpreted as a deer breaking through undergrowth, and the matter seemed worthy of investigation.

He had not gone fifty yards when he sighted the deer himself, a lone, packwary buck—one of the veterans that had lingered on in spite of the menace of the gray Table Mountain pack. With a long effortless bound the animal cleared a rampart of brush and was off in full flight, with the gray wolf streaking silently behind him.

Straight around the mountainside the buck ran, following the open trails, where the snow was still not deep enough to slow his speed, forgetting all guile in his panic to increase his lead of less than a hundred yards.

Given this beginning, Fate, as if chuckling grimly at the dénouement in store, saw fit to lead the chase along the game trail where the grim watcher in the tree lay in wait.

As the sounds of the chase reached him, the crouching carcajou on the spruce bough gathered himself together by imperceptible degrees. His powerful legs contracted and his yellowed saber-like claws took stealthy purchase in the rough bark; his little eyes took fire till they stood forth like live coals in the fierce black mask of his face. Three minutes later the buck bounded into view, panicky now beyond all caution.

Just as he passed beneath the outstretched limb, the wolverine, shedding his long immobility as one would throw off a false face, projected himself like a bullet through the air with all the swift, deadly surety of his weasel cousins. As the buck swerved in an instinctive leap, the squat beast struck, and in the same instant four sets of claws clamped deep into the deer's quivering sides.

THE buck, uttering an almost human cry, plunged off the trail and headed down the mountainside at suicidal speed, swerving and pitching against trees in a frenzy to shake his fearsome rider off. But the carcajou, cruel victor of many such death rides, clung as if his claws were barbed. His long weasel neck thrust forward, his heavy-boned jaws, the most powerful for their size on the North American continent, gaped like an alligator's, sank into the buck's arching neck, and locked. Within a minute, the quarry, in the very middle of a bound, pitched forward, dead before he touched the ground.

With a harsh churring snarl, the killer bounded free, then fell to feeding upon the still quivering carcass. But a brief instant only did he sate his hunger. For down the wind there came a fierce, shuddering cry that made him flatten where he crouched, facing the back trail.

The big peg-leg wolf had just come into view of the fleeing buck, and was rapidly

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cutting down the intervening space to death range when he was amazed to see his expected quarry struck down before his very eyes. Miraculously, the squat dark form of his rival appeared before him at the same instant, not in pursuit of the deer but riding its back like a fiery-eyed demon.

Instantly there welled up in the big wolf the most terrible rage he had ever known, the fury of every wild hunter at the theft of his meat—the most unforgivable crime in all the wilderness. The buck, which had represented food enough to last his hungry family a week, had been snatched almost out from under his claws, and with a fierce, deep-chested bay of challenge, the big gray wolf hurled himself forward to the attack.

The situation forced its own drastic conclusion. Crouched on the carcass of his victim, the fresh blood like a madness in his nostrils, the wolverine's eyes glowed with opalescent fire, and from his throat issued the enraged squall that is the battle-cry of his breed. Smaller than the wolf, and charged thus unexpectedly, it would have seemed that the carcajou would have been quickly vanquished; on the contrary, it was the peg-leg wolf who found himself at a woeful disadvantage within the first minute of the fight.

IT WAS his misfortune never to have learned the fiendish fighting tactics of this traditional foe of his clan. Furious beyond all prudence, he had leapt straight for the wolverine's throat, with the terrible sidewise slash of his kind. Crouching low on three legs, the carcajou had countered it with a full-armed blow that had all the deadly speed of one of the great cats.

It caught the attacker in mid-leap; the jaws of both found purchase, and the wolf, muddled at the unexpected maneuver, made a mistake that cost him dear—he hung on when he should have let go, not knowing that there is no greater master of in-fighting in all the wild than the wolverine.

Desperately his long, punishing fangs cut in and in, seeking the life arteries in his adversary's furred neck. But nature having prepared the wolverine for just such emergencies, the little beast simply turned loosely within his skin—which was incredibly heavy, and loose as an overcoat—at the same time securing a traplike hold with his own jaws at the base of the wolf's neck.

Incredulous at the power and tenacity of this demon beast, the gaunt wolf raised himself full seven feet in air on his hind legs, with the intention of falling with all his weight on his uncanny antagonist.

But the maneuver only enhanced the advantage of the carcajou, which wrapped his flattened body around the neck and shoulders of his larger foe, his four sets of saber-like claws locking. And there he clung like some giant leech, while his traplike jaws sank ever deeper and closer to the throat-hold that marks the end of every attack of the weasel kind.

As he met the relentless glare of those green-lit eyes that looked into his, the peg-leg wolf knew that death alone could loose that grip.

The footholds of the fighters torn loose by their struggles, the pair went slithering and bouncing for twenty yards down the snowy mountainside, to bring up against the trunk of a fallen tree. For the next three minutes all that could be distinguished of the battle was a spinning, snarling catherine-wheel of gray-brown fur and snow.

The peg-leg wolf was a fighter to the tips of his toes, but the carcajou had maintained his advantage, and was now plainly bent on settling the matter in one clinch with his bone-crushing jaws.

THE gray peg-leg was no normal wolf, else his death would have been sealed, for few indeed are the wolves who have lived through a pitched battle with a wolverine, the Devil of the North. But that greater length and strength of limb and jaw that had made the big gray a menace to the pack leader, plus the superb fury that only a protecting parent knows, were something with which not even the wolverine could reckon.

With his breath beginning to come in rattling gasps from the relentless pressure of the other's jaws, the gaunt wolf fell back on his last desperate resource. Unreckoning of the frightful wounds inflicted, he put forth the limit of his strength, and literally tore himself free of the fettering teeth and claws of his foe.

For a space of moments then—moments blessed and life-giving to the overtaxed wolf—the two stood clear, each choking, gasping and dripping with blood. Then, as at a signal, they sprang in again for the final clash.

Both struck simultaneously, and this time each secured an equal vantage. Locked jowl to throat they went down once more. Again the carcajou's steel and leather body whipped snakelike off the ground to twine about the other's head and neck; but even as his yellowed jaws sank in for their deadly purpose, the longer, sharper teeth of the wolf cut into his jugular, exacting the death penalty.

For a full minute thereafter the big wolf continued to shake and maul the limp body of his foe with dog-like savagery, not realizing that the battle was actually over, for the reason that the traplike jaws of the wolverine still retained their locked hold on his neck, obeying even in death the last command of that indomitable will.

Freed at last of the ill-omened weight, the victor stood upright for a space above the mangled remains, panting and trembling in the reaction from his terrible strain. Slowly the immutable peace and silence of the snow and cold settled once more over the winter woods, and it brought also a similar peace to the harassed mind of the father wolf.

A weight of dread and apprehension, long carried, seemed definitely lifted—the worry for the safety of his little family, and their right to live and flourish in the spruce valley. For he knew he had met and conquered the most dreaded foe the forest had to offer.

THEN, as if a sixth sense had warned him of an alien presence—for there had been no slightest sound—the yellow-green eyes of the wolf swung 'round to take in the figure of Mart Brenner, who stood looking down from an open glade two hundred feet above him.

Attracted by the sounds of the nearby chase as he was turning homeward, the old woodsman had been led to investigate,

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and coming upon the fresh and well-known tracks of the big peg-leg wolf that lived at the head of the valley, he had followed on, hoping for a chance shot at the beast. A bit later when the sounds of a fierce battle reached him from ahead, he had redoubled his pace, his hunter's instinct on the *qui vive*, his light belt gun ready in his hand.

He had arrived breathless on the scene just in time to witness the greatest fight he had ever been favored to watch. Often he had wondered what would happen if a timber wolf and a wolverine met in battle; now nature had favored him with a first-hand view of a tableau that perhaps no other living hunter had ever witnessed.

Thrilled at the big wolf's prowess, his blood tingling with battle fire, Brenner watched the struggle through to its bloody close. A lucky chance had set his two enemies in the valley at each other's throats. The worst now lay dead, at the end of his evil career. The other stood before him, within easy grace of his gun. Truly, fortune was favoring him this day.

Grim-lipped, the old hunter raised his rifle to pay off his initial score against the wolf. Then, finger curved about the trigger, he paused.

For in the unwavering gaze of the wounded animal in that super-moment, there was not the faintest flicker of fear—though well he must have known that the man sought his death. Nor did he make a move to escape. He had touched in the past ten minutes the superb heights of valor—and, feeling it, the man watching him along the barrel of his leveled rifle, could not fire.

When finally, the spell broken, the big wolf turned and slipped silently away amid the trees, Brenner simply watched him go—and was glad!

Storms

(*Continued from page 33*)

burning. He sniffs the rainy, cool air. "She's going to put the blower on," he says in his hearty way, as if he doesn't care, even though Boreas jerks off the lid of his whole box of tricks.

I like to see the big racks of wood that are to hold in check the shock-troops of winter's advance; and in dim cellars to see piles of apples glowing, and gleaming rows of jarred fruits.

Because of the nature of my life through a long period of years, storms called me forth. Instead of seeking shelter, I had to see that the stock had it; and to this day, because of the strange primal exhilaration in it, I'd much rather be in a storm than out of it.

I've seen interesting behavior of wild life when storms were at their height. During a very heavy snowfall, while walking noiselessly up a mountain pathway, I once saw a big red fox, on the lee side of a tangle of wild grapes, raking away the snow sedulously, making a bed. I saw him crawl in and snuggle down serenely. On another day I followed the track of a buck through a storm, and found him standing on bare ground under the dense and dark canopy of a huge hemlock.

In the midst of a three-day West Indian cyclone, I saw my old horse walk out of his

Many Able Men *Waste Years*

before they learn this simple lesson

IN a very old book named Joel, after the man who wrote it, you will find this line—"The Years that the Locust hath Eaten."

A solemn sounding line it is, full of sad significance.

The years when there were no crops, because they were destroyed by the enemies of crops. The years when men worked and made no progress; when the end of the year found them a little poorer than its beginning, because a part of their little span of life was gone and had produced no increase.

* * *

In almost every life there are fruitless years; but the tragedies occur when, year after year, men go along feeding their lives to the locust of indecision, or the locust of laziness, or the locust of too great concentration on a petty task.

In every week of every year the Alexander Hamilton Institute is brought into contact with such tragedies.

"I wish I had acted earlier"

"My experience with the Alexander Hamilton Institute leaves me only with the regret that I did not make contact with it at an earlier time," says one man.

"If I had enrolled with you a year or two ago, I should be better able to handle my daily problems," another says.

Many able men waste years before they learn this simple lesson—before they learn that success today is impossible without training and that the time to get that training is not next month or next year but *right now*.

The punishment of wasted years

This happened just the other day: A man wrote asking that someone call on him who could give him information as to just how the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped more than 358,000 men to greater success.

The representative found a man past fifty years of age, occupying a modest position in a great corporation. He sat down to explain the Institute's plan and method. And as he talked, naming one and another who now occupy high positions, he looked across at the gray-haired man, who was plainly disturbed by emotion.

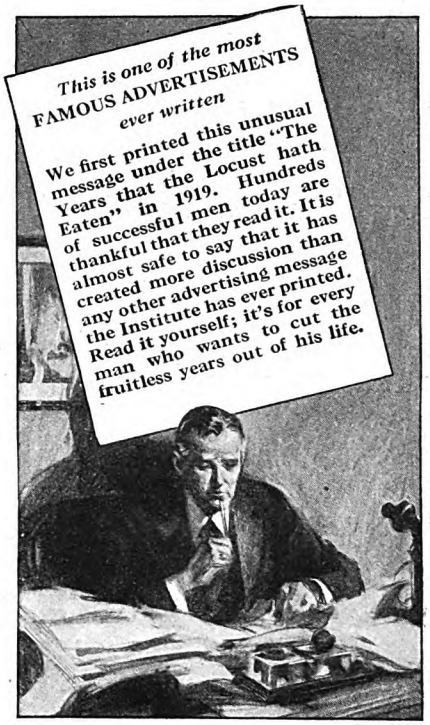
The representative of the Institute turned away his eyes; he knew what that man was thinking. His thoughts were turned back over the fields of wasted opportunity; he was plagued by the thought of the years that the locust hath eaten.

Today you may start forward with 358,000 others

You can hardly call this an advertisement about the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The facts about its Modern Business Course and Service have been printed so many times that few men need to have them repeated.

The average man could say them almost by heart. He knows that the Institute is *the* institution that specializes in taking men who know only one department of business, and rounding them out into fitness for high executive tasks.

He knows that 358,000 men are proof of its



strength and standing; he knows that business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Advisory Council

The Advisory Council consists of: GENERAL T. COLEMAN DUPONT, the well known business executive; PERCY H. JOHNSTON, President of the great Chemical National Bank of New York; DEXTER S. KIMBALL, Dean of the College of Engineering, Cornell University; JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, the eminent consulting engineer; FREDERICK H. HURDMAN, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; JEREMIAH W. JENKS, the internationally known statistician and economist.

This advertisement is directed to the man who knows all this, and knowing it, has let the weeks and months and years slip by—years that might have meant so much to him, and now are gone and beyond recalling; years that the locust hath eaten.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

To such men—and to all men of earnest purpose who seek to avoid these wasted years—the Alexander Hamilton Institute comes now, asking for only one moment of firm decision—one moment in which to take the first step that can begin to turn ordinary years into great years of progress.

A book has been published for you, entitled "Forging Ahead in Business."

It is not a book for drifters; but to men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be five years from now?" it is offered freely and gladly without the slightest charge.

Today your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" is waiting. Send for it now.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 619 Astor Place, New York City

Modern Business

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Name..... Business Position .....

Please write plainly

Business Address.....

IN CANADA, *address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto*

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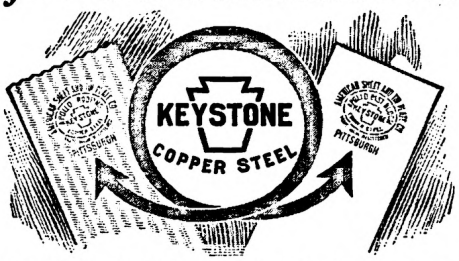
THE REASON
For adding Copper to Steel is to give Longer Service

Steel alloyed with copper gives maximum rust-resistance, and assures longer life and satisfaction when used for Black and Galvanized Sheets and Roofing Tin Plates. Insist upon genuine

KEYSTONE
Rust-resisting Copper Alloy
Steel Sheets
for Better Sheet Metal Work



APOLLO-KEYSTONE Galvanized Sheets possess all the excellent qualities of our well known Apollo brand, but with the added feature of a KEYSTONE rust-resisting copper steel base. These sheets last longest in service.

APOLLO-KEYSTONE Copper Steel Sheets are the highest quality sheets manufactured for roofing and siding, gutters, spouting, ventilators, and building construction purposes. Keystone Copper Steel also excels for tanks, flumes, culverts, and all similar uses. Look for the KEYSTONE.

For tin roofs for residences and public buildings, use Keystone Copper Steel Roofing Tin Plates; clean, fireproof, durable and satisfactory.

This Company is the oldest and largest manufacturer of a complete line of Black and Galvanized Sheets, Full Finished Sheets, Automobile Sheets, and Special Sheets for all known uses; also Tin and Terne Plates adapted to every requirement. Sold by leading metal merchants. Write for copy of booklet "Anti-Corrosive Metal," which contains information of particular interest to you.

AMERICAN SHEET AND TIN PLATE COMPANY
General Offices: Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AMERICAN
SHEET
STEEL
Products of QUALITY and Service!

comfortable stable, take a stance in the open with his back to the storm and with his head and tail down, and there remain for hours. He had, I'm sure, heard the stable give some alarming crackings, and perhaps had felt it give some sick heavings, and he made up his mind that he would be safer in the storm than under perilous shelter.

WHEN I was a boy between eight and fourteen years of age, I had to ride seven miles to school every day on horseback; and, as was natural, I encountered all kinds of weather. I used to love the balmy spring days, almost breathless with opening beauty, when the bees were buried in the jasmine-bloom and the little wild glades were carpeted with violets. I loved also the misty days, when all the woods were strange and ominous; when wild creatures, thinking dusk had come, were unwary; when from the glistening needles of the pines the moisture slipped in gleaming drops; when the faint rainy wind moving in the tall pines made music like that of soft violins far away.

But, after all, what thrilled me most was a storm. How many a time, a mile or more from home, a tempest would roll up behind me. My horse understood our problem as well as I did; indeed, the degree of his eagerness to get home often made me aware of a storm's coming. At such a time, I used to hold in Redbird deliberately, until I felt that the business was going to be a real race. Then I would give him his head, and away we'd gallop madly, flash through little streams, sweep along pine-scented stretches of road, the world darkening over us; and instead of opening the gate I used to let Redbird run for a low place in the fence, over which he would sail in delighted excitement.

Then up the avenue he would thunder fleetly, his mane and tail flying. Straight to the front door he would rush, stop suddenly, turn his head to look at the storm, his neck arched proudly and defiantly, snort with the disdain of a victor, his eyes wide, his thin nostrils dilated and quivering. Who has not had the same tingling thrill over beating a storm home?

As a color to rest the eye, green is delightful; but when it tinges a cloud beware. One afternoon I was fly-fishing in a lonely mountain meadow and had been so engrossed in the sport that I had not noticed, until the wild old fields suddenly darkened, that a storm was upon me. The hills surrounding the meadow are not high, but they lend a sense of protection; yet the moment I saw the emerald lights in the cloud, and the red fringes, I knew that the hills would not help me. Because of the danger from lightning, I have always disliked taking shelter under a tree during a storm.

Looking quickly about for some kind of cover, I saw, a hundred yards downstream, a massive sycamore that some previous storm had laid prostrate. Some of its roots still had a good hold in the damp soil, and about half the top of the tree, flat on the ground, was in new leaf. In a few moments I was on a tiny pebbly strand that edged the stream under the fallen tree. I jumped a rabbit from a heap of dead leaves there and startled two phœbe birds that had begun to build. Indeed, I felt as if I had entered a new and private world, under that fallen lord of the meadow. Crouched there, close to the earth, I could almost feel the green, luxurious silence of the grass. Storms often drive us into places which otherwise we should never visit, affording us an opportunity to see much that we should else completely miss.

Meanwhile, the storm rushed on apace. From the fateful color of the cloud, the whole landscape took on an eerie tinge, a strange lurid glow of green and saffron suffusing the gentle stream, the wild flowers in the peaceful meadow, the dark rock-pines on the slopes of the hills. Here indeed were beauty and mystery, terror and the unknown fast approaching.

Great, scattered, thumping drops of rain pounded the earth. The wind began to snort like a frightened horse, and again would moan gustily close to the ground, and then would whistle fiercely, then grieve softly through the limbs of the sycamore and through the little bending alders. From my homely but serene shelter I had a full view of that green-bosomed storm, the full force of which struck the hill crests to the north of me, about a half-mile away.

The tempest cloud, like some vast galleon of the sky crowding her gorgeous canvas mightily, bore down on the doomed hill. Thunder shook the earth. Lightning, enigmatically swift as the tongue of a serpent, darted earthward its fiery flashes. The whole sky seemed winged with red lightning and tempestuous rage. Sublimely the storm smote the wooded crest.

With the rising of this storm, I felt my feelings rise; the human spirit rushes with the wind, wildly fathoms the blank unknown, as does the lightning, drives with the slanting rain. And all this is for the reason that a storm, in terms of the human spirit, is a challenge, and God made us ready to meet challenges, giving us power to oppose whatever seems to menace us.

I REMEMBER going one October day into an immense lonely field of broom sedge across which a faint wind out of the pine forest was drifting. The wreck of an old stake-and-rider fence shambled through the waste field; and on this I sat, supposedly watching for wild life, but in reality "inviting my soul." It was early; the dew still gleamed in the fairy forests of the sedge. Over the world there rested that virginal beauty that apparels all things when the morning is still in her maidenhood. I do not recall that I ever saw nature more serene.

But this is a world in which change is a certainty. Within a brief half-hour, out of the far southwest the dusky funnel of a cyclone began to drive toward me with tattered and ominous funereal splendor. The bloodshot clouds converged fearsomely toward the tip of a huge green and purple vase. For all the peace that environed me, a shattering storm was coming.

It looked safer to stay in the field than to go into the forest, and there by the fence I stayed while this giant cloud came powerfully rolling on. The dark pines rocked, and wild music awoke in their crests. The gold of the broom sedge was tarnished by sick shadows. In a few moments the stormful vanguard was upon me—wrathful wind, hail, torrents of rain, darkness. Certain great pines went down with sloshing crashes. I could hear a fearsome snarl of wind off to the northward, where the funnel of the storm was passing.

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Hemmed in by the gale, I thought of Emerson's clairvoyant phrase: "the tumultuous privacy of storm."

In less than a half-hour, peace and sunshine had been restored. The broom grass was humbly bowed in misty gold. Birds, coming out of hiding, seemed to hasten to express in song the joy of deliverance. The sun flared splendidly on the wet forest, setting millions of dripping pine needles glinting. Beauty, order, and peace were restored. And in my heart was rejoicing over the wonder and majesty of it all.

I remember going up a mountain path one day when I met a mountaineer with an ax in his hand. We were so high that there were few large trees above us; only rocks, a sparse growth of craggy and gnarled bushes and stunted trees, and the immensity of the blue sky above. As we were going the same way I walked with him, and eventually asked him what he was going to cut.

"I need a piece of timber to fix my timber wagon," he said. "You know that does the heaviest and most rackingest kind of work, and the tree that grows on the top, where the storms hit it hardest, is the tree that has the toughest wood. If ever you want to get a piece of timber to stand all the jolts and strains, cut it from a place where all its life it has been obleeged to stand the same kind of roughness. A tree that ain't shielded," he said, "is the last one to fall. It has stood so much in the way of storms, little by little, that when the big gale comes, it can weather it."

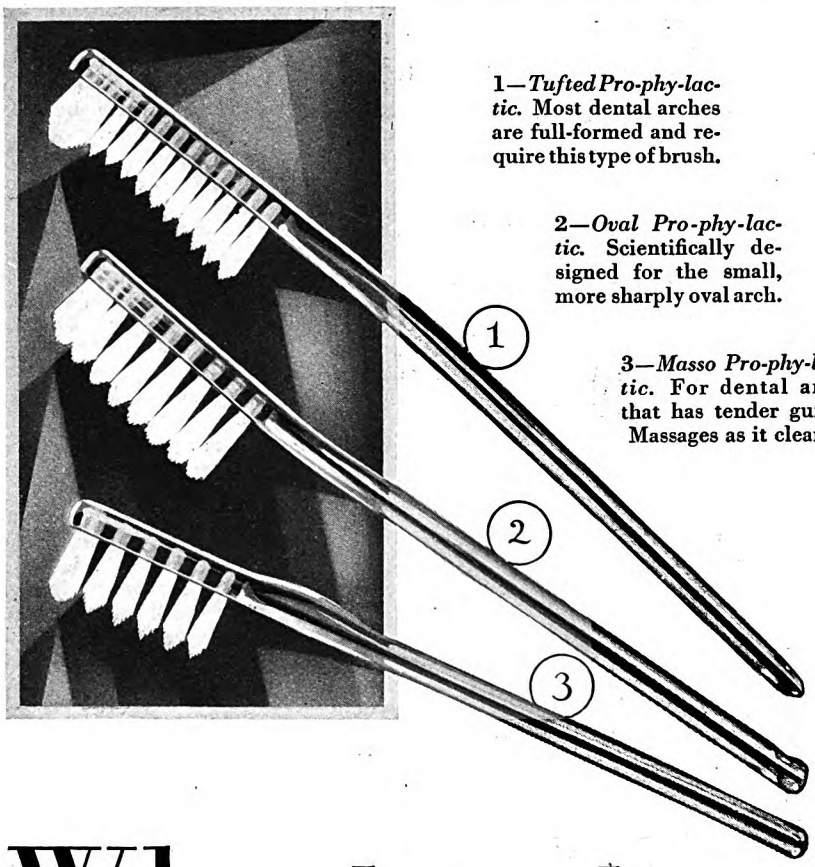
The mountaineer had hold of the same truth that Tennyson expressed when he said that the knights used to choose their lance shafts from trees "storm-strengthened on a windy site."

A storm compels a man to seek shelter, to try out his anchors, and it appears to me that storms develop the fine spiritual fiber of faith.

But storms also afford us the opportunity to shelter others. In a stormless existence, how should we develop our sympathies? It is not strength alone that we gain by struggling against the adversities of life but a certain enlargement of heart that is worth all the physical strength in the world.

THE mighty Linville Gorge, in the mountains of North Carolina, is a majestic and mystical place. The deepest wooded gorge in America, through it roars the Linville River, at normal times little more than a mountain trout stream, warbling along among the rocks lining the bottom of the cavernous gulch. It would seem an easy thing for a man to traverse this gorge, but it is said that only two persons have ever been daring enough to do so. One was a woman.

The length of the defile proper is about twelve miles; its sides are almost sheer. What constitutes the peril is the fearful rapidity with which the gorge fills. At one moment there may be a purling rivulet, searching out a channel among the west rocks; within a half-hour, a wild-crested flood will be ramping grandly down the narrow defile, storming thunderously through the drowned gulch, roaring resistlessly seaward. There are jewels to be found in the Linville Gorge, and beautiful Indian relics. But its nature is such that a storm, even of moderate violence, will render it a most perilous place.



1—*Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.* Most dental arches are full-formed and require this type of brush.

2—*Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.* Scientifically designed for the small, more sharply oval arch.

3—*Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic.* For dental arch that has tender gums. Massages as it cleans.

Why let chance choose your tooth brush?

Ten seconds with your mirror tells you exactly which of these three new Pro-phy-lac-tics you should use

YOU no longer need guess about the brush you use twice daily. Here are three different tooth brushes . . . all new . . . each scientifically designed to suit a specific dental arch.

You can decide instantly, accurately, what brush you should use. Just glance into your mirror.

If you see a face full-formed, your dental arch (teeth and gums), too, is full-formed. For you the right brush is the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. A smaller face and mouth indicate a small oval arch. Then the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic is the brush to use.

Unless . . . your smile shows teeth and gums that need special attention. To bring back sparkling health, you should use the special, dual-action brush—the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. This brush massages as it cleans. It fits both large and small arches. It has been approved by leading dentists and periodontists.

Today, and a month from now

Choose the right brush. Use the right brush. After a few weeks, look into your mirror again. Whiter teeth, sparkling, bright . . . gums firm, vigorous, healthy—these are priceless rewards for the extra care the right Pro-phy-lac-tic assures you.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Limited, Montreal

Full-formed face shows large dental arch

Dental arches (teeth and gums) differ. Each requires a different type of tooth brush to win gloriously white teeth, coral-firm gums. Read above how easy it is to let your mirror tell your type, to know exactly what kind of brush it is best for you to use.

Small face indicates small oval dental arch

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

different in shape and size . . . alike in quality

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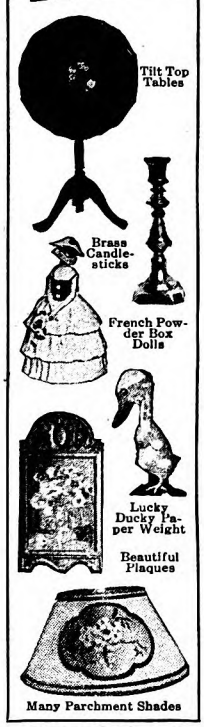
No Wonder *Men Are Proud of Wives Like Her!*

"Clever, brilliant, gifted," say her friends. "A wife in a thousand," says her husband. But she writes: "A Fading Wall Flower has been transformed by your inspiring book."



And This Book is now FREE to All Women!

HERE is the book that has brought new joy and happiness to hundreds of women. Within its 32 pages is described a new easy way to keep abreast of the times; a hobby that will add beauty to your home, that can bring you $10 to $25 a week for your spare time. No canvassing or tedious drudgery. We show you everything.

No Special Ability Needed

You need no special ability to become a successful member of the Fireside Guild. If you love color; if you like the deft touches of decoration that make a home so "livable;" if you like to "make things"—you have all the natural talent that is needed to quickly master all the delightful secrets of Applied Arts by the famous new simplified "3-Step Method."

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Right at home, under the direction of M. Gabriel Andre Petit and his staff, you quickly gain skill in the decoration of lovely silk scarves, batik tapestries, block printed draperies, colorful book shelves, wall plaques of gesso and polychrome, tallies, bridge prizes, and a hundred and one new articles that will bring you big profits and add distinction to your home. Here indeed is a hobby that will gain the admiration of all who know you, that will set you apart as the "one wife in a thousand!"

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It will bring you the entire fascinating story of the Fireside Guild. Simply fill in and mail coupon, enclosing 2c stamp for postage. Book will come by return mail. No obligation.

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Once I saw happen the thing which explorers of this splendid defile dread. I was on a pinnacle of rock overlooking the gorge when, far to the west, I saw the magnificent gloomy pageant of a thunderstorm. I watched the sublimity of it—like some dark, disastrous blossom of the sky, growing, bursting into lurid bloom, fading away.

That storm never came near me. Yet within two hours I saw its effect. It had been in the Linville watershed. The first intimation I had of what was coming was a deepening of the roar of the waters far below me. Watching, fascinated, I saw the gleaming friendly stream turn suddenly turgid, white-maned. Thunder was now in its stride. Little waterfalls became tall cataracts. Rocks and bushes in the gorge vanished. Under my very eyes the stream was transformed. Now it was a lordly river, gulping the sheer canyon walls, storming in wild splendor down the magnificent gorge. . . .

I thought: Here was a storm that never came near me. Yet the flood it started would drown me. It made me think of the deeds of others, reaching far, affecting the lives of many. It looks to me as if someone, somewhere, has to sustain the shock of every human deed. A virtue practiced may make some utter stranger strong; a vice in me may be disastrous, not only to those I love but to people I shall never see or know.

I REMEMBER an experience I had with a storm in a forest of yellow pine. I had gone only three of the ten miles I was supposed to travel, when the lurid clouds that had been piling up ominously in the west all that sultry July afternoon began to roll obliteratingly over the forest. The lightning was savage and almost incessant. The thunder was so nearly continuous that it sounded like the surf of some prodigious ocean, breaking on some vast and fabulous shore. The little Kentucky thoroughbred mare that I was driving, from being naturally nervous, turned fidgety, then flighty, then frantic. It was all I could do to hold her. We were driving into the oncoming storm.

Soon even the green-and-yellow light, that had been effulgent in the hushed greenwood, vanished, and the double darkness of night and of storm shut us in. With a roar, came the rain, the trees meanwhile tossing their limbs like despairing arms. A white bolt shot flaringly down, burnt a great pine, and buried itself in the earth not ten feet from my horse's head. Poor Kitty was too human to stand that. She rushed madly off the road. The two shafts of the buggy met two pines standing just at the proper distance apart. The traces parted. I let go the reins, and the mare vanished into the storm. There was I, sitting alone, taking the fury of the elements as they came.

I wondered about my good but temperamental mare; I thought of the broken traces, the strained shafts, the seven dank miles home through the lonely wood. I was so wet that I felt amphibious. But quite suddenly, out of the very black eye of the storm, a rift was torn. It was just a little rent, a blue-and-white handkerchief up there in the roaring dark heavens. And, by chance, in that serene space, the evening star shone. Solitary, celestial, in dewy-silver solitude it shone. And it was shining for me, stormbound as I was.

And it seemed to say: "All tempests are transient; I am eternal. The darkness and the rain and the blind and savage wind; the lightning and the crashing thunder; the blotting clouds, the after-mist; all these come and go. A little while, and the storm will be over. See in me the hope of eternal life and light. All storms are transient; all grief and tears, all disappointment and distress. Darkness soon passes away. Truth and love abide. After the storm, all shall be beauty and peace once more."

IT IS many years since I had that experience with the lonely star appearing amid the storm; but its message does not grow old. No message can which is really for the heart. Granted that storms leave scars, they are what old seams and sword cuts are to soldiers. Symbolic are they of encounter and resistance. And always, because of the analogy from nature, we have a right to believe—and to be comforted by that belief—that Eternal Light can, by mortal storms, be obscured only for a little while. Cardinal Newman must have had such a thought in mind when he so beautifully wrote:

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

There's always something masterful and mighty about a storm; even the quiet snowstorm has about it an aboriginal, resistless power. If its strength is not tumultuous, it is at least insistent. And whatever strength there is manifested calls forth in us the same kind of virtue to meet it. We are closer kin to the elemental forces than we know. We are blood-sisters and blood-brothers to the winds and the tides, the snow and the rain. Does the gale rise? So do our spirits. Does the snow whisper driftingly down through the needles of the pines and the hemlocks? So do our spirits float whitely with the snowflakes, as innocent and as peaceful as they.

The storms that sway the huge pendent world; the great primal forces of nature—these are not for our destruction. These are but lordly magnets drawing from the depths of our being similar virtue of spiritual vigor. As the persuading sun irresistibly compels the vitality of the buried seed to awake, so the storm rouses in us obscured and latent virtues.

WITH children, who are always, it seems, blessedly close to wholesome and natural and authentic racial instincts, the coming of a storm always means excitement. Even a little child will sense the approach of a tempest, and in its own way will rise to meet the occasion. Here is a three-year-old girl in a city apartment over which, for days, a bronze-misty sky has hung torridly. It is now after sundown. A storm is coming.

She sees it, and though she only half comprehends it, it fills her with the need for urgent preparation. She begins to run here and there, chatting excitedly, laughing, starting to do a number of things and finishing nothing. With an eager tenseness she tingles. Suddenly the wind comes. Doors bang. Windows rattle. The little

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child slings chairs against the doors, runs to the windows, shouts with glee, and in every way manifests the human excited reaction to these magnificent shows of nature that are staged for our uplift, enjoyment, and awakening of heart and mind.

Watching this naïve behavior of a child, one can see portrayed the whole cycle of human emotions about a storm. She had first sensed the thing coming; then she became excited, then charmed; then she began to wonder what it all was for. All of us wonder. . . . Perhaps, after a while, we shall learn that apparent triumph and disaster are only impostors. What makes an event important is its effect on the human soul. Death, presumably the supreme disaster, the final storm, cannot, I think, affect the virtuous soul adversely.

Without storms there would be a certain lassitude of existence that would be monotonous in the extreme. I love storms for the changes that they bring. As Henry Van Dyke beautifully says, "the wind of sorrow will often fan the flames of love into warmth and brightness once again." I love storms for the beauty that follows them; the sense of danger passed; the sense of God prevailing after all. Sometimes, at sunset, after a rain, an angelic evening arrives to the earth; and throbbing stars blaze softly on the dewy, silent fields, and night folds tenderly the misty river, the jeweled wood, the purple herdsgrass. The peace after a storm makes the heart rejoice that the danger has been survived; we feel a closer comradeship with those who have shared the peril with us; we feel as if a refuge and a rest had been earned.

The Thing in Nature That Thrills Me Most

Prize Contest Announcement

WHAT is it? Thunderstorms, rainstorms, sunrise, sunset, an Indian summer evening, mountains, lakes, a woodsy lane! Add as many more things to the list as you like, and then take your choice. Tell us why a particular manifestation appeals to you most. Just what does it do to you? Does it make you wish to challenge the universe? Does it give you peace? Does it make you feel closer to God?

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes August 20th. Winning letters will appear in the November issue.

Address "Nature" Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Now I know . . . !"

She did not know what was the matter . . . she was not ill . . . but something was wrong. The old energy was gone. Her married life seemed to have become a failure. Was it her fault? She asked a doctor to examine her. He told her what was wrong.

Most fastidious women today practice sane habits of living and feminine hygiene to safeguard their health and vitality and youthfulness. But a great many actually injure themselves by following unsound advice or using the wrong disinfectant. In this vital matter you must have the *facts.*

The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant will send you free a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It contains the rules for practicing feminine hygiene which every woman should know. Send the coupon now.

But while waiting for the booklet to arrive, take no more dangerous chances. "Lysol" Disinfectant has, for nearly forty years, been the standard disinfectant with physicians and hospitals when germs *must* be killed. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today at the nearest drugstore. Complete directions come with every bottle.

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., '28

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail *only* in the *brown* bottle packed in the *yellow* carton.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole distributors* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*
Bloomfield, N. J., Department 159

Please send me, free, your booklet,
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The Chanins of Broadway

(Continued from page 23)

would look through a little hole in one end of the thing and make commanding signals to his assistants.

"To me," laughed Chanin, "he was a sort of god. I couldn't imagine what he saw through that little hole. I had a vague notion that he beheld the whole world! And I would have given *anything* if I too could look through that hole and see what he saw.

"One day I went home, called my first 'business conference,' and told my father and mother that I had decided to become an engineer. That announcement wouldn't create much of a stir in an American family; but to my own parents it sounded so ridiculous that they declared I was dreaming.

"Apparently, anybody that looks further and reaches further than most folks do, is either 'dreaming' or 'crazy.'

"'Don't be foolish!' my father said to me. 'To become an engineer, you'd have to go to college—and they won't let you do that in Russia because you weren't born here.'

"'That's all right,' I told him. 'I'll manage somehow.'

"WELL," he went on, "we stayed in Russia about eight years. In those days, you remember, the revolutionists were secretly working against the Czar's Government. They used to get hold of the boys and girls and teach them radicalism. They got hold of me! And suddenly my father discovered that he almost had a thirteen-year-old revolutionist in the family.

"Meanwhile, he had been unsuccessful in business over there and most of his ten thousand dollars had melted away. When he found that I was mixed up with doings that might lead me to exile or death, he decided to come back to a country where he could make a living, and I would probably go *on* living. So, in 1906, when I was fourteen years old, we returned to Brooklyn.

"Father soon began to get small contracts; and for several years I worked for him, doing plastering, papering, painting, and so on. After I'd had a little experience he put me in charge of jobs. I was 'the boss' over twenty or thirty men, all of them two or three times as old as I was.

"In school I had done particularly well in mathematics. I really *loved* geometry: the exactness of it, the way you had to prove, and *could* prove, every step in a problem.

"Most boys rebel against studying geometry. But it was the foundation for all that I have accomplished in the past ten years.

"Although I was doing a man's work for my father, he paid me only a dollar a week. That was all right. He needed my help, and I felt that I owed it to him.

"Too many children nowadays seem to think their parents owe them something. They even claim that the *world* owes them a living. My idea was—and still is—that I must earn what I get.

"I hadn't given up my plan of becoming an engineer, but I had neither the time nor the money to go to college. So when I was seventeen years old I began taking the night course at Cooper Institute. I worked all day and went to school in the evening.

"By the next year, my father could manage without my help, so I entered day school at the Institute and earned money by tutoring at night. That summer I got a job, at seventy-five dollars a month, on the subway construction.

"I won three scholarships at Cooper Institute, was president of my class both years, and was elected by the students to represent them with the faculty."

"How do you explain all this?" I interrupted.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "I was putting all my thought and energy into one thing—the work I was doing at school! I didn't waste time and strength in other ways: dancing and sports and just playing around.

"I wanted to learn all there was to be known about engineering. I used to get books out of the library, histories of industry going back hundreds of years. I wanted to understand how and why conditions had become what they are to day.

"It was like another kind of geometry. It's not enough to say that a certain angle is equal to the sum of two other angles. You should be able to *prove* that it is, and to know why.

"So, in industry, it isn't enough to say: 'Here is a certain condition.' I wanted to be able to prove that the condition really existed, and how it came about.

"JUST before I was graduated from the Institute, I competed for an annual prize given by a Pennsylvania engineering association. Each year a problem in construction was sent to all the technical schools. Any member of the senior classes could compete for the prizes and honorable mentions. The year before I was graduated a Cooper Institute student had received the eighth honorable mention, a fact of which we were very proud because our school was hardly to be compared with the great colleges.

"The problem submitted to my class called for the design and specifications for a bridge. Of course I entered the competition! I never missed a chance to measure myself in any kind of test.

"The result of this one wasn't known for some time; and meanwhile, having graduated, I went back to the subway job, making drawings in the office of the engineers in charge.

"I had been there a month or two when one day the head of Cooper Institute sent for me. To my amazement, he actually put his arms around me and almost kissed me.

"Then he explained that I had won second prize in the competition. The first award had gone to a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the leading technical school in the country. I believe my old professor was prouder of my success than I was myself.

"Soon after I went to work on the subway job my pay was raised to one hundred and fifty dollars a month. A year or so later I was sent to Philadelphia. A subway was to be built there and four men were transferred from our office to assist in making the engineer's drawings.

"While I was there, I roomed with some young medical students. I always had been interested in hygiene, and here was an opportunity for me to learn about it. I asked them hundreds of questions. Often I went with them to their evening lectures.

"Meanwhile, the United States had entered the war. I applied for a commission as an engineer and was sent to Camp Wadsworth. Somehow it was discovered that I knew a bit about physiology; so I was put to work with the medical examining board taking measurements of incoming recruits. They used to call me 'the chest engineer.'

"Before long, however, I got a very different sort of berth. I was sent to Cleveland, where I probably was kept under close observation for a couple of weeks. Then I was summoned by the officer in charge and told that I was to be given one of the greatest of all possible opportunities to serve my country.

"He didn't explain what it was. But before daylight the next morning, I was taken by motor car to a village, perhaps twenty-five miles away, turned over to an armed guard, and led into a big barbed-wire enclosure.

"Later, I found that I was at a post where poison gas was to be made. Every man that entered that enclosure was to stay there until the war ended—unless he died before that time came!

"We were forbidden to discuss the work we were doing. The letters we wrote, and those we received, were read and censored. We could not set foot outside the enclosure.

"My job there was to put up the necessary buildings, for the plant was just being started. I had to design and construct the living quarters, laboratories, foundations, and supports for huge retorts. And the one overwhelming demand on me was for speed! Safety and speed.

"It was a stiff job. But the Government doesn't owe me anything for the work I did there! What I learned has been worth thousands of dollars to me since then.

"BEFORE going there, I never had put up a building of any sort. I knew theories; I'd had some experience, with my father, in details. I knew materials. I had studied them just because I was interested in them. Wood and steel and concrete: I hadn't missed a chance to learn about them. And as 'boss' over my father's workmen I had gained some experience in handling men.

"But as an actual builder I was nothing but a green boy. Yet I could handle the job, because I had been getting ready for it all my life.

"The big new thing it taught me was to have *confidence* in the knowledge I possessed. That, and also how to get *speed* out of myself and others.

"When the Armistice came, we were

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A pure drink of natural flavors

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

8 million a day

You can't take your ease and really rest without refreshment. And it takes a refreshing drink to refresh. Coca-Cola means that icy, tingling delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment. With a drink so good, even a pause for a little minute is long enough for a big rest.

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A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the Coca-Cola bottle you can identify even in the dark. Every bottle sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

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H A V E A C A M E L

It's fair sailing—once you've chosen Camels

They're smooth and mellow-mild and their taste as refreshing as a salt sea breeze.

CAMELS

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ready to produce the most deadly gas that had ever been invented; and in quantities sufficient to wipe out an army. Fortunately, it did not have to be used.

"Meanwhile, my brother Henry had gone to France and had been seriously injured in action. At first he was reported killed. A younger brother had died in the flu epidemic in November. For these reasons I was anxious to get back to my parents, so I asked for my discharge.

"I reached home in December, 1918, when I was just twenty-six years old. The next thing was to make a new start in life—and I was determined that it *should* be a new one.

"I could have got a job like the ones I'd had before the war. In fact, the major at the poison-gas plant sent me a telegram offering me a position with a steel firm at a salary of fifty-two hundred dollars a year; which looked pretty big to me! It was almost three times as much as I'd ever earned before.

"But I didn't want to sit in an office and draw plans to carry out other people's ideas. I was sure I could have ideas of my own. I wanted to do things myself; and to do them in my own way.

"For months I just walked around and watched what was going on. I tried to size up conditions: to find out what the world needed that I could supply.

"It didn't take long for me to realize that there was a tremendous shortage of houses. People seem to think," he went on, "that I've had phenomenal luck. But that particular opportunity, for example, was staring everybody in the face. The housing situation was being discussed all over the country.

"A good many men were acting on it. Right there in Bensonhurst, builders were putting up houses and selling them at a good profit. The chance was there for me, too; but with a capital of only about two hundred dollars—which was every cent I had—what could I accomplish?

"For several months I just watched, and studied things. I used to go into the new houses which were being shown to home-seekers, and listen to the comments; especially to what the women would say. In this way I found out what they liked and what they didn't like.

"FINALLY, in the spring of 1919, I went to a retired builder whom I had known through my father. This man owned a good deal of vacant land in Bensonhurst, and I persuaded him to sell me two adjoining lots and to accept a down payment of only $100 on them! That sounds ridiculous, for ordinarily he would have demanded at least $1,000 down.

"I wanted to put up two houses which would cost $10,000 apiece. It seemed a crazy idea, for I had only $100 left to do it with. But I knew it was not crazy, so I tried to borrow enough money to make a start.

"I was engaged then to the girl who is now my wife. She had enough faith in me to lend me $300—all her savings. And I had enough faith in myself to accept it. Some of my friends added small loans; so that altogether I scraped up about $1,000 in this way.

"Then I tackled the bankers and other business men. I didn't deceive them. I put all my cards on the table.

"'You'll get your money back,' I said. 'Perhaps not this year or next. But I promise that you shall have it; for, even if I fail in this enterprise I can earn the money in other ways.'

"In order to prove that I could, I would show them the telegram offering me a fifty-two-hundred-dollar salary. I almost wore out the paper on which that telegram was written by showing it to the men I tried to borrow from," he laughed. "Thanks to it, I collected more than the amount it offered me.

"When it came to building the houses, I adopted the creed which I have clung to ever since: Give people something different, something better, and something *more* than they have a right to expect.

"A great many other builders were turning out cheap and shoddy houses. They sold them, because people had to have a roof over their heads. But I didn't do this. I bought my materials carefully. Although I was not an architect I drew my own plans. I bossed the construction. And I added pleasing and unusual details, which cost extra money to be sure but which were so attractive to buyers that my two houses were sold, for $13,000 apiece, before they were completed.

"With my $6,000 profit, and the proof that I was not so crazy as I had seemed, I was able to go on building. I bought the rest of the lots on that block and started more houses; all different and all better than other contractors were selling at the same price.

"I did not own the property facing my lots. You might think it was no concern of mine what kind of houses were put up across the street. But I wanted my customers to have, not only nice houses to live in but also nice ones to look at! So I drew plans and *gave* them, without any charge, to the other contractors.

"I'M TRYING to show you that what people call my 'luck' was not due to chance. It was simply the result of using an opportunity honestly, sensibly, and with understanding of what people want.

"My brother Henry, who was an accountant, had taken a government position in Washington after he came out of the hospital. As my building projects expanded, I needed help; so I sent for him. He took care of the office work—although we didn't have an office! We had only a desk in a little paint store which my father had opened.

"Within about two years, we built and sold more than twenty houses in Bensonhurst. All this time I kept watch of conditions. We, and other contractors, had been supplying homes to people who had made money during the war. But as time went on I realized that this particular demand had been met. It is as necessary to know when to *stop* doing a certain thing, as to know when to *begin* doing it.

"'Bensonhurst has all the houses it needs,' I said to my brother. 'We must go to another field.'

"After studying conditions, I found that the salaried class had not been taken care of. These people could not afford to buy houses. They had to live in rented flats. So we selected a site and put up an apartment house to accommodate sixteen families. Before we had it finished it was rented to capacity. We followed this with a forty-tenant house; and that, too, was immediately filled.

"Up to this time, we had built and sold. But now, with the post-war deflation going on, we couldn't sell our new apartment houses to advantage; and as they were heavily mortgaged it wasn't easy for us to carry them.

"Meanwhile, a very common thing had happened: You will always find a good many people who simply copy what other men do. They see that money is being made in a certain kind of enterprise, so they trail after the leaders. And they keep on with the same enterprise after the leaders have dropped it.

"Contractors who hadn't known when to stop had gone on building homes for which there was now no demand! One Brooklyn firm found itself with a lot of empty houses which it couldn't sell. It had laid the foundations for a good many more; but construction on these had stopped when the slump came. This firm tried to sell its empty houses to us.

"AFTER studying the situation, I said to my brother: 'Here's what I think will happen: The contractors can't afford to hold on to those houses indefinitely. They'll have to sell them at a loss. People will come along and buy for fifteen thousand dollars a house which, in ordinary times, would cost them twenty thousand.

"'These are two-family houses. The purchaser of one of them will get a bargain to begin with. Then he will rent half of it—and the rent will pay all his own expense. He will tell his friends and relatives about his good luck. They will buy houses there for themselves. And the first thing you know all the empty houses will be full, and there will be a demand for more.'

"Believing that my judgment was sound, we took the vacant lots with their foundations in an exchange for our apartment houses. Once more, people thought we were crazy. They said we had been badly taken in. But things turned out just as I had figured, and we sold every one of the lots, making a good profit.

"People drive through that section now," he laughed, "and point out the houses as 'Chanin's oranges.' Because, as they say, we took a bunch of lemons and turned them into oranges.

"All this time, we were living in Bensonhurst. I kept watching and studying things, and finally I came to another decision:

"'Several hundred houses have been built here,' I said to my brother, 'and a lot of new people have come here to live. All these people have to *buy* things. We've given them homes. Now let's give them the shops they need.'

"We bought property on the street which we figured should be the logical business thoroughfare; and there we erected stores, a garage, a public market and so on. We made money out of that enterprise; but there was nothing more for us to do in Bensonhurst.

"We now had an office in Brooklyn; and from my own experience I knew that the office buildings there were old-fashioned and the rents were high. In other words, here was a definite need. So we determined to put up an office building.

"As usual, the bankers to whom we applied for financial backing were all from Missouri and wanted to be 'shown.' That, of course, was perfectly right. But when

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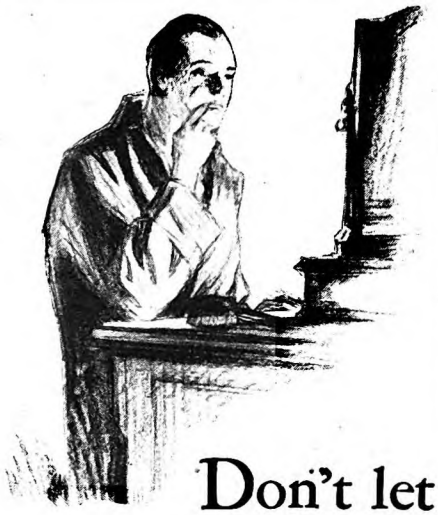

Don't let your gums 'sleep' their health away!

TO remain in health the gums, like all living tissue, need work and exercise. Nature planned that they should receive stimulation from the chewing of coarse food, to encourage a free circulation of rich, fresh blood through their walls.

But we have thwarted that plan of Nature's! For we demand only soft, rich foods—delicately prepared—daintily served. Our gums are robbed of activity—they lack the invigorating friction they need. Year after year they lead an artificial life of ease—year after year, they "sleep" their health away!

Small wonder that gums soften, weaken and lose their tone—that "pink tooth brush" appears, with its unmistakable warning of more serious troubles to come.

How Ipana and massage build firm healthy gums

Fortunately the dental profession offers a simple, effective remedy for this difficulty. They tell us to massage our gums, gently, either with the finger-tips, or with the brush while brushing the teeth.

And thousands of dentists ask their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for both massage and ordinary brushing. For Ipana is specifically compounded to stimulate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic of known efficacy in the toning of weak, undernourished tissue.

The coupon, of course, will bring you a ten-day trial—enough to acquaint you with Ipana's cleaning power and its delightful flavor. But the better plan is to start at once with a full-sized tube from the druggist. Use it for one month. That is a fairer test of Ipana's power to improve the health of your gums.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J88,
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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they declared that tenants wouldn't move into our building, I knew they were not right on *that* point.

"'Tell me *why* they won't move!' I said. 'Scores of Brooklyn men are occupying small, dark offices and paying a high rent. If they can get air and sunshine, with modern improvements, and for two thirds of what they are paying now, is there any sensible reason why they won't take it?'

"I remember one man on whom my arguments had no effect. I had him call his stenographer and have her take down a statement of what I predicted would happen. I told him to keep it in his desk for one year, to reread it then, and to see whether my prediction had been fulfilled.

"As a matter of fact, I went back to him in less than eight months, had him read over that statement—and he admitted that every word of it had come true.

"When I was trying to get the money, however, I was passed on from one office to another without success, until I finally found one man who had faith in my judgment; and with the backing of his firm we put up the Chanin Building in Brooklyn.

"To the bankers, I had given an estimate of the income I was willing to *guarantee* the building would bring in. But when completed it was rented at a total figure almost twice as high as the one I had named.

"Nevertheless, when I started our next project, some people again insisted that I was 'crazy.' We bought the best business site in Brooklyn, paid $850,000 for it, and began to erect a $5,000,000 office building. Before it was completed we sold it, at a big profit, to another firm.

"Since that time, the usual thing has happened: Too many office buildings have been put up in Brooklyn and there is an oversupply. We knew *when to stop*.

"We next began to study conditions in New York. We found that the wholesale fur dealers were concentrated in a certain section, but in shabby and inadequate quarters. We put up a fine modern structure, the Fur Center Building. It was an immediate success, because it supplied a definite need.

"'That takes care of the fur business!' I said. 'Now we must find something else.'

"I ALWAYS had loved the theatre. When I was a student at Cooper Institute that was my one diversion. But I was so poor then that all I could afford was an occasional fifty-cent seat in the top gallery. To reach this 'nigger heaven,' as it was called, I had to go in at a separate door. I wasn't allowed to use the main entrance, and this always humiliated me.

"In looking over the New York field I discovered that there wasn't a 'dark' theatre in the city. I mean that every one of them was open and making money for the owner. So I determined to build a theatre.

"This was in 1925, three years ago. Since then, we have built eight theatres; seven of them for ourselves, although we have sold three of these. The eighth was the Roxy, the largest and most elaborately equipped theatre in the world.

"Here was a new and wonderful opportunity. Not merely to make money; but also, in my own way, to touch the realm of art. Just because I am a business man you mustn't think that I don't care about beauty. Even in those first two houses which I built in Bensonhurt I tried to do more than a mere mechanical job. I've put the same spirit into everything I've undertaken.

"And I've tried, also, to do another thing; I have tried to think about the *human beings* for whom I build. In my theatres, for instance, we use chairs which we designed; wider and more comfortable ones than those formerly used. We gave more space between the rows; introduced new methods of improving the acoustic properties, gave the actors better dressing-rooms; designed entrance foyers which were revolutionary in their saving of valuable space.

"And, believe me," he laughed, "I didn't forget my old grievance about the separate doors to the galleries! I did away with the whole business—gallery and all. At my theatres, the girl from the 'five-and ten' and the richest aristocrat in town enter by the same door.

"My theory is that people go to the theatre to be happy and to forget their troubles and worries. They can't do this if they are physically uncomfortable or mentally irritated. So I try to make them at ease, both in mind and body.

"HOWEVER, we couldn't go on building theatres indefinitely. We had to find another direction where some definite need existed; and we found it in rather a curious way:

"One day my brother and I, who are still living in Brooklyn, were compelled by business to stay very late at our New York office, so we thought we'd better spend the night at a hotel. We called up six of the biggest hotels in town—and not a room was to be had! That was interesting in more ways than one. I began to study the situation; and as a result we built the Hotel Lincoln, with 1,400 rooms and 1,400 baths. With the three theatres which we built next door to the hotel, the whole thing is a $12,000,000 enterprise.

"But you must understand that there is more, for me, than just money in doing all this. There is, for one thing, the interest of trying to express ideas! Especially my own ideas.

"For example, while we were planning the interior decoration of the Lincoln I happened to be riding along Madison Avenue early one bright Sunday morning. The street was practically deserted; and I suddenly saw on the wide pavement the shadow-silhouettes of the towering buildings, with their 'set-back' upper stories.

"Stopping the car, I got out and stood there looking at this extraordinary picture, a sort of symbol of New York. And the idea came to me that we would make our new hotel an expression of the city itself. Why go on repeating the old forms? The Louis XV drawing-rooms, Jacobean libraries, Italian dining-rooms, and all that sort of thing. Why not translate our own period into art?

"That's what we have tried to do in the Lincoln. It has been tremendously interesting to build, not only with steel and bricks and mortar but with ideas as well.

"We are doing that in the 56-story office building which we are erecting near the Grand Central Station. And we shall do it in the hotel which we are going to

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build near by. With its 6,700 rooms it will be the largest hotel in the world."

"Quite a contrast," I said, "to the two little houses with which you began less than ten years ago."

"Yes," he agreed; "we have gone a long way since then.

"I'll tell you," he went on after a moment's hesitation, "who has helped me along the road. In a sort of way, I've been in partnership with Abraham Lincoln! That's why we named our hotel after him.

"From the time I was a boy, Lincoln has been my ideal of a man. And among the many wonderful things he said, there were two which I have repeated to myself over and over again.

"The first was: 'I say: "*Try! One who never tries never succeeds.*"'

"And the second was: '*A promise made must be kept.*'

"I don't know," he smiled, "whether people ever called Lincoln 'crazy.' I imagine they did, because they called him a good many uncomplimentary things. But if a man's 'craziness' is backed up by courage, common sense, and the confidence that is based on knowledge, he can afford to laugh at his critics—then and later."

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW to use the gentle art of diplomacy in everyday life, read the interview, next month, with Henry P. Fletcher. Mr. Fletcher, who at present is our Ambassador to Italy, has spent over twenty-five years in the diplomatic service. No one can spend twenty-five successful years in the diplomatic service without learning a whole lot about getting on with all sorts and conditions of men. For the benefit of the readers of this magazine, the Ambassador has boiled down to six basic principles all that he knows and has learned about the art of getting on with people. As the measure of our achievement is also the measure of our ability to get along with people this article is going to be of immense value to those who read it.

Strawberries Don't Grow on Poison Ivy Vines

(*Continued from page 29*)

in that little safe 'thout any delay, and 'thout pryin' it open. Because what's in that safe, if anythin', is the proppity of Mrs. Freddie Norton, and become so on her marriage. . . . Accordin' to the desire of Old Man Haddy, deceased."

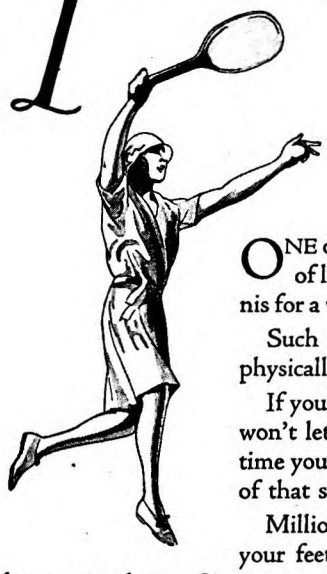
"I don't know as it's all clear yet."

"W-al, the idee is kind of like this: Old Man Haddy, he had a fit of remorse or suthin' or other when this here daughter was born after him havin' six sons in a row. So he fixed up this here safe that was to be hern when she growed up, and was to be kep' around and give to her on the day she married. That's the main idee."

"It don't sound much like a Haddy," said Johnny.

Things you want to do but can't—

Your feet won't let you



ONE of the richest gifts is the ability to get the most out of life—to enjoy long walks or hikes; golf or play tennis for a whole afternoon, or dance to your heart's content.

Such recreations keep you young, mentally keen and physically fit.

If you can't indulge in such pleasures because your feet won't let you—or, if your feet punish you severely every time you try it—you can easily and quickly rid yourself of that serious handicap.

Millions have done it by this method. It will make your feet young again. Puts new life, strength and endurance in them. *Gives you complete comfort from the moment you start using it.*

It is Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm.

You will be able to engage in your favorite pastime, or stand, work or walk for hours without a murmur from your feet.

Even after a day or evening of hard use of your feet, when they ache or pain unbearably, you can get quick and grateful relief. In a few moments your distress will be gone. You can then resume active use of your feet hours longer with perfect comfort.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm, a creamy emollient, is delightfully soothing, cooling and healing. It stimulates the skin...opens the pores...removes impurities...tones up the muscles and tissues.

It instantly stops burning sensations...quickly relieves all aches and pains...quiets corns, callouses and bunions...dispels foot odors.

You will never be without Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm once you try it. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c per jar.

For generous free sample, mail coupon below.

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

Made in the Laboratories of THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., World's Largest Manufacturers of Arch Supports, Foot Comfort Appliances and Foot Remedies.

Easy to apply, quickly absorbed by the pores. An indispensable toilet accessory for every foot-suffering man and woman.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., Chicago

Mail free sample Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm and book, "The Feet and Their Care", to

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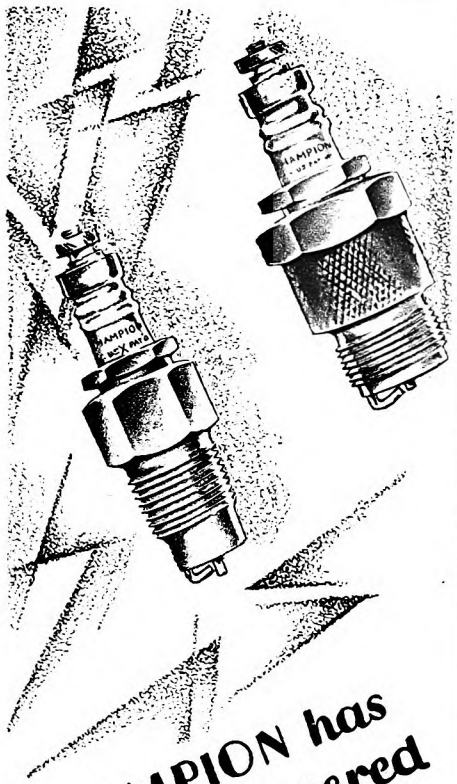

CHAMPION has always pioneered

FOR MORE than 16 years Champion has led in spark plug development and that is why today it is accepted as the better spark plug and outsells throughout the world two to one.

Today, more than ever before, Champion leadership stands unchallenged.

For Champion is of two-piece, compression-tight construction, with a new solid copper gasket seal.

Its insulator is of *sillimanite*, a rare mineral of which Champion controls the only known source of supply. This insulator is specially heat treated to withstand the greater compressions and higher temperatures of the modern engine. It is practically unbreakable and greatly resists carbon formation.

A fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions is assured by the special analysis electrodes, which greatly resist pitting and burning.

For these reasons you can buy dependable Champions with every assurance of better engine operation and greater car satisfaction, as do two-thirds of motorists the world over.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs

TOLEDO O

"Haddys," said Scattergood, "is like other folks in one way—you can't never tell what one of 'em might do. You won't go so fur's to say a Haddy wouldn't do what I said?"

"No."

"Neither'll them Six Big Men."

"But they won't give up the safe.'

"To be sure they won't."

"Why are you so sure?"

"Because," said Scattergood, "to the best of my knowledge and belief, they hain't got no safe."

"Look here, Scattergood, what are you getting me into?"

"Nothin'," said Scattergood, "that'll smirch the shinin' honor of a member of the legislature of the nation. . . . Now you run along and write that letter, Johnny, and make it real sharp and demandin'. . . . G'-by. And when you git time come back, and we'll talk about how to run the Govament. G'-by, Johnny."

Scattergood waited. A couple of days later a noncommittal message arrived through the devious channels made use of by the Haddys, which said in effect, "What in tunket is this about a safe?" To this no response was made, and Half Acre was allowed to whet the edge of its curiosity. Evidently it arose to fever heat, for a second message came from the village of outcasts demanding an interview, and a promise of safe conduct to Coldriver and return.

"Tell 'em," said Scattergood to Johnny Bones, "that there ain't nothin' to talk over; but they kin come if they want to, and not be interfered with."

So the Haddys came—the Six Big Men—swaggering and scowling, swinging down the street belligerently two by two, and expressing in every movement of their splendid bodies their contempt for ordinary folks who were not of their breed. They mounted the stairs to Johnny's office and thundered on the door.

"Come in," Johnny said quietly, and they entered in single file until they filled the small room to bulging.

"What's this," demanded the spokesman, "about a safe?"

"Have you found it?" countered Johnny.

"We hain't sayin'. We come to find out, not to *give* out."

"Then you know nothing about it? Your father didn't tell you?"

"It's us doin' the askin'," glowered Haddy.

"You have a sister," said Johnny, and each Haddy scowled. The spokesman swore vindictively for all of them.

"THE story goes," said Johnny, "that when she was born your father was in funds. . . . That," said Johnny negligently, "was about the time of the little difficulty up Centerville way, twenty years ago. I seem to remember the bank there was robbed; but nobody was ever caught."

"Huh!" snarled Haddy.

"Well, it seems that your father, having had six boys, was kind of pleased to have a daughter, that's how the story's told. And it seems he fixed up a safe; nobody knows what he put into it—but he fixed it up and hid it away to be given to the girl when she came of age or married. Now, taking that in connection with the Centerville affair, one naturally draws conclusions. . . . And I'm retained to find that safe and turn it over to its rightful owner."

"The' was fifteen-twenty thousand took out of that bank," Haddy said with a leer, "so I've heard tell."

"Something like that."

"And if this here safe's found, what's in it belongs to *her?*"

"It does," said Johnny.

"If she kin git it," said Haddy.

"Exactly," said Johnny. "But surely you wouldn't rob your own sister."

"Huh," said Haddy, and glanced significantly from brother to brother. The other five grinned back at him meaningly. . . . And then the door opened and Scattergood Baines came in. He paused, as though astonished. "Didn't know ye had comp'ny, Johnny," he said.

"Come right in. You know the Haddy brothers. Mr. Baines, boys."

"How be ye?" Scattergood said affably, smiling placidly at these men who had promised to do him a grievous harm in return for his share in the elopement of their sister. "W-al, I'll come back another time."

"No, go ahead. What can I do for you?"

"YOU know that thing you was askin' about—that you said you thought might be stored away in the bank some-'eres."

"Yes."

"W-al, the boys found it, I calc'late. Stuck away behind a lot of rubbage in that old vault in the cellar. Jest come onto it a few minutes ago."

"Ah," said Johnny, and turned to the Haddys. "Well, I guess I won't have to bother you boys any more."

"But mebbe we'll have to bother you," said Haddy. "What's this here that's been found?"

"I don't see any harm in telling you. You'll be glad to know, perhaps. It's that little safe."

"I don't believe it," said Haddy.

"Jest the same, it's there," said Scattergood.

"You got to prove it," said Haddy.

"Why?"

"Because this here's suthin' that concerns the fam'ly, and we got a right to know. It's been put there by our dad, hain't it, and meant for this gal?"

"To be sure."

"W-al, we want to *see* it!"

Johnny looked at Scattergood, who pursed his lips and squinted his eyes. "I dunno," said he, "as we could see our way clear to lettin' six Haddys into our vault to once. Suthin' unpleasant might happen. But I calc'late we could take care of *one* Haddy. . . . Yes, sir, if you hanker to see it, one of ye kin come along with me."

"I'll go," said the spokesman. "You boys stay right here."

Scattergood and Haddy walked across the square to the bank and down into the basement, where, in the middle of an old and musty vault, used now for the storage of records, stood a tiny, grimy, dusty safe of ancient manufacture.

"There she be," said Scattergood.

"Open it up," said Haddy.

"Hain't got the authority, and hain't got the combination if we had."

"What you calc'late to do with it?"

"Mr. Bones intends to turn it over to your sister."

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"Huh," said Mr. Haddy venomously. "Come on back."

Once in Johnny's office, he faced his brothers. "It's there," he said. "You figger to give it to *her?*" This to Johnny.

"Certainly."

"Lemme git this clear. It was put there for a sister of ourn—a daughter of the old man?"

"Yes."

"But, supposin' she dies, eh? Supposin' the' wa'n't no sister now—who'd it go to?"

"To you boys, of course."

The Haddys gathered in a growling knot, and scraps of savage conversation came to the ears of Scattergood and Johnny: "Nothin' to hang onto us . . . Centerville Bank . . . the Old Man . . . b'longs to us . . . cheated out of what's ourn. . . ."

Suddenly Haddy turned, ponderous and scowling and dangerous. "Ye kin give it to us."

"It is the property of your sister, and shall go to her," Johnny said with determination.

Haddy laughed. "But we hain't got no sister!"

"I could think up that story," said Johnny. "You'll have to do better."

"I kin prove it," said Haddy.

"You're wasting my time," said Johnny.

"Now, listen, you, or you'll be wishin' ye had. This here gal hain't no Haddy. She hain't no relative whatever. She's jest a gal."

"She's been your sister for twenty years. It's a little late to disown her."

"OUR sister died when she was along about six months old," said Haddy. "Or mebbe less. The Old Man, he'd been doin' time, and he come out, and after a while this here baby was born. But she was spindlin', and she up and died one night. . . . And the Old Man he rode off some'eres on a hoss, and next day he was back with a baby—and this here's her."

"Nonsense!"

"I tell ye, it's so. . . . The Old Man, he was sent to the penitentiary for suthin' he never done—"

"Naturally," said Johnny.

"And he made up his mind he'd git even with that there jedge. But he wa'n't no fool. He didn't say nothin' about it, like some does. So he was locked up, and when he come out he didn't do nothin', but bided his time. . . . He waited nigh onto two year . . . so as folks wouldn't connect up his gittin' out and what happened. . . . And then, when this here baby up and died, he seen his chance—and we buried her 'thout nobody knowin'—and brung up the one he fetched back with him—which was the baby of this here jedge that wronged him. So you see clear the Old Man didn't intend this safe for the baby of the man he hated. No, siree; he meant it fer his own baby, and she up and died."

"Funny he didn't get it back then," Johnny said ironically.

"Proba'ly meant to. But the Old Man, he run into hard luck. Got himself shot, and you know it. . . . So you kin jest hand over that safe!"

"No, indeed," said Johnny. "In the first place, I don't believe you; and if I did, I'd have to have proof."

"What 'ud be proof?"

"Well," said Johnny, "if you boys

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know this to be true, and would tell the facts under oath, that would be some proof; but not enough. When this child was stolen—if she was stolen—she must have had clothes on, and maybe ornaments—possibly marks of some sort her parents would remember, if they're alive."

"They be!"

"And there are other proofs, such as time—the coincidence of the disappearance, and the appearance of this child in Half Acre—and other things of the sort that lawyers could determine by search. . . . But the first proofs would have to come from you—the clothes and things."

"We got 'em," said Haddy. "The Old Man allus figgered he might make some use of 'em; and the' was another thing we kin swear to. When this here baby come, she'd been hurt in the hand. Right hand it was—and the' was splints onto it on account of a finger bein' busted. . . . Ol' Doc 'll remember that, because he tended it."

"If," said Johnny, "all this is true, fetch the clothes and trinkets."

"Ham, you 'n' Joe 'n' Hefty go 'n' git 'em. The rest of us 'll stop here 'n' make them affidavits. I don't calc'late to leave town 'thout that safe comin' along with me."

"Very well," said Johnny, "now the facts. Give them to me, and I'll have them typewritten in affidavit form so you can swear to them. The whole story. By the way, who were her parents?"

"Do we git that safe?"

"If you can prove what you say, you get it."

"We kin: The jedge was Amassa Woolworth."

"Who is now chief justice of the state?"

"That's him."

Johnny looked his astonishment at Scattergood, who merely nodded his head in confirmation. "It had to be," he said.

"Eh?" snarled Haddy.

"Nothin'," said Scattergood.

BY THE time the long affidavits were prepared and sworn to, the three brothers returned with a bundle, which contained a baby's clothes and shoes and hat; a dress made by some loving and skillful hand, embroidered, and on each little sleeve, within a design of silken thread, the name Inez. And a bracelet with bangles, such as were in the mode for babies at the time, and a locket of gold, inside which was the picture of a dog and a cat.

"I guess we'll have to admit your story," said Johnny. "All this looks like proof."

"Do we git the safe?"

Johnny looked inquiringly to Scattergood, who nodded. "Come 'n' git it," he said.

Presently the six Haddys, elated, jubilant, were riding out of Coldriver with a small iron box swung between them; and Scattergood looked after them with elevated eyebrows.

"Johnny," he said, when he came again to the senator's office, "I calc'late we better git ready fer trouble."

"Why?"

"W-al, when them boys come to look into that safe, and don't find nothin' in it but rusty washers, they're goin' to be some disapp'inted and vindictive."

"Eh?"

"To be sure. Johnny, you didn't think that there safe was gen-u-*ine*, did ye? . . . Um. . . . We got to git ready to meet the jedge and his missis. They're a-drivin' down. Be here this afternoon. I sent fer 'em. . . . To be sure."

"Wasn't that taking a chance?"

"Oh, I didn't tell 'em what fer. Jest asked 'em down. But I knowed. I've knowed fer a week; but I couldn't prove it. The' wa'n't no other girl baby disappeared about that time—and I found where Jedge Woolworth sentenced a Haddy to prison."

"Yes," said Johnny; "but how did you get a hint of it first? Where did you get the notion this girl wasn't a Haddy?"

"It come first," Scattergood said, "when we got to talkin' so much about strawberries not growin' on p'ison ivy vines. I got to mullin' that over, and it didn't seem likely to me, when I come to think it over. . . . And then there was her hair and eyes. Blue eyes and kind of red hair. So I run down the fact that Old Man Haddy had black hair and eyes, and so did his wife. . . . That kind of settled it. I never seen black-haired parents havin' red-headed daughters. Mebbe it kin be done, but I doubt it. . . . And so I started out to find who'd lost a baby."

"Yes, but the safe—"

"Oh, I jest made b'lieve I was a Haddy, and figgered out what kind of a scheme would fool me. They wouldn't never of told willin'—or been threatened into it. So I jest kind of tricked 'em. The's allus suthin' kind of fascinatin' about a shut safe. They jest had to know what was inside."

THAT afternoon Coldriver shook as with an earthquake. Judge Woolworth and his wife arrived; they went to Scattergood's farm; they saw, and were convinced—and even Mrs. Woolworth, fragile though she was, did not suffer from the shock of joy. And then the news leaked out—that Freddie Norton's wife was a Woolworth.

Scattergood himself carried the information to Lawyer Norton.

"Be the Nortons too proud to take up with a Woolworth?" he asked when he was through.

"You got no idea what a load this takes off my mind," said Norton. "What's bred in the bone . . ."

"Yeah; but ye might 'a' seen the breedin' by lookin'—like I done. You 'n' Mrs. Norton'll be proud to have this gal fer a daughter now—but ye could have been jest as proud before. It hain't no other gal; it's the same i-dentical one, so fur's I kin see."

"Yes," said Norton slowly, and then he smiled. "But there ain't many of us can see as far as you do, Scattergood."

"That's because most of you's got too much pride, or too much anger, or too much money, or too much suthin' or other to try. The's jest one way to see clear, near's I kin manage to find out, and that's allus to hope what you're a-goin' to see is what you want to see. The feller that's allus afraid he s goin' to see suthin' miserable if he looks, hain't goin' to do much lookin'. . . .Um.

"If I was you, Norton, I calc'late I'd git my wife and kind of have a welcome home fer that daughter-in-law of yourn. Like ye should 'a' done in the first place."

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Where Jim Pratt Found the Highroad to Happiness

(*Continued from page 30*)

graduate, but he did attend high school in New Britain for a year. Fascinated as he has been by the blacksmith shop in boyhood, he had by now lost the "feel" and sense of its glamour. Too many Pratts had followed that line. He got a place as bookkeeper in a bone factory where they made crochet hooks, and later in an ivory factory.

There was a spell when Jim wanted to be an engineer in the navy. At the age of twenty, he went to Annapolis to take a three-months course preparatory for entrance examinations. He didn't make it.

Back in Essex, he returned to the ivory factory, assembling and finishing piano keyboards. In 1887, having been in the factory five years, he married; and he was there for three years after he married.

THUS, he had been more than eight years in factory work when an old, old friend, a man past seventy, came to him one day with tears streaming down his face. This was "Uncle Fred."

"Why, what's the matter, Uncle?" asked Jim Pratt.

Uncle Fred was sobbing. "Jim," he said, "they say I'm too old to work. They're sending me home to die!"

And Jim Pratt found himself trying to make Uncle Fred see the silver lining; but there wasn't much brightness in the lining for Uncle Fred.

That night, feeling that he could see what might happen to him when he got old, Jim Pratt talked things over with his wife. "I don't like this idea of having somebody else in a position to step in and tell me when I've got to quit work," he remarked.

"Nor I, Jim," was the response.

"What would you say to my getting a job with Father? I'll learn blacksmithing. I'd have to start as an apprentice."

Years before, Jim's father had been in the habit of saying, "Well, Jim, you know best what you want to do; but I got a notion you might want to go into blacksmithing some day."

The morning after that talk with his wife, Jim went down to the shop to propose the matter. A quizzical look came into his father's eyes. He shook his head. "Nothing in it for you, Jim," he said. "I couldn't pay anything like what you're making at the factory."

"But I'm not learning anything! There's no future in it!"

Seeing that Jim was in earnest, the elder Pratt laid aside the joint he was welding, and they sat down to talk it over on a box beside a great pile of old horse shoes. As a result of that talk, Jim Pratt went to work as his father's apprentice at a dollar and a quarter a day. A year later, he was making a dollar and a half. As long as he worked for his father he never drew more than two a day; but he made something on the side, bringing his income up to twenty a week, by taking parties on duck hunting and fishing trips.

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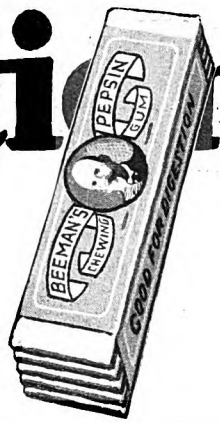

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Along in 1900, in his late thirties, Jim felt that he ought to get out in the world and look around. "When you work in one spot," he remarked, "you learn what one man can teach. I had got to thinking that there was a lot to know, and that I might do better somewhere else."

So, presently, he went down to Sharon, Pennsylvania, where he got a job blacksmithing in a big steel plant. Here he learned the operation of steam hammers, and got a hundred different slants on his trade. Learning something from everybody and glad that he had come, still he wasn't satisfied. After nine months at Sharon, he went to Youngstown, Ohio, where again he worked at his trade, and stayed a year. Once Jim had got settled down where he was going to stay, his wife was coming to join him.

In 1904, after a try in Kansas City, Jim landed in Cleveland, Ohio, and that was where he found himself.

"All this time," he remarked, "I hadn't been able to get my head on a pillow at night without seeing Father at work in the old shop, and this old river, the Connecticut, flowing by with its deep blue water. I was homesick. I threw up my job. I got some bait, a pole, hooks and a line and went down to the Cleveland water front. All day long I sat looking at the water and thinking things over. I didn't catch a thing, but had a wonderful time."

So Jim Pratt, having found where home was, returned to Essex. And right here some young, active, ambitious young fellow may speak up to say, "Well, that just shows Jim Pratt didn't have it in him! He didn't want to get on, and do all the things I'd like to!"

Such may be the case, but there is something that Jim Pratt *did* have: the good sense and honesty, the wit and wisdom to recognize that the sphere for him was the smaller world where he had been brought up. For, after all, happiness is a question of finding one's *niche*, whether it is in the great world where cares are many and the struggle precarious, or in some smaller world where cares may be fewer and human relationships all the more precious.

ON THE day of his return, Jim dropped in at the smithy and found his father at work at the forge. He paused in the doorway.

On the anvil the older Pratt was hammering a wagon tire; he put it back in the fire. As he stood there, slowly pumping the old leather bellows, father and son shook hands.

"So you're to hum again, Jim," said the elder Pratt. "I been thinking it was about time." That quizzical look came into his father's eyes. "Calculate to go to work pretty soon? There's a horse needs shoeing."

That same day Jim took down from its nail the same old worn leather apron he had left behind—the same apron—the same wages—the same job!

A couple of days later, the elder Pratt did get 'round to comment a little more loquaciously on the return of the Prodigal. The burden of his remarks was that the Pratts were "home bodies," and you couldn't knock it out of them. "All the Pratts was that way," he remarked. "S'pose you find 'em traveling a pretty fast clip out there? Eh, Jim? Be they goin' anywhere? Tell me that."

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Now, ship ironing had pretty well played out years previously. The Pratt smithy had become a regular country shop, limited practically to horse and cattle shoeing and wagon repairing. Presently, in 1905-6, automobiles came in. By 1910, even horse-shoeing in Essex was pretty much a thing of the past. That was the year Jim bought the shop from his father and simultaneously began to wonder how he could smarten up the trade.

One evening about this time he went to visit a friend, the proprietor of a famous inn near Essex, the Chaffee House. In a big old-fashioned fireplace, the inn-keeper had some chunks of railroad irons for andirons. As the blacksmith of the place and a friend to boot, Jim didn't hesitate to say what he thought of them. "Make me some, Jim," said the proprietor of the inn.

"They were the first pair of andirons I ever made," observed Jim Pratt. "Folks seemed to like them pretty well. Seeing them at the Chaffee House, they came around and wanted more like them. I didn't like to repeat; so I made every pair different. For one pair, I remember, I used an anchor pattern of my own design."

THAT was the beginning of a new era for the village smithy. People were buying old neglected places in the vicinity. They opened up the fireplaces and wanted hand-made andirons and fenders, and old-fashioned hardware, H and L and butter-fly hinges for doors and cupboards, pine-tree latches, and others of curious and original design, such as can be seen in the Morgan-Nutting collection of Dutch and English Colonial hardware, in Hartford. From that day to this, Jim Pratt has had more than he can do in the business of re-producing antique hardware. At times he has kept two helpers going and always one.

"No," he remarked, "I haven't been pushing the trade any. I don't want it to grow so big it would keep my nose on the grindstone. I just want to be comfortably busy. As for money, I've got more than I really need now.

"No, siree, I've never been sorry I took up and stuck to blacksmithing as a life work and came back to Essex to see it through. Nobody I know of has ever got more out of life than I have; I don't envy a soul, not even Lindbergh, and he's getting a lot out of life too.

"Happiness! Well, there's one or two things I know about that. It doesn't take much money for a man to be happy. It's something else. And happiness isn't something you miss to-day and pick up to-morrow by accident or by looking for it. It's what's going on inside you all the time.

"Why, if I was worth a million dollars I'd be up there in my shop making iron work, because I like it. If you can find something to do that you like and a place to do it in where folks know and like you, and you know and like them, and you all get along together and everybody feels he is somebody, that's going a long way toward what I think makes for happiness."

It is because of what Jim Pratt said from this point on that I have told all that went before. Listen a moment longer to what he has to say of the Highroad to Happiness:

"Happiness is having a contented spirit. To be sure, a man wants sense enough to look after his health, for his spiritual con-

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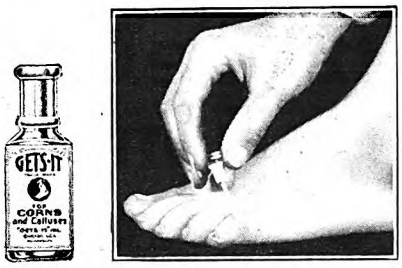

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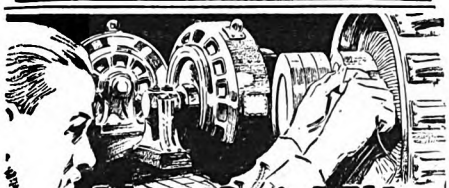

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dition depends a good deal on the condition of his body; and he needs a sense of humor. Try to see the silver lining instead of the shadows. I've seen some dark clouds on the horizon in my time, and I've seen the squalls come too. It doesn't take much of a weather prophet to tell you that if it's raining to-day, it's bound to clear up later on. If you keep that in mind it helps a lot.

"As we get along in life we learn to be satisfied with simple things. Almost anybody, if he really tries, can be satisfied with just about what he's got. You don't have to roll high, as the saying is, to have a good time. You only *think* that's a good time. Nine chances out of ten you'll come to look back on those days when you were wanting to fly so high, and wonder how you could have thought that it meant anything to you at all.

"As I said the other day at the club when this subject of getting the most out of life came up, if I were going to make over the Lord's Prayer—understand, I don't say it needs making over, I'd put it like this:

"Lord, give me neither poverty nor riches;
Don't let me be afraid the other fellow'll cheat me,
But make me afraid I might cheat him.
Let the Golden Rule be my religion.
And whatever else I do, so help me God,
As long as there's a man I can call a friend,
I'll inscribe his good points on the tablets of memory,
And write his faults on the sand.

"Friends? They're not so hard to get; they're easier still to keep. If you have difficulty making friends it's likely due to self-consciousness; and self-consciousness is due to a kind of selfishness—egotism. Making and keeping friends is just about the simplest thing in the world, if you can follow the prescription:

"A trifling kindness here and there
Is but a simple, small affair,
Yet if your life has sown this free,
Wide shall your happy harvest be.

"Forget yourself once in a while, twice in a while, if you can. Don't try to rake in everything to yourself. *Give a little.* Give a little service. Push something that's good in the direction of the other fellow once in a while. *Friendship is giving.* Practice it enough, and you'll find a lot of good things wished on you in return."

NOW, part of this conversation took place in front of a blazing fireplace in the Dauntless Club of Essex—one of the best known sportsmen's clubs in Connecticut—and, in passing, I may observe that the logs of this fire rested on a pair of Jim Pratt's anchor andirons.

"We have forty-five members in this club," he went on. "As you can see, anybody who makes this his club home has to be satisfied with simple things; and we *are*, all of us—all but one or two.

"Don't misunderstand me. There's a lot of money in this club, several millionaires. I don't mind telling you—as I've told him lots of times—that the richest man among us is the most discontented of us. He's one who can't take his pleasure simply. He loves dollars. Lying in the shade of an awning on a boat deck, he doesn't sense the sky, nor the deep blue water, nor the miracle of that gull sailing, soaring, at rest on still pinions. He's thinking of those dollars. Like as not, when all's well and everybody's at peace, thinking of anything but the troubles of to-morrow, he wants to set the engine throbbing, push on, go somewhere—race about. He's got more than most folks could scrape together in a dozen lifetimes, but he's a discontented man.

"Dollars don't make *every* man unhappy! There's another millionaire in this club who is as plain, simple, happy, and contented as anybody.

"Simple pleasures? Well, I'll tell you what they're like: In the summer time we make a lot of boating trips. Usually we take moving pictures of our sports. During the winter, once a month, we warm up the club and have a party; and the star attraction of this party is showing the movies we took of ourselves in the good old summer time.

"Then, when the shad season comes on, we have what we call 'the forty days' feast.' There's a way of taking all the bones out of a shad and fixing it up so that, once it's roasted right, on a plank in front of that fire, all there is to it is straightaway eating. These shad don't last for forty days by a good deal. Still, after the third or fourth day, nobody's what you would call discontented for shad.

"I always was interested in cooking. It's a pleasure for me to get up a meal and have it just right, and see the other fellows get on the outside of it. During the winter time, I get a chance at that about once a month, and I look forward to it. It's my chance to give a little."

ON THE wall of the Dauntless Club, beyond the fireplace, near the door that goes into the kitchen, is a picture which shows Jim Pratt in his peaked leather cap and leather apron at work at the anvil in his blacksmith shop. In the same frame alongside that picture is an inscription, a toast given at a dinner in Jim Pratt's honor by members of the Dauntless Club:

Here's *to* you, Jim Pratt,
Guide, philosopher, and friend,
In whom all Delights
Of Humanity blend;
Here's hoping the sparks
From your forge, as they fly,
May find bright response
In the gleam of your eye!
May the sturdy, warm blaze
Of each fire you start
Blend true with its mate
In the depths of your heart;
May whatever you do,
Commonplace or sublime,
Strike an echoing blow
On the anvil of time.
Let others have wealth—
You have no need of that—
God made a whole man
When He made you, Jim Pratt!

"That's just something the boys got up when they didn't have anything better to do," observed Jim Pratt over my shoulder. "If you want to read something worthwhile, listen to this."

What he held in his hand was a frayed and ragged postal card with a printed quotation. As he began to read, I realized that it was a paragraph from Robert Louis Stevenson's Christmas Sermon:

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without

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capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

"The man who wrote that knew as much as anybody needs to know," he went on, "about what's necessary to keep one happy and contented. He's got it stripped right down to the bone, with nothing superfluous. Still, I've sometimes thought that if I'd been writing it, I would have ended it just a little different. 'Fortitude and delicacy'? He hit it right; but I'd just like to hitch on this thought, too: 'And when you find yourself making a go of *this* task you'll know what happiness is. You won't need to look around for signboards, because you're already on the right track.'"

"THE HIGHROAD TO HAPPINESS"—that is the road each one of us is eager to find, and to travel. Many have found it, for there are many approaches to it. Some find it through religion, some through nature, some through work. Jim Pratt found it by coming back home, and making a blacksmith of himself. It helps you in your quest for The Road to read how others found it. That's why The American Magazine seeks out extraordinary men and women and presents to you their intimate stories. From time to time there will be interviews with and articles by other men and women who, like Jim Pratt, have found The Highroad to Happiness, and who, like him, are willing to tell you where they found it.

Shipmates

(*Continued from page 61*)

'Twas then Maimua taught my heart how much a glance can say.
With trembling steps to me she came. "Farewell," she would have cried,
But ere the word her lips could frame in half-formed sounds it died:
But ere her lips the word could frame in half-formed sounds it died."

Ned Marshall sang well. Helen Truxton matched the spirit of his singing with the artistry of her playing, and overhead, on the poop, the soft step of the officer of the watch halted at the open skylight. Sam Truxton's door, shut once, softly opened again, and was placed on the hook. The first flooding light of the rising moon, only a day past full, poured in through the transom ports as the ship rolled easily.

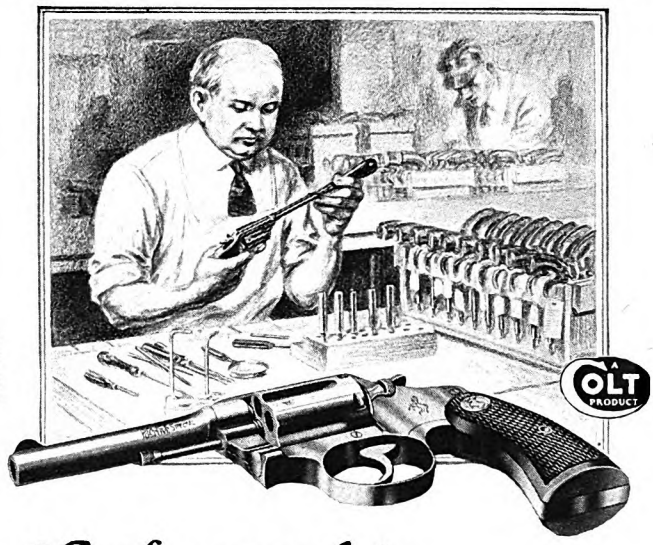
Between the stanzas of the song there was the briefest of pauses, when neither voice nor piano broke the hush, and in the pause something fell softly upon the ivory keys. Ned, watching her narrowly as he sang, saw what fell.

"Helen! You're crying!"

"I'm not! Sing. Go on. Sing the last stanza," she whispered back, and shook off his solicitous hand from her shoulder.

He still regarded her keenly, but obeyed.

"My willing arms embraced the maid, my heart with rapture beat.
But while she wept the more she said, 'Would we had never met!'
But while she wept the more she said, 'Would we had never met!'"



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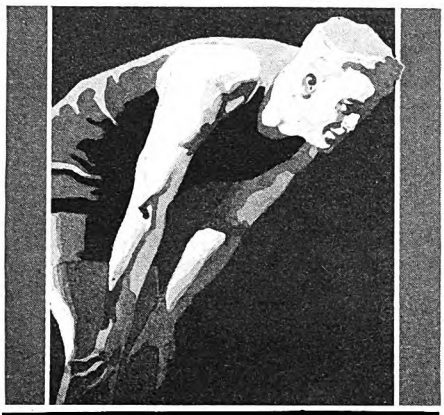

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There was no pause at the end of the song. Helen rose from the piano bench, laughing a little unsteadily, and got a scarf from her room.

"Take me up and let's see if we can find that sail in this blazing moonlight," she said, and took his arm.

IT WAS sunrise before the ship ahead could be clearly made out. The "Centaur" had gained fast during the night.

"It's the 'Tara' all right, miss," the mate told Helen. She was up at dawn to look. In a moment, after assuring herself of the truth, she was in her father's room, shaking him. Laughing at his grunting expostulation, she ran across and knocked on the skipper's door.

"Come up! It's the 'Tara!' Haven't you got some more sails to set? Do come up, Ned! Will you signal her?"

"I'll send Jim your love, if you like," Marshall replied through the fanlight as he dressed.

"Oh, bother! I want you to signal him that we'll report him all well in Boston," she cried, and darted off again to the poop.

There was no doubt that the "Tara" was no match for the "Centaur" in light breezes. The morning had brought more wind; but still the sea was smooth, the "Centaur" could carry her stunsails. By mid-forenoon the ships were within speaking distance; and strings of bunting fluttered at their halliards up to noon.

"Now tell him good-by, and get a move on!" grunted Truxton.

The ships drew apart. The "Centaur" forged ahead in the light airs, keeping a hairline course, while the heavier "Tara," scarcely moving, steered like a dray.

By night the "Tara" was out of sight astern. The "Centaur" stole ahead with a pleasant, drowsy, soothing swing of cloudy canvas and murmur of running ripples; while Truxton went early to bed and Helen played soft music for Ned Marshall to sing to.

TWO things became very obvious as the fine light weather persisted: Truxton was not pleased at the splendid showing the "Centaur" was making. Rather, it might be put, he was displeased at the "Tara's" poor performance. And he grew more irascible day by day. The other thing was that a subtle restraint crept into the relation between Helen and Marshall.

The breeze shifted to the southward, and gained weight. Ned hung on to his stunsails as long as he could carry them and lay his course. Even when he had to brace up his yards in order to make any southing at all, he swung stunsails on one side until they caught aback in a hard puff and blew away, sticks and all. After the raffle was cleared away and, such as might be, saved, the "Centaur" settled down to a course of hard driving, with her yards on the backs, and a tumbling cataract of hissing brine in her lee waterways.

"This surely will settle the 'Tara's' chances," Helen cried. She was at the wheel, clad in glistening oilskins, her wind-whipped hair escaping from under her sou'-wester, all wild and damp. She was the embodiment of life: thrill personified. Her cheeks were stung to scarlet, and her eyes danced joyously.

Ned Marshall stood beside the wheel grating, watching his ship. The "Centaur" had reeled off fifteen knots in the previous hour, and the wind blew stronger now. But there was a limit beyond which the "Centaur" could not improve; beyond which she must shorten sail, or so bury her bows as to make her stagger and lose speed.

Marshall knew she was at that limit, yet he hated to take in sail. He kept the regular helmsman at hand; but not yet had it been necessary to give help to the girl; she handled the storming clipper with graceful ease.

"I'd think you'd be a bit more elated!" she cried again, rather petulantly, for Ned had not replied.

"I believe the 'Tara' will have to do better than she has ever done to beat us now," he said. "I wish your father didn't take it so seriously, though. No fun in beating Jim if it's going to make the old gentleman mad at him. He can't help it."

"Oh, I've no patience with you! It's every man for himself in a contest, isn't it? Let the best man win!"

SOON the royals and flying jib had to come in. By midnight the "Centaur" staggered along under topsails and inner jib with only the foot of the spanker hauled out. So hard pressed was she that Marshall eased her off a bit more to the westward; and by morning she reeled forward in a smother of spray mist, thunder at her bows, and a roaring of wind all about her.

There was no longer a smiling sun in the sky. All was gray and bleak scud and broken sea. Great cresting combers rose up out of the south, full sweeping from the Antarctic barrens. They carried weight and bitter chill. They lifted their hoary heads high above the bulwarks, roaring as they curled over; bursting into thundering fury as they fell aboard to fill the maindeck rail high.

Old Sam Truxton remained on deck for an hour, until he saw Marshall strip his ship to the barest spread of sail; then took himself off to read in the snug warmth of his bunk.

Helen stayed on the screaming poop, gripping the rail with desperate hands, breathing in the storm with deep inhalations, as much a part of the picture as the ship herself. She remained in the weather corner, where Marshall placed her behind a canvas dodger, watching him from time to time.

The "Centaur" labored. But she was handled as she had to be, and no man could do more than Marshall was doing. It was just that tender quality in the "Centaur" which gave the "Tara" the advantage in blowy weather. Bigger, more powerful, the "Tara" would be thundering along in that strong gale under twice the sail Marshall was able to carry.

Toward an evening which threatened to merge into a fiercer night, seas poured over the rails almost incessantly. The men came aft.

"Fo'c'sle's washed out, sir!" they shouted.

"Secure the doors, then stand by aft here," he told them.

A seething mass hurtled over the weather side, high as the lower mastheads. The men scrambled up the ladders. The sea broke. It burst upon the poop itself, and the ship rolled down perilously.

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I've got a good memory

FOR mishaps, I mean. I remember the night I fell down the basement stairs. And then topped that with a very personal encounter with the door of a jam-closet. A flashlight guides every journey below for me now. It's an Eveready. I want the best after *that* night!

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Marshall heard a little cry from the weather corner, turned, and caught Helen, forced from her hold and flung athwart the deck into his arms.

He had need of all his sea balance to withstand the rushing weight of her. He clasped her tightly to him; and she held him as closely. The sea almost swept them from their feet. Her head lay on his breast. Then she raised her face and her eyes looked full into his for one brief instant.

"Let me help you below," he said, catching his breath sharply as he met her gaze. She made no protest. She breathed unsteadily, as if frightened; but she kept her eyes downcast as she let him guide her down the stairs and through the saloon.

"Shall I send the steward?" he wanted to know.

"No, thanks. I'm quite all right. Startled, that's all!"

THE gale lasted two days more. On the day when it promised to moderate, a sail crept into sight astern. The mate detected it among the mad sea crests, as he watched the heaving of the log. Under full topsails, topgallants, and courses she was. The glasses showed that. A big, powerful ship, certainly.

"Think it's the 'Tara,' sir?" the mate asked of Marshall.

"Small doubt of it," said Ned. "We can't hold her in this sort of weather. It's moderating, though. Needn't worry."

Old Truxton came up. Helen stood and gazed at the growing speck.

"Here comes Glamis!" old Sam chuckled, whacking Marshall on the back. It was the first time in a week he had smiled. "Helen, what did I tell you, hey?"

"Can't you set more sail, Ned?" she countered. Her face was flushed with eagerness. It darkened to deeper red as she used his name again. Her father glanced sharply at her. "I don't care," she cried. "I do want the 'Centaur' to beat the 'Tara.' I'm on this ship, not that, and I don't want to see anything pass us!"

"I hope you'll be more loyal to Glamis when you're his wife," grunted Truxton. The girl bit her lips, saying no more.

In the early morning the "Tara" foamed up alongside, fluttered sarcastic things with flags, and went lurching away ahead, leaving a boiling wake like a steamboat's, carrying her heavy press of sail with tremendous capability. Truxton was genial. Helen was chagrined. Ned Marshall smiled, and promised nothing; but he watched his barometer and seemed satisfied.

When the "Centaur" was at last full clothed in sun-shot canvas again, the "Tara" had passed out of sight, ahead two full days.

Once more the breezes softened until they favored the "Centaur." Nights were warm and drowsy. There was no moon until the small hours before dawn; but the skies were ablaze with great stars that seemed to hang close to the gently swaying mastheads. There had been no music in the saloon for many days. Helen liked the stars, and the languorous romance of the velvety nights.

Subtly, imperceptibly, she and Marshall formed the habit of climbing up to the lifeboat gallows and spending quiet hours there. And one evening Ned gave

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way to his feelings. She had said something about the future, and her voice had sounded not quite happy. Before he could restrain the urge, Ned caught her shoulders and kissed her—as fair a brotherly-seeming kiss as could be, for all the passion behind it. He could no more have helped it than he could help the stars seeing.

Her response frightened him. Her arms were around his neck, holding him fiercely, and her lips, refusing to release his after that hasty brotherly kiss, were pressed there in a caress which set his heart beating to suffocation. Desperately he freed himself. She sank back against the lifeboat, her eyes averted.

"I'm sorry, Helen," he whispered. "I forgot myself. Shall we go down?"

PASSIONATELY came her answer. She raised her head and looked straight into his eyes, her own all dusky, with stars behind the dusk. Her voice was dusky too; but there was nothing equivocal in her words. She caught his hand, and held it in both her own.

"Go down? Ned, can't you see? Oh, I know what you'll say! You're thinking me shameless because of Jim. I'm not. I'm not! I never loved him. I never realized what love was. Father wanted me to marry him, and I was willing. I didn't know. I thought it would please Father, and I like Jim. But, oh, Ned, can't you see? I can't go on with it! I know what love means now. I—I—Won't you help me at all? Can't you see? Oh, you are as cold as the stars!"

She snatched away her hand as he spoke in a cold, forced voice which miserably failed to hide the emotion he tried to smother behind it.

"Jim is my dearest friend, Helen. Whatever my feelings are, they'll never be permitted to work harm to Jim. You must forgive me for giving way to them a moment ago. I was a cad to take advantage. Did you ever hear what Jim did for me, years ago? Off the Horn in a July blizzard?

"When I fell from the topsail yard into an ice-strewn sea, with snow so thick it was impossible to see the ship when I came to the surface, Jim dived over after me. The captain would not have put about for me. He was right, too. It was almost certain disaster to head back into the ice in the blinding snow. And just for a boy. But he was bound to risk it when Jim went too. The men shouted that he must. That's what they thought of Jim.

"But it was two hours before we were picked up. Two hours of bitterness, when Jim wrapped me up in his own clothes and supported me on an ice cake, while he kept us moving toward where we heard the sounds of the ship, shouting until his voice froze in his throat.

"Rheumatic fever he had when they hauled us aboard. Nearly died. I nearly died too; but I would have died out there on the ice if it had not been for Jim's great unselfish heart. I'd be sorry to hurt him, Helen. So would you."

"I would hurt him if I went on with a marriage without love. I didn't see that before. I do now. And while you are so thoughtful for him, Ned, haven't you a thought for me?"

"My heavens, girl, I've thought of nothing else for years! Night and day I think of you. I hoped— But this can do none of us any good, Helen. Let me help you down."

"I can get down myself," she said dully, and slid over the gallows edge and dropped lightly to the deck.

As the days went placidly by, old Truxton grew irritable again. Helen kept to herself, spending much time in her room. Ned filled in much time getting his light sails repaired and set; until his ship was clothed to the dogvanes again, and moving with ghostly swiftness over a smooth blue sea with a breeze that scarcely ruffled the surface.

On the day when Marshall expected to check his chronometers by a sight of Cargados Islets, the wind had fallen lighter than ever. It was no intention of Ned to bring his ship in sight of the Islets when the passage commenced; but the adverse winds had driven him to the westward, and a sight of Albatross Island, or a cast of the lead on the bank, or both, would fix his position and give him a new departure.

Truxton's idea of safe navigation, carried forward from his own seafaring days, was to give all land a wide berth until in the latitude of his landfall. Bringing a ship into close proximity with such a mess of reefs and shoals as the Cargados Islets was not his notion of discretion.

He muttered something of the sort in Ned's hearing; but Ned only smiled, and took the opportunity of showing the old man again what a witch the ship was in light airs.

"The 'Tara' wouldn't handle like this, sir," Ned hinted.

"Glamis has too much sense to bring his ship along on this course, anyway!" the old fellow growled. "He's likely well to the east and south, carrying a breeze, satisfied to make land on the Cape coast."

Ned let the old fellow growl. The "Tara" had carried her sail better than the "Centaur," but Ned Marshall knew quite well that in the matter of keeping to windward his own ship was at least the equal of the other. And since the wind had fallen light, he had rather more than a bare hope of seeing the "Tara's" royals again before long.

THAT hope was realized. The leadsman got a sounding on the edge of the bank just before sunset. And the lookout sent aloft to look for the land reported the sail.

"Can you make her out?" shouted the mate on watch.

"No, sir. It's a full-rigged ship, though, and she's becalmed."

"How does she bear?" Ned asked, a trifle anxiously, noticing the direction in which the lookout was peering.

The man pointed with an arm, and Ned took a bearing by compass. Then he went to the chart. He had marked off the place of the sounding, and it had agreed very well with his reckoning. In the morning, he was confident of seeing the islands, and unless the wind sprang up he had little fear of coming upon them in the dark.

But that ship ahead, whatever she was, had drifted into a bad place if she could not make a steerageway in the light airs that persisted. And if she proved to be the "Tara," undoubtedly she could not be handled. Old Truxton came into the

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chart-room and looked at the chart too.

"There's a strong westerly set of current hereabouts, ain't there?" he grunted. Ned nodded.

"And, likely as not, the s'utheasterly Trades'll be coming any time now?" Ned nodded again.

"Don't bother to tell me you're master of this ship, Cap'n Marshall. I know I'm only the owner. But I'd like to know if you mean to follow that ship among these reefs."

"I'm not following her, Mr. Truxton. I'm holding my course. But I believe that's the 'Tara."

"You can bet your voyage's pay it ain't. And though I ain't giving orders—being only the owner and a passenger—I'd like mighty well to see you haul your wind while you've got steerageway, and get to Tophet out o' here!"

"I want to sight the land to check my time," said Ned shortly, and the old fellow went below, growling.

Through the night Ned kept the deck. There had been some fluffy clouds down in the southern sky at sunset, and they meant wind, sooner or later. Toward morning he took the glasses aloft and waited for the first shafts of light. When they came, he looked for the ship ahead, discerned her clearly, and slid to the deck down a backstay, looking troubled.

"IT'S the 'Tara,' becalmed, and drifting fast toward broken water," he told the mate quietly. "She doesn't seem to be steering at all. Plenty of wind beyond the islets, too."

Helen and her father were both in the chart house, drinking their morning coffee. The old fellow slapped down his cup and came out.

"Don't tell me that's the 'Tara'!" he began; then saw the ship herself, clearly outlined in the growing light. "What are you holding on for?" he snapped at Ned.

"I was going to haul off to the westward; but if that's the 'Tara' she's likely to get into trouble. I'll take a look. This ship can be handled in less wind than this. She can't."

In an hour the "Centaur" had crept close enough to the other ship for her people to see that Jim Glamis had got his command into a bad place. Old Truxton paced back and forth, his lips moving soundlessly, his eyes squinting fiercely at the "Tara." There was broken water all along to leeward of the "Tara." Some of it was furiously breaking. Far ahead was the speck of land Ned needed to sight to check his chronometers; and it was on the proper bearing. Old Truxton knew that. He watched for a few moments, then could contain himself no longer.

"That dumb fool's cast my ship away!" he yelled. "She'll be in the breakers in half an hour!"

He broke off, and walked to and from the rail. Helen stood at the end of the monkey-bridge, looking on, white-faced and cloudy-eyed.

"I'm through with him!" Truxton started again fiercely. "No lunatic is going to handle my ships after me. Nor make a fool of my girl, either! He's lost me a ship, and he's lost himself more than a job, by gracious. The ship's insured; but his job ain't! And my daughter ain't marrying no out-o'-work sailor!"

Helen flashed a glance at Ned, and a

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tinge of color came into her cheeks. He stood there rigid as his own mainmast, and the set lips might have warned even Sam Truxton that here was a shipmaster who would command his own ship. But Truxton came back after another brief walk, and now he was red-faced and excited.

"You don't need to think you're called on to pull any hero stuff, Cap'n Marshall! Sea's calm. Land's there. Let him look after his people himself." Ned made no sign. He gave no order to change the course, and the old fellow broke forth further: "Get your ship out o' here before you're in the same pickle. I know who to give my new ship to. It ain't that condemned idiot. No, sir!"

Helen stepped nearer. Her eyes were fastened on Ned now. But he made no motion to obey her father's suggestion, even after such a hint.

"I DON'T believe Jim Glamis ever got his ship into that mess with his eyes open, Mr. Truxton," Ned said quietly. "There's something wrong, and I'm going to see."

"Mr. Hurd!" shouted the owner, "take charge of this ship! D'ye hear? What are you standing there for? Take charge of the ship! Marshall, you're fired!"

The mate grinned awkwardly. Ned paid no heed outwardly, but said, in the same quiet voice with which he had answered Truxton:

"Mr. Hurd, if Mr. Truxton interferes with the ship's business, confine him to his room. Tell the bos'un to clear away a boat and rouse up some lines. There may be a job of towing."

The moment Ned had uttered his decision he was a changed man. He met Helen's eye with a smile. He ignored his owner entirely, giving all his attention to his ship. She needed attention. Now the broken water extended all along her port hand. But she sailed, and steered, true, making scarcely any leeway, while ahead the "Tara" rolled on the resurge of the breakers, her canvas swinging emptily; creeping, creeping toward the rock fangs waiting to rend her.

Just what could be done Ned did not at the moment know definitely. But he knew he could depend upon his ship as long as she moved ahead; and there was always the promise of wind in those fleecy Trade clouds in the south. Slowly the "Centaur" crept forward, until she was abreast of the "Tara;" and then it was plain that all was not well aboard Jim Glamis's ship, for Jim was not to be seen.

"Lower away the boat, Mr. Hurd, and carry over a line. Find out what's wrong, and let me know at once. I'll keep the ship moving, so you must get a hustle on with the line. The 'Tara' can't anchor; the water's too bold until it almost breaks on the reef. Hurry, please!"

Sam Truxton and Helen were interested now. As long as Glamis was all right, neither had patience with him for bringing his heavy ship there; but if he wasn't in sight on deck, he must be ill, or hurt, for he would never leave the deck with his ship in such a predicament. But, though old Truxton sidled nearer to Ned Marshall, pride forbade him to speak.

The boat came back, bringing the end of a towline. The "Centaur" had never come to a stop. She moved ahead, dragging at the dead inertia of the "Tara." Towing had to be started even before the mate made his report. Not a moment could be spared. The "Tara" sagged to leeward, until she was at the edge of broken water.

The mate turned from making fast the line, and Helen and her father drew near to hear what he had found aboard the "Tara." Ned's gaze was fastened upon the sea head, under those fleecy trade-wind clouds. There, beyond the reefs, the sea sparkled and leaped to a breeze. If he could only hang on! He refused to look astern. All his concentration was upon the business of making his own ship go to her limit. And, ghost though she was in faint airs, he could feel the stagger and lurch of her to that deadly drag of the "Tara."

"Pretty bad over there, sir," said the mate, jerking a thumb toward the "Tara." "Bad water, I reckon, started it. More than half the hands down with fever. Captain Glamis is in his berth, delirious. Mate's dead. Second mate and carpenter went down this morning. Trying to get her into the islands; but there's not enough men to swing yards, even if there was a breeze. She's nearer the reefs than she looks, too. Think we can hang on to her, sir?"

"Hang on?" echoed Ned. "Of course we shall hang on!"

Helen was gazing across the sea at the "Tara," where so much of drama was unfolding. Death, pestilence, and hazard of shipwreck all in the compass of one little ship; and in the midst of it the man she was to marry. She shivered.

"Ned, please have me put on board the 'Tara.' Perhaps I can do something useful there."

Ned Marshall frowned. His eyes were still on those poppling seas, under those trade-wind clouds. He still refused to glance astern. He silently prayed the Fates might bring that breeze before he felt the jar and halt of a stranded ship behind him. He knew somebody ought to go over to the fever-stricken ship; he had no men to spare while towing; but he rebelled against the thought of letting Helen enter that pesthouse.

"Put us both aboard, Captain Marshall," Sam Truxton said gruffly. "Won't be a chance once the breeze strikes down—if it does. I know something about fevers at sea, my lad, if I know nothing else. Come on, Helen, get your medicine chest and tumble into the boat."

"Then hurry! Here comes the breeze!" shouted Marshall. "Into the boat, a couple of hands. Get a move on, Mr. Truxton! Keep her a good full, helmsman. Lift the head sheets a bit, Mr. Hurd. Bos'un, watch the tow line when the strain comes."

SO Ned Marshall hid the pain and the joy that filled him, by bawling orders with a bullying roar. He was going to get Jim Glamis out of a mess. Helen was going over to nurse him, and old Truxton was going to take hold of the fever. None better fitted for that than Sam Truxton. Everybody knew how Sam once landed a ship's company in a stricken port and wiped out a plague of dysentery by good old windjammer methods.

It was all going to be right. Helen and

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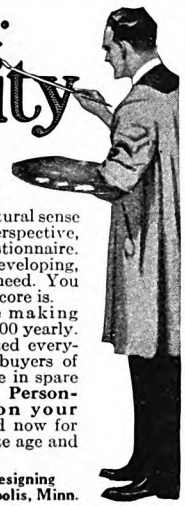

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Jim would be very happy; they would find out how much each meant to the other, there at the sick-bed. They would sail away, honeymooning, in the fine new ship, as fair and fine a couple as ever stretched topgallants for the port of happiness.

It was best. Anything that would rob Jim of one moment of happiness was evil to Ned Marshall. His own pain? How about good old Jim's agony that night on the frozen sea?

"Check in the yards all 'round, Mr. Hurd. The wind's freezing," shouted Ned briskly.

The "Centaur" forged ahead, gaining speed, and making her tow line twang, dragging the "Tara" clear of danger until she felt the breeze in her own sails. Old Truxton's rusty deep-sea roar might be heard across the water, encouraging the feeble crew to trim the "Tara's" yards.

Not until then did Ned permit himself to look at the "Tara." But when both ships were clear of danger, he hove the "Centaur" to, and sent Hurd over to take command of the "Tara," to sail her into the little port of the islands, so that her crew might recover.

When the "Tara" filled away, the boat came dancing over the sea, bringing back to the "Centaur" Jim Glamis, just out of his delirium, a thoughtful Helen, and a rather subdued old man. Helen went directly below with the men, who bore Glamis to a spare berth. Sam Truxton had something on his mind. As soon as his daughter disappeared, he unburdened himself:

"MARSHALL, you've been thinking I'm a darned old fool. You needn't bother to look apologetic. You were right. If I hadn't gone in to see Glamis crazy with fever I'd have been buried at the proper time in the full belief that Sam Truxton was pretty much of a little tin god.

"You haven't got any idea what that man's been thinking, Marshall. Why, he was thinking all the time that he had to marry my girl to get my new ship! Helen heard it, too. Raving he was, but raving the truth. Babbled about another girl, Lucy somebody. Couldn't have Lucy, because I'd fire him if he didn't marry my Helen and sail my new ship. What d'ye think of that? D'ye know, if Helen didn't seem almost as if she didn't care much, I'd fire Glamis the minute he came out of the hospital!"

"You can't do that, sir," said Ned Marshall slowly. "If only to prove you're not the sort of man he raved about, you must give him the new ship."

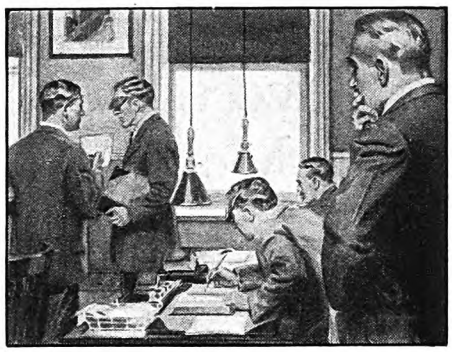
Helen came on deck, her eyes softly moist. She went to Marshall and, right before her parent's widened eyes, kissed him.

"Ned, I'm happy," she said. "Jim doesn't want me. He's been grieving about a sweetheart at home, and about losing the new ship. Won't you help me persuade Father to let him—"

"I'd rather keep my own old ship anyhow," smiled Ned, regarding the old gentleman a bit uncertainly.

"Seems to me as if there's a smart lot I don't know," Truxton jerked out. Helen had drawn Ned's arm about her, and was looking shyly at her father. "Arrange it to suit yourselves, you two. It's time I retired from business!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣



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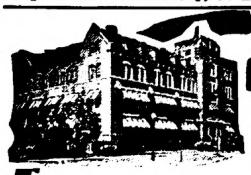

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What I Can't Understand About a (Woman) (Man)

FIRST PRIZE

Why Can't She *Say* What She *Means?*

THE greatest mystery to me is why a woman will not answer a question directly. A man will say "Yes," or "No," but a woman will begin, "Well—" and add a combination of words which leave your mind as satisfied as it was before she answered.

I ask my wife, "Will you need some money to-day?"

"Well," she will say, "I need a few groceries and I should have a new hat."

I state, "You will need some money, then."

"Well, I haven't much left."

"How much do you think?" I try again.

"Oh, whatever you want to give me. Whatever you can spare."

It is not only in money matters. Even when I asked my wife *the* question, she answered, "If you are sure I am the one for you and you are the one for me," leaving all the responsibility on me.

I find it hard to get a definite answer in anything.

"Shall we go to see 'The Crowd'?" I ask.

"I've heard it's a good picture."

"What time shall we go," I ask at another time.

"Well, we don't want to go too early."

Sometimes she asks me to bring the meat for dinner.

"What kind?" I try to find.

"Oh, anything good. Something you like."

Not only my wife. All women do the same. Even my very efficient secretary, who has had years of business training and experience, seldom gives a direct answer.

Why do they give you words which leave you to work out your own answer? Why don't they say "Yes" or "No," so a fellow can know? Because if you don't guess right and take what means "Yes" for "No," or otherwise, they are hurt.

It takes a clever man to reply to a question without answering it; but a woman will do it every time. O. G. C.

SECOND PRIZE

Why Can't *He* Say What He *Means?*

THE trait in men that is most exasperating to me is their stubborn reluctance to tell what I most want to hear. They seem to delight in answering my eager questions in monosyllables, making it necessary to beg and plead for details they could have no possible reason for withholding.

One evening as I was reading alone in the library, I heard constant pounding outside, and wondered what my husband was doing. When he came in an hour later I asked what he had been pounding at all evening. His answer was short and pointed: "Nails." When he saw my look of disgust and impatience, he smiled and added, "And I hit them, too!"

He was not meaning to be unkind or sarcastic or ill-natured, I am sure; he has simply formed a habit of wanting to be pumped for information. And *why?* Wouldn't it have been much easier to have answered at once that he had been working on a potato-cutter to be used the next day?

On another occasion, he made the remark: "I think I'll drive down and talk to McCune this morning." Knowing that the man he mentioned lived at quite a distance, and wondering if I might not go along, I innocently asked, "What do you want to talk to McCune about?"

You may be sure I was gratified to receive the following answer: "Oh! Just whatever McCune wants to talk about."

A man reading this letter will probably chuckle to himself as he thinks I am betraying one of the very characteristics he deplores in women: inquisitive curiosity. But I am very sure my husband would not want me to lack interest in his work and plans, and how could I show my interest if I did not occasionally ask questions relative to those plans? O. H. N.

THIRD PRIZE

Lord Save Us from Our Apologetic Wives!

WHY do women always have an air of apology for their men-folks, and treat them in public as though they were misbehaving children? They tell them to straighten their neckties. They brush imaginary dust off their clothes.

"Tom is *such* a mess!" they say.

They laugh at the jokes of other men, however imbecile; but when their own husbands try to be funny they freeze up like an Arctic winter. If the attempt does succeed, they smile tolerantly, as if to say:

"Tom *means* well. It was very nice of you all to laugh at that feeble joke of his."

From the lips of another man a woman will believe the most fantastic yarn. But if her husband seeks to entertain a gathering with an account of something about which he hasn't previously told her, she will burst forth with an incredulous, "Tom!"

Or if, by exaggerating a bit, he tries to make a good story out of something that happened to both of them, she will promptly expose him. If he tries to talk intelligently about literature, art, or science, she will give him a look that no man in the room can mistake.

"What on earth do *you* know about such things?"

Hardly a wife sits down at a bridge table with her husband without explaining that he's positively the worst player in the country. A wife delights in giving people an exaggerated account of some slightly foolish thing her husband has recently done.

Why do they do it? H. S. B.

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The Shore Road

(*Continued from page 67*)

disliked strange beds and all hotels, and had been born without any desire for adventure. But she stifled all that, and went.

It was while she was away that Joan became outrageous. The word was not hers but Audrey's. Audrey said that there was no other word for what Joan lavishly described as being happy as heaven. The outrageousness and the happiness both came from marrying a man called Mark Foster who worked on the same newspaper that Joan did.

She explained to Gordon over the telephone that they couldn't afford a wedding; but that they had been very conscientiously married by a minister who had rubbed in the fact that it was serious. Gordon didn't like the affair at all. He knew how Audrey would take it.

But there was a tone in Joan's voice which kept Gordon from saying what he thought. It disturbed his best judgment. In spite of himself he found a certain warmth in his voice as he wished her happiness. And after he had hung up the receiver, he sat for a few moments staring at the telephone, thoughts mixing in his head, and a bridal memory of Audrey coming to the top. He laid it away again. Audrey was going to be very much disturbed.

She was disturbed, and more than that. To her prompt question as to who the man was, Gordon could only write in answer that he was a young newspaper man whom Joan wanted to marry. There seemed to be little more to say, but in any case his second letter crossed Audrey's return. He met her at the station, and noticed that she was very effective but very thin.

AMONG the Italian antiques that evening, they went over the matter of Joan's misdemeanor, and Gordon was amazed at his wife's bitterness.

"It's the end for her," said Audrey. "Thrown herself away on a nobody!"

Gordon's fundamental justice protested.

"We've not seen him, Audrey."

"I don't have to see him. I know what to expect. Ardor and disorder."

It was singularly correct. The Fosters had taken a little apartment, which was swallowed up in a sea of other apartments. Audrey's mouth tightened as she hunted for her sister's new name in the mêlée of names on the hall list. Joan's husband opened the door, and seemed to be quite unaware that he should be full of apology. Both he and Joan were rather proud of themselves and the apartment.

There were a good many books about, plenty of ash trays, and a rather obtrusive typewriter. The furniture strung itself through many times and many manners, and was arranged more for comfort than effect. It was clear that the Fosters lived to suit themselves. But they were far from isolated. The telephone rang half a dozen times, and Joan or her husband carried on friendly conversations and made engagements or refused them.

Toward the end of the evening a young insurance man and a girl illustrator came in together. Everybody was very much

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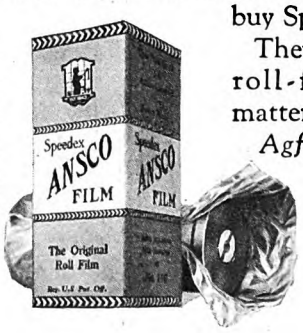

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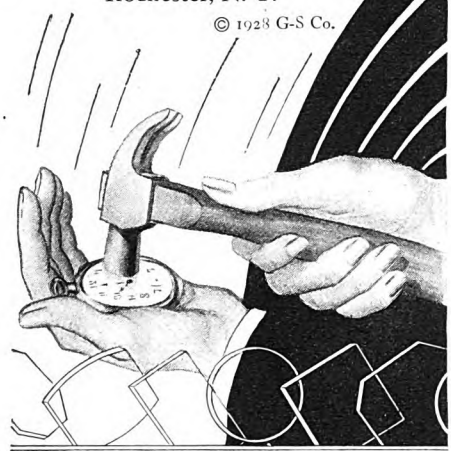

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at home except Audrey, for even Gordon rapidly became assimilated. But Audrey, watching her sister's glowing face, felt nothing but bitterness. It was so stupid. If Joan had used her head and met the right people and married as she should, it might have meant everything to them both.

"Doesn't this apartment remind you of anything, Audrey?" asked Joan, sitting down by her sister and seeming to try, out of her own high spirits, to force a moment of intimacy. But Audrey was obdurate. She looked about her.

"Nothing, fortunately," she answered coldly, and Joan flushed and a second's quick hostility came into her eyes. It slipped away. Joan had never been able to bear a grudge. But, none the less, it had been there.

PERHAPS because it had been there it made her less anxious to see Audrey than she had ever been; and Audrey was too hurt and humiliated to care. She made an effort to write her sister off, as she had written off many an old acquaintance or relative who hadn't been able to make the grade. But Audrey was always generous, even with people who disappointed her. She often sent Easter lilies and Christmas candy to those whom she denied intimacy, and with something of the same manner she did what she could for Joan.

Before Joan's baby was born the next fall, Audrey was continually offering her the use of a car with a chauffeur, and she asked the Fosters out for week-ends occasionally. They came only once; and on that one visit Mark Foster showed, as Audrey said, every sign that he had no breeding.

She admitted that he was good-tempered and certainly in love with Joan; but any man who left a trail of newspapers all over the house and would sit around in a bathing suit and bathrobe for hours at a time was more used to Coney Island than a Shore Road ménage. Something of her feeling must have showed through her careful restraint. The Fosters did not come again.

But during that second summer, in spite of her disappointment in her sister, Audrey found compensations. The slow social pulse of the Shore Road seemed to beat a little faster, as she occasionally felt it. When Elsa Lyons turned over her entire house and gardens for a festival for the benefit of the fund for crippled children, and the committee asked Audrey if the party could overflow on her grounds and piazzas, she was only too glad to permit it. She even opened her house.

There were a great many necessary arrangements and committees meeting about and, once in a while, seeing those gay younger matrons about Joan's age, Audrey had a heartsick moment to think from all this. But Joan was in the hospital when the festival came off, being introduced to her son.

The Shore Road liked Audrey's house. And its denizens, using the house, had grace enough to be pleasant to Audrey, although they did not offer her the keys to the inner circle. Always Audrey could sense the difference in the way people talked to her and the way they talked to each other. They admitted her taste and admired her belongings and thanked her for what she did, and then it was all over.

That vivid intimacy which she could see flashing between the others, the swift gossip of all kinds, of things she did not know about, did not include her. She did not resent it. Perhaps it was a thing of slow growth. And yet, as the invitations to the public affairs for charity and the big club affairs continued to be her own only social food, she wondered sometimes if she would ever be able to fit herself into the key group.

It was, she was surer than ever, only a matter of qualifying, of becoming like the rest. Her manner became even more studied, more watchful, and her house continued in perfection and loneliness.

In the early fall Gordon suggested that she go away again, and promised to join her in any place she chose. Audrey knew how easily all the people about her took travel and how much a part of their life it seemed to be. She set her teeth, and began to decide where to go.

It was Gordon who suggested that they offer the house to Joan and her husband while Audrey and he were away. Audrey was a little reluctant: but she finally acquiesced, and it annoyed her to have Mark Foster refuse it. They had gone into town to see the Fosters, who were still living in the flat, claiming many advantages of sunshine and outer windows for it.

Mark was rather stiff in refusing, and more unyielding than Audrey had ever seen him.

"Goodness, no!" said Joan, getting her cue quickly; "I couldn't possibly take care of your house, Audrey. The baby's fearfully messy, you know, and I'm a rotten housekeeper."

Gordon said a surprising and irrelevant thing:

"I don't see what that matters. The house was built to be lived in. Do what you please with it."

Audrey felt that was going altogether too far. It didn't matter, because very fortunately Mark persisted in refusal. They would stay in town. He was, she told her husband later, really very boorish about the whole thing. But that undoubtedly came from having no background at all. Audrey had her moments of comparative charity.

"IT'S just as well that they didn't take you up on it, Gordon," she told her husband later. "We're really just feeling our way and getting on a little. They would have probably filled the house up with those friends of theirs. Did you know that the Rangers asked us to come over there to tea on Sunday afternoon?"

"Did they? I've been playing golf with Ranger lately."

"Yes?" A little smile of triumph circled Audrey's mouth.

"Nice of them, wasn't it?"

Not even between themselves did the Peels admit a vulgar enthusiasm over the invitation. But Audrey found herself waiting for Sunday in the way that years ago she had anticipated a birthday party, half fearing it, half wanting it to hurry.

They had never been in the Rangers' house. It was set back in a large estate, and was one of the earliest houses which had been built along the Shore Road. From time to time, things had been added to it: a new garden, a wall, an extra wing.

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The whole building was of clapboards and natural stone, and it rambled about a wide central hall which went straight through from back to front of the house.

The hall seemed to be a general meeting place. As the Peels entered, people were stopping there to greet each other, and laugh and talk as if they were well used both to the place and to one another. Everyone was smoking and at ease.

The Peels felt a little out of it before the great Mrs. Ranger came up to them. She was a fat, comfortable lady and she had a manner of warm hospitality in her own house, quite different from her negligible courtesy at formal parties.

"I'm a poor hostess, Mrs. Peel," she smiled; "but I was defending myself from my strong-minded friends. They're out there abusing my zinnias. I have excellent zinnias. Judge Crouch is jealous of them. That's why he cries them down. Come and tell me what you think."

And she led the way straight through the hall, past a big old-fashioned desk strewn with papers, which Mrs. Ranger commented on as something she was always falling over but couldn't bear to part with, "because it's so easy to read the mail there." Four small, clumsy puppies tumbled over the doorstep.

"Aren't they darlings!" exclaimed Mrs. Ranger.

AUDREY knew very little about zinnias and couldn't contribute to the animated botanical discussion being carried on by the financial and social potentates, who were abusing one another's judgments. She marked down mentally that zinnias were a thing to learn about. Also, dogs.

There was more like that. It was very puzzling. The lavish tea, which was apparently a regular Sunday custom, was set out on a long table in the dining-room. People helped themselves, and then sought out their friends, which left Audrey and Gordon again by themselves, until Mrs. Ranger came to their rescue.

"You come sit by me, my dear," she said to Audrey, "and let your husband find some less pretty woman. This bench is nice. I always eat where I can see the lake, if I can. It's a habit of mine."

"I'm getting that habit," Audrey remarked, a little shyly.

"It's a good one. I always say, what's the use of traveling about looking for different climates when you get every climate in the world right here—summer, a touch of storm, nasty weather, ice, snow. Well, I'm sort of a fanatic myself. But then I hate travel." She patted Audrey's knee. "Always did. Get sick to my stomach. Never take a train unless a relative dies and I have to go to the funeral. Even then, it has to be a dear relative!"

She helped herself lavishly to mayonnaise which a man-servant was passing.

"I'm the only person left in captivity who takes this," she said; "but I don't mind being plump. I think it's beginning to add variety to any circle. I have no vanities, and I'm confident my husband will always be good to me. So I enjoy my mayonnaise. I suppose you won't have any?"

Audrey shook her head. Her mind was fumbling about, as if it saw in sight some key it had missed and was stopping to pick it up.

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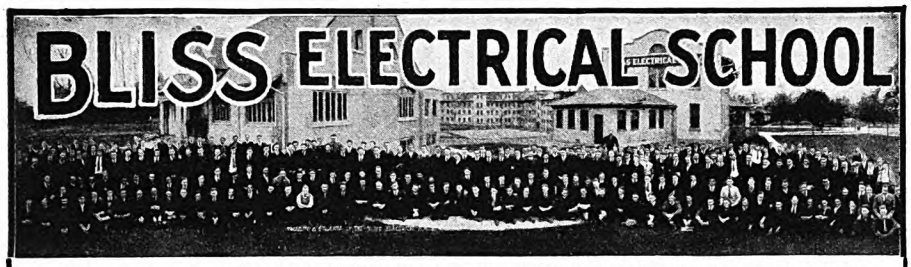

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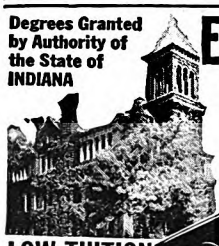

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"Excuse me," said Mrs. Ranger, getting up and putting her plate on a little cherry table that matched nothing in the room, and probably nothing in the world. "I see a recreant nephew of mine coming in. He's been married about a year and he has a delightful wife, to say nothing of a child. He's been neglecting me lately; but you know how these young people like to be by themselves. And I believe in it thoroughly. Let them worry over the gas bill, I say to my husband. He adores this boy, though he doesn't show it. I say to him, leave them alone. Mark married the girl he wanted, and he showed excellent taste."

SHE went off heavily and, turning to watch her progress, Audrey felt herself suddenly shocked beyond her own control. There, quite near her, smiling at everyone in a perfectly friendly way, was Joan, and Mark was beside her.

Audrey's first thought was automatic distress at the dress Joan wore. Then she saw that it didn't matter, and that the significant and important thing was the way Joan fitted into the group on the instant. It was Gordon Joan saw first, and she grinned at him.

"Hello, brother-in-law. Where's Audrey?"

Mark was a gentleman, in spite of his tendency to wear a bathing suit and bathrobe, and his scattering habits, and faint income. He and Joan had a clear understanding about Audrey, and he was not one to rub things in by so much as a glance. He left the Peels to Joan, in whose competence he trusted.

"I didn't know you knew the Rangers," said Audrey, as her sister came to where she still sat. "I didn't know that Mark—"

"You didn't give me a chance to tell you at first," explained Joan; "and after that Mark didn't want me to. We didn't see that it mattered, really, Audrey."

"But he's a nephew—"

"Sure he is. He was brought up out here. But he's on his own now, you bet," added Joan proudly.

"What?" asked Mrs. Ranger, coming up. "You know my niece, Mrs. Peel?"

"Audrey's my only, beloved sister," said Joan, linking their arms, and went on generously: "We've been so busy with my yelling child, we haven't had time to get out much, even to see her."

"Dear me, isn't this nice! And how's your lovely baby? Here, dear, sit right down here with your sister, and I'll have Watkins get you something to eat. I suppose Mark is out there taking all the food, as usual. He never did have any manners."

The two sisters looked at each other, and then Audrey, whose sense of humor may, after all, have only been overlaid and not dead, laughed.

"You win," she said; "I've been an utter fool. But, just the same, your clothes are terrible. For heaven's sake, keep your feet under you!"

No one rubbed anything in. Not Joan. Not Mark. Least of all Gordon, who had the most expansive and comfortable evening of years, and for the first time felt thoroughly at home on the Shore Road. But after they were home that night he looked around a trifle critically at the perfect appointments of his charming house, so faithful to Italy.

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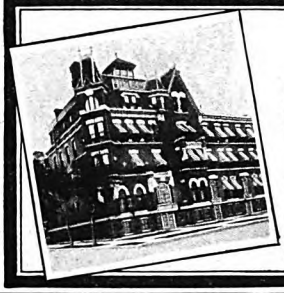

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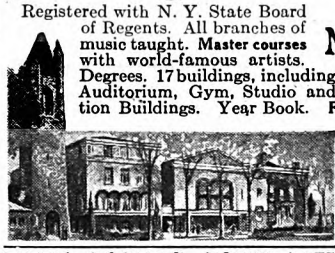

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"That's a nice house of the Rangers'. I suppose after a few years ours will be more like that. After it's been lived in a little longer."

It was a question, and Audrey answered yes.

"And I like those people. They're so easy. They kind of stretch themselves—you know what I mean, darling. They do as they please. That's the idea. Joan, by the way, has always had that trick. That little minx put it over on us properly, didn't she? But I guess he's proud, that kid she married. Have to make it up to them, won't we?"

He was on his way down-stairs when she saw him an hour later. Audrey was ready for bed.

"By the way, have you decided where you're going?" asked Gordon. "Are you still talking about the Riviera?"

Audrey sighed comfortably.

"I'm not going anywhere," she said. "I get car-sick, or seasick, and why should I go? I like my house and I'm going to live in it. I hate travel."

Gordon looked at her in astonishment.

"Well," he said at length, "any more changes?"

"Only one more tonight: Bring me up a glass of milk and a piece of cake when you come up-stairs. I've been hungry for ten years!"

Becoming a Father at 60 is a Liberal Education

(*Continued from page 48*)

way out of many troubles. I don't know whether all children have humor; most of those I see look pretty serious. And I'm not sure whether Pete brought his into the world with him or attained it afterward. The first time he laughed he gave me a shock. He was a tiny baby, and had never seemed to see me till one day, as I was bending over his cot, he looked up; his eyes fixed on my face, opened wide as if in recognition, and he laughed. This could not have been courtesy; it must have been a sublime sense of the ridiculous.

IT'S a discovery, that a child can be taught not to cry but to laugh when he hurts himself. Hard enough to believe, it is easy to understand why this convenient knowledge is new. No loving mother with a house to keep, and no beloved father with a career to carve out, has had or would have time to sit by a baby's cradle and watch the development of Man as I watched the evolution of Pete. They might not be there, as I was, when he first bumped his head, hard, and discovered that there is such a thing as pain in the world. If his or any other natural mother had been in my place, she probably would have picked him up and suggested alarm when her baby's head cracked and his eyes filled with tears. Fortunately, Pete's mother was busy; only his devoted father saw his look of surprise, disillusionment, consternation, and suffering. I saw his tears too, but I thought I saw an inquiry in those brimming eyes. It seemed to me that this young stranger to our world and our customs was asking me, as one having authority, what you do when something like the wall of the universe falls in and crushes your skull. Anyway, I answered him: I laughed.

I laughed in Pete's face as he had laughed at mine, out loud, heartily and long, and he—well, he couldn't quite manage a laugh, but he did not cry and he did try to do the proper thing; he smiled and, at last, he chuckled. After that, for a year or two—till some conventional intruder taught him otherwise, Pete did not cry when he was hurt. He would laugh, or try to laugh. Outsiders used to be amazed to see him fall, or bang his head and knees and then, with tears in his eyes, laugh.

Another circumstance contributed to this wonder. Pete was born on the Italian Riviera and lived his first two winters in big, old, open villas in complicated, terraced gardens. He had no nurse; his mother was busy, and I used to take my forenoons off to work. He was left four or five hours a day to shift for himself, with only the servants to "keep half an eye on him." One morning I heard him sliding into my study, which was at the top of the three-story house; he must have crept up two flights of Italian marble stairs, and I was shocked. But there he was at my door, smiling with triumph. Curious to see how he managed it, I invited him to follow me down-stairs again. He did. I kept just ahead of him, for he wouldn't let me help him. He crept all the way down, step by stair, slowly, carefully. His sure-footed caution was a revelation to me, but not to the small fat Italian cook who was standing waiting for us in the hall below. She was smiling, and I remonstrated with her: "You should not let Pietro climb up there."

"Why not?" she answered. "He wanted to, and I have watched him. He is cautious."

"Yes," I said, "and how in the world did he learn such caution? Look at him: he hangs on to the upper stair till he feels secure on the lower."

"Humph!" she laughed. "He has learned that by falling down the stairs and off the terraces many, many times, just like our babies."

"I've never heard him crash or cry."

"Cry!" she echoed. "The signorino does not cry. He's an Italian." And she picked him up and carried him off with her down into the town to do the marketing.

There, where he mixed with his fellow Italians, he made friends, and learned—cheerfulness and politeness, as I discovered the first time I carried him down-town. Happening to go out by the service entrance to the garden, I took the narrow, rough-paved *salita*, an alley used by servants, delivery men, and peasants with their donkeys. Pete knew everyone we met, and they knew Pete. He greeted them with a Fascista salute and his own smile, and they responded with theirs.

THE third winter of Pete's life we spent in France, in the country near Tours—and there again his ready courtesy picked up some French manners from the servants and peasants. The first we knew of it was when, one evening, he very politely took his mother's hand and formally kissed it. After that he greeted all women that way, and—I don't know why—humble men, preferably working-men in their working smocks. He brought this form to America.

He practiced it with effect upon the women on the boat, and the day we were leaving a New York hotel for a train West, he saluted thus a man. He shook hands with the proprietor, the clerk, the baggage and the elevator men and, turning, spied a plasterer who was drawing back as if conscious of the dust on his clothes and hands. Pete walked solemnly up to this man and kissed his hand.

I like Pete's universality, his equality. So many friends of mine suffer from an inferiority complex, and cover it with what looks unpleasantly like conceit that I want this young man to grow up to be sure of himself, so sure that he can forget his defense. I have taught him, therefore, that he can do things which at first seem impossible. When he comes to me for aid, I help him only to do it himself, and when he succeeds, I say, "That's great!"

THE theory I am working out is that if a child can acquire a superiority complex before he is old enough to be a prig he will achieve self-confidence and save his (inborn?) belief that he is "as good as anybody." It is the superiority of parents, teachers, and older children that humbles the child, I think, and makes him shy, weak and, fighting for his self-respect, offensively self-assertive. I let Pete win most of our battles. I let him catch me wrong and himself right every day. It hurts my pride, but it builds up his.

My guide to all intercourse with Pete is myself and my recollection of myself as a child. He has brought back vividly to me that part of my life. This is what I meant when I said in the beginning that an old father becomes a grandfather and a child again. True, I am writing my autobiography; that requires recollection, but I think that my strong wish to understand my children forces my memory more than the need of stuff to write. Anyway, I do remember; and what I recall is a key to Pete. His young mother, like mine, could not understand why her child revolted when she suddenly announced that it was bedtime. I can, as my father could. I look up from my reading, as I can still see him do, and I observe instantly that Pete is absorbed in some business as important as anything his mother or I ever did. I slip down, join him in his labors, help him finish up the job, and then say to him:

"Now, then, what's next?"

He knows the program. He hates to say it, but, eying me and seeing that I know that he knows what's next, he answers reluctantly, softly:

"Sleep. First, clean teeth, then go to bed, then Peter Rabbit, then—then sleep."

And off we go. This follows the routine: this is in accordance with law; this way gives a fellow time, and respects his dignity. His mother's is the impulsive, executive way, and he resents it. He can describe it too. One day after he had been through an earthquake with a group of

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He had to fight himself so hard...

he didn't put it over

YES, he was his own worst enemy. His appearance was against him and he knew it. Oh why had he neglected the bath that morning, the shave, the change of linen? Under the other fellow's gaze it was hard to forget that cheap feeling.

There's self-respect in soap and water. The clean-cut chap can look any man in the face and tell him the facts—for when you're clean, your appearance fights *for* you.

There's self-respect in SOAP & WATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF *CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE*

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grown-ups one of them asked him what it was like. Reflecting a moment, he said:

"Earthquake like Mama."

His mother, wondering, asked, "Now, what in the world does he mean by that?" I told her how my mother, irritated by the noise I used to make playing I was Napoleon directing a great battle, would thump my skull sharply with her thimble. Astonished by my indignation, she would ask my father why I so resented such a slight rap. And I remember, with appreciation even now, that he could explain it was not the rap, but the humiliation of the Emperor before his troops, that hurt. He understood. She didn't; she thought I wasn't really a general, only a little boy.

I used to rake the country when I was a boy for grown-ups I could tell stories to. There were such, and I judged men and women by their capacity to—romance. The best believer I knew was a bridge-tender, a marvelous man who had to walk the half-mile of trestle over the American River after every train, to put out the smoldering fires started in the dry ties by coal dropped from the locomotives. He came to me first as a shout when I was swimming in the swift river below the bridge.

"Hey, there, kid," he called down. "Don't go in there. That current'll sweep you clear to San Francisco."

I was like Pete; I didn't take orders; not from anybody. I looked up at the man, jumped into the river, swam across and back, while he watched me. He beckoned to me, and when I had dressed I climbed up the ladder, to him and—he taught me how to teach Pete caution without fear. He said that no man would do what I had just done. A boy might not realize, but any experienced swimmer would see at a glance that the currents in the river were treacherous. What was I doing across there, anyhow? I sized him up and decided to tell him the truth: I was a trapper setting traps for beavers.

NOW I knew, and I knew he knew, that there were no beavers in that river. It was a test for a grown-up, and he stood it. He pointed out some better places for catching beavers on this side of the river than any I had on the other side; with reasons, technical, trapper's reasons. But the real reason why I knew he was all right on beaver trapping and everything else was that he could walk that open trestle, without a middle plank, stepping from one tie to the next, fast, and nary a trip. How did he do it? He showed me.

"First you do it slowly—like that; one step at a time," and we did it together. My, but he was slow. We did it, as he said, as no ordinary boy could do it. Only men—real men—trappers, hunters, scouts—only tried and true plainsmen could be so patient as we were, he and I, walking, tie by tie, that trestle. We did it up and down till he was as tired as I was. Then we sat down outside his cabin and became acquainted. He trusted me; as I did him.

So he saw he could talk to me and that's how I learned that he wasn't really a bridge-tender, but a gold miner, who—when he wasn't walking the track, when he sat all by himself outside his cabin, and thought—prospected the foothills we could see in the distance. That's what he came West to do when he was, unjustly, run out of his home town in Missouri, and he did it. Sometimes he struck it rich, and went home and "blew" his fortune, just to show them that he wasn't such a failure as they thought. What did it matter about the money? There was plenty more gold up there in that hole in that hill. He stood up and showed me the hill, the very hill, almost the exact spot where his claim was. He trusted me all right; and he could. I would never give him away. I never did give it away, that claim; not to this very day. His secret was, and it is, safe with me. Great man, that bridge-tender. In some ways he was greater than my father, as I soon afterward found out.

I don't want Pete ever to say anything like that about me. It's all very well to have your only child think you are wonderful; but it's awful and, I hear, awfully common, to have the boy discover some day that you are not infallible. That's why I tell Pete his ball has gone where it didn't go and not where he saw it go, so that now, early, we can look for it and find, now, early, that sometimes Pete is right and, sometimes, his father is wrong.

I TOLD my father about the bridge-tender, and how he could run—not walk; but actually run on that trestle—faster than a train. My father was pretty good; for a grown-up he was wonderful. He could follow you pretty far, but he balked at that "faster than a train." He gave me a talking-to for telling what he called "whoppers" like that, and he brought up "beavers in the American River"! I was so ashamed that I went and reported it all to the bridge-tender. He thought it over. We both did. We both sat there on the bridge and thought and felt about it till, as usual, the bridge-tender had an idea:

"You ask your father to tell you the next time he is to take a train across this trestle, and you tell him to stand on the rear platform, and then you tell me."

It was some time, but my father did finally tell me he was going that way and would do what I asked. I rushed out, warned the bridge-tender and he climbed down off the trestle, disappeared in the brush, and came back with the most beautiful cantaloupe. He didn't say anything. We just waited till the train was coming and, when the engine hove up and passed the bridge-tender, he held up the melon to the engineer and shouted, "Easy does it." The train slowed till, when the last car passed, it was going very, very slow. My father was on the back platform, as he promised. The bridge-tender jumped out on the track and ran—he ran as fast as I ever said he could on those ties—he ran faster than I ever thought he could—and he caught up with the car, and he handed my father the melon. And my father, he took the melon and he took off his hat to the bridge-tender. And then he turned and saluted me, a special salute.

"Now," said the bridge-tender, when he came back, "now I wish I knew where we could get a beaver to show him in one of our traps."

That's what I remember when Pete asks me not to see something wrong that he has done. "Don't look," he begs, and I pick him up and say, "Of course I won't look. Pete wouldn't do anything like that. Not now any more."

"No," he chimes in. "Not now. Pete's not a baby any more. Pete's a big boy."

When his mother looks and sees, he runs to her and tells her it's all over. She need not make a fuss. "Pete talked that to Papa and Papa didn't look." Wherefore, it did not occur. She thinks that is lying, the beginnings of the vice of deception. My mother thought so too; even my father, as I say, could not go with me all the way, as I can with Pete.

It isn't lying. There's no deception about it. It's front. He knows he knows I know, and I know he knows I know. When we "lie" together that way, he and I, we are merely "saving face," which the bridge-tender and the Chinese, the oldest and wisest grown-ups in the world, know, as well as every child, is important, very important. It is dignity and honor and courtesy.

Three years of Pete has been a fascinating course of daily enlightenment for me. He is bringing me up to date. Of course I have worked hard and steadily under his tutelage; I have given my mind to it, as (I repeat) no busy young mother or father can or will. I have studied as industriously as I ever studied anything in my life; only more humorously, less ambitiously. It has paid me well. I have learned respect for the oncoming generations. That's what Pete and my experience in unlearning have drilled into me. And Youth feels that in me.

IT CAME out recently in an address I delivered at a girls' school. The audience was from twelve to eighteen years of age, and, with Pete, aged three, in mind, I talked straight. I cut out the anecdotes I had been putting in to entertain the adults I had been talking to; otherwise, I gave the same lecture—which is not conventional and obvious. It is an elaboration of the thesis that we don't know enough yet to stop war, cure poverty, govern others, educate our children, or to explain either the stars, the atom, or ourselves. Those girls took it, an hour long, without fidgeting, and in their essays the next day reported my points better than any newspaper ever did. They misunderstood nothing. They "got" me. They said they liked it all because, first, I had shown them that there was plenty for them to do when they grew up; and, second, because I addressed them with respect.

They "got" what Pete gets, what Pete gives me, a deep faith in the (intellectual) courtesy and a high hope in the inborn capability of our successors—Youth. I wish I had had time and the chance to learn this as a young father.

ZANE GREY, Melville Davisson Post, Clarence Budington Kelland, Katherine Newlin Burt, Hugh Fullerton and Eleanor Hallowell Abbott—distinguished authors, all of them, and all of them are at top form in the stories you will read next month. "Sunset Pass," by Zane Grey, is a serial; Mr. Post comes back with his great character, Colonel Braxton, the gallant Virginia lawyer; Kelland has written for you another Scattergood story, while the others offer characters you have not met before, but in stories you will long remember!

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Laundry washing costs less

HAVE you ever figured what it actually costs to launder your clothes in your home? . . . one woman recently found she actually saved 21c with her two fretful days of tiresome toil ❦ Cost experts, however, say the modern laundry *saves a woman from $1 to $2.10* on the average bundle . . . but really what difference does it make, whether 21c or $1 gained or lost? Can you really afford to slave in the wet of home-washing for even 21c a day? Millions of other home-managers have found that laundry-washed clothes are cleaner, sweeter, longer-wearing ❦ To them wash-day is over before it has begun ❦ They have gained a whole day each week . . . a seventh of a lifetime free for living and enjoyment ❦ And they have saved money, too ❦ Why not join them this week?

The LAUNDRY *does it best*

ABOVE—The modern laundry water extractor dries clothes by whirling without injury to fiber or thread. LEFT—Modern laundry washing formulas are evolved by skilled scientists with prescription-like exactness.

Keeping Faith with American Women

THE modern laundries which stand as sponsors for this series of informative advertisements belong to a great group of progressive institutions. Not only is this group endeavoring to tell you the illuminating facts about modern laundry service, but each modern laundry is earnestly striving to keep its methods on a level with the high standards and ideals reflected in these advertisements.

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Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

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7 MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY)

Shaves Free to Prove 14 Advantages

1 No brush—means quicker, sanitary shaving.
2 No lather—instead—a healing* cream.
3 No rubbing in—a great time saver.
4 No steaming, no lotions, no powder needed.
*5 MOLLÉ means Healing, (from the word "emollient").
6 MOLLÉ lubricates the shave.
7 Especially fine for tough beards and tender skins.
8 Seems to give your razor a keener edge.
9 Makes the face feel like a million dollars.
10 Every MOLLÉ shave a facial treatment.
11 Economical—a little MOLLÉ goes a long way.
12 Razor does not catch or stick—just glides along.
13 Makes possible a closer shave without discomfort.
14 Ideal for vacation needs—use MOLLÉ with or without water.

1. One-two-three shaving with MOLLÉ—quicker, easier, smoother than you ever shaved before.

2. MOLLÉ makes your face feel like a million dollars all day after you shave.

A million men have switched—permanently—to MOLLÉ. Why? Mail the coupon for seven free MOLLÉ shaves and find out.

The MOLLÉ Company
Cleveland, Ohio

A whale of a tube for 50 cents —your druggist has it

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Dept. C-3, Cleveland, O., U.S.A.
Send free and postage paid, a week of MOLLÉ shaves to

Name.....

Address.....

THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

Would This Woman Be Justified in Having a Maid?

MOST of the people who write in to The Family's Problems seem to have hit upon some miraculous way of settling all of life's vexing questions. Particularly such as have to do with the spending of the family's money. I am ashamed to confess that I am offering no solution for anything. I come with a plea for help.

With me, the question is—to have a maid, or not to have one. My husband is assistant cashier in the second largest bank in our town. He earns sixty-five dollars a week. Cut and trim as we will, we can manage to save only twenty or twenty-two dollars a week. This sum covers our building and loan stock, our insurance, and provides an emergency fund out of which we must pay for such unplanned luxuries as a case of tonsillitis, or a new baby.

We have three small children; the eldest, a boy, is seven and goes to school, so he is out from underfoot most of the day. The little girls are five and two respectively. A competent maid costs eight dollars a week in our community; and of course her food probably brings the total up to ten or twelve dollars a week.

Now, ten or eleven dollars a week is a lot of money to Frank and me. Put out at interest, it would amount to several hundred dollars a year. Kept up during Frank's period of greatest earning capacity, it would insure a college education for the children and comparative ease in our old age. It would also mean that the pretty new home for which we long so much would be a certainty in four or five years more.

ON THE other hand, a maid would mean freedom from backbreaking drudgery, and my youth back, for me. It would mean time in which to play with my husband and my children. Time in which to care for my roughened skin and broken finger nails. Precious hours in which to read, take up my music again, and renew old friendships.

At thirty, I am already getting old, I'll honestly admit. I feel old when I have time to feel at all. The housework and the children occupy my thoughts asleep or awake. I haven't read anything but the headlines on the front page of our daily paper in what seems years. This reading is done usually while I am taking in the milk in the morning. When I glance through a magazine I do it while I am getting the baby to sleep. Or I prop the magazine open on my sewing table while I do the family mending.

Not only this, but I am too worn out with the daily struggle to keep things clean and mended and neat, and to talk to my husband when he comes home at night. If I can get some sort of meal on the table I feel that I am doing well. We long ago gave up trying to entertain. Frank has stopped bringing his friends home to a pot-luck meal. He has learned, poor boy, that there isn't likely to be much luck in the pot at our home. Certainly not the sort you like to parade before your guests.

The girls, too, no longer bother about asking me to their luncheon and bridge parties, or even to the missionary society. They know I can't get away from the children. Frank and I don't even pretend to go to church any more. As soon as I get the two elder children off to Sunday-school, I plunge into the preparation of the Sunday dinner, thankful that I have Frank to look after the baby that one day.

The sad part of it is, I really love the beauty of an ordered life. I would like to look fresh and sweet for my husband when he comes home at night. I would enjoy having my friends in occasionally. I want time for candle light and flowers on the table. I don't enjoy being a has-been or a dowd. It makes me sick to realize that I am not keeping up. I am already dreading the day when my children will be ashamed of their mother, because she is drab and ugly and old before her time.

DON'T anybody tell me to try budgeting my time as a solution to my problem. I have tried that. The only trouble is that babies don't wake up in the night, or have measles and whooping cough according to a schedule. And don't anybody suggest that I make my husband help with the work. Frank works hard at the bank. I'm not going to make a housewife out of him after banking hours. He makes a fair salary for a young fellow of his age. It's his job to get on in a business way—to earn more next year than he earns now. It's my job to spend what he earns to the best possible advantage in running the family for which we are jointly accountable.

And that brings us back to the question with which we started: Should I or should I not, have a maid?

I have noticed that wives who have maids, whether they can afford them or not, and thus keep themselves young and attractive, seem to make a hit with their husbands, and other men as well. Sometimes I get awfully riled when Frank tells me about seeing one of my old friends down-town, "looking as fresh as a daisy; and she has five children, you know."

I have to bite my tongue to keep from adding, "Yes, and she has a cook and a nurse, too." But I never do. What would be the use? Frank gives me everything he can. He would give me the world with a fence around it, if he could. It's just a question of whether we shall save for our old age and the children's future, or spend practically everything we make, and have our good times while we are young. If we did the latter, perhaps at least we could store up a lot of happy memories for our old age. And maybe happy memories are just as important as life insurance.

It is a perplexing question.

Frankly, I don't know the answer.

MRS. H. G. L.

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MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION

The American Magazine

September 1928

The Importance of being Yourself

With some illustrations drawn from active lives particularly the lives of ROY HOWARD and BOB SCRIPPS

By

BRUCE BARTON

ONE Sunday in the summer of 1920, there was served a typical Sunday dinner, chicken and ice cream, in a typical American Home—front porch, shiny oak woodwork, gas logs—at Marion, Ohio. Nothing in the meal or its surroundings indicated that the handsome man at the head of the table was about to become President of the most powerful country in the world. The talk was not about public problems or politics.

All the afternoon, visitors came to the front door: sometimes a delegation, more often only a young farmer and his wife wanting their children to shake hands with the next President of the United States.

All politicians pretend to be pleased when they meet voters; all have the automatic smile; all make a fuss over babies. But Harding's interest seemed really genuine, as though he felt a kindly sense of obligation toward anyone who cared enough about him to drive over to say "How-de-do." For hours he shook hands, and gave out photographs, and told stories, and laughed—a friendly man whom it was impossible not to like.

The next week found me in rooms at the Adams House in Boston where Governor Coolidge lived, and smoked Pittsburgh stogies, and managed to save money out of his governor's pay. He asked about Harding. I said I had never seen a man who seemed to have a more genuine liking for people.

"Yes," the Governor answered dryly, "I think he would like even school-children, though he had to shake hands with as many of them as I have."

No visitors came to pay their respects. There was no greeting of wives or kissing of babies; but the talk had a very direct bearing on the problems which would be facing the country in the next four years. As I went away I thought: "In all the world were there ever two men more different!"

Suppose they had set out deliberately to shape their personalities into a statesman-like mold. Suppose Harding had said: "I am too genial and easy-going. I must forget my hand-shaking and my laughter, and develop the appearance of profound thought." Suppose Coolidge had said: "A nature as reserved as mine can never succeed in public life. I must get out of my shell more, smile sweetly at the constituents, chuck the babies under the chin, and pretend to be a good mixer." They would have made themselves ridiculous. Each was wise enough to go on after his own fashion, doing his own stuff—being himself. And—absolutely different as they were—they came up together to the highest two offices in the land.

WHAT is the formula for a successful personality? There is none. Sit in the gallery of the United States Senate and look down on the men below. Here are nearly a hundred Americans, each of whom has somehow managed to impress himself upon the imagination of a state. What conclusions can one draw from watching them? What are the traits of appearance, manner, and personality that bring political success? I defy anyone to examine those hundred specimens and draw any conclusions at all. Every type of male is represented: fat short men, tall thin men; men with splendid heads of hair, bald-headed men; men with smiling eyes and genial manner; men who look introspective and bilious. No two are alike; yet all have arrived.

Or, take examples out of industry. Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, and Alfred Sloan, president of General Motors Corporation, were classmates at Boston Tech. They are unalike, not only in manner but in method. Swope is direct and incisive; Sloan's decisions grow out of conferences. Swope gets up early every morning, rain or shine, and rides horseback; Sloan takes no exercise. Swope attends conventions, and finds it easy to be at home in any sort of crowd; left to his own desires, Sloan would probably be known to few outside the group of his own associates. Close observers of the two men recognize that each has exhaustive knowledge of every department of his business—plus courage, absolute fairness, and intellectual honesty. These are fundamentals. Judging them merely from the outside, there would seem to be little in common; yet each has risen to the top of a world-wide organization, and has the unquestioning loyalty of thousands.

All of this is by way of introducing two young men who are about as unlike as two mortals could possibly be, yet are partners in the fullest sense of the word. Their names are Robert Scripps and Roy Howard. Let us go back some years ago and see where these two came from and just

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PIRIE MAC DONALD

Robert Paine Scripps—"Young Bob"—is president of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers. Like his famous father, the late E. W. Scripps, he is a great journalistic power, but is rarely in the public eye

how they happen to be where they are.

There was a tall, big-boned boy in Illinois who hated farm work and felt resentment against the whole social order. He saw that workers endured hardships and suffering for very little money, while the rich endured nothing and were highly rewarded, and he determined to raise his voice on behalf of those who had no spokesman. Accordingly, he persuaded his brother, who was publishing a successful newspaper in Michigan, to lend him ten thousand dollars. With this, and his health and faith in himself, he went to Cleveland and founded the "Penny Press." As the Cleveland "Press" this newspaper still survives, having the largest circulation in the state and forming the solid corner stone of the present Scripps-Howard structure.

E. W. SCRIPPS, the founder, employed young men, made them his partners, and gave them few instructions other than to get the news, tell the truth, and take the side of the under dog. Under no circumstances was any individual to receive consideration in the columns because of his social position or wealth. The paper prospered, and presently Scripps was able to afford a good home, a buggy and a high-stepping horse. One afternoon he was arrested on Euclid Avenue for reckless driving. The opposition newspaper gave the incident plenty of display, which did not surprise Scripps. What did surprise him was to find his arrest chronicled under a big headline on the front page of his own sheet.

He had red hair, and each individual hair was bristling when he strode next morning into the office of the "Penny Press." He demanded in words that were both picturesque and emphatic what individual was responsible for playing up his arrest.

"I am the man," said the editor, Bob Paine.

The next remarks of Mr. Scripps occupied several minutes and consisted principally of words which the postal regulations do not permit us to print.

Paine waited until the storm subsided, and then made his reply:

"My instructions from the owner of this paper are to champion the cause of the common people. We are here to protect them against those who abuse wealth and power. You are wealthy and powerful. You choose to drive down Euclid Avenue at a reckless pace, endangering the lives of our readers. You can fire me if you choose; that's your privilege. But, as long as I am editor, any time that you infringe upon the rights of the people you are going to find your name in the headlines on the front page."

Scripps swallowed hard, turned on his heel, and walked out. No further reference was ever made to the incident. But the policy of the "Press" had been tested and proved.

THIS was about 1880. In the next thirty years Scripps established a score of newspapers after the model of the "Press." The method was the same in each instance: He would select two live young men, rent quarters on a back street or in a basement, buy a second-hand printing press and a six-months supply of paper, and let the two sink or swim. If they survived, they were partners in the enterprise and had established their own fortunes, as well as added to his. If they sank, why, that was that.

One man was business manager, the other editor; but, contrary to the rule in most newspaper offices, the editor was supreme. He dictated not only what went into the news columns but what went into the advertising columns as well. No advertiser could influence the editorial policy. The papers were for the reader, first, last, and all the time.

Scripps wrote little himself. He worked with his young men, played with them,

DRAWING BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

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praised them, abused them, and, little by little, molded them into a hard-hitting, fearless organization, loving a good battle and ready to fight at the drop of a hat. Because the papers were honest and served a constituency that had been unserved before, they prospered.

When he died on his yacht in 1926, leaving instructions that his body should be consigned to the sea, his fortune was said to be the largest ever amassed by any man entirely out of newspapers. He had few outside investments. He wanted no stocks or bonds that might at some time influence his judgment or cramp his style. What his papers earned in excess of his expenses he invested in new papers; and he gave instructions in his will that a proportion of the profits must always go into enlarging the chain.

Of his three sons, only Bob, the youngest, survives him. The father's ideas on education were as individual as his ideas about publishing. Bob was never sent to school. He had tutors, but E. W., an omnivorous reader, believed that the best training comes from the education that one gets for himself. So Bob read everything, and still does. But information without the capacity for making decisions is useless, said the father. Accordingly, he loaded Bob with responsibility from the time he was able to walk alone, putting him in complete control of the two-thousand-acre ranch at Miramar, California, when he was fifteen years old.

IT WAS no merely formal appointment. On the day Bob took charge, the old man quietly engineered an insurrection. The entire working force struck for higher wages, and Bob was left alone to settle the strike. From that hour, his education consisted fifty per cent in reading and fifty per cent in troubles—the father adding both books and problems as fast as the young man could carry them. At twenty Bob went to work on one of the papers, and a few years thereafter was tossed into editorial control.

But Bob Scripps made his own place. From a reporter's desk, he worked his way through every department of the business. He had poked into outlandish corners of the world to get the first-hand knowledge that a man ought to have if he is to influence the thinking of others. He likes a fight. When he and Roy Howard decided to go into Denver, it was not only because they thought there was a chance to build a profitable paper there but also because they knew they would have the fight of their lives. And Bob believes the organization can keep growing only when there is fighting somewhere along the line.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURRAY

Roy Howard, partner of Robert Scripps, is chairman of the board of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers. He is one of the most dynamic, colorful, and restless figures in American newspaper life

DRAWING BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

Like his father, he is physically big—six feet two inches tall, and broad in proportion. Like his father also, he has a genuine distaste for public appearances of any sort. E. W. directed his powerful organs of publicity from the privacy of a half-million-dollar yacht. Bob inherited the yacht, along with the rest of the estate, but has never used it. He lives in simple fashion on a farm in Connecticut, raising various crops, but principally five children. When you meet him you have the impression of a slow-moving, rather shy man, who never speaks unless he is sought out and spoken to. But if you edge away from the party and follow him into the corner where he has retreated, you discover a mind that has information and a point of view on almost everything. No important book or magazine, either here or abroad, escapes him.

ROY HOWARD is the nervous system of the outfit; Bob, in the quiet study in his farmhouse, reads and digests, thinks and plans. It satisfies him that Roy should have the limelight; but the men on the papers know how large a part he plays in the development of policies and ideas. At their last annual conference they adopted a resolution (*Continued on page 112*)

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The Mysterious S. S. VAN DINE *creator of* Philo Vance *confesses*

"I Used *to be a* Highbrow *but* Look *at* Me Now"

Illustrated by HERBERT M. STOOPS

HONEYED optimists tell us that even dire afflictions have their advantages. Being of a cynical—or at least a skeptical—nature, I have always been inclined to doubt the truth of this cheering remark. But not so long ago I had what the old-time camp-meeters called an "experience." And herewith I submit my testimonial as to how a three-year nervous prostration made me a rich man.

S. S. Van Dine is not my real name. It is the *nom de plume* under which I write my detective-mystery stories. Van Dyne was an old family name; and I changed the *y* to *i*, and chose two initials that I thought would be easily remembered. (What the "S. S." stands for I haven't the foggiest notion; and I have maintained a stout and discreet silence on the subject whenever asked to explain.) My own name, which is much longer, is of English and not Dutch origin, and has for fifteen years been identified with books and literary activities of an entirely different nature from those now associated with S. S. Van Dine.

I am thirty-nine years old—oh, well, call it forty, since my birthday falls next month. My friends say I don't look it. My enemies say I've lost track of at least a half-dozen anniversaries. I wear a Van Dyke which, I admit, has begun to go gray in spots; but a clear conscience—or a non-functioning one—has kept the wrinkles from my face; and as yet I show no signs of baldness. I have written since the age of four, when a poem of mine was printed in my home paper. It was terrible, even for a four-year-old. I wrote a full-length novel at nine, and illustrated it myself. Luckily, it was never published—it was worse than the poem.

At school I learned easily, probably because I liked to study and got a genuine thrill from acquiring knowledge. I attended seven different colleges here and abroad, and took only the courses that interested me. I had various ambitions during those academic years. I thought at one time I was destined to be a painter; and studied art in Munich and Paris. I also had a yearning to be an orchestra conductor, and devoted years to music, even going so far as to memorize the scores of various symphonies and other orchestral works.

Markham

Philo Vance, the man who solved the "Benson," "Canary," and "Greene" murder cases, and who next month will tackle the strangest mystery of them all

But I could never escape the thrill of holding a pencil poised over a sheet of blank paper; and my first love, my only true love in fact—literature—wooed me back to her each time my ambition strayed to other fields. I went to Harvard for my post-graduate work, and fell under the benevolent and stimulating influence of C. T. Copeland (dear old Copey!); and from that time on—it has been twenty years now—I have devoted myself to writing.

For six years I worked at journalism. I think I've done everything there is to do editorially on a newspaper but write society notes. For a period of two years I averaged five columns of copy a day, including Sundays. I liked the work and regarded it as necessary training for the career I had decided on. I studied incessantly, the classics mostly—Greek, Latin, German, French and English; and was always waiting round for the editor to give me assignments. The more assignments I received and the harder they were, the better I liked it. I was in finishing school, as it were; and I realized at an early age that art is long and life is all too short.

I was a member of the staff of the Los Angeles "Times" in 1910 when the McNamara boys decided to dynamite it; and I escaped annihilation by a bare ten minutes. Harvey Elder, whose desk was next to mine, was instantly killed in that terrible explosion and holocaust, as were many others of my comrades. On that fateful night I had a splitting headache and went home early—only ten minutes before the bombs exploded. The episode is another curious instance of an illness bringing me luck.

MY NERVOUS breakdown, to which I have referred, came early in 1923. For years I had been working under tremendous pressure. I had been the editor of several magazines. I had carried monthly articles on painting, literature, drama, and music in several other publications. And, in addition to all these routine labors, I had written nine books on a variety of cultural subjects.

At the time of the outbreak of the World War I was living in Paris, writing fourteen hours a day. I crossed to London—my former home—and continued my literary labors. I finished two books there. But the terrific strain of war conditions and the psychological effect of those hideous days sapped my energy and undermined my health. I came back to America on the last western trip made by the "Lusitania," and went to a sanitarium for two months. I then re-

Heath

Twenty Rules for Detective Stories

THE detective story is a game, says Mr. Van Dine, and there are rules that govern the play. He discovered these rules when, during a long illness, his only recreation was the reading and analyzing of detective literature. He probably has read more detective novels and made a closer study of them than any other man alive. Out of the richness of this experience he set down the twenty laws that will enable you to read detective stories with greater understanding and with keener enjoyment. These rules you will find at the end of the accompanying article.

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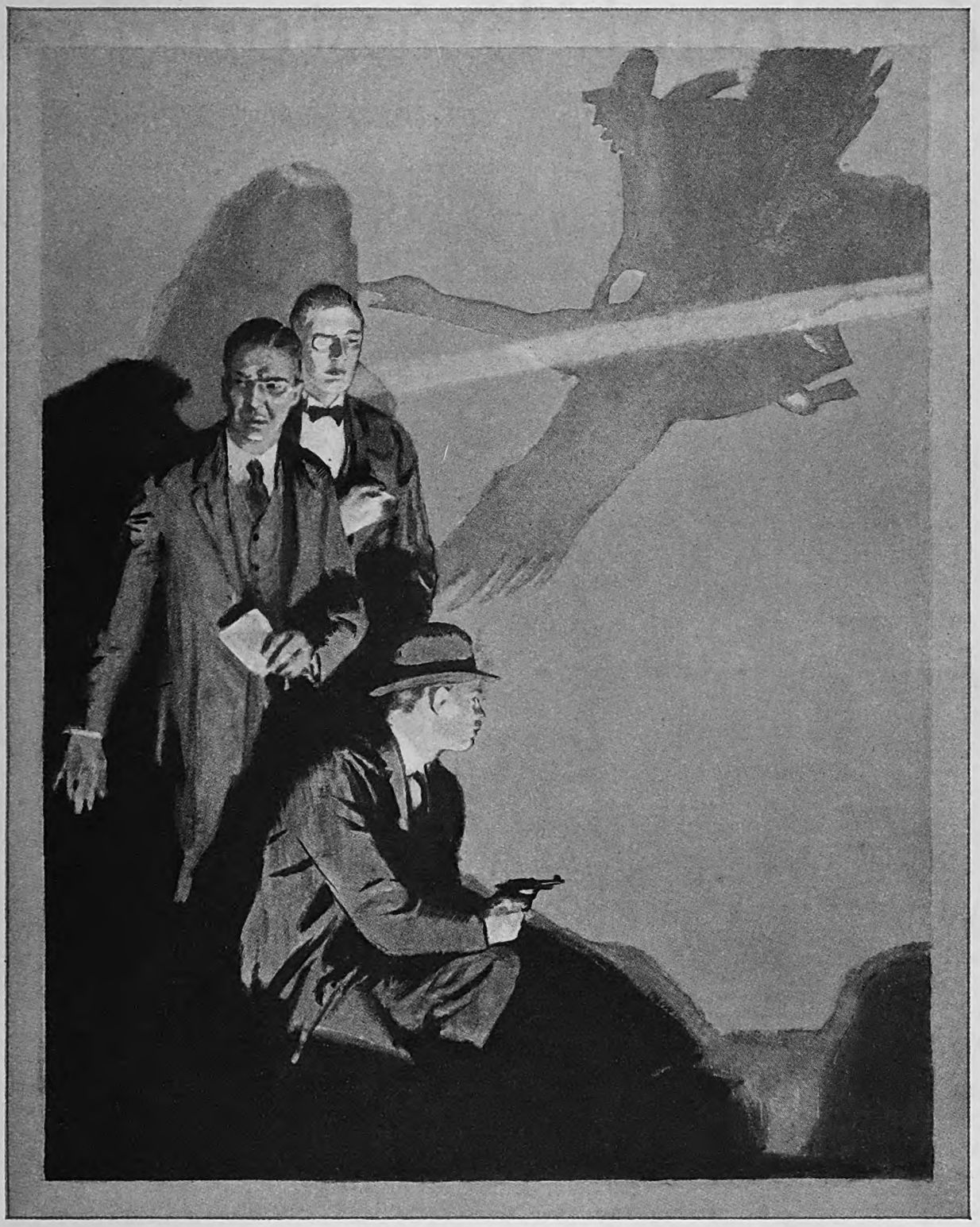

The three main characters in solving "The Bishop Murder Case," which begins next month

sumed my writing, locking myself away from the world, and completed two more books—one a history of painting, the other a treatise on applied esthetics.

One morning, early in 1923, I jumped out of bed and my knees gave way under me. I had reached the end of my tether. The lucky affliction was upon me! I had nervous prostration. For over two years, until the middle of 1925, I was confined to bed; and for six months after I had been allowed to get up I was too weak to work or study. I had lost fifty-five pounds, which is a good deal for a man who normally weighs only one hundred and sixty.

During those three stricken years I was on the lap of the gods—but not for a spanking, apparently! My pagan deities were planning some very pleasant things for me. At the time, however, I didn't know it. I was utterly discouraged and despondent. I was content to face the Great Adventure, and was thoroughly convinced that I'd never recover. I was bitter against the world and resentful of my fate, with the result that I was a recalcitrant patient. I refused to go to a sanitarium. I objected to everything that was done for me. I became sarcastic to the nurse—poor, patient girl—and in every way possible made myself a nuisance. I didn't want to get well.

Any other doctor than the one I had would have let me have my way on the question of dying; and I couldn't have blamed him. But my medico, Dr. Jacob Munter Lobsenz, was also an old friend; and to his great skill as a physician he added the love of friendship and the understanding of a fine, generous nature. He battled tirelessly with me, both spiritually and pathologically, for three years. And—here I am!

And now comes the birth of S. S. Van Dine. During my (*Continued on page 118*)

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Colonel Braxton *hears*

And upon their testimony he stakes

Mr. Harris was carrying Cruger to the sofa as the officer came in the door

IT WAS a famous trial. Persons still living in Virginia will remember it. There was in it very nearly every dramatic incident. The prisoner in the court-room held the woman beside him silent. He had said he would stand up and confess if she said a word. They were from an elevated class, involved in an emotional tragedy.

These complications made the case unequaled.

The prosecuting attorney was uncertain. Was the man on trial for his life the criminal agent, or was the woman, in fact, guilty of the murder? How far the whole truth was known to Colonel Braxton, who defended the case, is not certain. But it is certain that he could not put the woman—beside him at his table—on the stand.

There was another feature that will not be forgotten. A thing that illustrates the profound strategy of this criminal lawyer in a desperate case:

He staked his client's life on a single fact.

He disregarded everything else.

He isolated that fact. He made it the one dominating issue, upon which the whole trial turned, as on a hinge.

The mystery of that fact too, or, rather, the proof of it, upon which he depended, he did not reveal. He stated it.

But he stated it in a Delphic manner, and it remained a mystery while the State put in its evidence. This very detail proclaims the ingenuity of the man. For this mystery reserved by the defense diverted the jury from the testimony of the State.

THE case was on trial in the circuit court.

The prosecuting attorney had made his dramatic opening statement to the jury. He had presented it in detail, and with a covert innuendo that united the evidence he could legally offer with the common knowledge and the common impression about the whole affair. And he did it with skill, for there seemed, when he had finished, no adequate defense.

The court-room was crowded to the doors. There was not a

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the Silent Voices

Illustrated by
W. H. D. KOERNER

his case. A story by

MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

foot of space for another spectator. The whole county had come in, for there had been no great moving drama like this trial for a hundred years, in this portion of Virginia.

There was a breathless tension in the whole audience when Colonel Braxton stood up to reply.

What manner of defense could he present? everyone said.

The experts about the court-room knew the dilemma that he was in. The man only had been indicted for this murder and put to trial for it. The girl had been studiously left out. The prosecuting attorney had seen to that. He did not purpose to take a girl before a Virginia jury, when he had a man to offer.

And he knew that Colonel Braxton could not bring her in.

He knew, also, that the prisoner, Fairfield Harris, would not involve her to clear himself. He would go to the gallows with his mouth closed. It was clear to the experts, as it was clear to the prosecutor, that Colonel Braxton would not put the prisoner on the stand—neither the girl nor the client he represented.

What defense, then, could he make?

They waited for the disclosure; the prosecutor confident in

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his security, and every other man leaning forward in his seat.

The girl sat beside young Harris at Colonel Braxton's table. She could not be denied that right.

Harris might exclude her from the jeopardies of the law by his appalling threat. But he could not exclude her from the court-room. He had exhausted every device to keep her out. But it did not avail. She had brought him into this tragic affair, and she would go with him to its end. Neither young Harris nor Colonel Braxton could move her from that high resolve. And, to say the truth, Colonel Braxton had not urged it. He had looked at her vaguely, as though his mind were in another place and indicated his submission with a gesture.

She was a lovely human creature.

There is something in old blood that gives a distinguished beauty and a high resistant courage that appears nowhere in any common strain. It cannot be produced by blends. It does not appear by accident. It is inherent in this purity of stock.

I have seen few equals for Julia Monroe among the beauties of a later world. And yet I cannot catalogue the details of her. It was something beyond the eye that made up this beauty. Certain words are beyond definition: charm, distinction are such words.

I HAVE tried to write down here a detailed description of her. But it is futile and inadequate, and I have stricken the whole thing out.

She was neither embarrassed nor in fear in this court-room on this afternoon. She was motionless, with a high face, a face that in its elevated composure did not change. But it was the spirit behind the face that gave the high distinction. One could see how she had gone to sacrifice, at the call of a decaying family for material rehabilitation . . . with a high face, like Jephthah's daughter.

Colonel Braxton made a slight bow to the judge and to the jury, as to a company of friends. He looked vaguely about him for a moment, like one awakened out of sleep; and then he spoke.

"Your Honor," he said, "all that I shall require for the defense is now in custody of the clerk of this circuit court."

He indicated Mr. Dabney Mason, with a gesture.

There was a lower bench in this court-room, directly below that for the judge, with an extended railing that made a table. The clerk sat here, his docket opened before him and his quill pens laid out neatly beside it, his inks—the black for entries and the red for ruling lines—in their tall stone jugs as they came imported into Virginia from the foreign trade. And beyond them, conspicuous to the eye, were his yellow gloves and his Bond Street stick, for he was fastidious in his dress, and maintained each detail with punctilious discrimination.

There was a moment of almost suspended breath until Colonel Braxton should go on.

But he did not go on.

His heavy eyelids drooped, as though the sleep out of which he had been awakened had returned, and he sat down.

The whole court-room was astonished.

And the one whose amazement exceeded that of any other was this circuit clerk. He looked up at Colonel Braxton in a sort of wonder. There was no evidence relating to this trial in his possession. No weapon, no implement, no paper had been lodged with him.

How could Colonel Braxton be depending for the defense on anything committed to his custody?

But he was accustomed to the vagaries of this eccentric lawyer; to the strange indirections to which he sometimes resorted in a desperate case; to his smoke screens; to his subtle maneuvers.

He was the one man on this whole circuit of Virginia who opened and conducted the great game for himself. He could not be catalogued. What he would do could not, by the light of stock defenses, be foreseen.

The clerk said nothing. But his amazement was in his face. The whole court could see that he was no less puzzled than themselves. There was no need that he should make a verbal protest.

Neither did the judge reply.

He was equally astonished with the others. But the defense, in these criminal cases, was wholly a matter for the counsel in them. His concern was only that it should be legal, and presented as the rules of evidence required.

But the prosecuting attorney, sitting at his table, beyond that of Colonel Braxton, turned.

"Mr. Dabney Mason," he said, "what evidence relating to this case has been lodged with you?"

There was concern in the pronouncement of the words. Was there a confession written out and signed, a letter, some document of import?

The clerk looked up at the man.

"No evidence," he said. Then he smiled, including with a gesture the articles laid out before him: the stick, the yellow gloves, the pens, the inks, the docket. "Unless, sir, these articles can be so considered."

The attorney laughed. The defense was merely a gesture then, to cover its inevitable collapse, and he could not resist a comment.

"Well, Colonel," he said, "I thought you would have some big surprise for us."

Colonel Braxton took the unlighted cigar out of his mouth. But he did not look up. His head, as from weariness, drooped. But his voice when he spoke reached clearly to the doors.

"Alfred," he said, "you are like Naaman in the Book of Kings, always looking for a great thing. . . . Let us dip ourselves, rather, seven times in Jordan, and leave the cure to the prophet!"

It was now the audience, packed into the court-room, that laughed, a suppressed ripple that ran lightly over it. The neat counter pleased them. It was from the one book they knew. The Bible in this portion of Virginia was read and its chapters got by heart. A knowledge of it was of more use to the public advocate than the Grattans, or the Commentaries of Mr. Blackstone.

It was a deadly weapon in the hand of a skilled duelist, and here, in this instance, pinned the prosecuting attorney neatly to the wall.

He got up, then, in a determined manner, and went about the introduction of his evidence. He knew what folly it was to cross wits with this eccentric lawyer; but every now and then, when he seemed to have the whip-hand, he would try it. And always he caught an arrow at some unprotected point. But there was one gain in it: it sent him, more determined, about his case.

The facts of the case can be briefly stated:

DUNCAN CRUGER had been killed on the very night of his marriage. Two persons only were present at the time: the prisoner, Fairfield Harris, and the girl who sat here beside him. They had been lovers from the cradle and intended, by every evidence, for each other. But the Monroe family was financially in its decay. It hung by sufferance only, on the very brink of a collapse.

Young Harris had his way to make. The hope for any material rehabilitation of this descending family was in a marriage of the daughter Julia with Duncan Cruger. He had a great estate. He lived in his big house alone, and for the girl would clear the ancestral lands and reëstablish the house in its ancient splendor. And so, like Jephthah's daughter, she had gone to this material sacrifice.

Her family lived at some distance in the country.

The wedding was at noon of a rain-swept November day.

She and Cruger had driven in to his house here in the little Southern city. Night had fallen when they arrived. They were hardly in the house when the girl ran out and across the street to the neighboring house in which young Harris lived with his mother.

As it happened, Mrs. Harris was not at home, and Fairfield Harris, meeting the girl at the door, had at once gone back with her into the Cruger house. Cruger's voice, loud and angry, was heard after that, as though he were in some desperate quarrel. Then there was a shot. One of the police force on the street had gone in. He found Cruger dead.

The explanation had been brief.

Harris said that Cruger was drunk, and that the girl, in fear, had run across to his mother. He had gone at once with her back to Cruger's house. The action had angered Cruger in his drunken state, and, in his fury he was threatening to kill both Harris and the girl, when there came a knocking at the door at the far end of the drawing-room.

Cruger had gone to this door, opened it and stepped out, closing it behind him. A moment later there was the sound of a shot; and Cruger rushed in and across the drawing-room. He fell as he approached them.

This was the meager defense that Harris made when the police entered.

He had added no word to it.

He had gone to Colonel Braxton, who came with the police and the prosecuting attorney to examine the house and take

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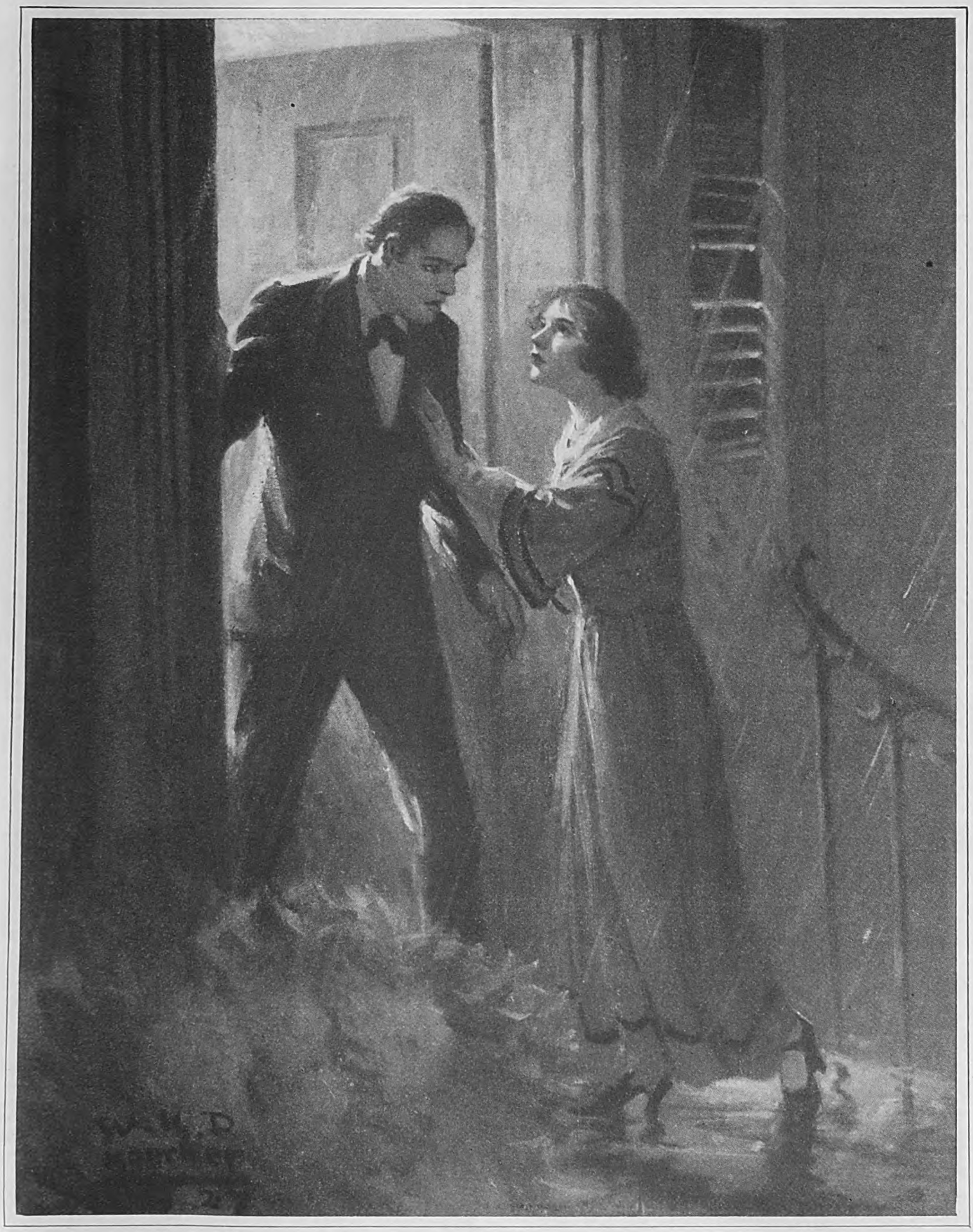

Mrs. Cruger rushed out of the front door and across the street to the Harris house

such steps as were necessary to preserve evidential signs. He had added nothing to this statement, even after the Grand Jury had returned its indictment against him. And it was now apparent that in the court-room he would add nothing to that statement.

Colonel Braxton would not put him on the witness stand.

It was the rule of law that one charged with a crime need not testify in his own behalf, and no inference of guilt could be drawn from that refusal. What one charged with a crime said at the time and at the scene of a murder could be introduced as testimony by the State against him, but the prisoner could not be called to explain or amplify it, nor to (*Continued on page 145*)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD STEIN

The pictures used with this article show a few of The American Magazine radio artists putting over a program from the studios of The National Broadcasting Company

GRAHAM McNAMEE'S *next article will recount for you his extraordinary adventures in broadcasting great political events*

One-Night Stands *on the* AIR

By Graham McNamee

I HAVE just heard of a queer kind of radio broadcast they have been having in France—a kissing contest. The idea seems to be to award the prize to the contestant who can kiss the loudest, the kissers presenting their wares over the radio. I don't know how this thrilling competition ended, but I suppose the champion kisser of France will be visiting America next and touring the country in a combination lecture and osculatory barnstorming trip.

Over here our problem over the radio is not to see who can kiss the loudest or to find the champion osculator. With us the radio kiss is an engineering problem—how to make a radio kiss sound like a real kiss. It's not that we care anything about radio kisses. It's only a part of the very serious problem we have of making a lot of things sound the way they should. And all this is a part of a branch of the radio art which is just beginning to emerge into public attention—the radio play.

Every new form of communication that comes along has got to develop its own literature. A man cannot make a speech over the radio the way he does under ordinary circumstances. The most successful orator may not by any means prove to be even a good radio speaker. And now radio is struggling, painfully, patiently, and very earnestly with the radio play.

And here is a chance for the budding dramatists of the future who have the dramatic sense and plenty of imagination.

It is not so long ago that the movies were doing the same thing. The films were in use for some time before anyone thought of utilizing them to produce a play. At first they merely portrayed actual events—fights, travel scenes, celebrities, and so on. Then came those crude comedies lasting about five minutes, and then slowly and after much blundering and experimenting we got the present elaborate development of the film drama. That took years. And the movies haven't finished the job by any means. It is only in the past five years that they have begun to find their way in the matter of titles.

WELL, now we are going through all this in radio. At first radio merely broadcast simple music recitals and addresses. Then it got to reporting great news events. A few plays were attempted but they were just ordinary stage plays relayed on to the radio audience like a symphony concert might be. But now we are working on the true radio play. When I say we are trying, no one must suppose that this is a simple, timid, and slight experiment. The National Broadcasting Company now produces more plays than any dozen big producers on Broadway—about four new ones a week. And this does not include many others which are produced under what are called sponsored programs. For instance, up to the time the programs were suspended for the summer, The American Magazine produced one every two weeks in the form of a dramatization of one of its fiction stories. Others do the same thing.

Perhaps the most ambitious attempts at the radio play are the Great Moments of History and then Bible Dramas, broadcast each week by the National Broadcasting Company as part of its sustaining program.

Now the reader will not have to be told how different are the conditions under which the radio dramatist, actor, and producer work. First of all, the ordinary drama appeals to the eye and ear. The radio drama appeals entirely to the ear as the movie drama appeals entirely to

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the eye. When you shut off a man's sight, therefore, and deal entirely with his ear, you have a tremendous obstacle to overcome. There can be no scenery, no lights, no costumes. Even the characters, which we can see on the stage as old or young, beautiful or hideous, we must get through our imagination over the air. All that important part of acting which depends on gesture, facial expression, postures, movement is lost. The voice must do the whole job alone on one end and the ear on the other. And so we have had to work out wholly new forms.

As to the action of the play itself, the voice is not enough. It is necessary to produce the illusion of action, of scenes, of the change of scene, and the various effects which accompany the action. And these effects have been worked out with infinite patience and after many failures.

Those who listen to radio plays note the frequent use of music. That is a very interesting and gratifying fact to me, because my own profession before I became a radio announcer was and still is, principally music. It is significant how artists turn constantly to music to assist in expressing emotions which seem to elude the other arts—call upon music to assist the other arts in reaching the hearts and imaginations of their audiences. See to what immense expense the moving pictures go in employing great orchestras and organs to supplement the pictures. Now every great film drama has its accompanying musical score. Music seems to express more powerfully than any other art the elemental emotions of man. On the stage of a theatre, if an actor is portraying some sorrowful scene, you will have the lights lowered and even the most appropriate colored lights used, perhaps the dim glow of a hearth; you will have maybe the costumes of poverty and the make-up of the artist to assist the actor. The actor's voice will give you much of the sentiment, but it will be aided by a dozen other forms which radio cannot use. Hence, radio turns to music.

We get another use out of it than as a means of expressing the mood of the scenes. The scenes of a radio play are always quite short. The action must be swift. Hence there is a frequent changing of scenes. On the stage this is all quite simple. The curtain drops, the scenes are shifted, and the curtain goes up again. In the radio play music must be the curtain. For instance, let us suppose the action is taking place on a field in Judea. The following scene is to be the interior of the temple. Now as the scene upon the Judean field comes to a close the last sentences spoken will tell the audience where the next scene is to be. Let us say a prophet is speaking. He pronounces the last lines of the scene. He says:

"Farewell! Our business here is done. Let us assemble at once *in the great hall of the temple.*"

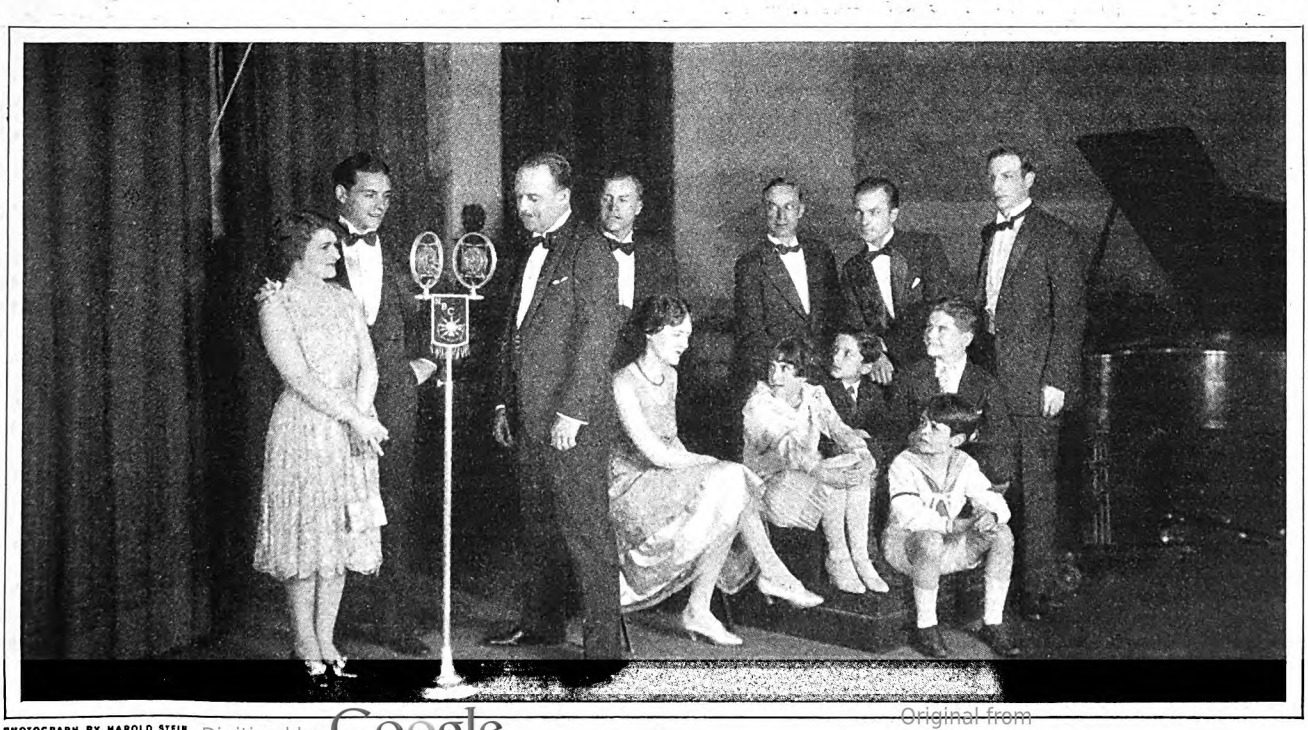
As he speaks these words the music rises, takes possession of the action for a brief moment, then suddenly fades away and in another instant you hear the actors again. A new scene is on and you know they are in the temple. The music has acted as a curtain.

And now to revert to what I said at the outset about all the sounds that must be reproduced in the course of a play. For instance, characters are constantly entering and leaving the scenes. On the stage you see a man go out of a door. You do not have to be told that. In a radio play you cannot be told that either. But the character lets you know in his talk that he is going to leave the room, and then you hear a door slam. You know he is gone. This seems simple enough. But what a time we had reproducing the slamming of the door! At first, very naturally we had a door hinged in a frame close by the microphone and we just slammed that door. But the sound that came over the radio seemed more like an explosion. Well, we did all sorts of things to reproduce the sound of a closing door. We tried slapping sticks together. We tried stamping on the floor. We tried all sorts of concussive sounds. Finally we hit on the right one. We lift the cover of a piano and let it come down lightly and this sounds over the radio exactly like the slamming of a door.

We frequently have to imitate the sound of a pump. As usual our first thought, of course, was to get a pump and work that. But this sounded like nothing at all over the radio. Again we experimented with all sorts of things until finally we succeeded in getting the proper effect with a folding chair. By working that up and down we get a sound which is quickly recognized over the air as action of a pump. To make rain we use an ordinary letter-filing box with some buckshot in it. Shaken slowly, this gives off a sound like rain. Shaken rapidly it sounds like surf. The first time we needed a gunshot, quite naturally, we fired off a gun. To the listener-in it sounded as if the station had blown up. Now we use a bamboo cane and strike it against a leather pillow. This makes a good imitation of rapid musket fire, but it is not such a good single gunshot. We haven't found the best way for that yet.

Of course we use the best Broadway actors. And, after all, these do best. But they have to unlearn a great deal. An actor has to learn how to use his voice in a theatre so that it reaches all parts of the house. As a rule, no matter how much talent a man has he does not succeed in this at first. He attempts to talk loud, and this gives his voice an unnatural sound and also forces him to strain the muscles of his face and throat so that everyone sees he is talking loud. After a while he learns how to talk loud without seeming to do so. Then he always thinks about the back row—he talks to the back row of the theatre. Now when he comes before the mike he still thinks of the back row. But there are no back rows in radio. Everybody is on the front row. They are actually in the little room with the speaker. He has only to use his voice in a natural way directly in front of the mike and he will be heard all over. The mike is the ear of the audience and it does not do to shout into a person's ear.

At present we seem to get the most success out of the (*Continued on page 142*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD STEIN

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GEORGE W. GRAY *describes the vastest known flow of water on the earth*

DRAWN BY GEORGE H. SAMUELS

The Great Blue

ON a blizzardy day in February I boarded a steamer southward bound. The New York harbor was afloat with broken ice as we nosed out past incoming liners frosted and sea-battered, past creaking schooners with stiff rigging, and channel buoys festooned with icicles. A stinging wind lashed out of the northeast, and its powdery sleet drove all but the hardiest indoors. In a few hours we were over the horizon—not a ship in sight—alone in the bleak immensity of green ocean and gray gusty sky.

"After tomorrow, no more overcoats!" hailed a ship's officer. This to a shivering group that had bundled up for a few turns around deck before bedtime. "Inside of twenty-four hours, we'll be in blue water."

"What has the color of the water to do with the temper of the weather?" inquired a man who was on his first sea voyage.

The mariner eyed his inquisitor solemnly, and answered: "You just wait and watch, and you'll see." It is the presence of microscopic creatures and plants that makes the oceans green. The natural color of sea water is blue.

Next morning, winter still ruled. The ocean seemed greener, if anything, than the offshore waters we had plowed the afternoon before. The wind was blustery. I watched a ship's officer lower a thermometer into the sea. When he brought it up a few minutes later, it registered forty-one degrees. The air was much colder.

Shortly before sundown a faint haze appeared to the east, and as we drew near we saw that it lay like a halo over a blue sea. The dividing line between green and blue in the ocean was as sharply marked as the contrasting tints on a map, and I watched the ship push its way into the blue. The thermometer, again dropped over the side, showed a temperature of seventy-five degrees—but no one needed the instrument to know that summer climate had suddenly supplanted winter in our neighborhood of the Atlantic. There was a different "feel" to the air. It was moist and balmy; gradually the warmth percolated all over the ship; overcoats were discarded. We awoke next morning in a smooth sunlit sea to watch clumsy porpoises frisking in our foaming track and the delicate silvery flying fish that skimmed the indigo waters.

"No current is more powerful than the Gulf Stream," explained the informative officer. "We are crossing it now to get out of its drag, which would set us back seventy or eighty miles a day. Coming north we keep in the axis of the stream, to have the aid of its strong upward current."

We crossed the Gulf Stream opposite North Carolina, but we did not get out of its zone of influence. The climate remained temperate, balmy, and warm, though the ship's daily radio bulletins were full of news of the cool weather prevailing to our north on sea, and northwest and west on land. The never-flagging current from the south brought the breath and flavor of the tropics in its blue water.

It is the vastest known flow of water on the earth. A government hydrographer who spent two years studying the Gulf Stream at its starting place in the straits between Cuba and the Florida keys, found that the volume of water pouring through is ninety thousand million tons an hour.

FROM the Straits of Florida it flows due north, soon swerves to the northeast, joins the general North Atlantic drift, and touches Europe. Tropical berries, beans from Jamaica, seaweed from the Caribbean Sea, and fragments of driftwood from Mexico and Central America have frequently been picked up on the shores of northern Europe. Indeed, it has been said that these signs of land hastened the explorations of the early navigators.

The warm salt waters of the Gulf Stream have been identified as far up as Cape North, the northerly tip of Scandinavia. The presence of diatoms and microscopic life makes such identification possible. From Cape Florida to Cape North is 5,200 miles.

Contrasted with this oceanic river, the great land streams become mere brooks. If all the rivers of the United States were combined they would make but a small beginning for the Gulf Stream. Five hundred Amazons would not equal its flow, Father Mississippi would need to be multiplied three thousand times, or the lordly Hudson ten thousand times, to rival this blue river of the sea. But the Gulf Stream hides its might beneath the surface of the sea, and mariners sailed its waters for centuries before they realized its influence upon navigation and climate.

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Five hundred Amazon Rivers all in one would not equal the Gulf Stream in volume

River in the Sea

When Benjamin Franklin was in London in 1769, the British post-office authorities asked him to explain why their mail packets to America were being beaten by the common merchant ships almost every month. The packets sailed from Falmouth, the traders from London, which is several hundred miles farther east. By all rules of common sense the packets ought to have made the passage days ahead of the more heavily laden merchant ships, yet the latter sometimes beat them by a fortnight. The authorities had been petitioned to change the sailing route, when the eminent Doctor Franklin arrived from America and they put this puzzle up to him.

FRANKLIN did not know the answer, but there was in London a Nantucket whaling captain whom Franklin consulted.

"Mebbe," said he, "the merchantmen know the stream and keep out of it."

"What stream?" asked Franklin.

"The stream from the south," explained the Nantucket man. "We whalers are well acquainted with that stream, because whales are not met in it. In our pursuit of whales we run along the side or cross it to change our side. And in crossing we have frequently met and spoken with those packets that were in the middle of the stream. We have told them they were stemming a current which was against them to the value of three miles an hour, and advised them to cross it, but they were too wise to be counseled by simple American fishermen. When the winds are light they are frequently carried back by the current more than they are forward by the wind, and even if the wind be good the subtraction of some seventy miles a day from their course is of some importance."

Franklin procured a chart of the North Atlantic and asked the whaler to mark the course of this current. Franklin named it "the Gulf Stream" and the General Post-office included it in a new chart of the ocean. Even today, when steam has largely supplanted sail, low-powered ships generally follow the southern route, and travel 4,000 miles between England and New York rather than take the northern route of 3,000 miles and stem the Gulf Stream.

EVEN more profound than the effect upon navigation is the influence upon climate. Northern Europe would be a frozen waste were it not for the warmth brought to its lands by the waters and winds of the Gulf Stream. The British Isles are on the same parallels of latitude as Labrador, but Labrador is washed by a current from out of the Arctic, and in winter Labrador and the even more southerly Newfoundland are locked in ice, whereas no port of the British Isles is ever ice-bound.

England's "green and pleasant land" could not long remain so were it not for the constant temperature and the continual circulation of this hot-water heating system of the North Atlantic. It has been computed that if the Gulf Stream should lose ten degrees of its average temperature, ice-age conditions would soon return to the British Isles and northern Europe.

What produces and regulates this tremendous flow of waters?

That question can best be answered at the Hydrographic Office of the Navy in Washington. Here the monthly pilot charts of oceans are compiled and published for distribution to navigators all over the world. Necessarily these charts must embody the latest information of winds and currents, and in consequence the Hydrographic Office has become an international clearing house for news of the Gulf Stream and other oceanic rivers. Through the courtesy of Captain C. S. Kempff, U. S. N., hydrographer, I was permitted to spend some time in the Hydrographic Office. This article is the result of that visit.

"Don't think of the Gulf Stream as an isolated phenomenon," cautioned a nautical engineer. "It is part of the circulation of waters which embraces the world. Cold water from the Arctic pours down past Greenland into the North Atlantic, as the warm water of the Gulf pours northward. In the South Atlantic, the Brazil Current flows down the coast of South America and gradually curves eastward toward the shores of Africa. Cold counter currents sweep up from the Antarctic to compensate for this interchange of warm waters.

"The same general system of circulation prevails in the Indian Ocean and in the Pacific. The principal stream in the North Pacific is the Japanese Current, which originates in the warm equatorial waters surrounding the Philippines, courses north-

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ward past Japan in much the same way that the Gulf Stream skirts our coast, curves to the east, and washes the shores of southern Alaska, western Canada, and western United States. It is this warm stream that keeps Sitka, Alaska, ice-free, when opposite ports in Kamchatka are frozen solid. Vancouver, Seattle, and San Francisco get much of their climate from the Japanese Current.

"WIND is the predominant factor in producing the Gulf Stream, though there are other contributing causes," continued the nautical engineer. "Some of the early observers believed that there were passageways under the continents, and explained the currents as part of a great movement of waters under land and over seas. Others argued that the streaming of waters from the tropics resulted from the piling up of the ocean at the equator by the drawing effect of the sun's heat. It was taught in the seventeenth century that there was a mountain of sea water at the equator which produced the currents. These notions have gone the way of other fantastic guesses, but it is true that the sun's heat does have an effect upon the flow of currents—directly by expanding and evaporating the waters and thus changing their density, and indirectly by generating winds which drive the water into motion.

"Another explanation of the Gulf Stream has been reasoned from the fact that the water of the tropics is more salty than the water of the colder zones. This, it has been said, causes the blue salty water to flow northward and the green water southward, in the effort to equalize their density.

"Other investigators point out that the natural effect of the rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east is to give the waters of the sea an impulse toward the right, and they have thought that this motion produces the Gulf Stream and other ocean currents. The great ocean streams in the Northern Hemisphere move in the same direction as the hands of the clock, whereas those in the Southern Hemisphere move anti-clockwise. This is as they should move if influenced by the rotation of the earth.

"We believe that differences in temperatures, differences in salinity, differences in atmospheric pressure, and the rotation of the earth all have an effect upon ocean currents, but the principal cause is the wind. This idea is by no means modern. Benjamin Franklin adopted it as his explanation. Later observers claimed that the force of the trade winds heaped up water in the Gulf of Mexico to such an extent that it was an elevated sea several feet higher than the Atlantic Ocean."

Recent measurements made by the Coast and Geodetic Survey show that the differences in elevation between the Gulf and the Atlantic are in inches rather than in feet. It was found that the Gulf waters at Galveston are mean sea level and the Atlantic waters at St. Augustine, Florida, are about nine inches lower. As the surveyors proceeded up the Atlantic coast, this difference gradually diminished, and at Boston sea level was found to be four tenths of an inch higher than at Galveston. This would seem to indicate that the highest sea levels are in northern waters, and that after the Gulf Stream reaches about opposite northern Florida it actually runs uphill.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC.

Waterspouts, which are mostly vapor and spray, are common in the Gulf Stream

LOOK at the map—or, better still, a globe—and notice how landlocked is the North Atlantic Ocean. Just below the equator the hump of South America thrusts far out toward the blunter hump of Africa. In the region of the sea between these humps the trade winds blow practically continously, and generally toward the northwest. The waters thus driven westward strike the angular northeast coast of South America, which serves as the side of a great funnel to shunt them into the Caribbean Sea south of the West Indies. The Caribbean leads through the Yucatan Channel into the Gulf of Mexico, and through this channel most of the westward-hurrying waters stream into the Gulf. Some escape northward outside the West Indies to form what is called the Bahama or Antilles Current.

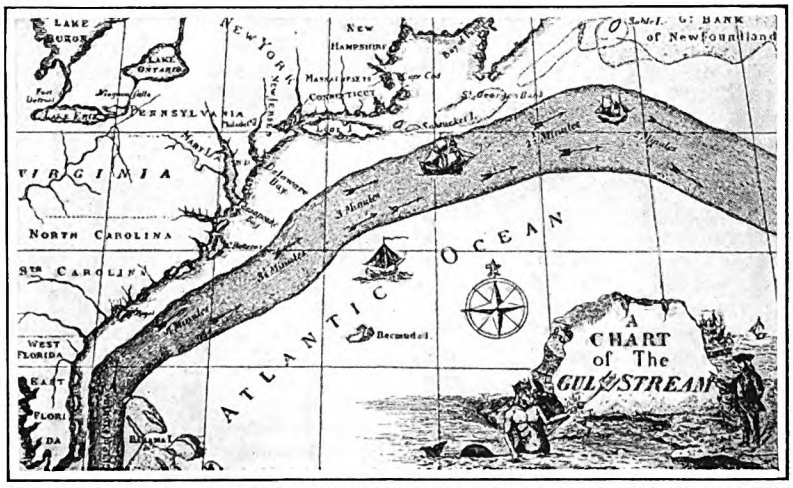
THE Gulf of Mexico is fenced in by Florida and Yucatan, with the space between these two arms partly blocked by the island of Cuba. As the waters enter the Gulf by the Yucatan Channel south of Cuba, only one way of escape is left—the Florida Straits, north of Cuba. Some of these wind-driven waters swirl around the Gulf in a circular movement, some cut across it diagonally, others flow directly around the west tip of Cuba, but all eventually reach the Florida Straits with a strong head back of them, and the resulting flow into the Atlantic is the Gulf Stream.

The Florida Straits—where the Gulf Stream may be said to be molded—are 90 miles wide and about 350 fathoms (2,100 feet) deep. After the turn around the keys has been made, about opposite Miami, the depth suddenly increases to approximately 550 fathoms (3,300 feet) and the Gulf Stream falls over this natural dam into the ocean.

Thus the Gulf Stream is not only a mighty river but also one of the greatest waterfalls, with a drop of over 1,000 feet. Niagara Falls has as its greatest drop 167 feet.

The stream seems to be accelerated by this submarine waterfall, for whereas it moves at an hourly velocity of from two to two and one-half knots (nautical miles) in the straits it quickly increases to as much as four knots opposite Miami. The velocity is not constant, for the flow is affected by seasonal changes, winds, and lunar attraction, but the sudden impetus in speed after passing the dam is quite noticeable. A little farther up the coast the Bahama Current joins the stream.

The swiftest flow of the Gulf Stream is but a few miles west of its center and this line of greatest velocity is called the axis. Opposite Miami it is about 15 miles offshore; opposite Cape Canaveral, 45 miles; Jacksonville, 90 miles; Savannah, 95 miles; Charleston, 90 miles; Cape Lookout, North Carolina, 50 miles; Cape Hatteras, 35 miles. The reason for these variations is that the stream has a tendency to avoid any depths shallower than one hundred fathoms. The shores of northern Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina slope gradually out to the one-hundred-fathom depth, but off North Carolina the slope is (*Continued on page 160*)



One of the earliest maps of the Gulf Stream, drawn by Benjamin Franklin in 1770

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When in doubt about your troubles

Go Tell 'em *to the* Trees

Says CHARLES A. DAVID

IF YOU have the money, you can buy life insurance, fire insurance, cyclone insurance, accident insurance, and goodness only knows how many other kinds. But, no matter how much money you have, you *can't* buy trouble insurance. Yet you have it in your power to lessen or add to your worries simply by the way you treat them. For

A trouble's a ton, or your trouble's an ounce,
Or your trouble is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact that you are hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

It makes no difference whether your worries have to do with body or soul, whether they are real or imaginary, I know of no better way of getting plumb away from them than to beg, borrow, or steal an ax, and go out in the woods, with only yourself for company, and cut down a tree! Not a sapling, but a man's size tree, the felling of which will leave you out of breath and wet with honest sweat.

As the chips fly, as your circulation speeds up, and as the oxygen gets into your lungs, your troubles will seem hardly worth bothering about: life's tangles will unravel, and problems will almost solve themselves. Indeed, by the time you stop for breath, your viewpoint will have shifted, and you will see things from a different and a brighter angle. I have tried it out more than once, and I know that it will work.

If you live too far away from trees that can be cut, chopping a load of stove wood in the back lot will answer; only you lack the proper setting, and a call to the telephone may break the magic spell.

At one time, my business affairs got into a snarl, and the tangle seemed hopeless. For a while it looked as if things were headed for the rocks. The trouble was, I could not keep my expenses in hailing distance of my income. There was no room in my little store for customers when the bill collectors came. There was not a spot on my cuffs where I had not figured, and there was not a clean sheet of paper in the house. Everything was covered with calculations that did not get me anywhere.

EVERYTHING looked mighty black. I got so I could not sleep nights for worry. If I did drop off for a few minutes, I dreamed that creditors weighing from five to ten tons were sitting on my chest—rows and rows of them!

One day after a restless night, I became desperate and felt that I just had to get out somewhere. So I went outdoors, kicked a chicken or two out of the way, and started for the country and the friendly woods. Passing through the lot, I stumbled over an ax. More to get it out of the way than anything else, I shouldered it and took it along.

It was early spring. As I turned into a

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patch of timber a few miles from town, my gait slowed down to a reasonable pace, and for the first time I began to notice things.

The buds on the young hickories were almost ready to burst, and the maples on the edge of a swamp were blushing at their forwardness. Under the pines, the wood violets were giving a touch of blue sky to the brown earth, and over the flat tops of the dogwoods, Nature had spread her laundry in the sun.

All around green, growing things were pushing up to the light, and the new grass was like velvet underfoot. On a dead limb a redheaded woodpecker was doing a drum solo for his women-folks. From a nearby thicket a cardinal was calling "chero-chero-chero," and from a brush pile a wren was doing its level best to split its throat. Everything seemed bright and happy except me.

I was at outs with the universe and not even on friendly terms with myself. To tell the truth, I had an impulse to haul off and hit something.

Just then, my eye fell on a hickory, tall, straight, and tapering. The bark looked inviting, so I swung the ax and brought it down in a slanting stroke. The blade sank deep in the sappy wood, and it was no time before the ground for six feet around was white with chips. As it dawned on me that I had found something I could conquer, I began to feel better, and to realize that I was not such a down-and-outer after all. Presently the tree shivered, as all trees do before falling. Then it came down with a crash. I now lopped off the branches of the tree, and cut the tree into convenient lengths for hauling, in case anyone should ever care to use it. By this time my head was clearer; things did not seem so badly balled-up, and I wondered why I was in such a funk anyhow. Why, the world actually seemed to be a fine old place, with things running along as usual.

Flinging myself on the grass I gazed up into the blue. As I gazed, one of my old friends—a turkey buzzard—appeared from nowhere, and began circling around in that effortless flight of his. He didn't even move a feather, but he was careful to keep in front of a white cloud which made an effective background for him.

I knew that buzzard was hungry, and that he had not an idea where his next meal was coming from. But there he was, calm and unhurried, and, as far as I know, contented. And I thought, "What is the sense in taking-on so, when I am so much better off than that buzzard?"

I at least knew that supper would be waiting for me when I got home, and that I would have a comfortable bed to sleep in. After a good rest on the grass, I got up refreshed in mind and body, and with the firm conviction that I was not the weakling and failure that I had imagined myself to be. The result was I was able to tackle things just as they came.

In fact, I was not the same person who a short while before had kicked chickens out of his way, and was about ready to give up and quit. My pettish mood had vanished, I was no longer seeing things through distorted glasses. Indeed, I walked home feeling every inch a conquering hero!

IN MY new frame of mind, it did not take me long to work out a plan that started things moving in the right direction. And all this marvelous change came about by getting away from myself, and closer to the sympathetic heart of Nature—which is just another way of getting closer to God.

Of course you cannot always cut wood when you get in the dumps; it would not be safe for the bystanders: But there are other ways of forgetting yourself, and, incidentally, your cares and worries.

I know of a woman—and she must be seventy if she is a day—who was left alone in the world by the death of her husband. She had few friends, and even less money. To add to her troubles, her doctor told her she had but a short time to live. Instead of retiring to an easy chair and gloomy (*Continued on page 167*)

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EDWIN MARKHAM'S
Three Glimpses of God

By M. K. WISEHART

BACK in 1872, a young man of twenty, tall, long-legged, loose-jointed, with a great shock of wild-tossing hair, and two saddle bags filled with books, arrived on horseback in a remote mountain settlement of San Luis Obispo County, California. Greeted by the cattlemen and farmers, who, in an embarrassed, shamefaced way, confessed that they had no schoolhouse ready, he laughed and joked with them, and put them at their ease in a way that was beyond his years. For this young man was full of zeal, good faith, high spirits; and he had a buoyant confidence in his mission. He had come to take his first teacher's position, following his graduation from the State Teachers' College at San José.

Delighted he was that there were waiting for him nine pupils, the children of these same mountain-folk. "That being the case," said he, "we don't need a schoolhouse, but a citadel of learning! Lend me an ax and the help of some good right arms, and we'll have one in no time!"

Forthwith, there was a building bee, and sufficient saplings were cut down. Pointed at the end like stakes and driven into the ground, they made a palisade enclosure around a huge oak tree whose foliage was so dense that no ordinary rain could penetrate. Within this shelter, were set up nine rough board tables for the pupils, and one for the teacher. Here the young man proceeded to teach the three R's, and much beside.

He was filled with an inalienable passion for beauty, what he called "truth." Already, from his experience, he knew that the nobler enthusiasms, the riches of life, spring from a solid grounding of elementary knowledge. So, with the enthusiasm of a zealot, he preached and coached the R's; but always there was in his mind something besides. Among these nine pupils, ranging in age from ten to twenty-four, there might be one whose soul he could set on fire!

Somewhat of a poet himself, he took time for and spent eloquence in reading verses to his pupils—Whittier, Byron, Tennyson, Bryant, Tom Moore; the same ambrosial fodder on which, at an earlier age, he himself had fed.

What the effect of this ambrosia may have been upon the nine mountain pupils cannot be recorded here, for, after a year, the teacher-poet, having furrowed the soil and sown his wheat, went on his way.

In due course, when he was close to fifty, fame, world-wide acclaim was to come to him—for the name of this teacher-poet was Edwin Markham. He was to become the author of many noble verses. With three of these poems we shall deal intimately in the course of this narrative; for about their creation was something mysteriously inspiring.

One of the poems is the world-famous "The Man With the Hoe." In America its lines have become household words. Translated into thirty-seven languages, it has been printed and reprinted at least twelve thousand times.

The second is his famous Lincoln Ode—"Lincoln, the Man of the People," which is now to be found in four fifths of the readers in American public schools. This, too, has been widely quoted and translated into many languages. Dr. Henry Van Dyke has called it the greatest poem that was ever written on the Martyr President.

And the third is a poem of only four lines, a perfect little gem of a quatrain.

RECENTLY, at his home on Staten Island, I was talking with this poet. At seventy-six, with a great hoar-frosted head, he has a face that is like the Scroll of Time, etched with the record of many and varied events; an eloquence of undiminished vigor, and a soundness of ripened wisdom that is like heart of oak.

To him, I made the remark that, for me, these three poems were his great inspirations; something that *must* have come to him from on high. "*Were* they inspired?" I asked. Although, in answering that question, he told me at length how each had come to him, I shall postpone that part of the narrative till later, and tell you first something of himself.

TO UNDERSTAND Edwin Markham we need to start at the beginning and follow his career all through. And this beginning goes back before ever the poet was born; to 1847, when Frémont had made a report to Congress on the possibilities of settling the Northwest—a report that was to be a new Odyssey for the pioneers who had already left the East far behind.

In White Pigeon, Michigan, there was at this time a hotel proprietor, Samuel Markham. A silent, serious man, religious and energetic, with a wife who had the robust courage to lead an army in battle. They were among the first to be quickened by Frémont's vision of the great Northwest. Selling out their establishment and purchasing an ox team, they rumbled West on a lonely trek, with their first-born son, Henry. At Council Bluffs, they came upon a sort of pioneers' convention, whose purpose was the forming of well-organized trains for self-protection against the Indians. Of one of these trains, the pioneer from Michigan was made captain.

Eventually, the mother opened a store in Oregon City, where she traded her stock of calico and other articles with the Indians, while the father, off to the north, opened up a cattle range and prepared fields for wheat. Here, in Oregon City, the future poet was born, in 1852.

When Edwin was about five years old and able to scour the woods for hazel nuts and strawberries, his dauntless mother, still aglow with the pioneer spirit, and filled with a zest for self-supporting independence, left her husband to mind his cattle range and wheat, and with her children went to California, the first leg of the journey being by water to San Francisco. In the little Lagoon Valley, amid

(*Cont'd on page 69*)

From the painting "The Man With the Hoe," by Jean François Millet

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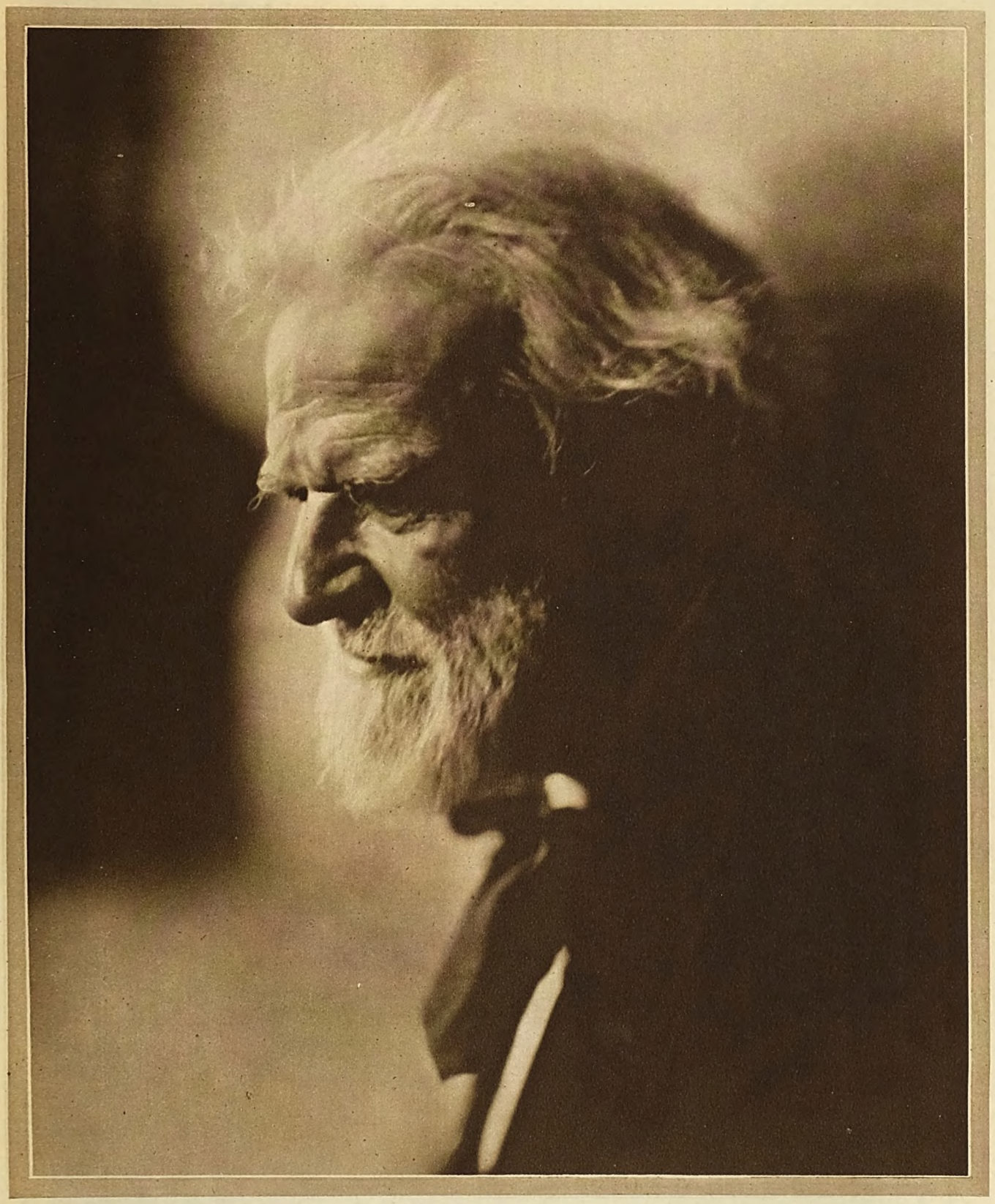

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Edwin Markham

EDWIN MARKHAM, famous author of "The Man With the Hoe," "Lincoln, the Man of the People," and many other celebrated poems, was born in Oregon long before the West was "settled up." He has been a farm worker, a blacksmith, a herder of cattle and sheep, and a school teacher. He knew the pain of poverty when he was young; he acquired wealth from his writing, and then lost his money after getting on in years. But now, at seventy-six, he is strong, undaunted, and asks nothing better than that his end be dramatic, and in a moment of spiritual exaltation!

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Drawing by B. J. Rosenmeyer

MRS. LINCOLN STEFFENS (Ella Winter) with her husband and their young son. "There is a big element of doubt in marrying a young man," says Mrs. Steffens, "but when a girl picks out a man whose character, reputation and income are established, she *knows* what she is getting!"

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The Advantages of Marrying an Older Man

By ELLA WINTER

WHEN I was twenty-one I became friends with a man more than thirty years older than myself. Our friendship continued for some years, easy, pleasant, productive, and evidently appropriate. Parents and friends approved of it. They could see what he and I put into and took out of it—a great deal of interest and understanding. But when, at twenty-five, I was considering marriage with my friend of fifty-seven, there was a protest:

"You're not thinking of him as a husband!"

I was. Why not?

"Why not!" came the startled answer. "Don't you know that youth should mate with youth?"

That was what I had heard too, and I am not saying that that is not sound. I am not of those who know what is right for all people. But I do know something now that I did not know before my five years of marriage—that there are some advantages in marrying an older man; that he brings to marriage many things no young man can give.

Most of the "youths" I knew who were offering themselves in marriage did not seem to fill my bill of requirements. I did not know exactly what I wanted, but I did feel that they did not have it. And, looking round among my young married friends, I saw few of them really happy or satisfied. They were, most of them, college mates of mine, who were planning, like myself, for a career, and their marriages had broken into their plans and their freedom.

I saw them either plunged into the concentrated domesticity of tiny flats, housekeeping, and babies, or else regretfully leaving these to hired labor while they worked down-town, away from their home all day and then half the night, at parties and dances and shows, to keep young husband "amused." Then they would wearily, drearily economize where they really could not afford economies, meanwhile promising themselves leisure, the fruit of a career, travel, when the babies should be out of the nursery, and George or Fred or Amos securely on the right side of promotion.

Under these discouraging circumstances, these young wives were trying simultaneously to adjust their still developing characters to the still unformed dispositions of their young husbands.

Now, to adapt one's self to the other partner is the hardest job in married life. And most people will tell you that it is impossible to make a man change his habits after forty. They therefore think it disastrous to marry him. Quite true—it is a superhuman job to change him. And so, why attempt it? Once you accept the inevitable fact that you have to accept him as he is, it is not so hard—but you are much less likely to accept it with a boy your own age than you are with an older man.

My father, who was a great smoker, several times brought his cigarette up to bed. My mother, whom his smoking irritated the whole twenty-nine years of their married life, because she thought it was bad for his health, put her foot down in the bedroom. "No," she said, and her tone was as firm as her foot; "I will have no smoking in my bedroom. You can keep the carpets in the other rooms, down-stairs, in a state of ash droppings, but my bedroom is *sacrosanct*." After that, though he several times surreptitiously tried to slink a cigarette in, on the whole I noticed no smoke odor up there. But it always irked my father. The grievance always smoldered with the cigarette he had to leave down-stairs.

Now, my husband is a greater smoker than my father was. The first time he brought a cigarette up to the bedroom, "No," I said, striking my mother's foot and attitude; "not in the bedroom." My husband turned around upon me.

"If you gave me the choice between smoking in the bedroom and a divorce," he said, "I should take the divorce."

THERE was no flourish, no bravado, and I reflected that a habit built up in forty years would probably not drop away, even for love. I did not mention the subject to him again. Then I decided to do the same with other details of habit. He did not strip his own bed, hang away his clothes, keep track of his unanswered letters, use ash trays for ashes. Instead of quarreling about all these details, I did them myself. It happens that I am more executive than he, anyhow. With a younger man, I should have tried to "reform" him, and we should have started every day with unpleasantness.

I remember a friend of mine who married when we were both still romantic adolescents. I asked her whether marriage was as rosy a paradise as we had pictured it. "Bill is marvelous," she replied; "only he will read at night when I want to go to sleep, and he never turns his pajama sleeves right way in. That irritates me every single morning, and we have a daily fight about it. I don't see why I should suffer just because his mother always spoiled him. I'll make him do it yet." When I stayed with my friend five years later I noticed, while we were making the beds in the morning, that she automatically turned her husband's pajama sleeves inside out.

Both of us being somewhat untidy—a source of unfailing mutual reproaches in intimate family life—we early worked out in our married life a scheme which took the sting out of every incipient friction: we invented the "son-of-a-gun," and every loss was credited to him.

"I can't find my stud," the storm started, and then; "some son-of-a-gun has taken my stud." The son-of-a-gun not being present, all the invective could safely be heaped on his head, and we could both appear at breakfast blameless, unblamed, and serene.

There are many "little tricks" in marriage. They are really only the common courtesies which unmarried people naturally show each other. But in the familiarity and intimacy of married life they are often overlooked. A woman likes to have her husband's love for her expressed, and expressed often. It is not enough merely to know it. And it is pleasant, when you have taken the trouble to have some nice surprise for him—a fresh bunch of flowers on his desk, a new picture, or rearrangement of his study—to have him express the pleasure and gratitude he feels. Lovers do it, and that is what makes lovers so in love with each other. It is the forgetting of these things that makes marriage seem dull, banal, disappointing, and humdrum after the excitement of an engagement.

A man who has had experience of marriage, or who has lived long enough to learn from the experience of others, is less likely to overlook these pleasantnesses. For years after our marriage my husband would write letters to his friends in America about me, about our pleasant life, our humorous domestic episodes on the Italian Riviera. These letters he always showed me, with the excuse that I should correct his typing errors. Love letters to me, they were really. Imagine the joy of getting three and four love letters a week when you have been married two, three, four years. Things I had been annoyed about in the household lost their sting when written of humorously to friends. Our life took on the quality of a serial novel, through these letters.

ONE of the best "tricks" an experienced man learns, is how to bear faults. Everyone has faults, but in the intimate contact of daily life together the faults of the person you are living with sometimes get peculiarly irritating. They cause many unpleasant recriminations among married couples.

"That is an old fault of yours," my husband said to me one day.

"Why, if it's old, haven't you mentioned it before?" I asked sharply, on the defensive.

"Because," he answered quietly, "I can see that, like others of your faults, this one is rooted in a virtue; and I don't like to disturb—roots."

And that attitude he has always taken toward my shortcomings, with the result that the sting is (*Continued on page 157*)

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I Got Tired of Being a Fool

Life was about to sour on me because I was drinking too much, eating too much, worrying too much and getting nowhere except places that I did not care to go. But I discovered NINE MAGIC WORDS, and now Old Man Trouble is no longer a neighbor of mine!

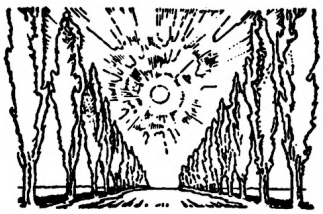
By VASH YOUNG

Strange Rules for a Life Insurance Agent

"I never go into a business deal," says Mr. Young, "until I am sure that my happiness does not depend, even for the day, upon the outcome of the transaction. If I am working on a prospect—and especially where the insurance policy involved is large—I stop on the way to his office, search my mind and heart and make sure that I will not be depressed if the case goes against me. If I am not sure on that point, I will not see the prospect! For no business venture I might engage in is worth unhappy hours.

"Another rule in my procedure is this: always make it easy for a man to get rid of me! When I go into a prospect's office, I will not sit down until I have told him my mission. If he is interested, I'll stay; if not, he can let me go without any embarrassment to him or to me.

"These may be strange rules for a life insurance agent, but they haven't hurt me yet!"



I AM the most gullible man in the world. I believe all the good things that are said about life. I am happy. But it was not always so. A few years ago life was a pretty sour proposition for me. I was drinking too much, eating too much, worrying too much, fearing too many things, sleeping too little, and getting nowhere except places that I didn't want to go. The job that gave me a living was good enough, but there was something wrong inside of me. I was cheating myself out of the happiness that every man is entitled to, when suddenly it dawned upon me that happiness is not something to be bestowed upon us, but something to be achieved. Furthermore, it is a man's plain and simple *duty* to be happy.

I went into executive session with myself to think things through. I demanded to know what was wrong with me, and this is the story of what I discovered, and of how my discovery has worked.

For it has worked! My assets, financial, physical, and spiritual, show that this thing I got hold of was exactly the right thing for me. Nine everyday words worked a miracle in my life. In the old days when I fretted and fumed my time away, I was broke; now I am prosperous. In those days I had hot, unpleasant encounters with my fellow man; but not once within five years have I lost my temper, or had any unpleasant experience with anyone. I used to be subject to depression; now I am subject to elation, but not to depression. I was blind to the romance of life; now I see it and revel in it on all sides. I am irrevocably happy!

But first, a few vital statistic sort of facts about myself—a very few, for I am the least important item in this story. I was born and grew up in Salt Lake City, where my people had lived since my great-grandfather, a brother of Brigham Young, had come there to make his home. My parents were poor, and we were not a happy family. One of my most vivid recollections is of the "cry nights" at home—a little brother or sister would start crying; that would set another off, a third would join in, and finally all the younger members of the household would be wailing, while Mother, worn out with the work of the day, would cry also. When she gave in, it was my cue to light out across the fields to my grandmother's home to beg her to come over and cheer us up. She would come, always, and even if she did not cheer us up, she usually succeeded in quieting us down.

Schooling, for me, was a sketchy sort of experience, abandoned entirely before the fifth grade was passed because I had to go to work. Since then, my education has been acquired on the catch-as-catch-can method. (Which isn't such a bad method, if a man is eager to learn.)

MY FIRST adventures away from home were in Chicago, where I had wandered in search of a job, and where I found one as an advertising solicitor for a trade paper. Don't ask me how I found it, or why the man gave it to me. These are two of the unexplained mysteries of my career, the second being a much deeper mystery than the first! For I was green, absolutely and entirely green, when I struck that city. I bought a derby hat in July! And one night while watching a pyrotechnical display a water hose burst near me and I thought the shower a part of the show. The drenching did me no harm.

The first time I went out to solicit an advertisement I forgot the name of the paper I was working for.

From Chicago I came East, got on the advertising staff of "The Atlantic Monthly," and finally became Eastern manager for that publication. Now I am, of my own free will, a life insurance agent, and I am writing, on an average, of well over two million dollars' worth of insurance each year.

So much for the unimportant facts about me.

The important fact is that I have learned how to be happy. And now for the story:

Seven years ago I had many things to be thankful for, chief among them my wife and daughter. But I wasn't especially grateful in my attitude toward life. I suffered from an uncontrolled temper, from depression, from general disorganization of myself. I was earning enough

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money to provide the physical comforts of life, but how poverty-stricken I was in spiritual comforts! It was my realization of this fact that caused me to hold that recurrent executive session with myself.

"What's the matter?" I asked myself. "Why can't I have dominion over myself?"

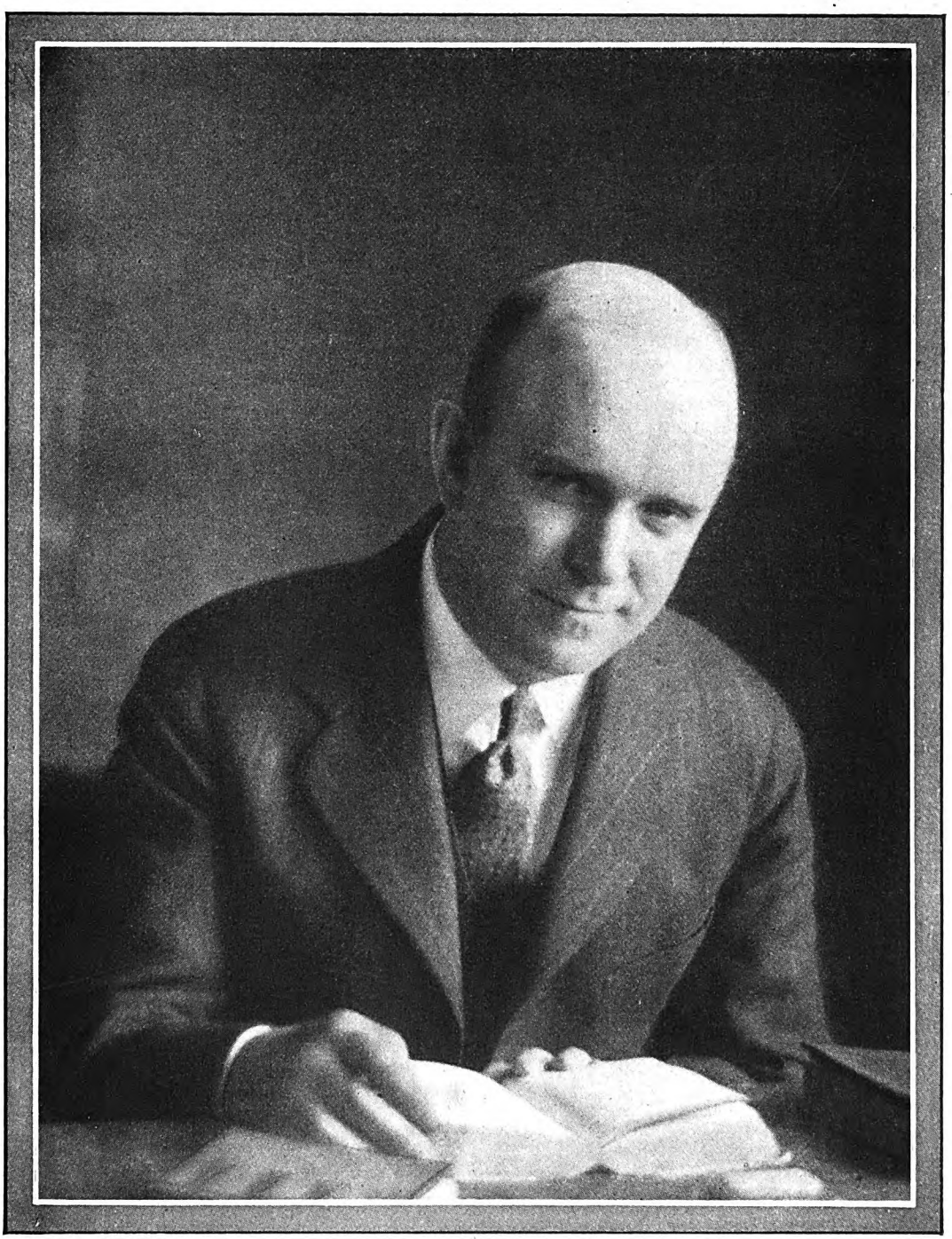
Dominion! That word stuck in my mind. I needed it; no man ever needed it more than I did. But how to acquire it? That was the rub. I thought and I thought; I analyzed and re-analyzed; I read, and I read some more.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Many times I had encountered that simple statement, and then one day I applied it to myself. "Jesus is talking to me!" I said. "He means that *my* Kingdom of Heaven is within *me!*"

OBVIOUSLY, that is what He means. He is speaking to each one of us, individually, but I hadn't had sense enough to see it. Now I saw it, and I decided to do something about it. I saw myself then as a sort of transformer, through which flowed the currents of life. But the transformer that was in me, or that was me, was subject to my dominion, and could be made to transform my experiences into happiness.

I made a list of the qualities that seemed to me as ever-enduring, the qualities upon which continuity of life depends, and without which life would long since have perished. That list included Love, Courage, Cheerfulness, Activity, Compassion, Friendliness, Generosity, Tolerance, Romance—the nine magic words that have made life, for me, a glorious adventure. Since these virtues were, to me, the basis of life, it must be that they in some way constituted that Kingdom of Heaven I was seeking.

Night after night I sat alone with that list and pondered it. What should I do about it? Finally the answer came: Reflect those words, those qualities, in my own life. They are all positive—none negative; they are dominant. They will give me dominion over the ills and annoyances of life, if I give them a chance. Thus my reasoning ran, and I came to the conclusion that my plain duty to God was to reflect these attributes which evidently He had blessed.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DORIS ULLMAN

Vash Young is one of the leading life insurance solicitors in the United States, writing well over two million dollars' worth of business a year; he once wrote, single-handed, a policy for more than a million dollars, and last year more than one hundred of his "victims," of their own free will, gave him a big testimonial dinner. Mr. Young is a native of Salt Lake City, but is now on the staff of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, in New York City

But first I must get rid of all the disastrous junk I was carrying around with me—fear, temper, depression—and the process of getting rid of those imaginary things, substituting for them the positive realities of God, makes the greatest romance I shall ever know.

IN THIS process of re-conditioning myself, I wanted to make a clean sweep, so I resigned my comfortable job. My wife and I danced a jig to celebrate this radical step—for she was on the great quest with me—and with only one hundred dollars between us and the bread line, we set out anew.

Did you ever force your way into the teeth of a storm, breasting the strong wind that is intent upon whirling you back? There is an exultation in such a conflict, and I felt that same exultation in my hunt for a new job, in my contact with life, as I had never before known it. I was up against it, all right, and I knew it, but I was thrilled with the romance of the thing. I was issuing a challenge to fear, and getting away with it, for I was not afraid!

My enthusiasm for the new life was so great that I decided to rid myself not only of fear, depression and temper, but of all other habits that seemed to me to be questionable. So, at "one swell whoop," I cut out liquor, coffee, tea, and tobacco. This was stern discipline, for a fact! There were days when every pore in my tongue had its (*Continued on page 169*)

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ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE, *in this fascinating, powerful article, says: "In matters of the heart, all distinctions are shams, so I enthusiastically acknowledge*

DRAWING BY THOMAS FOGARTY

MY ASSOCIATION with Prince Alston has been lifelong. He is the son of Martha, for forty years our plantation cook, and of Will, for a longer period our wood-bringer and fire-builder. Prince and I are of the same age. But his infancy, though he was supposed to be relatively unimportant, was far more dramatic than mine. Nature often seems to overlook with the most exasperating candor many of those very distinctions upon which we most fervently insist. One day, while I was sleeping in my carriage in the front yard, Prince was being plunged, in the back yard, into a huge caldron of hot pea soup. He thus early attained over me an ascendency in point of authentic interest; and, although I am supposed to be the master and he the man, perhaps he has maintained it to this very day. I owe him much. For forty-four years now our comradeship has lasted, and it is one of deep affection. For my part, I see no reason for the termination of it, either on this or on the other side of the grave.

Prince's affair in the caldron happened quite naturally. His mother reported to mine that the baby had a "spasm." Recognizing at once the child's desperate need, and knowing that an immediate plunge into warm water was the best first-aid remedy, my mother called for hot water. None was forthcoming; but Martha suggested that in the back yard peas were boiling. My mother, with little Prince in her arms, hurried down the back steps. Before her under a huge live oak was the momentous-looking caldron, just beginning to steam gently. Dipping in her finger to determine the temperature of the water, and finding it tepid, she laid the black baby among the steaming pea pods, holding him gently but firmly in place. Almost at once his crying stopped. Prince was saved; moreover, a certain glamour was shed over his infancy, and for years he went under the strange and distinctive appellation of "the Pea-Soup Baby."

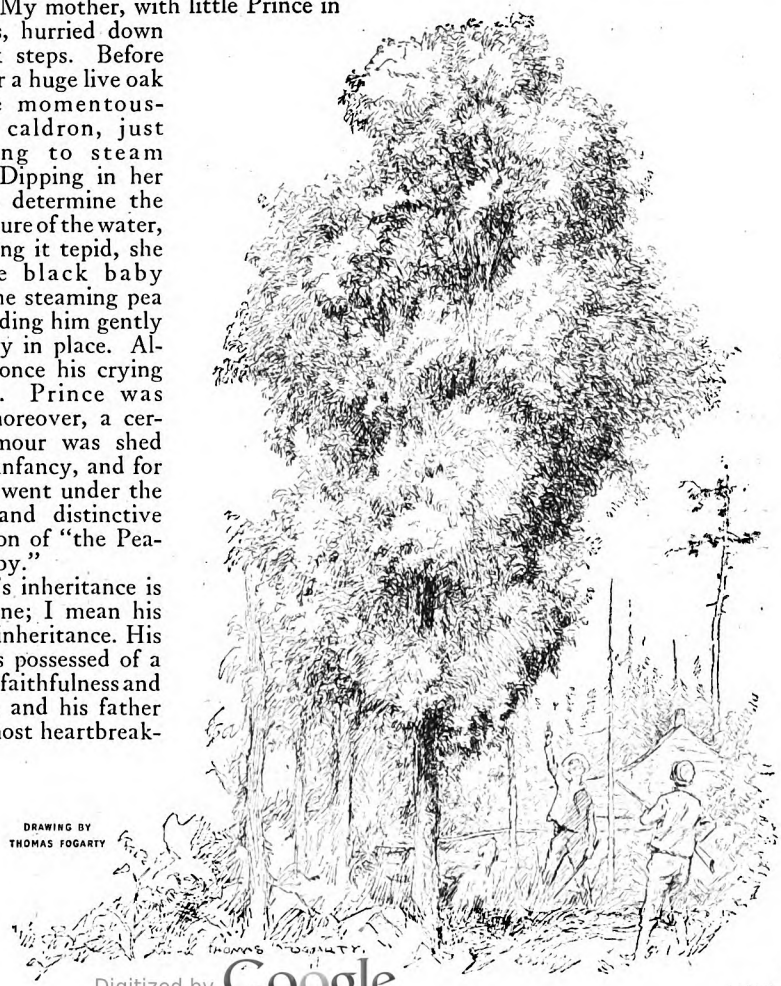
Prince's inheritance is a good one; I mean his spiritual inheritance. His mother is possessed of a primeval faithfulness and affection, and his father of an almost heartbreaking humble loyalty. How can I ever forget what Will did in the matter of the trunk that held the precious trousseau?

We were to have with us on the plantation a bride and groom; and all arrangements were complete save that of transporting the bride's trunk. It had to come by boat from the city to the Carolina seacoast village, and thence brought by ox wagon to us, ten miles farther on. On this delicate errand of bringing the trunk from the village to the plantation I dispatched Will, with many injunctions. He was told that, whatever happened, the trunk was not to get wet. When many hours passed without his return, and when certain clouds began to spring leaks, I got on a horse and rode down the solitary forest highway to meet Will. By the time I had gone five miles the drizzle had become a downpour. I could hardly see thirty feet ahead of me. At length, quite suddenly, I came upon the wagon in the road. The oxen, with placid bowed heads, were taking the drenching. Neither Will nor the trunk was in sight. I felt sure that there must have been an accident.

But as I rode to the wagon, I saw a figure sprawled on its floor, the rain beating down mercilessly on it, and winter rain at that! It was Will. Under the wagon, resting on the dry sand, was the trunk, all decorated with white ribbons. It was dry. The negro had dragged it from the cart, rolled the vehicle back over it, and then had lain down over it to keep the rain off.

"You done say dis trunk ain't for wet," Will told me, almost in self-defense. There he was, miles from home, performing an obscure fealty. And his son Prince has always had that kind of spirit in him.

Through childhood and boyhood my Black Prince and I were inseparable companions in a thousand plantation escapades: we were thrown from the same woods' pony at the same time; we were together pursued by the same infuriated bull; nearly drowned in the same pond when our canoe upset; and in the matter of gleeful butting, the half-wild goat that we had captured made no distinction between us as victims for his sinister jesting. Whenever our frolics came to the attention of the elder generation, we were mutually reprimanded. My father repeatedly scolded us as one, especially on the occasion when we knotted together the tails of two semi-wild boars that were feeding at a trough, with their backs close to a convenient hole in the fence. And Henry Snyder, the negro foreman, a very superior person, for whom I early acquired a dreadful respect, used to be very severe with us—chiefly because we delighted in ruffling his oppressive dignity.



DRAWING BY THOMAS FOGARTY

OUR worst offense occurred on the day when, borrowing a set of deer horns from the frieze in the hall, and draping two deer skins over us after the manner in which the Seminoles camouflaged themselves while deer stalking, we burst into the barnyard, where scores of negroes were threshing rice, superintended by Henry. We charged the crowd with wild, weird shouts, scattering madly the gravest and most sedate of them, especially Henry, in whom, as the leader of his clan, a peculiarly high and sensitive kind of superstition had been developed. Henry's ability as a runner, jumper, and general escaper had never been publicly demon-

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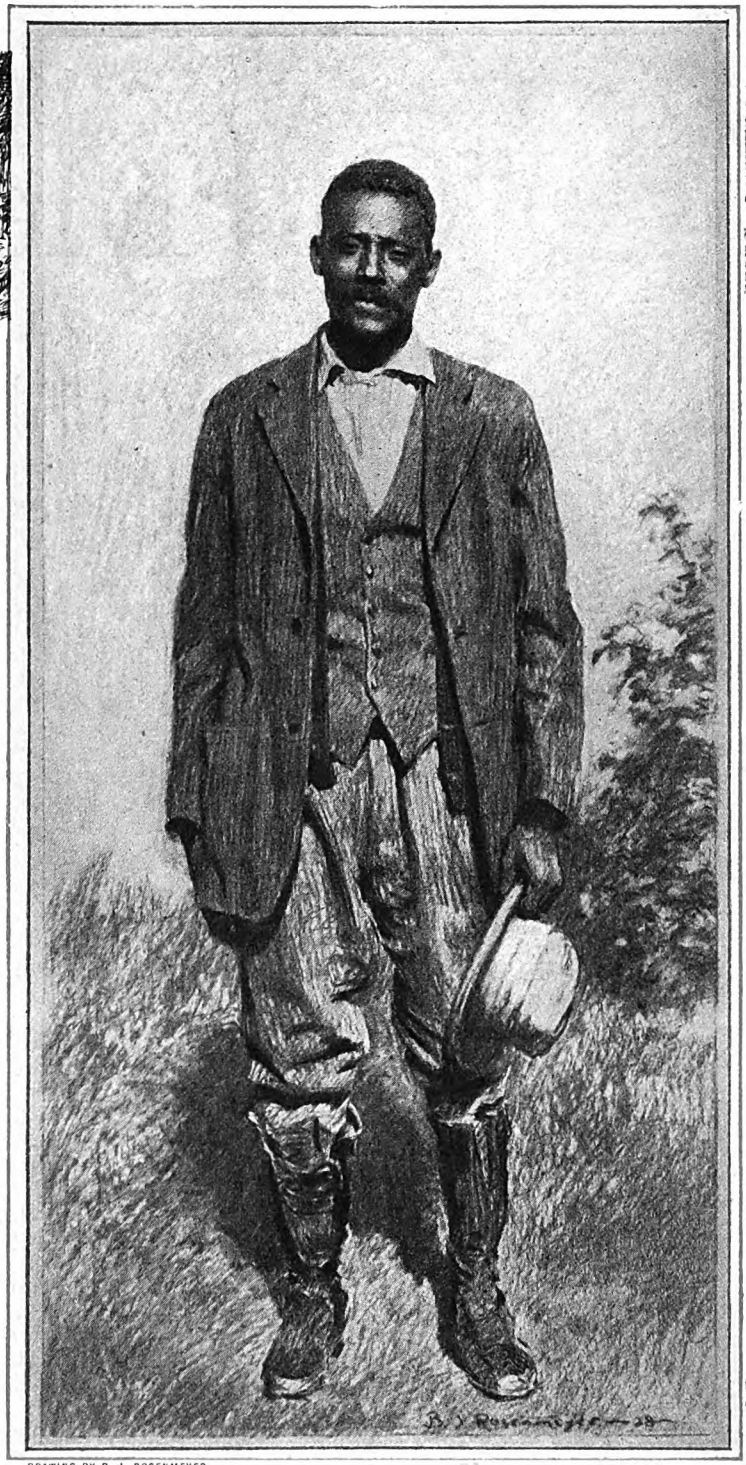
My Debt to PRINCE



DRAWING BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

strated before; but he showed on that day the power to lead, in rather magnificent style, a precipitous retreat. We paid dearly for our fun, for to make a man lose an assumed and cherished dignity is of all insults the most deadly.

BUT mischief did not occupy us wholly. We planted a little garden together; we had scores of curious pets, such as alligators, raccoons, fawns, foxes, and minks; we rode together after the cattle; visited the solitary spacious pine woods to get lightwood for the fires. We also, from earliest times, hunted and fished a good deal together, though I cannot report that we supplied the plantation table with commendable regularity. Our failure to do so was not due to any lack of fish and game, but rather to our discursive natures; for no sooner were we well started on a hunt, or well settled by some cypress-brown, bass-haunted lagoon to fish, than some new interest of the wildwood or of the wild water would divert us. Thus I remember that we spent a whole half-day trying to see how many deadly cottonmouth moccasins we could catch with our fishing tackle. We did well, but when we presented our catch to Martha, in a somewhat darkened kitchen, her reaction was decidedly volatile and picturesque.

Young as I was, even in those first years of my association with Prince I recognized in him a decided superiority in certain matters. A plantation negro is as close to nature, I suppose, as any man in the world; and close in an intimate, authentic sense. He is still a child, folded on that ample bosom; he hears and obeys the voice of the ancient mother; he has with marvelous accuracy what we slangily but felicitously call the "low-down" on all the creatures of nature. The knowledge of them that came to me in some small degree after many years of patient observation and study, Prince appeared to have instinctively. His understanding of wild things was, and is, not scientific, but natural; I have always noticed that he speaks of an animal as if it were a human being; he fixes no gulf between the two neighboring kingdoms. His eyes in the woods used to surprise me; now they amaze me. My own eyesight has always been normally good, but it does not clairvoyantly apprehend as does his. As boys together, he was almost invariably the one to warn me when I was about to step on a snake: he could take me to the spot in the sunny wild field of broomsedge where a little fawn lay; he could see, on the topmost tiny spire of a towering yellow pine, that wisp of gray that betrayed the presence of a scared fox squirrel; it was he who took me to the den of a huge bull alligator on a lonely island. He had heard that Minotaur roar, had discounted all the ventriloquistic quality of that weird bellow, had located the singer accurately, and to the formidable monster he guided me, when he was not more than eleven years old. We caught the huge reptile, Prince and I, with a hook and line. We drew out Leviathan with a hook.

BECAUSE of our close and genuine comradeship, I used to go to Prince's cabin about as often as he came to my home; and as we were together every day and usually until nightfall, each one would go half way home with the other. The way led through the woods, and along the edges of the melancholy plantation burying

(*Continued on page 150*)

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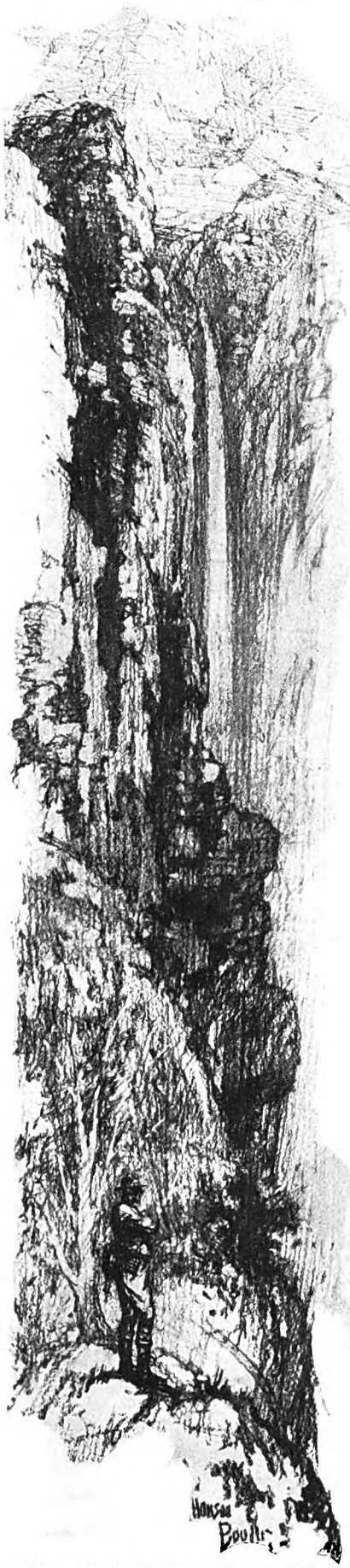
ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT'S

Enchanting love story in which the lives of two young people are strangely affected by

"Old Men Sitting *in the* Sun"

Illustrated by HANSON BOOTH



"Hanged if I don't like elements. Fighting 'em!" thought Raynard. "That's the job I'm off on tomorrow"

STANDING idly by the hotel piano, thrumming softly at the faded keys, young Hollingsby dropped down suddenly on the vacant stool before him, with a frank accentuation of interest, to investigate the unfamiliar song-score that seemed to beckon him so summarily from the battered rack.

"Old Men Sitting in the Sun" proved to be the name of the song. "An Ancient English Ballad" it further proclaimed itself.

Arguing somewhat jocosely that the song could not possibly be as old as the piano, but still frowning faintly with the unwonted concentration of his impulse, young Hollingsby turned the fluttering page, retrailed his facile finger tips across the dingy keys.

Tentatively as a swimmer testing the temperature of a pool, he dipped his right hand into the harmonies, flicked out a brisk note or two with his left, lapped up a dripping phrase on his humming lips, gave a sharp little gasp of surprise, cleared his throat, thrust his jaw sharply forward. "By Jove!" he quickened. "By—Jove!"

Then, flooding suddenly with a purely vocal passion, his lovely tenor voice, empty otherwise of anything but youth, plunged itself into an utter ecstasy of pain and song:

"Old Men sitting in the sun!
—Mother of Christ—shall I be one?
Old Dames mouthing at their tea!
—Son of Mary—have pity on me!
Was it for this the spark was fired?
Was it for this my flesh was sired?
Rosiest path of Love or Glory
Ending in this sorry story?
Sun and Moon and Star and Flower
Waxing only toward this hour?
All the bright red-blooded Past
Tamed to such pale veins at last?
—Old Men sitting in the sun!
—Mother of Christ—! Shall I be one?"

Yet, except for a single startled instant at the sheer unexpectedness and surprising volume of the vocal onslaught, the Very Old People playing Casino in the warm inglenook by the fire showed no untoward reaction whatsoever to the thoughtless effrontery. But to the borderline people scattered here and there through the mellow room—stout bankers in their early sixties, lean matrons in their late fifties—even to Vasco Raynard on what happened to be his fortieth birthday, the poignancy of the song became all in an instant so well-nigh unbearable that, when the young singer turned the fluttering page, supposedly to repeat his performance, Raynard crossed the intervening space as though with a single bound to clamp his hand down upon the younger man's shoulder.

"SING that again," whispered Raynard, "and I'll punch your head!"

With a frank gasp of astonishment young Hollingsby swung 'round on the stool and stared at him.

Softly but with indisputable significance Raynard repeated his assertion.

"Sing that again," he whispered, "and I'll punch your head twice! That song has no lure for me!"

In an instant young Hollingsby was on his feet. Two bright red spots of color had quickened suddenly in his cheeks.

"What business is it of yours what I sing?" he demanded not illogically. Before the faintly quizzical humor in the older man's eyes his own protest eased, all in an instant, to sheer bewilderment. "What possible harm—?" he stammered. His puzzled glance raking the room lighted suddenly on the Very Old People in the inglenook and lingered an instant. "Oh, I say—" he protested. "I didn't mean—didn't mean—"

"Oh pshaw! Don't mind them!" said Raynard. "They've already 'arrived' as it were, and probably don't half object to hearing the achievement celebrated either in song or story. But to some of the rest of us—? To me, for instance? Oh, hang it all, boy!" he said. "I'm forty years old today!"

"What?" protested young Hollingsby gallantly. "Oh, I say, that is tough!" he conceded with unmistakable sincerity.

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In an instant the huddled group at the stove had resolved itself into the definite figures of three old men

"Most certainly I beg your pardon, sir!"

"Call me 'sir' again," grinned Raynard, "and I'll take a sock at you anyway."

"Oh, I say—" babbled young Hollingsby. Grinningly he turned toward the door, toward the window, hailed a passing acquaintance. "Seen anything of Miss Collier lately?" he questioned hopefully.

Without apology Raynard intercepted both question and answer.

"Oh, Miss Collier?" he said. "Why, if you really want to know, she's sitting in my roadster just outside the door waiting for me to drive her down the Crag-Castle road to see the moon on the bay. Any objections?"

"Why, no, of course not," admitted young Hollingsby.

"Then I bid you a very good evening," said Raynard and, turning sharply on his heel, he picked up the disputed song score, jammed it quite ruthlessly into his pocket, and crossing briskly to the open door through a sudden hitch of piazza chairs, a rising hum of human voices, ran down the steps, jumped into his mouse-gray roadster, and nodding only the most cursory greeting to the shadowed girl waiting him there, reached for the throttle.

With infinitely less stir and murmur than had marked his own passing, the purring motor woke to life in his hands. For a single instant only, master and mechanism seemed to hesitate between one opening vista and another. Then, like a mangle winding a spangled dress into its yawning maw, the little car gathered night, stars, space, speed, the crash of winds, to its eager greed.

With the strange aloofness of a speaker whose frowning eyes are still staring straight ahead of him while all his voice is tossing backward, Raynard cast a single stark comment across his own dark shoulder toward the pale blur of his companion's shoulder.

"Better put on your white bunny coat," he suggested. "We shall pick up some chilliness at this rate."

"Wh-what?" questioned the girl. In the wild rush and whish of breezes across both speech and hearing, her lips were of necessity almost on his ear as she questioned.

AS THOUGH wincing a little from even the casualness of the contact, Raynard slackened his speed and, swerving like the dip of a swallow's wing into the flickering radius of an arc light, stopped the car altogether for the ostensible purpose of lighting a cigarette. Almost severely across the spurt of his match, his eyes met the eyes of his companion.

"I said you'd better put on your coat," he repeated. "I said it might be cold." Expeditiously as he spoke he lifted the exotic wrap and watched her slender body go slithering silkily into its snow-white fastnesses. "You certainly have the loveliest clothes I ever saw in my life!" he admitted. Across the plushy somberness of his glance a little twinkle of light shot suddenly. "All bare-shouldered like that—" he said—"and with the gauzy scarf, did anyone ever tell you that you look like the picture of a girl on a green honey jar? I never thought of it before until this minute. But you do! Upon my soul you do!"

"Like a what?" laughed the girl. "On a what?"

"Speaking of honey," said Raynard just a bit abruptly. "Did you hear all those piazza-tongues buzzing as we left the hotel together?"

"'Piazza-tongues buzzing?'" questioned the girl. "Why, what in the world about?"

"About you, of course!" he said. "And sometimes I suppose about you and young Hollingsby—or one of your other admirers," he added with vague significance. "But mostly tonight I'll wager they were buzzing about you and me!"

"About you and me?" protested the girl. For some unexplainable reason the

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idea seemed to amuse her immensely. In a gesture faintly indicative even of delight she thrust her feet out straight before her through a shimmer of silk, a flurry of fine leather, and tweaked a tardy but altogether deprecatory ruffle across her gleaming knees. "Not really?"

"Very really," corroborated Raynard. "Just exactly as they've been buzzing about us for the last three weeks! Every day! Every hour! Ever since that morning in the laundry yard when I helped you wring out your bathing suit. Ever since that afternoon on the tennis court when you came out with a thread and needle to mend my shirt."

"O-h," said the girl. Her chin lifted.

"Just what seems to be the matter with us?" she asked.

"Matter enough!" snapped the man. "They just think we're courting!"

"'Courting'?" cried the girl. She clapped her hands. "Oh, how perfectly delicious!" she attested. "How unutterably delicious!"

RATHER reluctantly Raynard eased to her humor.

"They seem to have got the funniest idea," he grinned, "that one of us is an adventurer—and one of us a guileless victim. That one of us, that is, is very rich and one of us is very poor. But which of us is which they simply can't decide. Whether you, that is, are a clever but unscrupulous manicurist who has heaped a year's salary on her back to bait my fishy eye. Or whether I am a shrewd haberdasher's clerk, for instance, masked in my employer's marked-down ties to win the favor of that haughty princess, yourself!"

Once again the girl at his side in a sudden, characteristically childish gesture, thrust out her feet straight before her, reached impetuously to tweak the veiling ruffle across her silken knees.

"Oh, how—lovely!" she chuckled.

"Yes—you are!" said Raynard.

Once again, cupping his hands across the spurt of a fresh match, his sudden slanted glance caught hers. A certain shrewd sort of mockery was in the glance, a hint of defiance even, a threat of challenge.

"You know which one of us is the rich one—and which the poor one, I suppose?" he questioned.

"Yes," admitted the girl.

Raynard tossed back his head and laughed.

"Well, don't tell anybody!" he enjoined her. "Let's keep it always for just our secret!" The faintest possible flush of color brightened suddenly in his cheeks. "But, gad!" he said, "I wish that both of us were rich! Or else that both of us were poor!"

The girl's eyes narrowed a little.

"I wish that you—were sane!" she confided a trifle coolly.

"Never saner!" swore Raynard. Once again the slanted glance flashed. He started to laugh, but his crisp, terse voice went suddenly just a bit husky. "Honeyflower Girl?" he stammered. "Honeyflower Girl?"

"Mercy!" protested his companion. "Are you trying to make love to me?"

Raynard gave a little start.

"Great zounds, no!" he said.

The girl laughed.

"Good!" she said. "Then I won't have to ask you to take me home! We can still have our ride, I mean? The Crag-Castle ride?"

"Take you home?" protested Raynard. "Why, we haven't even started yet!"

The girl's eyes narrowed, a faint frown puckered across her brow.

"All those foolish people back there on the piazza—?" she scolded. "I hate them—I abominate them! But, all the same—" Most unexpectedly she threw back her pretty head and laughed. "But all the same," she confessed, "I simply adore being gossiped about! It always makes one feel so frivolous and young!"

"Young?" groaned Raynard. Impetuously he reached to his pocket, and drawing out the crumpled song, smoothed it painstakingly on his knee. "Well, this is just about as 'young' as I feel today!" he admitted. Accusingly he pointed to the tattered script. "Look!" he said. "Look! It's the most terrible song! Your young friend Hollingsby sang it just now—and I all but slew him!"

"SLEW him?" questioned the girl; "he has a wonderful voice." With frank curiosity she bent her face to the faded page, traced out the words with a delicate, prodding finger. "Old Men Sitting in the Sun?" she questioned. "Old Men Sitting in the Sun?" Blue and untroubled, her lifting eyes sought his. "Oh pshaw! That's nothing!" she said.

"Oh, isn't it though?" snapped Raynard. "I'm forty years old today!"

"Are you—really?" murmured the girl. The untroubled eyes filled suddenly with a vague concern. Her groping hand just barely touched his sleeve. "Oh, my dear," she said. "Is that what's the matter?" Like a little girl she laughed out suddenly. "Oh—pshaw! That's nothing either!"

"Oh, isn't it?" said Raynard. With a gesture almost savage he snatched up the song from his knee and tore it in two.

"Well, it's this much at least!" he said. "No one else is going to sing that song

For miles, in the rush of breezes, neither man nor girl spoke

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again in my presence!"

Rather strangely, with the tearing of the script, all the fret and resentment seemed to fade from his face.

"Little Miss Collier," he demanded quite abruptly. "It's the oddest thing, but even in the three weeks I've known you I've never heard anyone call you by your first name! What in the world is your first name?"

"Oh, rather a funny one," admitted the girl. "Dorisseta!"

"Funny enough," agreed Raynard, "but not half as funny as Vasco," he laughed. Quite bluntly appraising, he turned suddenly to estimate her small bobbed head, the brief bobbed skirts, the slender, exquisitely shod little feet, the plastic yet distinctly womanly hands. "And—and how old are you?" he questioned.

Raynard grabbed up the green honey-jar and the letter and scrambled up the ladder and tucked 'em away together

EXCEPT for swallowing twice before she answered the girl showed no astonishment at the question.

"Twenty-eight," she said.

"Thank heaven!" said Raynard. "I should have guessed eighteen!" And, gathering her precipitately into his arms, he implanted a most emphatic if not particularly emotional kiss upon her cheek.

Frankly startled, but by no means frightened or unduly affronted, the girl disengaged herself from his embrace and turned and stared at him.

"Now whatever in the world made you do—that?"

Raynard, all in that instant, was infinitely more disconcerted than herself.

"Hanged if I know!" he admitted. "Just a feeling, a rather imperative sort of feeling suddenly that I couldn't settle down to drive or talk or anything until I had done it!"

"Well, please don't feel that way again," she advised succinctly.

"No, I won't," agreed Raynard quite meekly.

With a half-mocking sort of reproachfulness she trailed her hand a bit restively along the door of the car.

"It's a lovely ride—of course," she murmured significantly. "But we don't seem to be getting anywhere." Still half mockingly, she gestured toward the glowering, monotonous buildings that surrounded them. "Now, on the Crag-Castle road," she suggested, "there is at least an unobstructed moon and—"

"I'm not going the Crag-Castle road tonight!" said Raynard with a quite precipitous decisiveness.

"Mercy—how high-handed we are—all of a sudden," she said.

"High-handed enough, if you choose to call it that," admitted Raynard. "But very low-hearted." With his hands still idling on the quiescent wheel he turned and raked her eyes with a shrewd, slow sort of speculation. "I tell you I've had a bit of a shock tonight," he confessed. "That confounded song! The sense of time slipping! I never felt it before! I tell you, I don't like it! I've worked pretty hard, played pretty hard sometimes, knocked round a bit all over the world, had more than one pretty narrow squeak. But—"

ABRUPTLY he broke off and stared at his companion again.

"I'm leaving in the morning!" he said. "Leaving for good, I mean!"

"What?" cried the girl. "What?" As frankly as another fellow might have done, she made no effort to conceal either her surprise or her dismay. "Why—why, how funny! Isn't it rather sudden?"

"Very sudden," admitted Raynard. A faint smile struck across his gravity. "It's part of my panic, I guess," he acknowledged. "The panic of 'Being Forty'! It's high time I was back on my job. When a fellow gets to be forty, his job is pretty much the only place where he ought to be! Not dancing! Not fooling!" His smile deepened a little. "Not dancing, not fooling, with even the prettiest girl in the world!" he added with unmistakable significance. "But back on his job!—Speeding up his work!—'Ere cometh the Night'—and all that sort of thing."

"You alarm me!" mocked the girl.

Their eyes met, held each other for an instant and shifted again.

THE purring motor woke to life once more. The little car lurched and steadied again, waiting stock-still for its ultimate release.

"If you don't mind," said Raynard, "I have a fancy to drive inland tonight! That Crag-Castle road—? It's all right, of course! Moonlight and the waters and bobbing boats and silly lovers sitting round on rocks everywhere! But somehow tonight all I want to do is to drive! Not talk! Not flirt! Just drive and drive! Miles and miles! Hours and hours!"

"I have to be in Detroit on the eleventh of the month," drawled the girl. "At ten o'clock sharp. I wouldn't want to be late!"

He tossed her a laugh, and a glance that did not altogether match the laugh.

"So it's just a question," he confided tersely. "Are you going to drive with me? Or are you not?"

"I am!" said the girl.

"Good!" said Raynard. In a second they were off.

Like band music passing, roar and the pound of the surf faded gradually off into nothingness. A loose-planked bridge clattered transiently into consciousness. For a moment only, a sluggish brown marsh picked up the sea's salty tune with a brief chuckle of tides. Faster than pages stripping from a book one vista followed another.

For miles, in the rush of breezes, the whirr of the engine, the seething vibration of speed and roadway, neither man nor girl spoke.

Then the road turned sharply and fled into the hills.

"It's funny about people," confessed the man's voice at last.

"Wh-what?" lifted the girl's voice. "I can't exactly hear you."

"Sit closer!" suggested the man's voice.

"I can't!" said the girl. But she did.

"You've been awfully nice to me!" testified the man.

"You think so?" (*Cont'd on page 74*)

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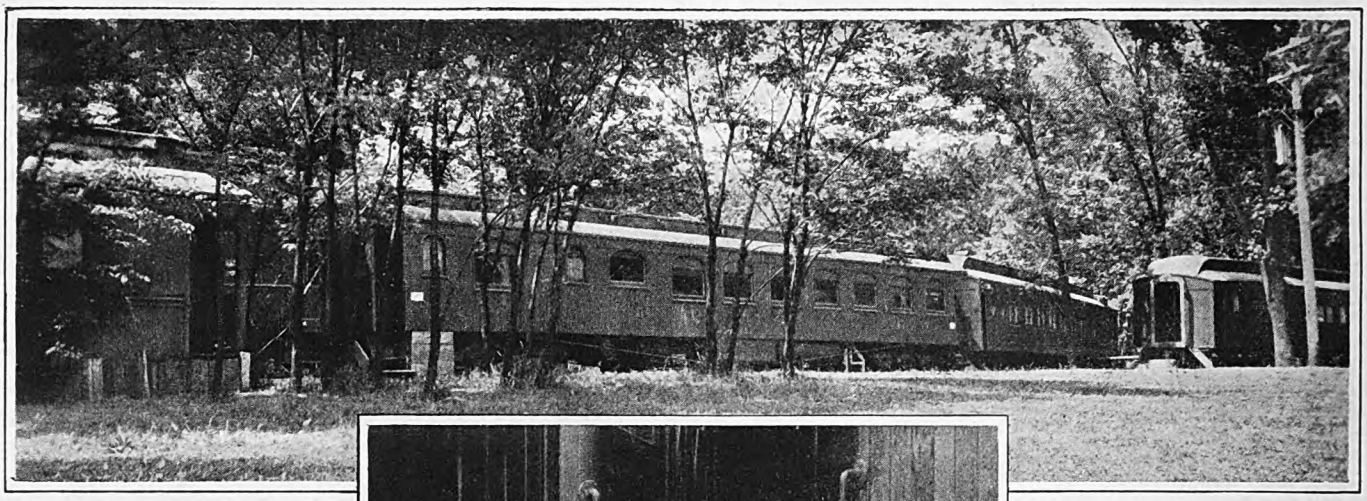
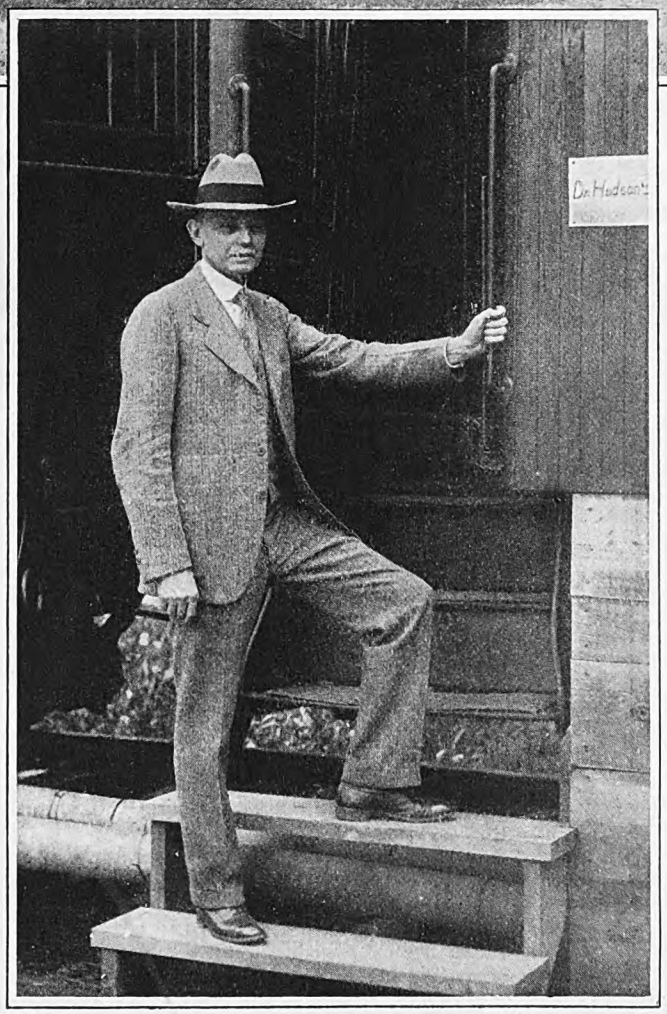


Three weeks before the session was to open, the main building at Blackburn College was burned. "School will open on time," Dr. Hudson telegraphed students and friends, and borrowing old Pullman cars made them serve as buildings



Dr. William Mestrezat Hudson, president of Blackburn College, entering his office, which, in the days of its roving youth, was the washroom in a Pullman. These cars served as dormitories, classrooms, library, and offices

A College Where You Take Your Pick and Shovel

Every student at Blackburn must work his way through

By NEIL M. CLARK

SEVERAL envelopes were handed to the doctor, and he opened the telegram first. His face became grave.

"University Hall," the message said, "burned last night. Nobody injured. Property complete loss."

For one minute, he was staggered. It was the twenty-third of August, and in another three weeks two hundred and fifty students would be streaming back to classes which represented for many the last and only chance of an education; and the main building—only three buildings altogether comprised Blackburn College—was a smoking ruin! Offices, library, classrooms, the boys' dormitory—all, presumably, had been swept away.

Doctor Hudson—the president—was hundreds of miles from home, in a little mountain city back of nowhere in Kentucky. What could he do? Obviously, not much. Yet in ten minutes he had a dozen messages singing over the wires to as many friends. Each said, in substance: "In spite of fire, Blackburn College will open on September 15th. Please make this known as widely as you can, and do all in your power to help."

And the college did open. When the students streamed back on September 15th they found the president established in a six-foot-six office that had been the women's washroom in a parlor car. The dean's office was a similar room in another car. Other offices were scattered through three cars that had been spotted on a hastily constructed spur track. The library and reading-room were housed in two day coaches, with tables and chairs replacing the seats; the books were a few volumes saved from the burning or given by friends in response to hurried appeals. Part of the classes were conducted in still another day coach, others in frame buildings loaned by the local board of education and hastily moved to the campus; and full-grown young men and women students squeezed themselves into seats intended for fourth- and fifth-graders.

Probably no other college ever started a new year under conditions so strange. On his way home from Kentucky Doctor Hudson had sketched these emergency plans, and in the three short weeks at his disposal had gone to railroad friends and elsewhere, commandeering old cars and buildings for the use of his students.

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This incident reveals the type of man Dr. William Mestrezat Hudson is. The harder he hits trouble, the higher he bounces. In fifteen crowded years he has resuscitated a broken-backed old college and done one of the most interesting and useful educational jobs on record.

Blackburn College, located at Carlinville, in the coal and corn belt of Illinois, before Hudson's advent as its president seemed doomed to pass out of existence as other small colleges have passed, because of superior attractions of great universities. It had only a few students—thirty-five—the year before he took hold. Its entire plant and assets were worth less than two hundred thousand dollars. More money could not be raised. Various presidents had tried.

Blackburn today, revivified by this man with a dream and the whiplash of energy, is one of the leading self-help colleges of the country. Outside of the teachers, there is not a paid employee on its staff. In some respects it differs from any other college in the world. Its students number approximately two hundred and fifty each year (about all that such a college can accommodate), and its popularity is demonstrated by the fact that a thousand or so applicants are refused every year, because they fail to measure up to the requirements. The assets of the college are now nearly a million and a half dollars.

HOW this came to pass is a remarkable story of resourcefulness, persistence, and courage. These qualities are exemplified first in the president, but to an astonishing degree in the students; for one and all at Blackburn are tackling the task of getting an education with little or no money, some at ages far past the usual school and college age. What happened after the disastrous fire of 1927, when University Hall burnt to the ground, typifies the spirit of the place.

Boy students, directed by another boy student, daily attacked the great pile of débris left from the burned building, sorted good bricks from bad, cleared away tangled ironwork, radiators, pipes. A little later these same boys set to work with shovels, wheelbarrows, axes, pickaxes, and teams, digging a sewer and excavating for a handsome new fireproof dormitory. No money was available for this building, aside from an inadequate insurance carried on the old structure. But Doctor Hudson trusted that, as he needed it, he could get the money; and meanwhile the students could do much of the actual labor. Had you visited the campus on a certain November day, as I did, you would have seen two dozen freshmen and sophomores in overalls, up to their eyes in dirt.

"Hyah, Rube!" one cried, "look where you're going with that wheelbarrow!"

"Come on with that sand!" shouted another. "Rush some bags of cement!"

FUN! They were having the time of their lives, *not* on the football field, but at the day laborer's task of making cement and pouring it for concrete floors in the new building. At Blackburn, everybody works; and a few who have demonstrated qualities of leadership are the student-chosen bosses.

Doctor Hudson, the guide and head, is not aloof, cloistered, academic, but a very human little man, with a large head, figuratively and literally, a warm heart, a ready, friendly smile. His hair and mustache are touched gray, for he is fifty-five. His movements are quick, his speech decisive, humorous. He is athletic: only one Blackburn boy can beat him regularly at tennis. Mrs. Hudson ("Mother" Hudson to the students) shares equally the love, admiration, and leadership of the students.

What the doctor has done at Blackburn harks back to his own efforts at education getting. He was born on a farm in southwestern Pennsylvania in 1872. When he was barely nine, his father was killed in an accident. His mother, left with four children and scarcely any means, moved to Waynesburg, the county seat. Here, after finishing at the public schools, the lad attended a small denominational college, helping to earn his expenses by carrying papers, firing furnaces, cutting wood, working on farms.

Waynesburg College could not fit him for the ministry, the profession he wished to follow. To go away to a big university was beyond his or his mother's means. It seemed the project would have to be given up, or delayed until he could work and earn; but just then his mother's brother, Judge Mestrezat, for many years a member of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, came forward. The judge had lost his own family, was well-to-do, liked his nephew; and paid for the course at Princeton.

"His assistance," said Doctor Hudson, "was one of the great influences of my life. Deeply grateful, I resolved, if the opportunity ever offered, to help educate other young people of slender means." His work at Blackburn, therefore, is in the nature of discharging an obligation.

Following college, Hudson became first a country preacher. At Carmichaels, Pennsylvania, he filled three pulpits every Sunday.

"I felt," he says, "that I was doing work I was called to do; yet as time wore on I became less sure that it was my real vocation. I felt the people I ought to reach were the very ones I did not reach—these never came to church! Those who came regularly did not particularly need my preaching."

IN 1907, Waynesburg College needed a president, and Hudson took the position, and held it for the next four and a half years.

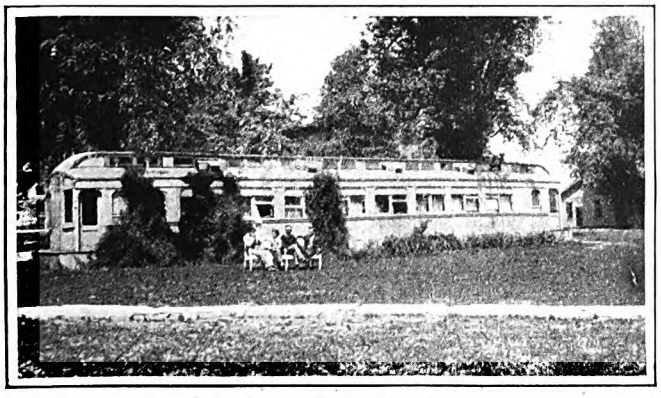
"I tried," he told me, "to introduce the self-help idea, in which I was already very much interested, but at Waynesburg apparently the conditions were not right."

In 1911, Doctor Hudson's health gave way. Resigning the presidency he went back to the farm where he was born. Here he did the roughest, hardest manual labor for a year and a half, and regained his health.

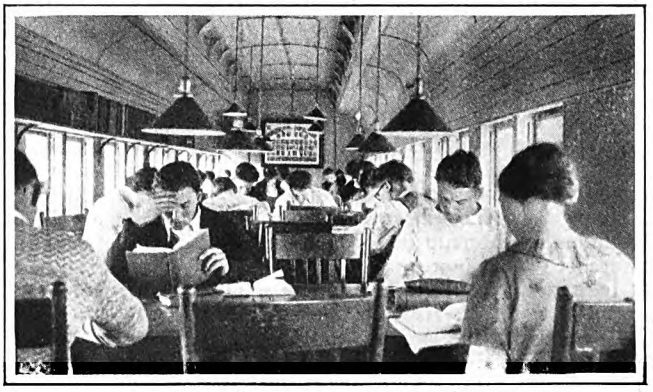
"It's curious, isn't it," he said with a smile, "how things work out? On the farm at forty, I used to review what I had done up to that time. I had made no great success of anything. When, I wondered, should a man write himself off a failure? Well, in the light of subsequent events, and thinking over the experiences of friends, I have come to feel that most of us need a lot of 'turning' before we are 'cooked through.'

"My wife says everything I did before (*Continued on page 86*)

The library, with a student as librarian



A dormitory for boys



Another view of the library

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A romance with an inner meaning for Everyman and Everywoman

The Winged Man

By
KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

"OH, LADY, lady, lady," murmured Jake Armitage, looking down from the corners of his tilted and brilliant eyes at the tall young woman who bespoke him, "I am right certain you don't surely want to marry me, and . . . and . . . I am not what you would call a marrying man."

"Why are you not, Jake?"

"There's gambling," he answered; "there's drinking, fighting; there's wandering about; there's being alone; there's women."

He spread out his arms to show her what manner of vagabond he was.

"To me," she said, "you look very much like other marrying men."

He included then in his self-accusing gesture, his world. At this too she looked observingly. There was so much of it to see at the moment—for they had ridden up from her friend's ranch to the shoulder of a mountain and stood above an immense platter of piled and jumbled ranges, blue-black with firs and streaked with the brightness of rivers unexplored and lakes unchristened—that her inspection lasted several minutes.

"Well," she sighed thereafter, "I find no excuse out there for your not being a marrying man, Jake. At least, I find none for your not marrying me, since you say you love me well enough."

"Since I say—?" Then he looked, not out of the corners of his eyes but with a blue-blazing directness into her eyes, which were the color of wet slate. Mirth and a slight sardonicism informed her quaint eyebrows and her pleasant mouth corners. She had a suspenseful, stage-curtain way with her eyelashes. When her lids interrupted the long mysterious story of her eyes, a watcher waited, not quite knowing what would happen next.

Jake said, "I ain't rightly a man at all, Miss Selda, ma'am. I am a sort of a . . . swallow."

"Swallows," she answered, in the quick Eastern cultivated tone that clipped into his like shears into an untamed hedge, "like other creatures, Jake, are in the habit of building nests."

"Yes, ma'am; but, like other critters, they have a habit of leaving them and of building new ones with new mates the follering spring."

"Did it ever occur to you, Jake, that perhaps, if they had the memories of men, these 'critters' might return to last year's nest and last year's mate, and renew a more chronological happiness?"

Unhappily, searchingly, his eyes traveled across her. "But what woman will wait to welcome a . . . winged man . . . when he pleases to come back, Miss Selda?"

"There's only one difference between you and the others." ("What others?" he interrupted fiercely, at which she laughed without otherwise allowing her speech to be diverted.) "Unlike the others, you are honest and you know yourself. You won't stoop to bait a trap for me with the flattery of lies. Winged man," again she laughed, this time at his poetry, for she was not, she thought, a poet herself, "you are the man I want!"

He looked down, gray and grim of countenance.

"James, now," he said between his teeth, "he will love you better, Selda."

IN QUICK and unavoidable bitterness, she agreed: "Oh, I believe he loves me better now. Your brother is no swallow, Jake. He's a wren, a swan, whatever emblem of marital fidelity you choose. But, unluckily, it seems, for everyone concerned, my dear, I happen to be loving . . . you."

He swept out his hard arm sideways, not turning his eyes from all the hills, and caught her up and held her close to his iron side, where his heart struck powerfully.

"Surely it will be a queer marriage, Selda, of you and me. You're forgetting everything you was born and raised for. You'll be wanting your Eastern friends, your folks. . . ."

"I have none."

"Your city ways, those other men who, you say, ain't honest enough to hurt you like I do. You'll be wanting the crowd, music, books . . . women-folks. Winters, when your friend Mrs. Shaw goes East with her Boston man. . . ."

"I'll be wanting nothing," she said. "I know myself."

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ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"But what woman will wait to welcome a winged man when he pleases to come back, Miss Selda?"

He laughed and kissed her. His lips were not made of iron, but of some substance of a warm strength foreign to her own.

So Selda Marsh, twenty-seven years old, sophisticated, traveled, and with money in her own right, was captured by a Wyoming maverick, a stray, who, visiting a more static brother, had happened in one summer morning to the ranch-house of Griselda's friend and summer hostess, Mrs. Shaw. And Selda married him forthwith, not waiting to go back to her East, for fear, to be exact, of losing him.

Then, in her own new name, she took up a homestead in the Wyoming country, stocked it, irrigated it and sowed it, while Jake, happy and loud-whistling, grubbed her sage, and set up her fence poles, cut her wood, carried in her water, shot game and caught fish for her table, and behaved as any domesticated rancher might. And when the long winter came, he "holed" in contentedly beside her, and did all the icy winter chores light-heartedly and deftly, while he loved her with a cool and fiery tenderness which made her think of January stars.

But, even while she thought of January stars, spring drifted in with its gray-azure skies, its music and its languorous high wind, so that Selda found herself dreamful, absent-minded, lethargic, restless; while upon Jake came pallor and silent moods,

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until one day, after a week of anguished, hesitant looks at her and away, the furtive looks of a criminal intention, he disappeared. He just rode off at daybreak on his buckskin, a pack animal in tow, and he did not even kiss her for good-by.

Except her husband's brother, Selda had, at this time of the year, no neighbors, so that much unnecessary suffering was spared her. Besides, as she resolutely reminded herself, she had been warned.

James, when he rode up and learned the truth, cursed fluently.

THIS man looked laughably unlike the wren or swan she had compared him to—a broad, slow, easily-smiling fellow, with a pair of somberly gentle eyes. But neither smiling nor gentleness were, for the moment, visible.

"Curse him for a heartless, carcass-hunting coyote," said Jake's brother, James.

Selda put her hand upon him.

"Just look at me a minute, Jamie."

He obeyed, not very willingly.

"Do I look heartbroken?"

She looked as cool as steel, straight and lithe in her riding-dress as she had just come back from the fields.

"You wouldn't let me see it, if you was."

She laughed. "I knew what I was doing when I made Jake marry me."

"*Made him?* He'd have crawled across the mountains on his naked shins to get you. Jake's a poker-man, he bluffed. . . ."

"No, Jamie. He wanted to spare me . . . this. I knew—though of course I hoped marriage might make a difference—that this might happen." She closed her slate-colored, her cloud-colored eyes an instant, and moved her lips: "He will come back."

"If I had my will, he'd never," James muttered and the muscles of his big arms twitched as he held them from enfolding Jake's Griselda. "Would you take him back?"

"Why not?"

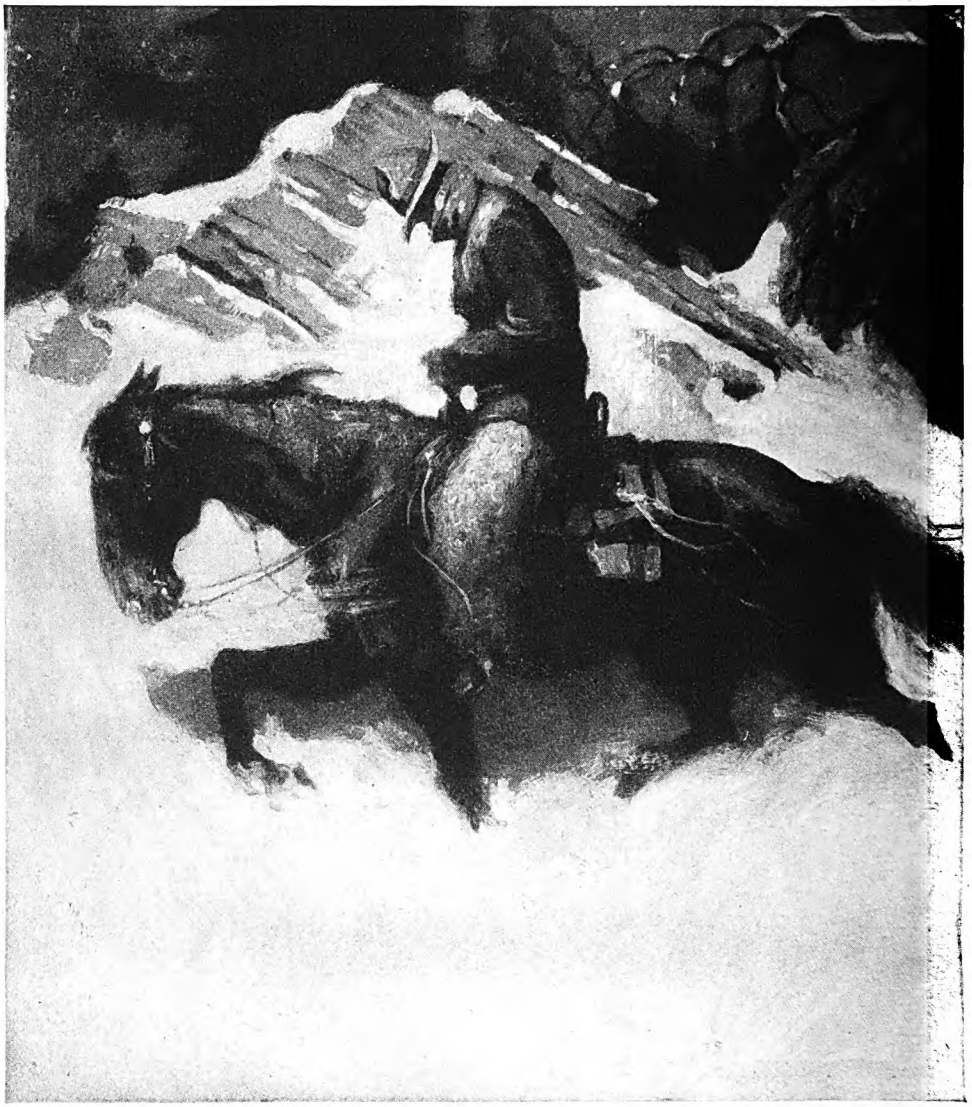
"Well, a matter of pride. . . ."

"It wasn't for pride," she said with sardonicism rather than mirth in her eyebrows and mouth corners, "it wasn't for pride I married him, James Armitage!"

She looked away and away, across Jake's tumbled world, softened by spring so that its horizons melted into its skies, and slowly her eyelids came down across her eyes. When she opened them they were changed eyes. "And now," she said, "while we're waiting, give me some advice about this new alfalfa field Jake wants me to put in."

A ranch in summer is not a place of idleness. Griselda did not sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam. She was abroad from dawn to dark, and kept her "boys" informed with the creative spirit that was her own present help. She looked, perhaps, a trifle hard, as the constant riding and planning and controlling leaned and tightened her body and her mind, and the weather blackened her smooth face.

At night, alone, after Ma Wade, her cook, and Jonas Fry, her foreman, and James Armitage, her constant adviser and visitor, had left the evening session on the cabin porch, Selda would stand sometimes for half an hour, her arm slung about one of the rough posts, her head back, looking across the shining darkness, breathing deeply, gathering into her patient eyes the light of stars. Before they became spoky or blurred, she would hurry into her house, which she had made beautiful, and there, defiant of bodily weariness, supported by cups of strong coffee, she would read or play her violin until, when she got at last to bed, sleep would clap its hands instantly down upon her wits.



It was not a pleasant journey. There

In such a life there was no time dedicated to brooding or to self-pity. She was not unhappy therefore. Life was too active, too filled with amusing and exciting incidents, too creative and important, too human, to be sad. And the beauty of love for an absent lover, of fidelity and dreams, informed the body and the mind of her. To very few women has marriage brought a greater gift than her strange marriage brought to Selda.

But this, of course, James could hardly have been expected to understand.

ON AN Indian summer day, Jake Armitage came back. He rode up the long gradual open slope from the forest to the foothills against which Selda's house was built, and as he rode he looked excitedly about him, taking note of all the changes, calling aloud his greetings to the "boys" at work, and when, close to the home bars, he saw Selda at her threshold, white of face, he flung himself down and ran and leaped up the steps to take her in his arms.

After his embrace, she looked up, blind and dazed. Beside him, held against that iron side with its strong engine, she groped her way into the house and closed its door. She did not want her world—and this was her first concession to it—her world that had never seen her unhappy, to see her now so very, very glad.

But such gladness as Selda and Jake now enjoyed could not, for any pride, be hidden or even masked. It transfigured both of them. There is no honey in any summer's moon more golden than was the sweetness of their joy. Griselda actually felt no impulse toward reproach. She had accustomed herself during barren months to living in a present, so that now she had lost the habit of intruding sorrow upon joy.

She never questioned Jake. Before marriage she had set

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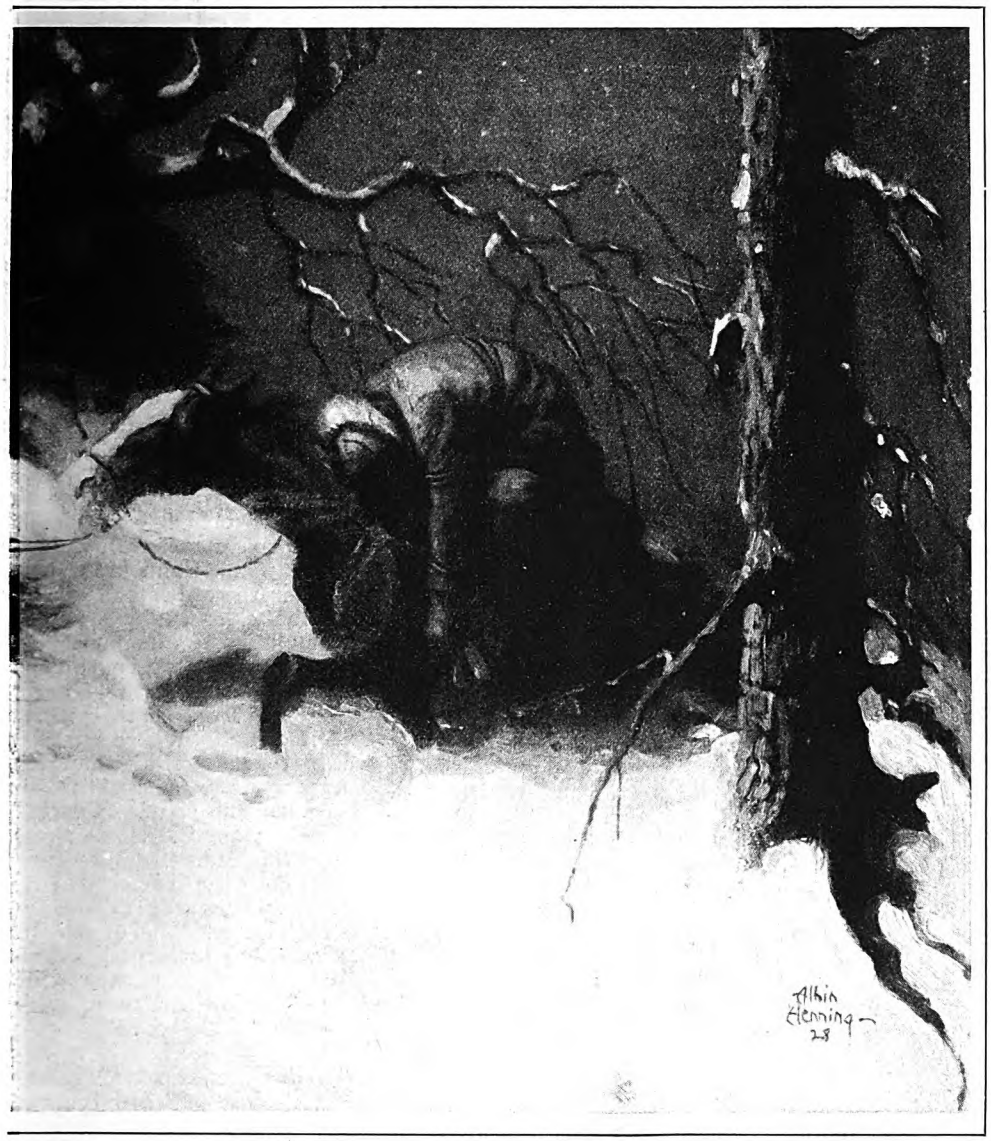

was nothing "winged" about it

herself a course which, while she was alone, she reviewed and marked out again before her. She would not allow a shadow to fall across their Indian summer happiness. The swallow, the winged man, had returned of his own free will, of his own wild will, to his nest and to his mate, and it was her will that he should taste there a familiar happiness and be purely glad of his return.

After the snow came, when they were walled in together from all the world, she enjoyed, even, the relish of his outside adventures. Jake had gambled, had worked with "hosses," had seen a heap of new country, had staked a claim to some possible, or impossible, mineral wealth, off yonder in Oregon; had "swung over and dropped down" into the Salmon River country, where a man entered by a boat which at the end of the journey he destroyed because no boat could "make it back again" by the ladder of swift water.

What more intimate adventures he might have got himself into and out of again, she did not allow herself to inquire, not even to imagine. His talk of a poet betrayed no hint of any such adventures at all—but Jake was a poker player, Selda reminded herself, and he had a poker face.

WINTER was rest and revelry, was love and sleep and laughter. Now, they played together roughly like two boys; now, he worshiped her with closed eyes, kneeling with his arms about her knees, his bronze cheek against one of her hands while the other moved across his hair. They went out for long, gliding, silent trips on skis into the black and silver winter woods. At night they braved the crystal, unbelievable cold to see the white moon ride along snow peaks in a purple sky. There was enough of ecstasy in all this for ten lives. Selda's face softened into its old likeness of girlhood and beloved loveliness. Fairer she looked and young.

James had not waited to see his transformation. A little after Jake's return he left the valley. Hardly able to believe in Selda's joy, hardly able to keep silent his scorn of her weakness, after a scorched, tormented week he rode up in the dark past their lighted windows, to their door, carrying an explosive ready in his brain. What he saw, flashed for an instant into his eyes through parted curtains, blanched him. He did not get so far as the door. He did not go in. Their happiness had been branded in upon his conviction. He took his dead engine of destruction away into the lonely night. And presently he went out over the Pass to find summer again in California. His good-by to Griselda was terse and was prophetic:

"When the Jake-bucket's empty, Selda, you can wind up—James!"

And he made a gesture of letting fly a whirling handle and a sound of rattling, hollow descent, inside his throat.

Selda did not smile. There was something fearful in his pantomime and in the eyes that looked at her above it. Jake heard and saw the farewell and, for an instant, his poker face forgot itself, betraying him in the aspect of a quarry that has heard the far baying of bloodthirsty, terribly patient hounds. Thereafter, Selda and he had settled down to their ecstatic loneliness.

THE snow ran suddenly off that spring, surprising their eyes, after the monotonous winter dazzle with the various beauty of the ground, which opened into little flat golden flowers under the wet and crusty edge of drifts. On a day of still, high warmth, the call of homing geese in the air, Griselda went with Jake to a little height above their river. There, sitting beside him on that exciting various earth, not looking at him but at their winter-and-summer patchwork land, she spoke with measured gravity:

"When are you going out, Jake?"

His hand closed on the loose pebbles he had been fingering.

"Going . . . out . . . ?"

"You'll be wanting to visit your Oregon claim." Mirth and sardonicism were in her eyes—more detached than ever before from the tenderness of her feeling for him.

That poker face of the young Westerner began to tighten and to close up as he squinted down at her. "Wa-al," he drawled, "if I ain't of no partic'lar use to you here at present . . ."

"To tell the truth, as I was about to say, I am so used now to running things myself that I find you too pleasantly distracting, Jake, for a busy season. You would absorb too much of my attention. And it does seem a waste of time and energy to go into the A B C's of ranch matters with you when Jonas and I have everything worked out. James will be coming back very soon."

"Will he?"

"Yes. I heard from him. I sent Darkie down with his horses today."

There was a creaking sound of snow-fields melting. A bright-winged May-fly came up mysteriously from the snow patch at Selda's feet, lay for an instant in the dazzle, drying out its wings, and then flew up giddily into the sunlight.

"Well, ma'am, I reckon you've got it right. I had ought to look into that claim."

"It was about this time, or a little later, wasn't it, Jake, that you went out last year?"

"A little later," said he.

"I remember the wind, a queer (*Continued on page 80*)

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Getting Along with People *that's* FLETCHER'S *Job*

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

AS THE lanky young man on the speckled horse passed the old Cumberland depot in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, the head of Ed Stowe, the telegraph operator, emerged from an upper window.

"Hello, Ed!" shouted the lanky young man.

"Hello, yourself!" shouted Ed. Then, as if he had remembered why he opened the window: "Henry, your old colonel's President of the United States."

McKinley had been assassinated.

The lanky young man—he is now fifty-four and our Ambassador to Italy—kept on riding. He still had a horse to put up for the night. And Henry Fletcher, even in those early days, never tackled tomorrow's job until he had finished today's.

"I suppose," he told me the other day, "that Ed thought I'd be appointed Vice President. I rather thought so myself! But nothing like that happened, so I decided to go up to Washington and see the Colonel.

"When I arrived at the White House, I found a very businesslike stranger guarding the President's door. It was George Cortelyou. He asked me if I had anything special to see Mr. Roosevelt about, and I told him that I simply belonged to the old regiment, and was calling to pay my respects. He allowed that he was sorry, but that the President was busy and couldn't see me. I said that was all right, left my card, and went out on the lawn to think it over.

"I knew it wouldn't do to offend Cortelyou. Yet I did want to see the President. Just then, I caught sight of an old friend of mine, Billy Loeb, who was only an assistant secretary on the White House staff but who had been with Roosevelt longer than Cortelyou had. I couldn't ask Loeb to do what his superior officer had refused to do, but I could—just casual-like—get in his way. So I walked fast.

"'Where you going?' Billy asked me.

"'Home to Chambersburg,' I said.

"'Did you see the Colonel?'

"'No. He's busy.'

"'Busy, my eye!' exclaimed Loeb. 'Come with me.'

"And he led the way up-stairs through the living-rooms of the White House to the second floor—and there sat 'my old colonel,' smiling and grinning at me just exactly as he used to do in Santiago.

"'Well,' he said, throwing his arms around my shoulders, 'what do *you* want?'

"Roosevelt was laughing when he asked that question; but I figured that the laugh might be covering up quite a bit of justifiable annoyance. Maybe I wasn't the only Rough Rider who had suddenly felt the urge to go into public life. And as it turned out, I wasn't. Anyhow, the time didn't seem auspicious for declaring my intentions of serving my country. Besides, Loeb was along, and I never was strong for doing business on the tea-for-three basis. So I laughed too, and said I didn't want anything.

"'Impossible!' shouted the Colonel, with obvious relief. 'You're the only one of the lot. All the others are either in office or in jail.'

"I was satisfied with my visit. I knew I could have got a job right then and there. But I knew that I would stand better with T. R. in the end if I went away without asking any favors. So I went back to Chambersburg, bought a self-teaching Spanish dictionary, and began preparing myself for a diplomatic career.

"About a year later I read in the paper that the first American Legation was to be established in Havana. This was my chance. I knew Cuba. I knew Spanish. And I think I have already shown that I knew the Colonel. The rest was easy. I went up to Washington again, told him of my ambitions and my studies, and started on my second trip to Cuba with Theodore Roosevelt as my boss."

THESE two trips to Washington illustrate several of the basic principles on which Henry P. Fletcher has built his world-wide reputation for knowing how to "get along with people."

Many people probably wondered last year why Mr. Coolidge was bringing a man all the way from Rome to go with Mr. Hughes to the Pan-American Conference at Havana. But a few days later, when they read in their papers that the conference had been saved from the wreck of the Columbian aviation problem by "conversations" during the night hours with "our Mr. Fletcher," they doubtless realized what five Presidents of the United States had already found out: that the erstwhile court stenographer of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, still possessed that special ability that won him his first diplomatic post.

Exercising that ability is what Fletcher has been doing these thirty years. It's his job. And the principles on which he works are so simple and clean-cut and understandable that we can all apply them to our daily life.

"I didn't start out," he told me, "with any conscious ideas of how to get along with people. I don't think anybody does that. But I suppose I must have had some. And I certainly learned others by experience. Right now, I think, I can boil down into six basic principles what I have managed to (*Continued on page 164*)

Ten Fletcherisms Worth Chewing

1. "Don't write, don't telegraph; go."
2. "I may not have much personality, but it's better than a postage stamp."
3. "You can't get along with the other fellow unless you give the other fellow a chance to get along with you."
4. "I know where my hat is all the time, and I am not afraid to put it on."
5. "When it comes to business, I never hunt in pairs."
6. "I have a huge respect for the other fellow."
7. "Getting along with one person often involves getting along with a good many."
8. "We wait a year for Christmas or a new straw hat. Why shouldn't we wait a year for the right time to perform an important act?"
9. "I seldom do what the other fellow wants, but I can often do what *I* want *his way*."
10. "The man you are dealing with is always more important than the deal you are trying to make with him."

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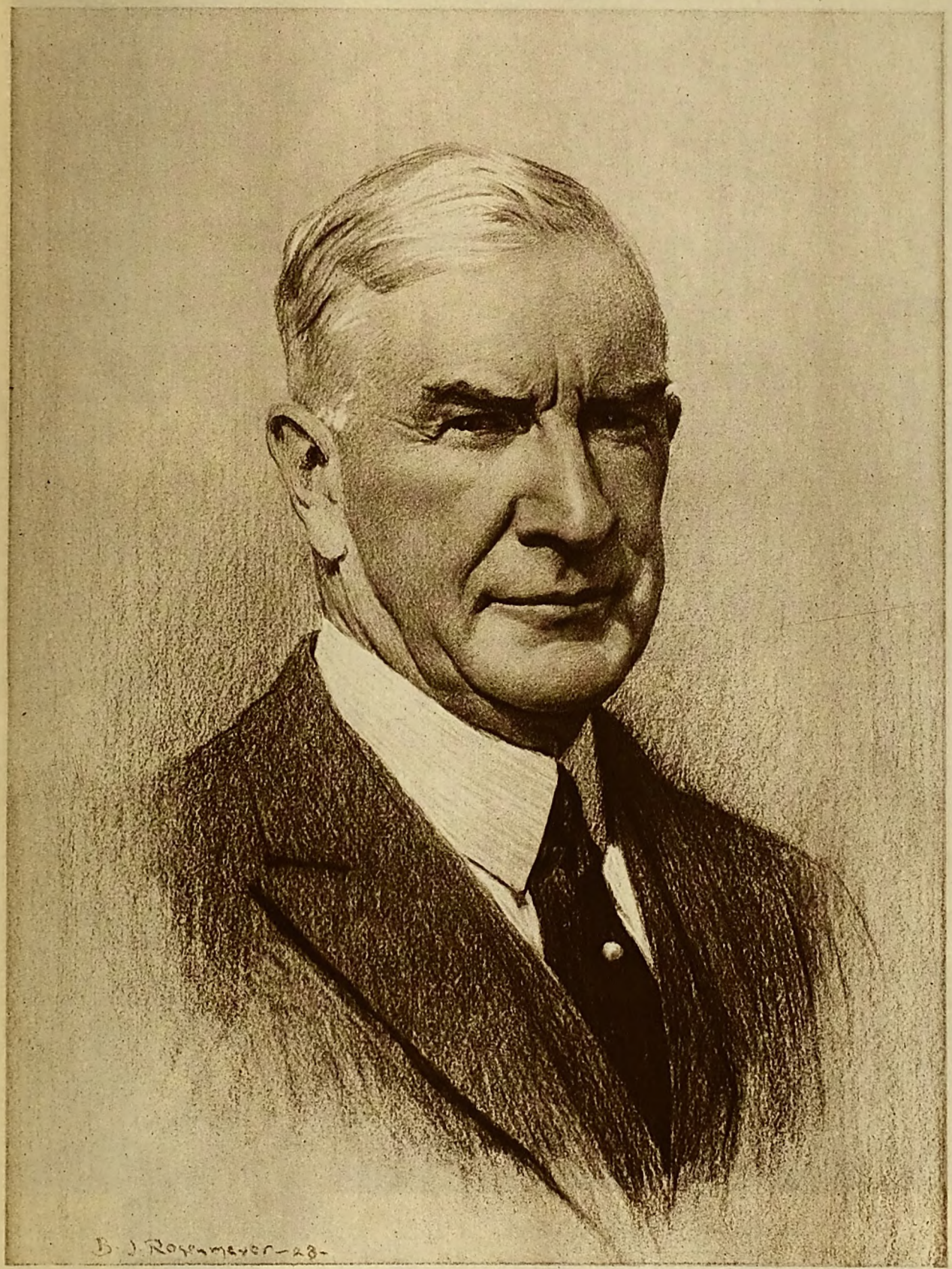

Wide World Photo

Honorable Henry P. Fletcher

MR. FLETCHER, now American Ambassador to Italy, is one of the most colorful figures in diplomatic circles. He served with Colonel Roosevelt as one of the famous Rough Riders in Cuba and, later, he saw service in the Philippine Islands. He has held government posts in Cuba, China, Portugal, Chile, Mexico, Belgium, Luxemburg, and last year he was called temporarily from Rome to serve as a member of the Pan American Conference in Havana. Mr. Fletcher was born in Greencastle, Pennsylvania, fifty-four years ago. Before he began his diplomatic work, he was a court reporter.

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Sir George Hubert Wilkins

You would never know from his recent deeds nor from these pictures that Sir Hubert Wilkins grew up in the tropics. He is a native of Australia, but his residence is anywhere adventure may be encountered. Years ago he was a "stunt photographer," next he went with Stefansson to the Arctic, and after that he won renown as a member of the Australian Expeditionary Force in the World War. But his latest feat, flying from Point Barrow to Spitzbergen, was the greatest accomplishment of his daring career.

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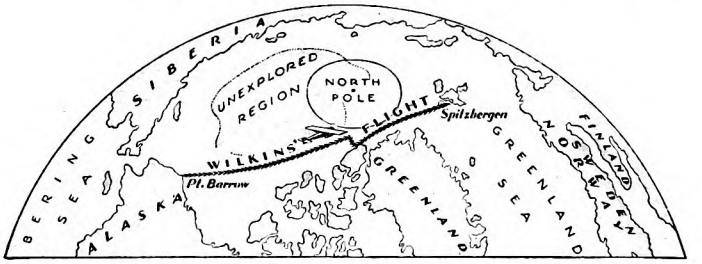
Over *the* Top *of the* World

The story of Sir Hubert Wilkins

As told by

Vilhjalmur Stefansson



An intrepid Arctic explorer

NEVER, since Balboa stood on a peak in Darien and saw for the first time the broad Pacific, has so significant a new vision of the world been spread before human eyes in one day as when Wilkins flew in twenty-two hours from America to Europe by way of the Arctic."

Thus spoke Colonel Amery, Colonial Minister of Great Britian, when the British Government and the British scientific world were welcoming the Australian Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins and his American comrade, Lieutenant Ben Eielson, to London. Captain Roald Amundsen, himself a famous Arctic flyer, called Wilkins's feat the greatest single flight in the history of aviation. Wilkins could not have made that remarkable flight except for remarkable qualities of mind and body. Fourteen years ago, I saw those qualities developing and hardening in a stern school. This was while Wilkins and I were traveling together by dog team over the frozen seas and the uninhabited lands of the Arctic. This was my third but his first polar expedition.

This new conqueror of the Far North was born thirty-nine years ago on the southern edge of the tropics, where the scorching midsummer winds sweep down from the north, bringing temperatures above 115° in the shade. But there was clean blood and strong fiber in the Wilkins family, and young George Hubert developed to manhood unsoftened by the much-feared sub-tropic climate.

Wilkins was recommended to me in 1913 as the best moving-picture photographer in the field. At this time, I was keen to get a crack camera man for the new Arctic expedition I was organizing for the Canadian Government. It is hard to realize now, but there were no movie companies of any account in the United States then. There were only two great companies abroad, Gaumont and Pathé. Wilkins was the star photographer of the Gaumont Company.

Perhaps it is lucky for me that I had to choose Wilkins from his record instead of by his looks. Certainly it takes a better judge of character than I am to see at a glance in a man of his quiet, unassuming manner one destined to be nominated at the end of the Great War by Sir John Monash, the commander in chief of the Australian forces in Europe, as the bravest and most useful man in all his armies.

When I picked Wilkins, sight unseen, for my polar expedition, he was again in the tropics, prosaically photographing the cocoa industry of the West Indies. Tame work, that, but few things have been tame about the rest of his career.

WILKINS never courts danger, but he never goes far out of his way to avoid it. Soon after he graduated from the Adelaide School of Mines in South Australia and had become a motion-picture camera man in order that he might see the world, he achieved a reputation as a specialist in "stunt photography." He was dropping in parachutes from balloons, and scrambling around with his camera on the wings of airplanes—common things to do now, but strange in those days, and more dangerous.

Then came war in the Balkans and the hunger of the public for real battle photographs. Before this time, we had had a great many alleged movies of fighting, but they had usually been obtained in Mexico by hiring a few hundred idle revolutionists and getting them to stage a sham battle.

Honest photography in the battle line is more dangerous than the fighting itself. Soldiers not only seek cover by instinct but are commanded to do so. A photographer grinding his camera has to stand out in the open. However, Wilkins had discounted danger when he took the job. When the time came to get the pictures, he just went out where the light was good and the fighting at close range, and set up his camera. And he brought back to his employers the first genuine movies of desperate fighting that were ever shown in the theatres of the world!

It was on this sort of record that I made a contract on behalf of the Canadian Government with the Gaumont Company for their best photographer to be the first professional movie camera man to be carried by an Arctic expedition.

A few months later, in the spring of 1913, when Wilkins reported to me at the Canadian Navy Yard at Esquimalt, British Columbia, he struck me simply as a quiet and unassuming young man. We noticed him little on the voyage north till we got among the ice and he began to scramble up the rigging, photographing the crew, the ship, and the ice floes as they were being split and pushed aside by the prow of the "Karluk."

A MONTH after we entered the ice the "Karluk" was beset, a prisoner in the moving Arctic pack. The ice was free to drift before the wind but the ship was fast and could move only with it. The winds were from seaward, however, and our ice, with the ship fast in it, was jammed into the mouth of a wide bay. Captain Bob Bartlett, my sailing master, and I agreed that she was probably there to stay for the winter.

To the south of the "Karluk's" frozen berth, the lowland of Alaska could be seen from the masthead. On that land was game, as I knew from having lived there by hunting, on a previous expedition. Bartlett thought one of us ought to go ashore with a party to get fresh meat, for there was danger of scurvy among our crew otherwise. It seemed a logical thing that the captain should stay with his ship, so the commander must do the hunting.

Six of us started for shore on September 20, 1913, two Eskimos and three white men besides myself—Wilkins, Burt McConnell, my

(*Continued on page 103*)

A sudden off-shore gale carried Stefansson and the main party off with the ice, leaving Wilkins and the rest stranded on the shore floe

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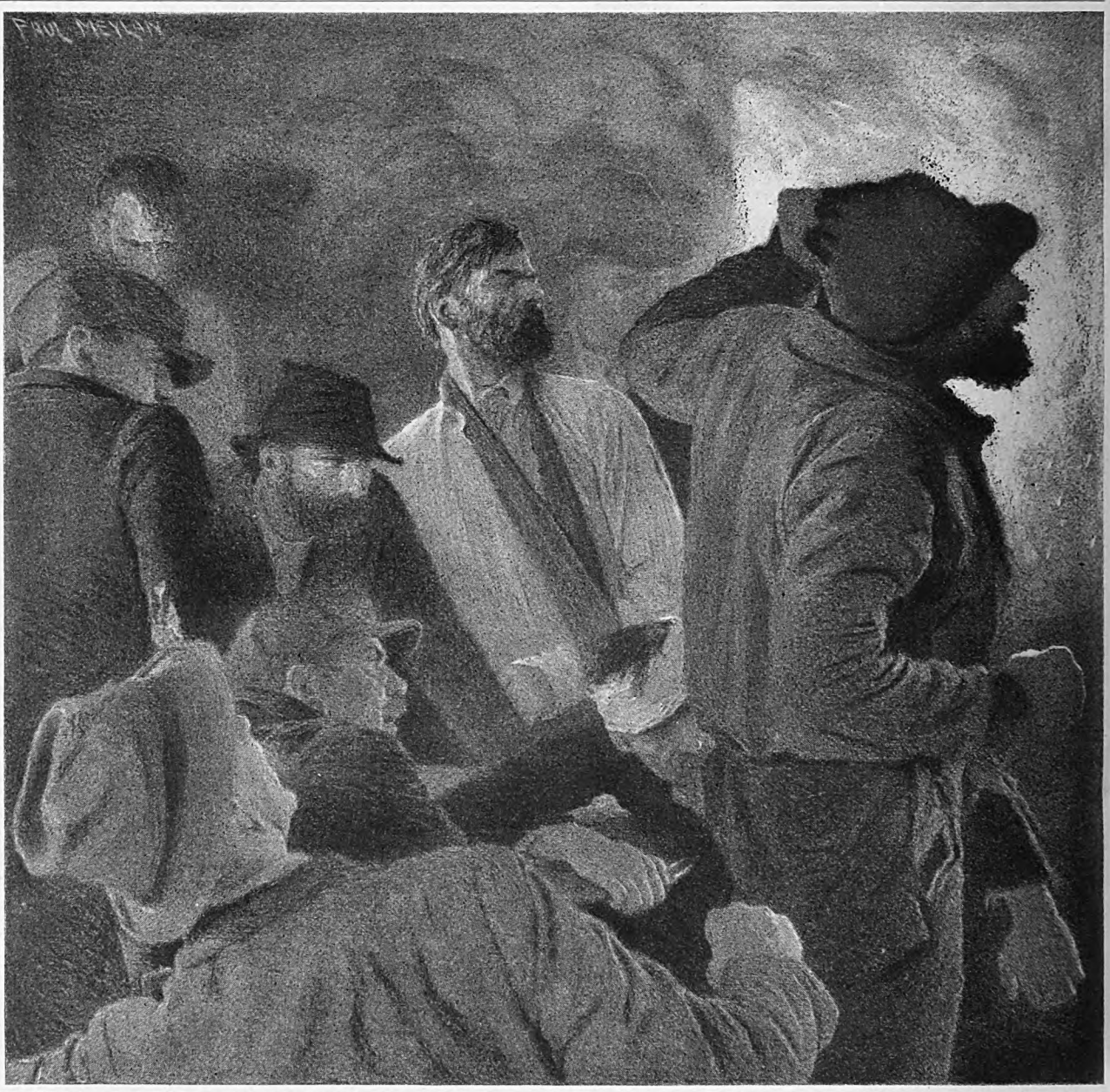

"Look at the window," cried Lawton. . . .

SCATTERGOOD

The King of Half Acre is deposed at

By
CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by
PAUL MEYLAN

A YOUNG man trudged wearily up the mountain road carrying with a minimum of pleasure a small hand bag. In this bag were all his earthly possessions —few enough, it is true, but burdensome after ten miles of foot travel. No one would have taken the pedestrian to be more than twenty years old, though, as a matter of fact, he was far, far older than that. He was twenty-one.

As he sagged wearily down under a beech tree, he heard approaching the "clop-clop" of a horse's hooves, and presently there came into view a dusty, ramshackle buggy drawn by an overfed and pampered horse of uncertain age. In the seat was an old man, coatless, in a battered straw hat of wide brim. He occupied more than his share of the seat, and one leg dangled outside. The young man noticed that it was innocent both of shoe and stocking.

The horse came to a stop, and the fat occupant of the buggy looked down and cleared his throat.

"Goin' some'eres," he asked, "or jest a-travelin'?"

"I haven't picked out a destination," said the young man.

"Um. Hain't got the look of a tramp."

"It takes time," said the young man.

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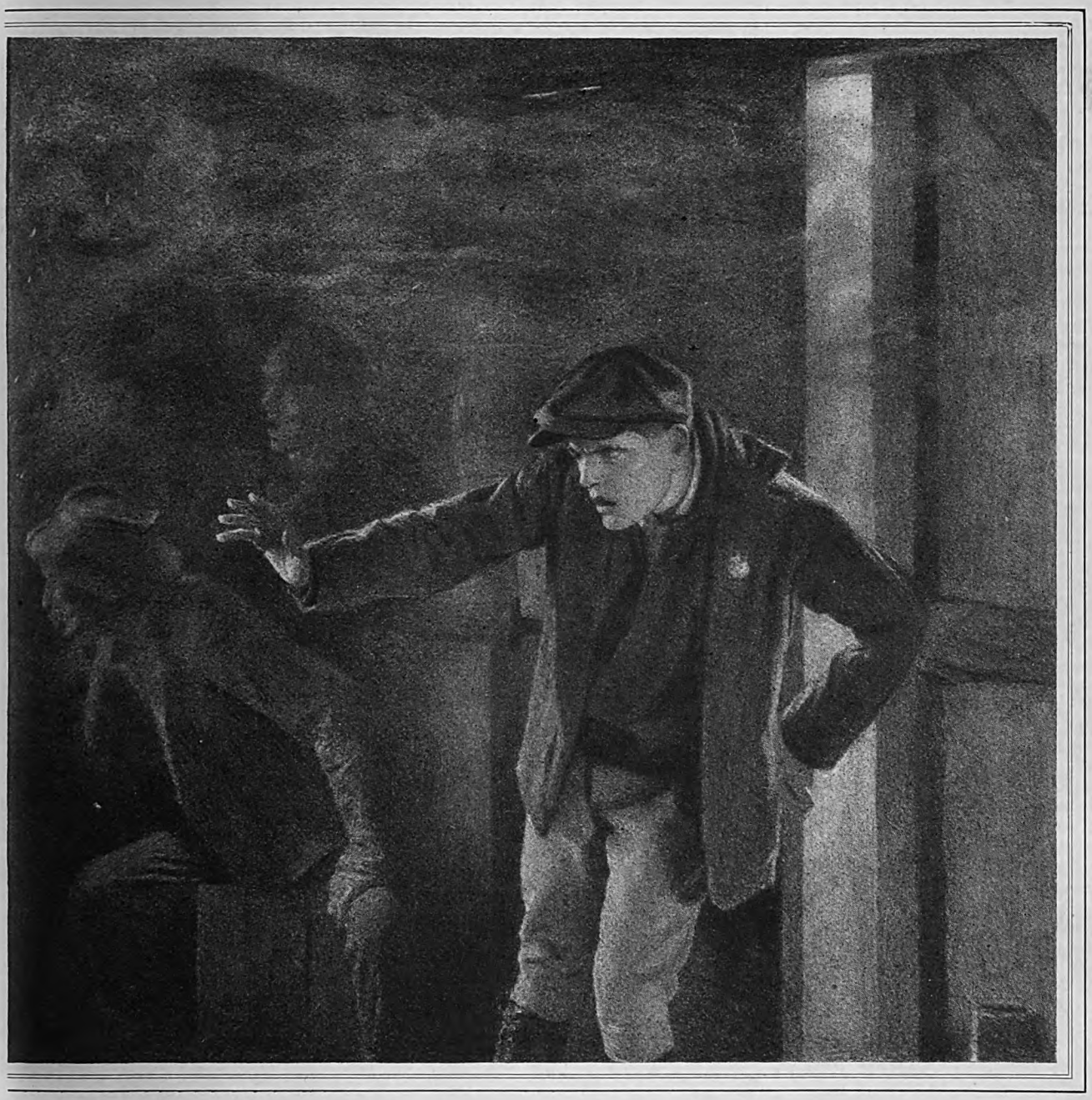

Smoke rolled upward; flames leaped and crackled

and the Square Peg

last. Another story of the Six Big Men

"I just entered the profession last night. How far is the next town? And can one eat there for nothing?"

"The next town," said the old man, "is nigh onto seven mile, and food costs money, or sweat off'n the brow. Would you druther walk, or ride?"

"My plate is full of walking."

"Then clamber in," said the old man. "I kin edge over a mite."

The young man got in; the old man clucked to his horse, and they ambled down the dusty road. Presently the driver spoke: "Name of Baines," he said. "Scattergood Baines. You got one about ye anywheres?"

"Stewart," said the young man. "Lawton Stewart."

"Good name," said Scattergood. "Don't seem like it fits a tramp."

"I'm thinking of changing it."

"Dunno's I would. Dunno's I would. Names hain't like undershirts—to be changed every Sattidy night."

"I THINK," said the young man, "my name would be glad to have me change it."

"Um. Hain't a fugitive, be ye?"

"No," said Stewart, "you couldn't call me that."

"You hain't got a crim'nal look," said Scattergood, "but you can't never tell just by the looks of a frog how fur it kin jump."

"I'm not criminal," said Stewart. "I'm just no good."

"What form does your no-goodness take?" Scattergood asked with interest.

"Well, among other things, I can't hold a job. I'm always being fired. I'm unreliable, by common consent. And I seem to be glad of it."

"Uh-huh. What kind of jobs?"

"All kinds. I've been kicked out of a bank and a real-estate office and a brokerage place, and a wholesale house, and a publisher's—just to name a few."

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"Why?"

"Unreliable. I forget things, and do wrong what I remember, and sometimes I just don't go to work at all. I get up in the morning and can't compel myself to go down to some office and sit all day."

"To be sure. In Boston?"

"Yes."

"Don't know a feller there by the name of Maclyn Stewart, do you?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Know him perty well?"

"He was my father until recently."

"How does a man git over bein' a father?"

"Mine resigned," said Lawton.

"And kind of cast ye off?"

"Without a shilling," said Lawton.

"Him and me's done business together," said Scattergood. "Didn't seem like he was more'n ordinary cantankerous."

"Well," said Lawton contemplatively, "I guess he put up with a lot before he exploded."

"And now what d'ye aim to do?"

"I'm not aiming, Mr. Baines; I'm just moving."

"Um. Folks that don't aim is 'most as sure to hit suthin' as folks that do—mostly it's the bottom," said Scattergood. "Hain't a toper, be ye?"

"No."

"Got any special vices?"

"I'm just generally useless. I'm no good."

"Kind of a sad state of affairs," said Scattergood. "Take even a wuthless dog and he's good fur suthin'—he kin entertain fleas. Did ye mention bein' hungry?"

"My stomach," said Lawton, "is in a receptive mood."

"Stummicks git that way. W-al, you 'n' me'll stop to the hotel and git fed up. . . . Ever try a hardware store?"

"No."

"Hain't familiar with pickin' up cook stoves in one place and settin' 'em down in another?"

"No," said Lawton.

"Know a ten-penny nail by sight?"

"I don't know anything useful, it seems."

"I calc'late you're in a perty bad way," said Scattergood. "One of them hopeless cases."

"That," said Lawton, "is the general opinion."

PRESENTLY they came in sight of Coldriver and drove down into the gracious valley which encloses the little village. It was noon and, after turning his equipage over to the livery stable, Scattergood conducted his companion to the hotel, where both enjoyed a hearty meal. At the end of it the old hardware merchant pushed back his chair and armed himself with a toothpick.

"When a feller," he said, "gits his stummick full he hain't apt to feel so kind of futile as he gen'ally does. How about you?"

"I might lift a stove to pay for this meal," said Lawton; "but I probably would put it down in the wrong place."

They got up from the table and walked out to the broad piazza of the hotel, where they sat down in big wooden rockers. Scattergood loved to place himself at some vantage spot from which he could watch the life of his village as it passed before him, and now he fell silent as his twinkling eyes roved up and down the street, taking in every movement, guessing at the errand of every individual.

He saw a large man in a black felt hat come toward him across the bridge. A small, barefoot, unkempt boy accompanied the newcomer. Scattergood frowned a very little, for this was a visitor from Hell's Half Acre, that community of outcasts which lay a few miles from Coldriver, and which had required no little of Scattergood's attention of late. In fact, the man was one of the Haddy brothers, who ruled that deplorable commonwealth.

As the couple reached the walk which led up to the hotel, the man turned in sudden anger and cuffed the child, cuffed him savagely, so that the boy was sent headlong to the ground. Then he drew back his heavy boot, and kicked.

SCATTERGOOD sucked in his breath; but before he could hoist his bulky frame from the chair young Lawton Stewart was up and down the steps. He ran across the grass to the boy's side, where Haddy stood over him cursing and, placing his hand against the big man's chest, he shoved violently. Haddy, taken by surprise, staggered back upon his heels and all but fell.

Lawton gave him no further attention, but bent and lifted the boy to his feet and, standing with his arm about the frightened, sobbing child, faced the man.

"That," he said, "will be a copious plenty!"

"Tend to your own affairs," said Haddy. "I calc'late I kin manage my own kid!"

"Not like that," said Lawton.

"Who says so?"

"I do!"

Scattergood was coming down the steps now, and his eyes were apprehensive. He knew the Haddys, knew how ruthless, how dangerous they were. And Lawton seemed so slender and young beside the bulk of the great bearded man.

"Leave go that kid!" snarled Haddy.

"Will you leave him alone?"

"I calc'late to give him the beatin' of his life," said Haddy with a grin; "and you're a-goin' to stand by and see me do it!"

With that he snatched at the little fellow. But his hand never touched the lad's shoulder. Lawton took a half step backward and, punching straight from the shoulder, sent his fist driving in among Haddy's whiskers. It was neat, well-timed, efficient. Haddy went back on his heels in real earnest; but he was not the man to be felled by any single blow.

He emitted a bellow of rage, and charged Lawton. Scattergood looked to see the young man beaten down and trampled, for it was a quaint habit of the Haddys to give the boots to the adversary who might find himself on the ground. And to be danced upon with calked boots is no light afternoon's amusement. But Lawton was not beaten down at the first charge. Indeed, the charge failed, for some reason, to reach him. He was not there, but to one side, from which position his fist found Haddy's chin again. And as the man stopped and grunted, a second fist crashed into a spot just below his ribs.

A crowd commenced to gather, an apprehensive crowd. Voices advised the young man to cut and run. But nobody interfered. Even Scattergood hesitated, but not for the same reason.

Haddy charged again, kicking for the knee, but Lawton had become a shadow, slashing, chopping, hooking with talented fists. The big man could not come to close quarters, could not deliver one of those swinging, sledge-hammer blows which would have ended the fight in an instant. Scattergood watched, and his brows lifted, for he saw that Lawton was smiling.

Then Haddy got in a blow—not flush and clean—but its force lifted Lawton from his feet and sent him sprawling. He got to his feet reeling, staggering. It seemed as if that one smash had been enough. Haddy bellowed, and rushed again upon his tottering adversary, sure now of his man, careless of any guard.

The spectators still disagree as to what exactly occurred. Certainly, Lawton ceased to waver. At some indistinguishable moment, his legs set, his stance firm, through the midst of Haddy's swirling arms he struck, straight and true. Haddy staggered. Again, with both right and left, the young man came in. The blows sounded sharp, distinct. Haddy's mouth opened; his arms ceased to revolve.

Then Lawton stepped in, coolly measured his distance, and with every ounce of his weight and strength drove two more blows to Haddy's jaw, just at the angle where it meets the ear. Haddy's knees buckled, refused to sustain his weight, and he slumped to the walk. Lawton turned away. His eyes met Scattergood's.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Baines," he said. "I'm always getting into some mess. . . . Well, I'll be going along."

"Um. . . . Street-fightin' hain't just polite, is it?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't fit in with the idea of what bank clerks and sichlike ought to do. Kind of added to your no-goodness, eh?"

"Distinctly," said Lawton.

"They tried to keep you writing in books and wearin' a white collar?"

"Yes, sir."

"W-al, the' hain't many white collars owned here, and we hain't so dog-gone polite allus. I guess you 'n' me better git on to the store."

"But what about this kid?"

"I'll 'tend to him," said Scattergood. Then, to Deputy Pilkins, "You better lug Haddy to the calaboose while he hain't so belligerent as he was. Then take and feed the boy."

LAWTON and Scattergood walked the few steps to the hardware store and entered its unlocked door.

"Set," said Scattergood, pointing to the counter. "Want a job?"

"What's the use?" asked Lawton, rubbing his skinned knuckles. "I couldn't hold it."

"There wouldn't be no white collars, nor yit ledgers to write into. It 'ud be kind of outdoors."

"Outdoors! I might get past as a common laborer. I never tried that."

"I aim," said Scattergood, "to make ye a kind of a uncommon laborer."

"Well," said Lawton dubiously, "I'll give it a try."

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"You ought to, seems as though," said Scattergood.

"LAWTON," said Scattergood, some days later, "I jest come to another conclusion."

"About what, Mr. Baines?"

"Changin' names. The's times when it comes in handy; and this here is one of 'em. Commencin' now, your name hain't Lawton Stewart no more; it's Pazzy Jones."

"You might at least," said Lawton, "give me a prettier one."

"I want it shouldn't be perty," said Scattergood. "Now, how be you comin'? Fred Norton got you together a gang of men?"

"Yes, sir."

"When you calc'late on startin'?"

"We're going to build a camp and storehouse tomorrow."

"Um. . . . Sha'n't be here. Goin' to Boston. Kind of hate to leave you facin' things alone."

"It's queer," said Lawton, "but this is the first time I ever looked forward to getting to work. Of course it won't last, and you'll be firing me in a week or so. But somehow it's different."

"You'll find it so when them Haddys clamber down onto your collar," Scattergood said dryly. "W-al, when I git back I'll be int'rested to learn how you make out. G'-by, Lawton."

"G'-by, Mr. Baines."

Scattergood got aboard his train, which ran the eighteen miles necessary to reach the main line, and spent most of that short journey in conversation with Pliny Pickett, once stage driver, now conductor. He transferred at the junction and continued on to Boston, where he made his way to the banking office of Mr. Maclyn Stewart.

"How be ye, Maclyn?" said Scattergood. He never used family names, no matter with whom he conversed.

"Very well, Mr. Baines. What's in the wind."

"Calc'late to start cuttin' the Homer Tract."

"Ah. . . . But you thought it unwise—"

"Them Haddys, eh? W-al, I kind of got it figured now's the time. Been a-waitin' for a man to do the dirty work. Once we git our narrer-gauge loggin' road built through Hell's Half Acre, and it'll be done."

"It's a ticklish job, and someone's apt to get hurt."

"They be," said Scattergood. "But I got a feller."

"A man you can trust to put it through?"

"Seems as though."

"A lumberman?"

"No, jest a man. He don't know nothin' about nothin'; but I'm bankin' on him jest the same. The's others kin lay rails in the woods. That hain't no job. But forcin' rails through the middle of Half Acre is suthin' else agin."

"It is. And what's his name?"

"Last I heard," said Scattergood, "it was Pazzy Jones."

"Doesn't sound like much."

"Mebbe not. Now, Maclyn, you 'n' me owns that tract together. I got a proposition—but I dunno's I'll make it yit."

Mr. Stewart smiled, knowing Scattergood. "If you won't, I'll have to wait," he said.

"Jest one thing I want to p'int out. If this Pazzy gits our road through he's deservin' of suthin' at our hands."

"He is. If he makes a success of this thing, he's a man we must tie to us. We need men like that."

"Um," said Scattergood. "W-al, that's that. G'-by, Maclyn."

WHILE this conversation was taking place, Lawton Stewart was disembarking a gang of men and certain materials from Scattergood's logging road some three miles from Half Acre. There were a dozen men, and much material. The first task was to throw up a bunkhouse and cook shanty, and a large shed for storage. It would astonish your city builder to see how rapidly this was accomplished and how efficiently.

It was midafternoon when the work was interrupted. Six very large men came trooping upon the scene and stood scowling. Labor ceased, and the laborers began to edge together uneasily, for they had lived long in the neighborhood of the Haddys, and were not without their apprehensions of those lawless men. Lawton stepped across to the little group, and spoke.

"Can I do anything for you," he asked.

"What you doin' here?" demanded Pete Haddy, the King of Half Acre.

"We are (*Continued on page 172*)

Before Scattergood could hoist his bulky frame from the chair young Lawton was up and down the steps

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You Look 'em Over—*and*—You Obey Your Choice

What else can you do when there are thirty thousand laws to be abided by—or broken?

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

HAVE you ever written a check for less than one dollar? Or bet on an election? Or said "Good morning" to the motorman of a trolley car? Or "made eyes" at a pretty girl on the street? Or failed to enter your winnings at poker on your income tax return, without making any deductions for your losses? Or helped to raffle off a layer cake at the church fair, or sold "chances" on a ton of coal for the benefit of the volunteer fire company?

If so, you are a lawbreaker. You may be fined as little as $5 or as much as $10,000. You may be sent to jail for a term of five years. You are a scofflaw, a fugitive from justice wanted by local, state, or federal police. It is your duty to request the nearest police station to "send the wagon." But wait. Maybe they had better send a fleet of trucks!

"How many law violators are at large in this country?" I asked Silas H. Strawn, of Chicago, who is president of the American Bar Association and one of the nation's leading lawyers. He has served as the American delegate on important international commissions, and has been engaged in the practice of law for thirty-nine years.

"I do not believe there is a person alive in America who hasn't violated some law," said Mr. Strawn, "and most of us violate a dozen laws a day. The baby who howls in the night and thus disturbs the sleep of neighbors is a lawbreaker, strictly speaking; and so are the baby's parents, because they are maintaining a nuisance. We are lawbreakers from birth to our dying day, and the fact that we may be ignorant of the laws we break is not a legal excuse.

"Nobody knows how many laws we have. The best estimates are only guesses, and I've seen guesses as high as ten million. It is not unlikely that even more than ten million laws and ordinances are theoretically in effect on our statute books, and we are adding to the number at a rate of 200,000 new laws and ordinances a year. We have a Congress, 48 state legislatures, approximately 16,000 incorporated cities, towns and villages, and about 3,000 counties in the lawmaking business, with more than 100,000 lawmakers duly elected to their pay rolls. Lawmaking has become one of the leading American industries, with a constantly increasing output. A single one of our state legislatures enacts more laws in one year, on the average, than the British Parliament enacts in ten years!"

Safety First, Last, and Forever!

"In one of our states," says Mr. Dutton, "there is a statute that no locomotive engineer has yet been able to obey. It provides as follows: 'When two trains approach each other at a crossing they shall both come to a full stop and neither shall start until the other is gone!' (The exclamation point is mine—and the engineer's.)"

Of course, all these laws Mr. Strawn mentions do not pertain to us individually. We are affected only by those laws which are in force in the county, town, and state wherein we live and do business. Furthermore, many laws are "private acts" that have no public application. Keeping this in mind, let us try to figure out how many laws we are personally expected to observe.

A YEAR or two ago, a patient investigator tried to find the answer to this question. To avoid the charge of exaggeration he did not consider the county laws at all, but confined himself to estimating the number of city, state, and federal laws a policeman was expected to know and enforce in a typical American town. The number he finally arrived at was 30,000 laws! Of this, 10,500 were federal laws.

What are these laws? What is their purpose?

They regulate, or rather were devised to regulate, every conceivable phase of human activity and conduct. The Bible covered the field in ten laws, and stopped. Justinian felt that 2,000 laws were sufficient to govern the Roman Empire. But our own lawmakers have refused to take any chances with such a flimsy legal structure. They have covered everything from the length of bed sheets in hotels to the hours of a housewife's use of the vacuum cleaner.

BUT don't be too hard on the lawmakers; they are doing the best they can, perhaps, with the rigid legislative system under which we live. Our method provides no solution for even the minorest thing, except the passage of a new law. The effort of the law is to cover every case that might conceivably arise! And there, again, you must blame the system as well as the lawmakers.

There are the common or garden variety of laws against theft, murder, and mayhem. There are laws against gossip and peddling peanuts without a license. In some towns your gate must open inward; in others, outward. The size of screws used by electricians has been specified by law in various building codes. What you eat, drink, see, hear, read, say, and sometimes think is regulated by a snarl of laws that no one living man has yet mastered. There are good laws, needless laws, fool laws, and freak laws, all of which have been enacted at a cost from $100 to $600 each.

Automobile laws probably are the most commonly violated. As a close second come the Sunday laws. However, if one considers the personal-conduct laws as a group, they are broken more than all others put together. Nobody even tries to enforce a fraction of the laws. Our courts and police simply choose the laws they *think* are in need of enforcement, and let it go at that.

You depart from home in the morning on the way to your work. We will assume that your medicine closet contains no prohibited drugs and your cellar no illegal brews; that your attic harbors no fire hazard; that you've made no change in the electric wiring not duly approved by an inspector; that your sidewalk is in repair and clear; that your garbage can is up to legal specifications and covered; that your children have been vaccinated and you haven't beaten your wife. Presumably, too, you are decently clothed, as

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the law decrees, and carry no prohibited articles in your pockets, such as lethal weapons and skeleton keys.

But as you open your gate, hung according to law, your dog slips out between your legs. He is unmuzzled, without leash, and without license; worse, he barks joyfully, to the distress of the neighbors. In most cities, as owner of the dog, you are violating three laws. If you direct any remark at the dog that might be construed as an oath, you may be violating four, especially if women or children are present.

A piece of cigar comes loose in your mouth and you spit it out onto the sidewalk—a fifth violation of law. You toss the cigar butt into the gutter, thus littering the street, which is a sixth violation of law. Stepping into your automobile, you note that one headlight is askew and mud obscures the rear license plate; but you've no time to bother with such details—and your violations of the law now number eight. Off you go at twenty-five miles an hour, in violation of the law. A pedestrian blunders into the way and you angrily threaten him with your clenched fist—a violation of the law against "threatening to fight," and also a violation of the pedestrian's rights. So far, between the gate and the end of the first block, you've broken ten laws, which gives you the benefit of the doubt on the oath.

A friend in his car draws alongside you in your car. He bets a box of cigars that he'll arrive first at the office, and you bet that he won't. You win, but in so doing you have broken the law against racing and the anti-gambling laws.

YOU park your car, contrary to law—six inches beyond the curb being the legal limit, and parking in that particular block being limited to one hour. But for years you've been giving the policeman a "present" now and then, which is bribery; what is more, you are engaged in a conspiracy with the policeman to frustrate justice, and you've become guilty of a criminal offense.

With your friend, you traverse the sidewalk to your office, see a charming young lady and covertly flirt with her, despite the law against flirting on the street. You carry a lighted cigar into the elevator, contrary to law, and while ascending you whisper to your friend a new bit of scandal about an acquaintance, which is defamation of another's character and may be criminal libel. In turn, he interests you in a scheme to beat the income-tax collector, which plunges you into another conspiracy, this time to defraud the Government. Since meeting your friend you have broken ten laws more, which gives you a total of twenty law infractions with which to start the day.

All of these laws which you have broken are well known to everybody. For the most part they are good laws, so regarded by a majority of the people. Then what chance have you, or anybody, to go through the balance of the day without fracturing at least one more of the estimated 29,980 laws which apply to the individual?

It is not only illegal to *make* a check for less than one dollar, but it is an offense to "issue, circulate, or pay out" such a dangerous instrument. Section 178 of the United States (*Continued on page 131*)

If You Ask Me:

When a Cyclone Seems to be Standing Still It's Time to Cut and Run

AN OLD native of the cyclone belt once said to me: "If a cyclone seems to be standing still it is time for you to cut and run—it means that the twister is headed straight for you."

Although my old friend didn't know it, he expressed a shrewd analogy of life in that observation of his.

If *life* seems to be standing still; if you are interested in the same people and the same things that you were interested in one, two or three years ago, and if they *look* to you exactly as they did at that time, it means that *you* are standing still. You are standing in the danger zone. And standing still in the danger zone with the "twister" of life ready to overwhelm you at any minute is just plain asking for trouble. You will not be overwhelmed by a tornado, but you will be mired in the bog of Human Inertia. The only way to live life is to live it on the move.

The tendency of the average run of folks is to stand still after they have reached maturity. Marriage and the birth of their first-born are to each of them life's last great adventures. After that, in the treadmill of living, the mind gets set in a narrow rut.

So, if the world shapes up to you as it did a while back, you can be pretty sure that you are standing still.

On the other hand, if people who seemed great a year ago now seem ordinary or commonplace, it is because you have *caught up*. So it is with books and music and many other things that are useful as standards of measurement. And if you have *caught up* you must have been going ahead—and the chances are that you will continue to go ahead.

A visit to the scenes of one's childhood is an astonishing experience. The creek that once seemed a river is now an insignificant brook; the hills are no longer imposing heights, but small elevations without lure or romance; the buildings have shrunk, the very streets have withered.

And if among those who remain in the old home town you find a few who filled you with awe as a boy, these also have lost stature and now are "old Grandpop Harvey" or "old Maria Higgingsbottom."

Everything seems changed, and yet practically nothing has changed except yourself. You have *grown*.

Now take a look back at your intellectual progress within recent years. A great idea to which you did homage a little while ago seems trivial today—a fragment of elementary thought for beginners.

But it isn't a trivial idea; it is in all ways as great as it was when it was first revealed to you. The change is in *you*. That idea was a seed that produced greater ones on which you fed, and the feeding made you grow.

Your beliefs and standards aren't what they were five years ago—not if you have escaped the tragedy of tragedies—stagnation. They are several sizes larger and are every day expanding to fit your normal growth.

The zest of life, the spice and the kick of it, are in the competition it affords. And the most interesting competition a man can have is with his passing self. So unless your life is richer and your outlook wider than they were a year ago, competition is over for you and the "twister" of life is going to flatten you into insignificance and mediocrity.

Robt Quillen.

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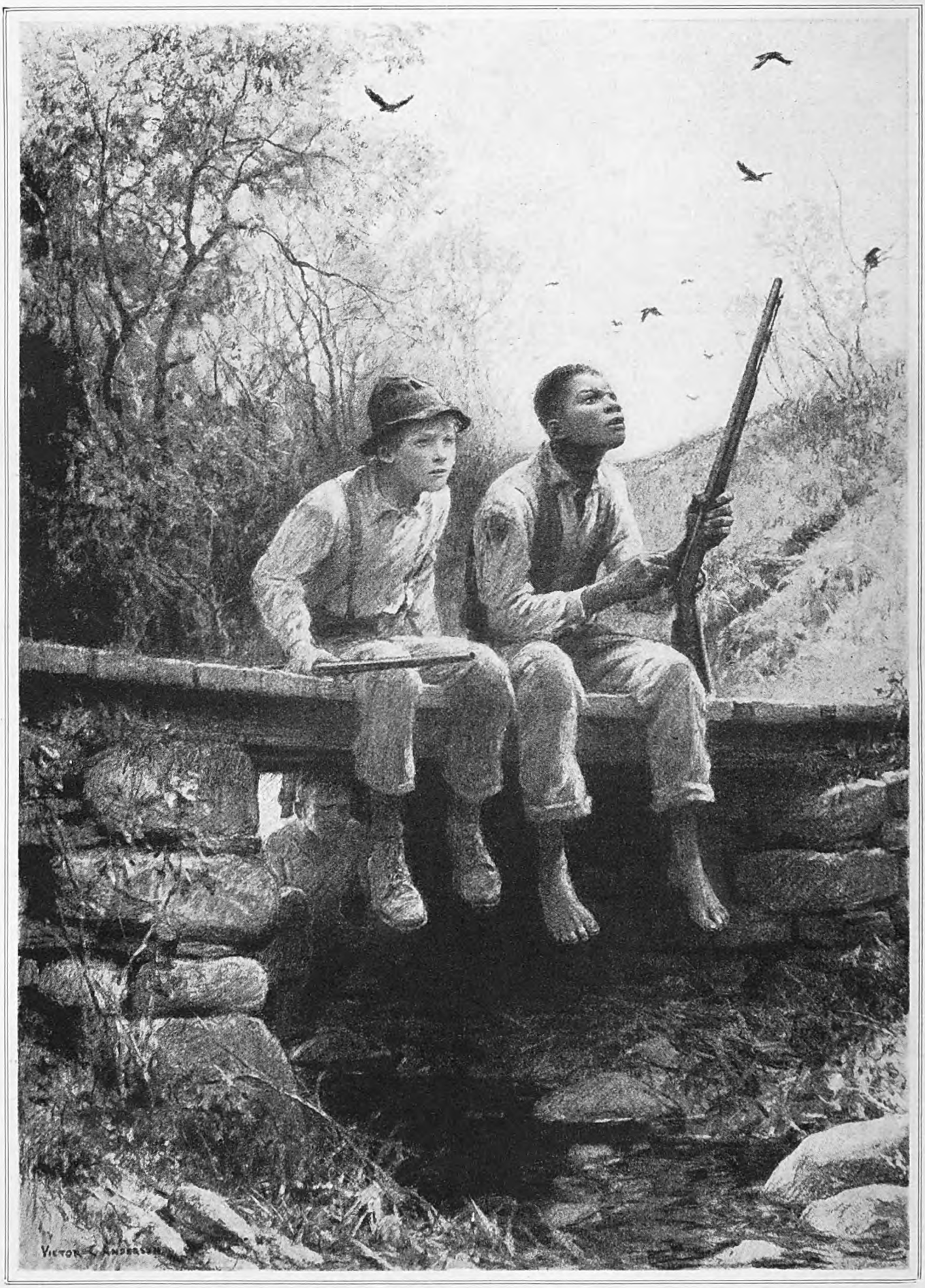

"Hyah come dat ole Judgment Crow again," said Rip, pointing

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"Crow, he smart bird," said Rip. "Pappy, he 'lows he got a soul. When folks die, crow grab his soul an' fly 'way with it . . ."

Judgment Crow

HUGH FULLERTON *tells a story of two boys and the weird adventure that befell them*

Illustrated by
VICTOR C. ANDERSON

RIP and I were hunting crows. I was twelve then and Rip was two years older than I. It was the spring after I had scarlet fever, and even until today the country people fix the time as "the year the Judgment Crow caught the murderer."

It was the first time I had been permitted to go out with the gun that had been given me as a Christmas present, and which had remained close by my bed during the long weeks of convalescence. It was late May. The leaves on many of the trees and bushes were opened full, the dogwood was white, and the Judas trees flamed against the white of haw in the thickets, where the trillium bloomed, pink and white over the wet earth.

Rip, my chum, was a negro boy. He had owned a gun for three years and was a good shot; but my new gun was better than his, and I had promised to let him shoot it.

There was a bounty offered for the heads of crows in our county in those days, and Rip and I, in planning our expeditions, assured each other we could kill enough crows to buy all our ammunition, and maybe have money left to purchase other things, possibly even a gun like my new breech-loader, for Rip.

"Crow, he smart bird," Rip remarked as we trudged toward the country. "Crow smartest bird dey is. Jay bird smart, too; but jay bird, he a plumb fool some ways. Crow always smart. Pappy say crow, he got a soul. When folks die crow grab his soul an' fly 'way with it.

"Crows know heap more dan some folks do. Dey hold court an' try each other, like white folks do. Got a jedge an' everything. Jay bird, he holler an' laugh like a fool nigger. All time squallin' an' laughin'; but when crow he caw he mean somepin. Both of dem watch niggers, an' white folks too. Jay bird, he squawk an' laugh. He doan' mind what folks do, but crow, he like de parson. If you doan' do right, he gwine scold!"

Rip lectured me thus on the ways of birds, beasts, and fishes whenever we roamed the woods or fields together, mixing the weird folk-lore of the negroes with inventions of his own imagination.

On this day we decided to hunt crows on the old Brount place, over behind the Fair Grounds, a mile from the town. The big field on the hillside was clay, washed and gullied, uncultivated and unfertilized for many years, matted with trailing dewberry vines and patches of coarse grass between clumps of blackberry bushes. A rivulet, which emptied into Moberley's Creek a mile farther down the valley, flowed along the bottom of the hill behind the Fair Grounds. The clay road, which ascended steeply to the cluster of cabins on the crest of Pea Ridge, crossed the rivulet on a small bridge.

A few hundred yards below the culvert-like bridge, in a bend of the brook, was a thicket of wild goose plums. The bushlike trees stood close together, their thorny branches making difficult the passage through the heavy growths of berry vines and bushes of the underbrush. Paths by which the cattle on the hillside descended to the brook for water wound through the thicket.

This heavy copse of wild growths was a favorite meeting place of the crows. We hoped, by stooping low and keeping hidden behind the clay banks of the brook, to approach near to the thicket unseen and to shoot into the flocks that congregated there, cawing noisily, squalling as they moved restlessly about in the trees. On that day, however, an unusual silence pervaded the thicket.

"Powerful quiet in dar today," said Rip, as he crept along down the bed of the stream. "Ain't hear no crows cawin'. Reckon maybe dey ain't holdin' court today."

WE SKIRMISHED onward until we reached the fringe of the bushes and peered up into the plum trees, which were commencing to feather with white blossoms.

"Moughty funny 'bout dat," muttered Rip. "Ain't only one crow. Dat ole Judgment Crow, he sittin' guardin' de place. All de rest done gone."

I peered over the bank. One lone crow, hopping sedately from treetop to treetop, alone was visible. As he moved about he cawed at long intervals, a low caw, just one note at a time, a pause of perhaps half a minute and another caw.

We knew the crow. He was old; very old, and dusty black instead of shiny like the younger ones. There were white spots on his wings, and holes through them. One wing was ragged where the shot of some hunter had torn it. We had seen that crow many times during the preceding autumn, always detached from the main flock.

"Sumpin' worry dat ole crow," said Rip. "He de lookout. Smartest ole crow dere is. He watchin' somepin'. He worried, an' his mind is all puzzlement."

"Let's take a shot at him," I suggested.

"Doan' be shootin' dat crow," Rip said. "Dat de Judgment Crow! He done put de cunj' on you, come you shoot at him. Ain't no use, nohow. Cain't kill dat crow 'ceptin' with a silver bullet. Dat crow watchin' somepin'. He send dem others away an' he stay an' watch."

WE CLIMBED the bank and entered the thicket, following the windings of one of the paths by which the cattle came to water. The ancient crow cawed indignantly a few times, as if angry at being disturbed, and flapped slowly away toward the fringe of woodland far down at the lower end of the field.

Rip was leading the way. Occasionally we had to hold back a thorny branch in order to follow the path, and I had dropped behind to avoid the danger of being struck by the backlash of a released branch. My companion had passed around the turn in the trail when he stopped suddenly. An instant later, his gun trailing, his big eyes rolling, his black face powdery with fear, he crashed back toward me, brushing me aside, and then stopped.

"Whoo-ooo!" he exclaimed, emitting his breath forcibly. "Daid man! Daid man in dar! 'Most tripped over him."

"Aw," I protested shakily, "you're dreaming. There ain't any dead man."

"Reckon ain't? You better come look."

"I ain't afraid to look," I boasted, although I was.

I moved forward cautiously, ready to turn and run, and peered around the turning of the trail. The huddled figure of a man lay at the side of the path. The back was toward me, a gaping hole showed in the coat—and from the hole a dark trail led to the dead leaves on the ground, across the leaves to the path, where a hoof track was half filled with dark red fluid, and something heavy had been dragged in the mud.

I stopped in a paralysis of terror and stared at the body. The sound of Rip running aroused me to realization that I was alone; alone in the middle of the thicket

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with a dead man. I turned and raced after Rip, calling to him to wait, careless of the thorny branches that scratched and tore at my hands and face. I emerged from the thicket only a short distance behind Rip, who had leaped across the branch and was running toward the road.

Rip, glancing backward in terror, slowed his gait when he saw me and, panting from fright and exertion, I caught up with him.

"Whoo-o-o!" he said. "I heard you, an' thought dat daid man was chasin' me!"

"I—I—saw it—him," I said, panting heavily. We kept glancing backward as we hurried to the road, climbed the fence, and seated ourselves on the bridge, feet hanging over the edge, to recover breath.

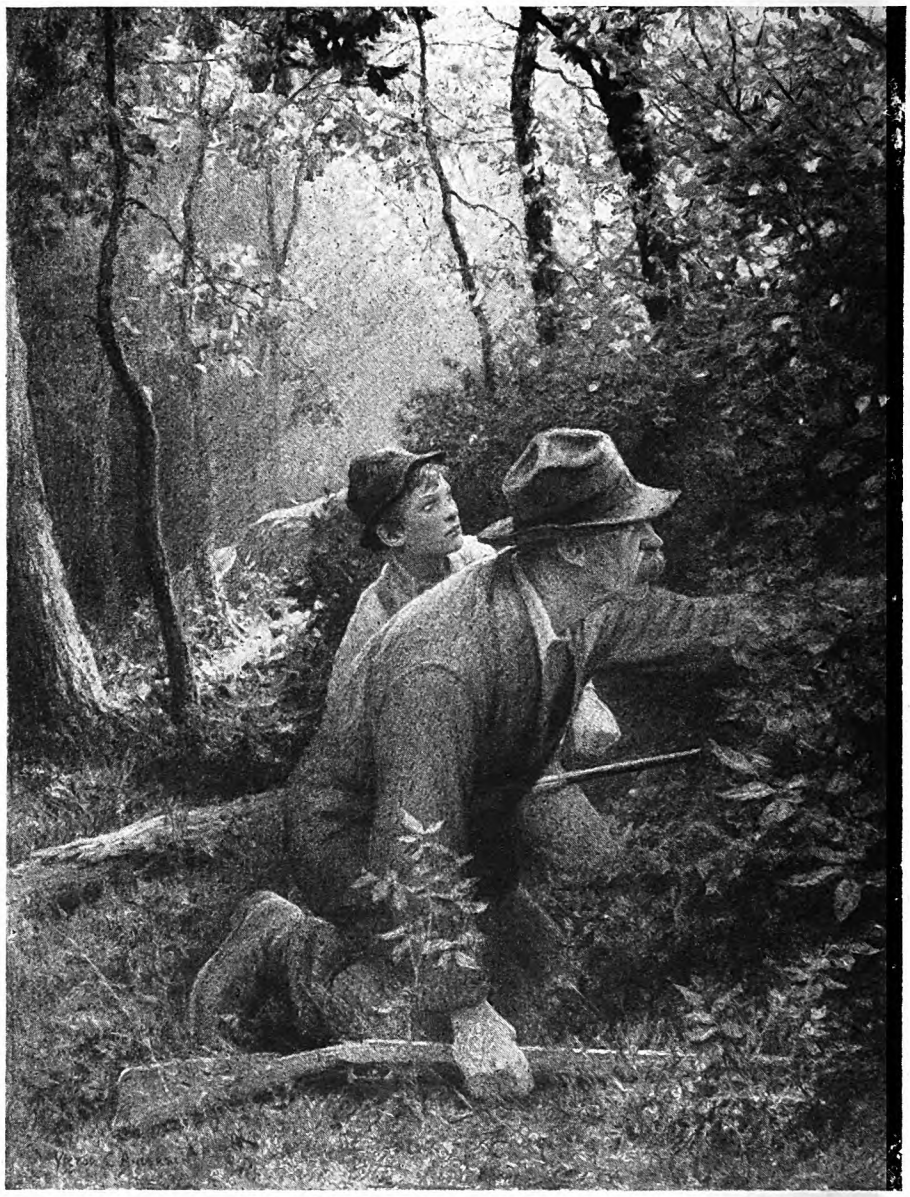
"Dat what dat ole crow watchin'," said Rip. "Ole crow, he know. He waitin' an' waitin' to cotch de man what kill dat man."

"Did you see—it—him? Who was he, Rip?"

"Me see? I doan' see nothin' but daid man. I ain't look close at no daid man. Mought be Mist' Sam Brount; but I ain't stoppin' to see for suah."

"It did look like Mr. Brount's coat," I quavered. "I hope it ain't him; he was the nicest farmer there was. He always let us hunt. I betcha someone murdered him."

"Suah, someone done murder him," said Rip. "I betcha Mist' Sam Brount, he drivin' he's cows outen de thicket, an' someone shot him. Cows go through dat path today."



The sound of someone moving stealthily came

"WHAT do you suppose anyone shot him for?"

"How I know *who* done shot him?" asked Rip, irritated. "How I know whaffor, lessen I know *who?*"

"Do you suppose the murderer was hiding in there when we went in?"

"Whoo-o-o, boy! You done get de uneasiest notions," exclaimed Rip, startled by the idea. "Maybe he hidin'. Maybe come dat man see us an' fear we done cotch him! Bang! Bang! Daid nigger! Daid white boy!"

Rip's imagination was working, and I squirmed at the thought.

"Maybe we'd better go tell someone," I suggested uneasily.

"Hyah come dat ole Judgment Crow again," said Rip, pointing.

The old crow with the tattered wing, cawing in a different tone—five sharp caws in succession—was flapping its way toward the thicket. A minute later half a dozen other crows, cawing rapidly, as if excited, emerged from the woods and followed the leader. The flock settled in the thorny thicket, with much flapping and moving about and excited cawing. From far down the valley crows began to appear as dots against the sky. Others came over the tops of the row of barns at the rear of the Fair Grounds, and yet others from the trees far up on top of the ridge.

Within a few minutes crows appeared on the horizon from all directions, flying straight and fast, cawing constantly, and all converging on the plum thicket. A hundred or more of the big black birds were moving among the trees, cawing and flapping their wings, and the noise increased steadily as new additions to the flock arrived.

"What I done tell you?" demanded Rip.. "Dat ole crow, he de judge. He call all dem other crows to come to court; jest like Mist' John Williams leanin' out the courthouse winder.

"Dat ole crow, he smart. He call 'em together. An' tell 'em what he done find in de bresh. He say: 'All you lazy crows, fly roun' an' find dat murderer man.' He de boss."

"Do you think they'll ever find out who did it?" I asked.

"Suah, dey find out," said Rip, scornful of my question. "Dat ole crow gwine tell. Ole crow, he call all de other crows, an' he says: 'Boys! Daid man down dere. Someone done kill him. You all fly 'roun' an' find out who done it.' Maybe some crow see him an' tell ole crow. Maybe not. All de crows scatter an' look for dat murderer. Come maybe dey can't find him. Den de ole crow, he call de jay birds, an' say: 'Jay birds, quit you-all foolishment. Someone done kill a man. Find out who done it.'

"Ole crow, he wise. He know jay bird nosey bird, all time watchin' folks' business an' yellin' like he gwine tell. Dey tell ole crow. Suah, dey cotch dat murderer man."

"But how will the old crow tell the sheriff?" I inquired.

RIP'S eyes rolled and his face grew serious while he mulled over the problem and let his imagination run riot.

"Dat easy," he said scornfully. "Ole crow, he keep follerin' murderer man 'roun', cawin' at him, till Mist' John Williams, he notice. Den Mist' John done arrest dat man."

There was a slight sound as of movement under the bridge. Rip, leaning over until his face was below the level of the boards, peered under them. He straightened suddenly, his eyes big with alarm.

"Whoo-o-o!" he said in low tones. "Man under de bridge!"

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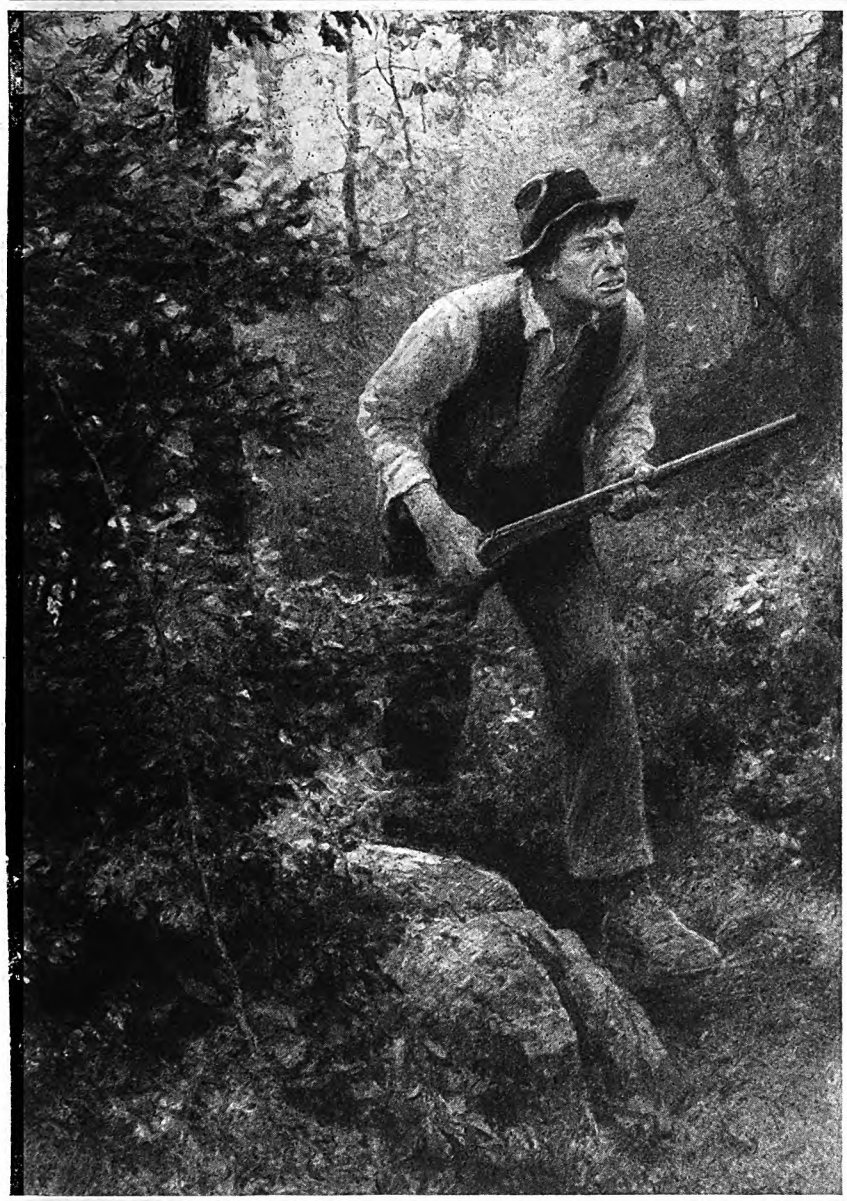

from the other side of the hazel bushes

My legs jerked upward spasmodically and, rolling onto my stomach, I looked over the edge of the bridge, peering into that semi-darkness under it. A villainous face, distorted with fear or rage, was staring toward me, the bulk of the big body outlined against the sunlight at the opposite end of the structure. He was in his undershirt. His shirt was hanging from a beam. A gun, its butt on a rock in the stream, was leaning against the stones of the abutment. The man was half crouched over, and in the act of reaching out a hand for the gun when I saw him.

RIP and I rolled to our feet and, tiptoeing softly in the dust for a dozen yards, broke into full flight, panic adding to our pace as we raced up the hill, threw our guns over the high fence and clambered over it, dropping down into the safety of the Fair Grounds.

"Whoo-o!" puffed Rip, with eyes bulging, "dat de murderer man."

"Washing the blood off himself," I panted in terror.

"You was scairt," sneered Rip.

"So was you."

"I wasn't 'zactly scairt. I was kind o' 'sprised. I was feared he'd grab me by de laigs. De murderer man listenin' to us," Rip went on. "He know we done find de daid man. Wisht I'd pointed my gun at him and cotched him."

"Why didn't you?" I sneered, suspecting his words covered fear.

"I—I didn't think of it—jest den," he apologized.

"Let's go tell someone," I suggested.

"Let's go tell Mist' Rufe," Rip amended.

Mr. Rufe was the superintendent of the Fair Grounds, and owned the fastest race horses in the country. He was preparing to exercise a horse driven to a light dog cart, when we found him at the barns far across the grounds.

"Hello, boys," he said. "Been hunting?"

"Mist' Rufe," said Rip, eyes bulging and face shining with excitement, "us done find a daid man."

"Dead man?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes," I said. "Someone shot him. He is in the plum thicket back of the grounds."

"Jump in the cart, boys," he said quickly. "We'll go notify the sheriff and the coroner."

THE ride into town was something over which we boasted for weeks. No other boy in town had been permitted to ride with Mr. Rufe behind a real race horse. Rip and I clung to the dog cart as we sped uptown, envious youngsters gazing at us in admiring disbelief. Twenty minutes later we were in the sheriff's office and a short time afterward we were riding out High Street, our importance much enhanced, in a procession consisting of the buggies of the sheriff, the coroner and Doctor Ben.

We led the way to the thicket, hanging back a little while the men went forward. Deep in the thorny tangle they found the body of Sam Brount.

"Someone hid here," said the coroner, pointing to thick undergrowth. "Sam came to drive the cows out of the thicket and the man shot him."

Rip and I were heroes in the eyes of the other boys during the ensuing days and swelled with our importance. The brutal murder of the kindly farmer who supplied milk to many of the families aroused the indignation of the community. We told our stories to the coroner's jury, described the finding of the body and of catching sight of the man who had washed his shirt in the branch under the bridge, saying nothing of our flight from the scene. The sand under the bridge, and the clay in the thicket path were examined for tracks; but the cattle had waded and walked over the old tracks and no marks were found that would aid the officials. The coroner's jury found that Samuel Brount came to his death by gunshot wounds at the hands of a person, or persons, unknown.

Brount was not known to have any enemies. He was a kindly, friendly man, a good neighbor and citizen. His widow said he had left home after breakfast, telling her some cows had strayed, and she did not hear of him again until noon, when word that he had been killed reached her. Neither Rip nor I could furnish any description of the man we had seen crouching under the bridge. Neither recognized him, as we had nothing more than a vague glimpse of him, and the light under the bridge was not good.

"I was certain he was a large man, that the shirt hanging on the timber to dry was a light blue, and that he was hatless. Rip testified that his eyes looked as big as saucers and that he had a short beard.

No one had seen a man approaching or leaving the place, and it was certain that he had avoided the road and taken to the shelter of the brush after leaving the bridge.

In spite of the fact that Rip assured me half a dozen times the old Judgment Crow was certain to expose the murderer, the chances of his capture seemed remote. The community settled back into its regular order of life and, after a few days, Rip and I resumed our hunting expeditions although, without mentioning the reason, we avoided the big field back of the Fair Grounds, and especially the plum thicket. (*Continued on page 96*)

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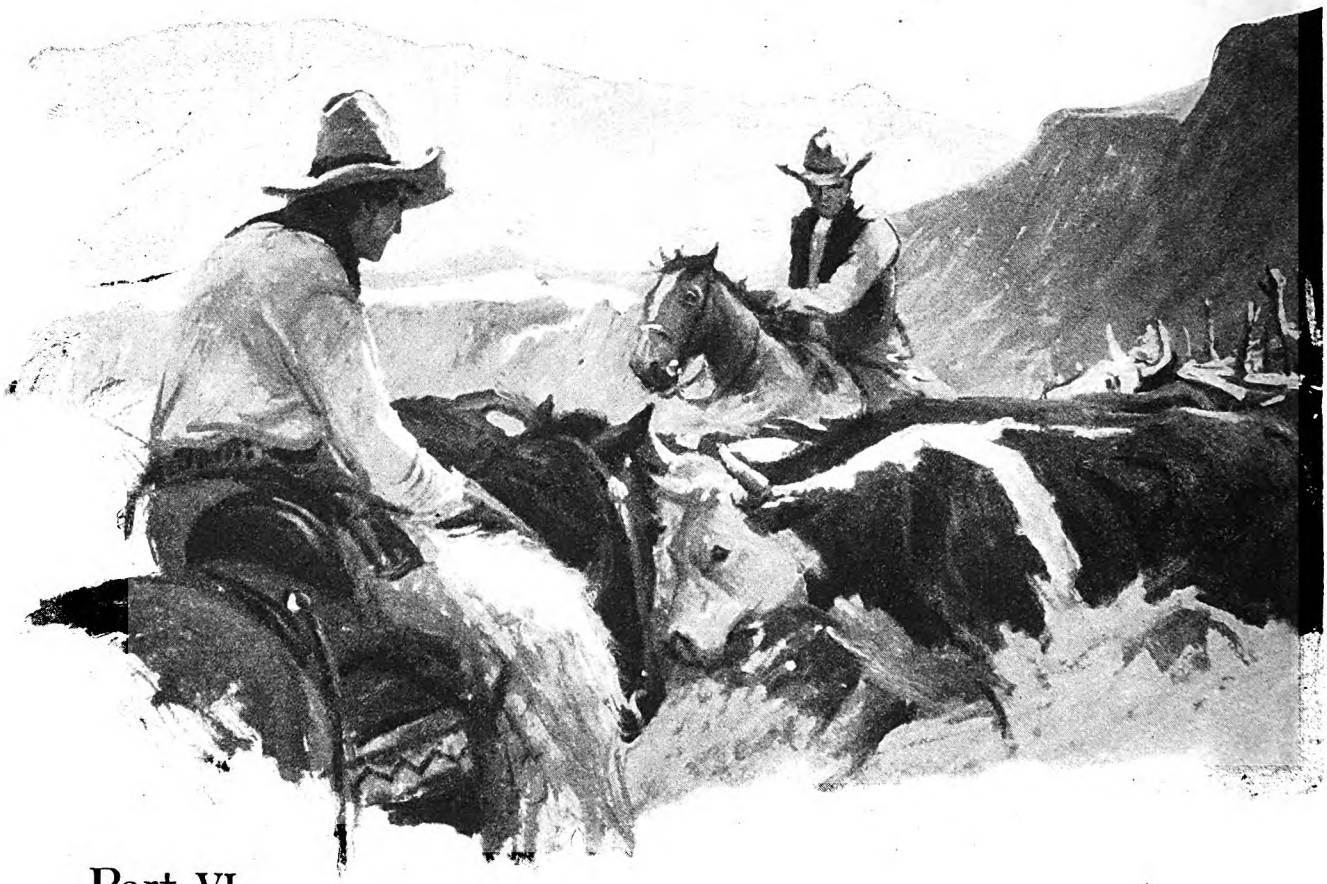
Sunset Pass BY ZANE GREY

A strange and thrilling drama of frontier days

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner



Part VI

LONG after the Prestons had stalked away Rock lay behind the log, thinking over the peril he had been in and the revelation that had accompanied it. Late, he stole like an Indian to his cabin, made his bed inside, and, barring the door, lay down just as he was.

In the morning he watched from his window until Ash left, then went out to breakfast. Thiry did not appear. Preston came out while Rock was eating, and said:

"Rock, I've a job fer you thet'll take you away some time. The boys are gettin' a pack outfit ready. They know where to go. I want five hundred head of two-year-old steers in the flat down there by Slagle's ranch. By August."

"You're the boss, Preston. But are you sure you won't need me more right here?"

Preston bent toward Rock and lowered his voice: "It ain't what I'd like or need. I had no idee last night thet I'd send you off this mornin'. But it popped into my head."

"Ahuh! Who popped it?"

"Thiry. She asked me to. Ash is wuss than ever before. An' fer once Thiry seemed to be thinkin' of somebody else but him."

"How is she feelin', Preston?" asked Rock anxiously.

"Wal, she perked up when I told her I'd send you."

"Suits me fine. Don't mind tellin' you, Boss, that Ash is almost gettin' on my nerves."

"Haw! Haw! Almost gettin', hey? Wal, if you ain't made out of stone I'll eat my hat. My nerves *are* shot to pieces."

Rock got up and stepped over the bench, without looking at Preston.

"Small wonder, Boss. Reckon you'd do well to hawg-tie Ash, an' hang 'round the Pass for a month."

THIS speech had been the outcome of impressions Rock had received from Preston's manner and words. He spoke it curtly, with never a glance, then he walked away toward his cabin. It did not suit Rock just then to leave the Pass without a hint to Preston.

Rock repaired to his cabin and rolled his bed and packed the things he would need.

He wavered between two strong desires: Either to see Thiry before he left or write to her. The better course would be to write, because he could put on paper what there would be no chance to speak. No sooner did he decide than he realized it was an opportunity not to be lost. Therefore, with lead pencil and paper, he sat down to his little table and began, with hand that he could not keep steady and heart which accelerated a beat for every word:

THIRY DARLING: Your dad has ordered me away for several weeks, maybe more. I am glad to go, though not to see your sweet face for so long will be terrible. But I shall work like a beaver, and content myself with thinking of you by day and dreaming of you by night—with praying for your happiness and welfare.

I want you to know this, so that while I'm gone you may remember me often. My conscience flays me still for what I brought upon you at the dance. But I don't ask forgiveness for that so much as for what happened on Winter's porch. Still, if I had no more to sustain me, Thiry, through what seems to be the hardest trial of my life, that kiss you gave me would be enough. I know you meant only unheeding gratitude. But, nevertheless, you kissed me, and I can never be a rational being again.

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Dunne made several weak attempts to call off the inspection, but Rock rigorously held him and his men to a count of every steer that passed the gateway

Don't worry, Thiry dear, about Ash, or me, or whatever it is that is wrong. You can't help it. And it will not turn out so bad as you think. Nothing ever does. I believe that if you were to fall into some really dreadful trouble I could save you. Now, what do you think of that for a fellow's faith in himself? Of course, by trouble, I mean something concerning Ash. I must not deceive you, dearest, your brother is the kind of range man that comes to a bad end. You must face this with courage. You must realize that he might involve your father, you, and all of your people in something through which you could suffer.

It is no use to try to change Ash. You waste your strength. The more you do for him the less he will appreciate. I think you can only pray and hope for the best. You will have a good long rest from my disturbing presence, during which time you must think earnestly and fight for that endurance women of the West must have.

My mother and sister tried the pioneer life for a while. It was too much for them. But you are of stronger stuff. Remember that Allie and Lucy must find their spirit in you.

I shall think of you every sunset, and see you come out to watch the Pass.

Ever, TRUEMAN.

Returning to the Preston cabin, Rock looked for Alice to deliver his note to Thiry, but as she was not there he ventured of his own accord. Slipping it under the door of Thiry's cabin, he beat a rather precipitate retreat. Nevertheless, he heard the door open, and, turning, saw Thiry pick up the missive, and then stand to look at him. Rock waved his hand. Would she return his salute?

SHE did not, to his dismay. Still, he turned again and again to look over his shoulder, as he hurried away. Finally, she waved, then quickly shut the door. Rock's dismay was transformed to delight. She had his letter and she had waved good-by. He could not have asked or hoped for more. That would serve him well during his sojourn in the woods.

In half an hour he sat astride Egypt, bound down the Pass. This trip would be a welcome respite, and, from every angle, favorable for him. Two hours later he was climbing the benches into the black timber, and late that afternoon he halted with the boys in a wild and sylvan spot, to make a permanent camp.

"Boys, your dad has stuck us with a job he thinks we can't do," observed Rock, at the camp fire. "Five hundred of two-year-olds by August."

"Can't be did," replied Tom, throwing up his hands.

"By thunder! What's eatin' Dad these days?" exclaimed Harry.

"Let's fool him once," added Al, with spirit. "There's 'nother dance in town along early in August. An' if you-all want a hunch—there's Somebody who says I gotta be on hand."

"That's the talk, Al," said Rock. "If

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we can find a canyon or draw somewhere close, we'll drive what we round up each day, and fence them in."

"Good big draw over here. Water an' grass. Once been fenced in; but the poles are down. Reckon we could fix it up pronto."

Before they went to bed, Rock had imbued the brothers with something of his own will to do or die. Next morning they were up in the dark, had the horses in at dawn, breakfast before sunrise, and were on the drive when the first tinges of rose colored the rims of the Pass.

One night Al got in late, weary and sullen. Rock knew something untoward had happened, but he waited until the lad had eaten and rested.

"What did you run up on today, cowboy?" queried Rock, at length.

"I was up under the Notch," replied Al, "an' first thing, I seen a couple of riders high up, watchin' me. Reckon they never lost sight of me all day."

"Dog-gone!" ejaculated Rock.

The twins were silent, which fact did not argue for a favorable reception of this news.

THREE days later, miles east of the Notch, Rock's alert eye caught sight of riders above him on a slope, keeping behind the trees, and no doubt spying upon him with a glass. Though boiling with rage, he went right on driving, as if he were none the wiser.

Then, a couple of days before the full five hundred head had been herded into the canyon-corral, the thing Rock expected came to pass. Early in the morning, at breakfast hour, a group of riders, five in number, rode down upon the camp.

"Boys, reckon I don't like this," said Rock gruffly. "But you take it natural-like, and I'll do the talkin'."

As the riders entered camp, Rock rose from his seat beside the camp fire to greet the visitors. They were seasoned range-riders, a hard-looking quintet, not one of whom Rock had ever seen. They probably belonged to the Wyoming outfit which had come from the North with Hesbitt. It took no second glance for Rock to decide they did not know him by sight or reputation.

"Howdy. Just in time for grub," he said heartily.

"Much obliged, but we had ourn," replied the leader, a bronzed, rugged cowman, with bright bold eyes that roved everywhere. "Gage Preston outfit?"

"Part of it," replied Rock, not so cordially.

"Round-up or drivin' a herd?" went on the interlocutor.

"We're drivin' five hundred head of two-year-olds down the Pass. Reckon another day or so will make the full count," rejoined Rock.

"Big job for so few punchers. Where you got the herd bunched?"

"We fenced a canyon across the creek," returned Rock, pointing eastward.

"Don't know the lay of the land," went on the leader. "Haven't rid long on this range."

"Shore, you didn't have to tell me that," replied Rock bluntly. "You're from Wyomin', and ridin' for Hesbitt."

"How'd you know thet?"

"Reckon nobody else would brace *me* this way."

"You? Which one of the Prestons might you be? I've seen Ash Preston out on the range, an' you're shore not him."

"I might be any one of the other six Prestons," rejoined Rock, with dry sarcasm. "Hadn't you better hand over your callin' card before asking me to introduce myself?"

"I'm Jim Dunne, foreman for Hesbitt," replied the rider.

"All right. How do, Mr. Dunne. A blind cowboy could see your call isn't friendly. Now, what do you want?"

"Wal, we've come over to have a look at your herd," answered Dunne.

"Ahuh!" Rock strode half way across the camp space to confront Dunne. "Just to see if by accident we didn't round up a couple of Half Moon steers? Dunne, you bet your life you're goin' to look over our herd. Then I'll call you, plumb straight!"

One of Dunne's men whispered to him, with visible effect.

"Say, are you this fellar Rock?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, I'm Rock. Reckon that doesn't mean anythin' to you. But maybe it will later."

"Wal, I can't see as there's any reason to be riled," returned Dunne, shifting in his saddle, evidently now wanting to conciliate Rock.

"That's because you don't know this range," said Rock curtly, and then turned to the Preston brothers: "Boys, we'll drive the steers out of the canyon for inspection. We'll head them down into the Pass. Then we'll pack and go on in."

Rock relentlessly held the Half Moon outfit on both sides of the corral gate while the cowboys drove the steers out in single file, and in twos and threes. It was Rock's task to head them down toward the Pass, which was easy after the leaders got started.

DUNNE made several weak attempts to call off the inspection, but Rock rigorously held him and his men to a count of every steer that passed the gateway. It was a long, tedious job.

"Dunne, between you-all you've seen every head of stock we've driven," said Rock, when he had dismounted to face the men. "You didn't see one Half Moon brand, did you?"

"Can't say I did."

"And you, punchers? Neither did you?"

"No, Rock, we didn't," replied the one who had whispered to Dunne. "An' if we'd had our way this deal wouldn't hev come off."

"All right. Dunne, go for your gun!" commanded Rock.

"What!" ejaculated Dunne hoarsely, his face turning yellow.

"Can't you hear? Any man who thinks me a rustler has got to back it with his gun."

"Rock, I—I—we— Throwin' guns wasn't in my orders."

"Dunne, you don't fit on this range," replied Rock, in bitter scorn. "Keep out of my way hereafter." Then he turned to the other riders! "Reckon you're not willin' parties to this raw deal Dunne gave me. Any self-respectin' cowboy, if he calls another a rustler, knows it's true, and is ready to fight. Tell Hesbitt exactly what happened here. If you don't, I'll hold it against you. Tell him rotten gossip on the range isn't proof of an outfit's guilt."

"All right, Rock, we'll shore give Hesbitt the straight of this," replied a rider.

The four mounted men rode away, and Dunne made haste to get astride and follow.

Three days later, early in the afternoon, Rock and his cowboys left the herd of steers in the meadow land below Slagle's ranch, and rode on home, a weary and silent four, scattered wide along the lane.

THE labor of the past few weeks had been so strenuous and the application to it so zealous that Rock scarcely realized the lapse of time. What had happened at Sunset Pass during the interim? He hoped but little. What pleasure he might have had in driving the herd down to the Pass, ahead of schedule, had been spoiled by the advent of the Half Moon outfit and the necessity of revealing it to Preston.

Rock asked the brothers to keep their mouths shut; but strict observance of their promise was not likely. Indeed, by the time he had shaved and changed his clothes there came rapid footfalls, followed by a thump on his cabin door.

Rock slid back the bar, whereupon Preston stamped in, with Ash close behind him.

"Howdy, Boss," said Rock cheerfully, and nodded to Ash.

"Al busted in with a wild story," broke out Preston; "said Hesbitt's outfit spied on you while you was drivin'. Then they rode into your camp. Five of them. Fellar named Dunne in charge. He was mean as a skunk, an' said he'd look your herd over. But when you called him, an' he found out who you was he tried to hedge. Al says you made him inspect every steer you had—an' after thet dared him to throw a gun. Al was terrible excited. Darn fool blurted thet all out in front of the folks. Rock, was he just loco, or is he exaggeratin' a little run-in you had with one of Hesbitt's outfits?"

"Boss, Al told the truth, and put it mild at that," replied Rock, and turned to tie his scarf before the mirror. In the glass he saw Preston's eyes roll and fix with terrible accusation upon his son.

"Sit down, both of you," went on Rock, and presently faced them again. Ash was coolly rolling a cigarette, his face a mask. Preston had been drinking of late, but appeared sober, and now, though grim and angry, met Rock's glance steadily.

"Wal, thet's short an' sweet," he said. "Now, Rock, suppose you tell us everythin' thet come off."

Thus adjured, Rock began a minute narrative of the situation from the day Al caught the two riders spying upon him from the slope.

"Rock," said Preston finally, "suppose Dunne couldn't have been bluffed? What then?"

"I'd have bored him," answered Rock. "And I told Dunne to keep out of my way. If I meet him—"

"Wal, Rock," interposed Ash, in a voice that made Rock's flesh creep, "I'll see to it. I'll meet him first."

"Cowboy, I never expected you'd stand up fer me thet way," burst out Preston, genuinely moved. "'Course, I never knew you. It means more'n I can

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tell you, havin' my youngsters be with you then. I just can't thank you."

"Don't try," returned Rock, turning it off with an easy laugh.

Preston paced the room, gazing down at the bare rough-hewn floor.

"Reckon this hyar deal wouldn't be particular bad for me, if it wasn't fer our butcherin' bizness," he remarked, as if thoughtfully to himself. Rock, however, divined that was a calculating speech.

"You hit it, Gage. There's the rub. My hunch is you must quit the butcherin'," said Rock deliberately, his eye on Ash.

"I will, by thunder!" replied the rancher, wheeling instinctively to face his son.

Ash rose out of the cloud of smoke. At that moment, for Trueman Rock, nothing in the world could have been so desirable as to smash that face. Ash took no notice of his father's decision. He flipped his cigarette butt almost at Rock.

"I'm butcherin' tomorrow, Mr. Rock," he asserted.

"Butcher and be darned," retorted Rock, absolutely mimicking the other's tone.

"You're gettin' too thick out here," said Ash, backing to the door, which he opened. "I told you once to clear out. This's the second time. There won't be no third!"

Ash backed out the door, his wonderful blue eyes like fire under ice, then he stalked off the porch toward his cabin.

"Gage, that bull-headed son of yours will be the ruin of you," said Rock, turning to the rancher.

"Lord, don't I know it?" groaned Preston from under his huge hands.

ROCK remained away from the supper table, though the second bell rang. He found in his pack enough to satisfy him. He did not feel hunger. It was a trying hour, as he watched from his window.

Presently Rock saw Preston, accompanied by Thiry, come out of his cabin, and cross over to enter Ash's. A light flashed from the window. Rock's first thought was to creep under that window and listen. But for the risk to Thiry, he would have done so; however, he decided to go down through the grove and come up between Ash's cabin and Thiry's, and wait for her.

It was quite dark when he slipped out. He stole among the trees, and, making a half circle, he came up to the bench under Thiry's pine, and sat down there to wait, thrilling with anticipation of soon seeing her white form emerge from the blackness.

But an hour passed. She did not come. Another went by! The light burned in Ash's window, and now and then a dark form cast a shadow. The conference was still going on. Rock knew surely that Thiry had not left Ash's cabin; he had watched for that, all the time he had circled it.

The night threatened to be stormy. The stillness gave place to a moaning of the wind, and thunder rumbled nearer. Drops of rain pattered on Rock's bare head. The lightning flared brighter, showing the black mountains, and the Pass leading to them.

All the lights except that one in Ash's cabin were now out. The hours passed, strangely full for Rock. The longer he waited, the less impatience he felt. He had been drawn into the whirlpool of this Preston catastrophe, and he would stick it out, come what might. How the wind moaned overhead! It was like a knell. And the weird flashes of lightning along the battlements of the horizon fitted the melancholy sound.

IT MUST have been long after midnight when Rock heard a door close. He waited, straining eyes and ears, beginning to wonder if he had been mistaken about not missing Thiry. He reassured himself. Another door closed, and that, he was sure, had come from Preston's cabin.

Then out of the blackness a slender vague shape glided, like a specter. The darkness was deceptive. Rock let her get right upon him, so close he could have touched her, and his heart suddenly contracted violently.

"Thiry! Thiry!" he whispered, unable to make his voice clear or steady. He heard her gasp. Like a statue she stood. He had a poignant instant of remorse for succumbing to his selfish longing to see her. This would alienate her further.

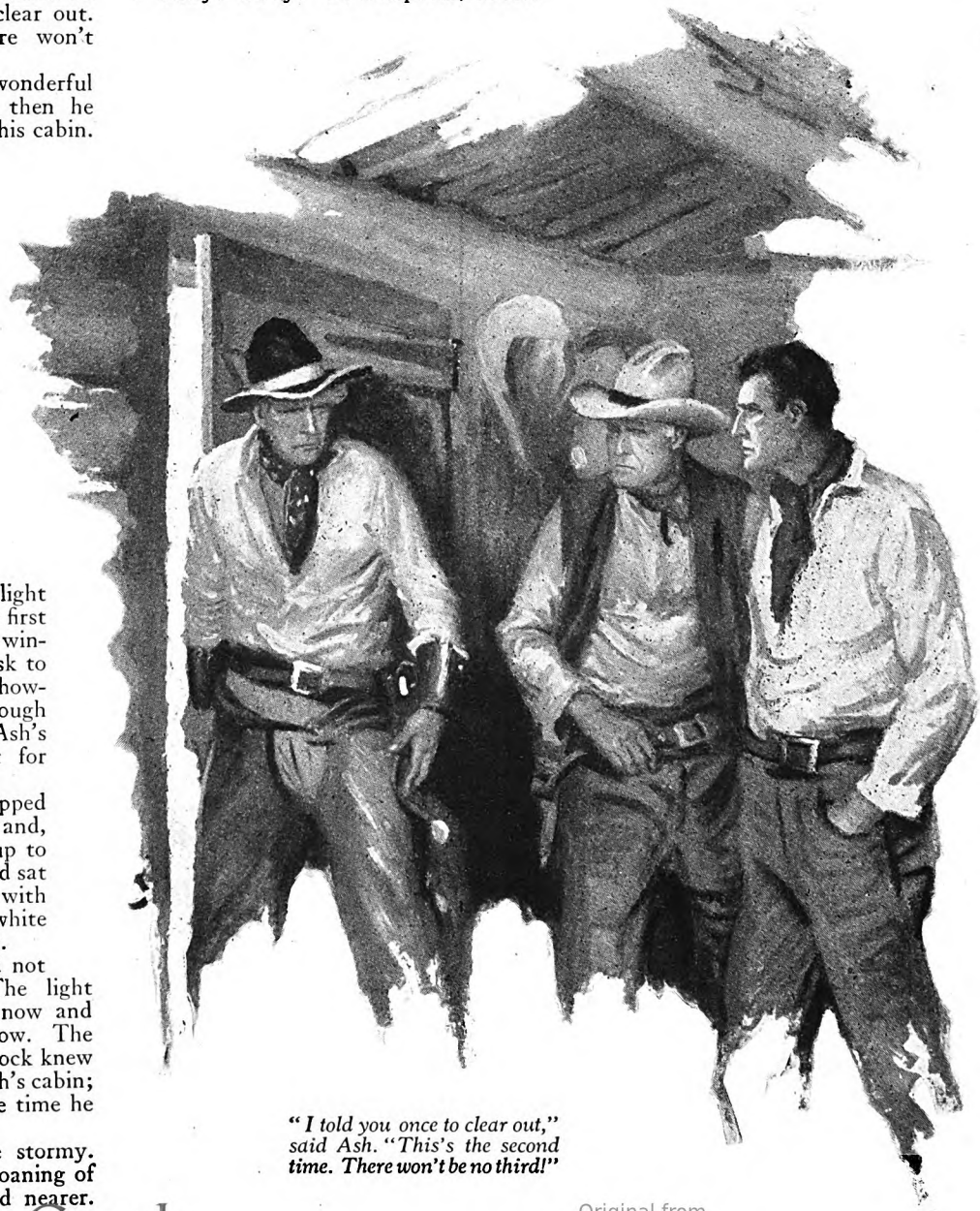
"Thiry! Don't be frightened. I waited. . . . It's Trueman," he whispered.

"You!" she cried, and seemed to loom on him out of the shadows. Her arms swept wide and that extraordinary action paralyzed Rock. The next instant they closed 'round his neck.

Rock stood stiff and immovable as the pine tree by his side; but his mind, his heart, received the fact of that embrace with tumultuous violence. Scarcely had Thiry clasped him when she uttered a cry and released the convulsive hold, her hands unlocking, and sliding down from each shoulder as if bereft of strength.

"Oh . . . I'm . . . beside myself!" she whispered.

Taking her hand, Rock led her to a seat on the bench under the pine, where she sank almost in collapse, her head bowed. Rock resisted his natural impulses—crushed down the exultation of the moment. *(Continued on page 135)*



"I told you once to clear out," said Ash. "This's the second time. There won't be no third!"

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© CAPT. C. W. R. KNIGHT

He Trained a Wild Eagle to Eat Out of His Hand

IT WAS one fine morning in the early spring of 1915. The World War was almost a year old. In the Ypres salient, the front-line trenches of the English ran through an abandoned farm fringed by a few acres of wood. The German front lines were only a hundred yards away.

In the British trenches, two young men sat with their backs against a lot of sand bags and talked about home. They were sick of the dirt and carnage of war, and they were bored by inactivity.

Just at that moment, a clear trill came from the strip of wood lying between them and the enemy. The tall young man cocked an ear skyward. "By Jove," he exclaimed; "it's a golden oriole!"

They listened a moment longer.

Then the tall one said: "I say, let's go out and get a picture of it. Probably there's a nest and some young ones too."

But the other young man very sensibly refused to run the risk of being made into a sieve by German guns. Whereupon, the tall one strapped his camera to his back and, climbing cautiously over the top, wriggled away.

In spite of the smart rat-tat-tat of a machine gun that raked the wood every few minutes he made his objective in safety. Shinning up to the top of a tree that grew next to the one in which the oriole nested, he made some fine pictures of the bird and her family and took them back in triumph to his comrades in the trenches.

The young soldier who performed this gallant and perhaps somewhat foolhardy feat was Captain C. W. R. Knight. This was not the first time he had risked his life to make a picture of a bird. Nor the last time.

Today, Captain Knight is famous as a lecturer, nature writer, and photographer of wild life. He has just concluded a series of highly successful lecture engagements in the United States. I heard him at the Museum of Natural History in New York, where he showed his remarkable film of the private life of a family of golden eagles. This magnificent motion picture, revealing in dramatic detail the intimate home life of the king of birds, has been hailed by ornithologists and camera men everywhere as one of the outstanding photographic achievements of the decade.

Not only has Captain Knight filmed the family life of the most powerful and unapproachable of birds, but he has also tamed a golden eagle and trained it to hunt from his wrist, as falcons were trained to do in the Middle Ages. So far as is known, no other living man has ever trained a golden eagle.

"For years," he told me, "it had been my great ambition to obtain a comprehensive film of the life of the golden eagle. But not until the spring of 1926 did the realization of this dream seem even remotely possible. "At this time, I received from a stalker in the north of Scotland a letter containing the happy news that he had spotted a golden eagle's eyrie. I decided to try my luck at once. Much to my delight, my friend, C. I. Blackburne, offered to go with me.

"Loaded down with cameras, a battery of lenses, two complete 'hides,' thousands of feet of film, coils of wire and rope, and the insides of an old alarm clock to accustom the birds to the whirr of the motion picture camera in operation, we set out one day in quest of the golden eagle.

"At last, we found the eyrie. In it were two eaglets surrounded by food—the intact bodies of six grouse, three or four rabbits, and the remains of several hares. Built on a ledge of an outcrop of rock some sixty feet high, the nest could be looked at easily enough from above. But to obtain a satisfactory camera view from a suitable elevation was apparently impossible. Finally, we managed to build a 'hide' about nine feet above the nest, and only fourteen feet from its center.

"At such precariously close quarters, and with the camera resting on a rock, I watched the mighty golden eagle return to her nest. The spread of her great wings was well over seven feet. She could pick up a lamb in her powerful talons. Of course, if she had discovered us and had taken it into her head to do so, she could have made things very uncomfortable.

"The thing that impressed me most was the extreme gentleness of this gigantic bird in feeding her voracious young. It was in striking contrast to the rough, hurried methods of small birds like the chaffinch, or the tiny golden-crested wren, say. Even after the eaglets have learned to fly and fend for themselves a bit, the mother still searches them out with gifts of food.

"The eagle which I tamed was sent me from Scotland by a friendly gamekeeper who had decided that eagles were account-

(At the top) Captain C. W. R. Knight, whose extraordinary occupation is taming and training eagles; and in the lower picture, Grampian, the wild golden eagle that Captain Knight first tamed, then liberated

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ing for too many grouse. People always say, 'Didn't it take a great deal of patience to tame a wild thing like an eagle?' And I always answer, 'No.' It took a great deal of time; but every minute of it was rare sport to me.

"The steps in the training were simple and natural: My eagle weighed about thirty pounds. He was a very powerful bird when he came to me and, of course, a very dangerous one.

"First, I kept him in a dark room, so that he might not be confused and frightened by too many new objects at once. I even fed him in the dark. In a few days, he would feed out of my hand while I gently stroked him with a feather.

"Eventually, I promoted him to feeding in candle light, and thence, by easy stages, to daylight. By this time he associated me with food and friendliness. He had absolutely no fear of me. I now carried him about a good deal to accustom him to people, things, and noises. In this way, he soon lost all nervousness.

"The next step was to teach him to hunt. At first, I would set him on a gate or some similar elevation, unhood him, and, with a bit of meat, coax him to fly to my wrist. Later, I would allow him to fly the length of a long piece of rope attached to the jesses, or strips of leather about his legs. He was always rewarded by food when he flew back to me. Finally, I got my pupil to the point where I could safely let him fly free of the rope and be sure that he would come back to me in a short while.

"In the end, Grampian was liberated on one of the Duke of Sutherland's deer forests, where golden eagles are strictly preserved."

Captain Knight was born in Kent, England. As a schoolboy in his native Kent, he was exceedingly lonely and unhappy because he could make no headway at cricket and the other team games that his schoolmates played. His holidays were spent in taking long walks, during which he made friends with the birds and wild creatures. Although he was poor at cricket, he was expert at climbing trees. He learned the habits of the birds, and he learned to make their calls, so that they would come at his whistle.

In those days, young Knight was always fooling around with his camera. Soon he became skilled in catching pictures of bird and animal life in action. He sent some of these snapshots to a nature magazine in London, and received an order to write a short article about the birds he had photographed. Then came the war.

After the war, he took up his nature writing and photography where he had left off. Two years ago he got a chance to film the golden eagle, as I have already told you, and his film was a sensation in London, where it ran for fifteen weeks at one of the biggest theatres.

MILDRED HARRINGTON

Mrs. W. B. Bierce, of Detroit, discovered that her facility in making dainty knots and bows out of ribbon would enable her to help girls who needed help. Now this is Mrs. Bierce's life work

Her Ribbon Novelties Saved 300 Girls

ON a desk in the home of Mrs. W. B. Bierce in Detroit, Michigan, there lies a neat, sober, businesslike scrapbook, bound in black. Within its pages are almost three hundred letters full of passionate gratitude for succor in the emergencies of everyday affairs. Each letter carries a woman's signature, and most of them are signed by women whose years entitle them to be called "girls." Here and there between the letters are photographs. I paused at one, that of a fat, healthy, rollicking schoolgirl. There was a single line written beneath:

"This is the life you saved."

Eugenia Bierce, the owner of this remarkable scrapbook, is a comfortable, well-poised woman with a wholesome air and an unobtrusive personality. When she opened the book for me, she said in a well-measured voice, without a trace of emotion:

"This is my life work, to date."

As I read, I marveled. For here were the stories of crises in the lives of three hundred girls who had been plunged into the depths of want, and sorrow, and suffering, and who had been brought back to peace and comfort and well-being. I marveled still more when my hostess set before me an array of ribbon bows and ribbon roses, such as are worn upon baby's dresses or on dainty lingerie.

"It began during the World War, when I found that I could not roll good Red Cross bandages," she said, smiling. "One of my friends urged me to make a number of these things, which I had often constructed as gifts for friends, sell them, and give the money to the Red Cross, in lieu of bandages. I did as she suggested. The amount I was able to make surprised me. It totaled twelve hundred dollars that first year. Then the war ended, but need did not end.

"One day I noticed that the girl who was washing my hair looked worn and ill. I talked with her and found that I had happened upon a tragedy. She had married six months before; her husband had deserted her, and there was a baby coming. She had managed to get a job, but she would soon have to give it up. She had hardly any money and she was desperate. I mean that literally.

"I did not dare to go away from her. She wanted to commit suicide. So I took her with me and we stayed together until she finally promised to do nothing rash before I saw what I could do. I found her mother-in-law sympathetic: the girl had been afraid to go to her, and—well, I helped. Now the girl has a good position and the baby is a great girl. It was this girl who held me to making my roses and bows.

"I kept on devising design after design, and always some girl or woman needed the help they enabled me to give. I had my own charity fund, based upon my own income; but I needed far more. I stopped going out so much, and gave more time to work. For the past ten years I have averaged fourteen hundred dollars a year from making and selling such things as these.

"This sum of money goes farther, because every year some of the girls pay back all or a part of the help given. That is such a happy phase of the work. Every once in a while I get a letter like this:

"Dear Mrs. Bierce: I am all right now. Take this and help the next girl who comes to you."

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Mrs. Bierce's girls are scattered all over the country. Down in New Mexico at the Sunmount Sanitarium for the tubercular they have sold Mrs. Bierce's roses, and the resultant fund has been used to keep girls who could not otherwise afford to stay as long as they should. This came about because one girl from Detroit who was stopping there offered to sell, not for herself, but for the others who must go away too soon.

But the most unusual work is that of Mrs. Bierce herself. It is emergency work. Sometimes a disheartened girl needs nothing more "than to be taken to a nice club or hotel for lunch—some place she has never seen before." Sometimes she needs merely to "come to my home for a night or so." Often she needs material help.

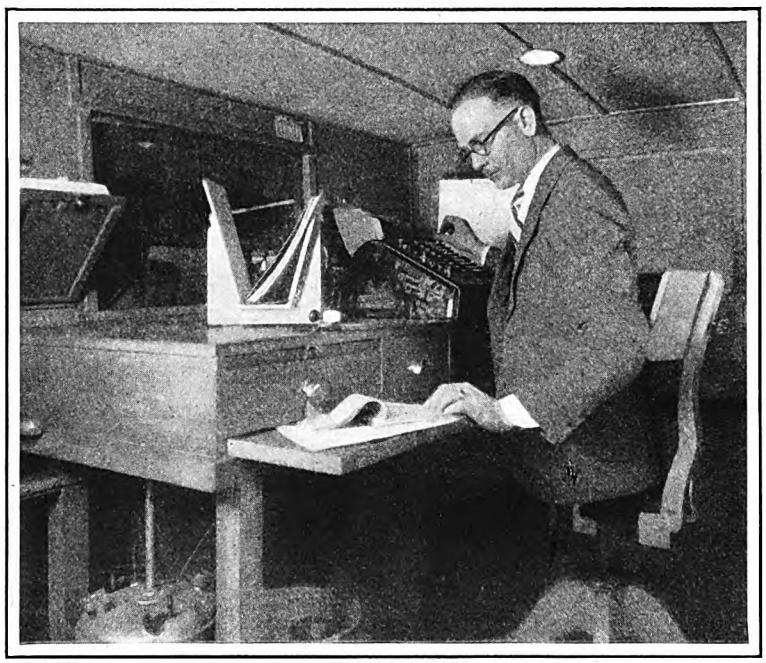
"How do they find me? They tell each other. Sometimes the editor of the woman's page of a newspaper calls me up and tells me of a girl who has appealed to her. But mostly someone just tells me about them. I meet such wonderful girls, struggling against terrific odds.

"It is very easy to find girls who need me," Mrs. Bierce said, rather puzzled at my persistent inquiry. "If I miss seeing a girl in her usual place in a shop or restaurant or at an elevator, I ask about her. Often she is away sick, and I call on her. If help is not needed she is glad to see me. I always seem welcome."

I should think she would be. This personal loving kindness has almost been forgotten of late, and here is one woman who by herself has tided over three hundred human lives. To the money realized from her dainty things to meet material needs, she has added uncounted hours of tireless visiting, of climbing up and down stairs, of straightening up disordered rooms and comforting in her warm motherly arms girls discouraged and sick and sore at the buffeting of the world.

"I would like this to be printed," she said wistfully, "because there are so many idle women who could make these things as I do, and sell them. I can't take care of *all* the girls who need aid. Others might help.

HELEN C. BENNETT



ACME PHOTO

In this compact office on wheels, C. R. (Jack) Bryant, of Portland, Oregon, conducts his unique accounting business. Here the books of many Pacific Coast business firms are audited by expert accountants

An Office on Wheels is His Place of Business

C. R. (JACK) BRYANT, of Portland, Oregon, is the inventor of the "Cunocar Accounting Service," a Pacific Northwest chain of automobile accounting-offices that park at the very doorways of business concerns to audit and keep their books.

This tall, well-poised, combination accounting expert and mechanical genius, who can talk fluently about his work, but not about himself, was born in the year 1891 in the heart of Chicago's business district.

"We moved about continually," Bryant says, "living in small towns as often as big cities, and I became more or less familiar with the problems of small business concerns, which, I observed, often hinged on the lack of proper bookkeeping systems.

"When faced with the necessity of earning a living, I took a special business college course, qualifying in stenography, accounting, and office management, after which I worked for five years as a court reporter. Next, I became a bank cashier, and then I entered the employ of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, specializing in the installation of bookkeeping machines in banks."

About this time Bryant married, and started the development of his clearly visualized idea of an at-your-door-on-wheels accounting service, for which he found the time evenings and week-ends.

Bryant built his first Cunocar in the back of a garage which, unfortunately, was next to a hotel whose irate tenants raised strident objections to his nightly anvil chorus. Assembling the car necessitated the raiding of every second-hand store in the city, and he carried all his materials home on the street cars to save cartage. One time it was a door, then a window, next a heavy armload of lumber; and always after an energetic day of selling and installing bookkeeping machines.

Eventually—with many an emergency trip to the only midnight general store in the city for screws and bolts—the car was finished, and outfitted with a second-hand bookkeeping machine, a typewriter, and other office equipment. Then, tediously, Bryant lettered his registered trademark, Cunocar Accounting Service, applied for patents, and set out to look for business.

Bryant's first customer was secured without difficulty, he being the automobile man from whom he had purchased his second-hand chassis, and who had obligingly allowed three months' bookkeeping to accumulate, waiting for Bryant to finish his car.

"Landing the next several accounts was a much more difficult matter than I had anticipated," he relates. "Men had never heard of offices-on-wheels. They couldn't understand what I was talking about; but when I finally boiled my sales talk down to just this: 'Come outside. I want to show you something,' I was able to make slow but sure progress.

"It took two months of persistent solicitation to line up my first three accounts, every one of which had books all in a wretched mess; and it took weeks and weeks to straighten them out, work that I was compelled to do gratis, in order to get their good-will.

"The first month, by working days, nights, and Sundays, I earned sixty-five dollars. During this time I unscrambled the books of an ironworker who did 'picture bookkeeping,' and whose records were an almost undecipherable tangle of hieroglyphics, accompanied by crude ink drawings, instead of the names of gates, lamps, fences, grills, and other items. I was amply repaid, however, for my pains, for today this man is one of my best clients."

After six months, Bryant's car was paid for, and he was beginning to earn what might be called a living. Then he built another car, working nights as before.

Now came a real problem, one that made his previous efforts seem inconsequential—that of finding a man qualified to operate that second car.

"I tried three men, one after another," he says. "But at last came a man who qualified, and who became sufficiently interested to help build the third car."

Five cars were thus built, one after another, till the day came when Bryant was able to employ a mechanic.

Today, Bryant has his own modern building, which contains a garage, a car-building shop, a private filling station, wash racks, and every other requirement of a growing fleet of automobile offices. Right next to his office is a well-appointed "classroom," where "school" is held for the benefit of new operators.

NAOMI SWETT-SOMMERS

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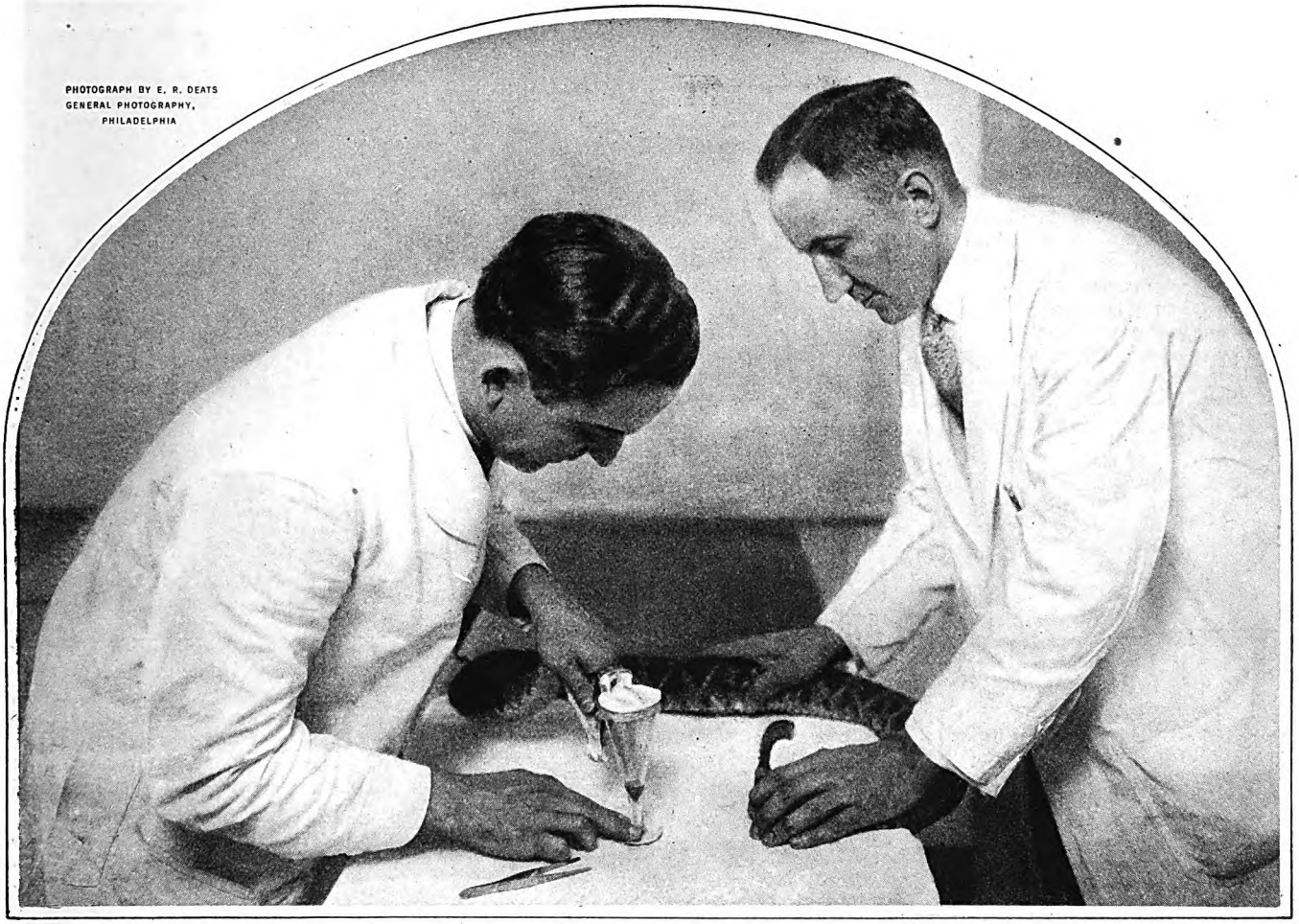

Dr. Afranio de Amaral, at left, head of the Antivenin Institute of America, has perfected serums to cure bites of North and Central American snakes. In the picture he is seen extracting snake venom for use in the manufacture of an antitoxin

Fifty Cents a Pound for Venomous Snakes!

DR. AFRANIO de AMARAL, head of the Antivenin Institute of America, holds the distinction of being first in perfecting serums in quantities sufficient for commercial use, to cure the bites of venomous North and Central American snakes. Other physicians experimented, and found successful serums to combat the attacks of poison-filled fangs; but the saving serums, unfortunately, could not be obtained in time of need.

Now, through the zealous efforts of this brilliant young South American—he has earned the degrees of M. D., B. Sc., LL. B. and D. P. H.—the antivenins placed on the market some time ago are available throughout the snake-infested regions of North and Central America.

Former head of the Butantan Institute in his home state of São Paulo, Brazil, Doctor Amaral came to the United States in 1925 at the invitation of Harvard University to study the snake situation. He was made a lecturer in the School of Public Health and given facilities for investigating conditions throughout the country.

There was but one record available at that time, compiled sixteen years before by Doctor Willson of Chicago from medical literature previous to 1909. That showed a total of seven hundred and forty cases of poisonous snake bite in the United States for a long period of time. No mention was made at all of the Southern States, where the rattler, moccasin and copperhead are found.

In order to get first-hand knowledge Doctor Amaral took a motor trip through the snake areas, lying chiefly in the South, Southeast, Southwest and Middle West. He drove about the country seeking out victims, taking notes on sectional conditions, teaching farmers and laborers how to prevent snake bites.

"We discovered," the scientist told me, "that the number of cases of snake bite mounted higher than anyone had supposed. I have secured data which makes three thousand persons a year a conservative figure.

"Texas leads all other states in the number of victims. In that state alone over a million dollars' worth of cattle die every year from snake bites. Pennsylvania has the rattler, but its bite is not fatal to adults.

"The Texas rattler, found from the Mississippi to California, is the most dangerous reptile in the United States. The copperhead swarms through all the Southern States, except Florida. When it reaches the banks of the St. Mary's River it stops. The Florida rattler refuses to have diplomatic relations with his fellows across the Mississippi. Equally unsociable, the Texas diamondback, like the little piggy of nursery tales, stays strictly at home.

"Strangely enough, and quite contrary to general belief, the clearing of the jungle or wilds increases rather than prevents losses from snake bite. As the tall grasses disappear, the larger animals and birds of prey retreat; but the snakes stay to enjoy the blessings of civilization. They have more food and less competition. The more snakes eat, you know, the more they reproduce. So with more snakes and more people coming to the clearing, the toll of victims is naturally heavier.

"Snakes are most dangerous in May, when they get together for reproduction, and in October, when their young appear. In this latter month, too, the eggs of most non-venomous snakes, laid in September, are hatched. Snakes increase at the rate of from twelve to sixty a year."

To make the woods and waterways safe for humanity, to further knowledge on the subject of venomous animals in general, and to develop means of preventing deaths, the Antivenin Institute of America was founded, in June, 1926. It is part of and has the active support of the Mulford Biological Laboratories, distributors of the saving serums, as well as that of dis-

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tinguished individuals and organizations.

The Institute maintains stations at San Diego and San Antonio. Stations were opened at St. Louis and New Orleans in December, 1927; another is maintained in connection with the Bronx Zoölogical Gardens, New York City.

"In three months," said Doctor Amaral in speaking of the first two stations, "venom from over four thousand rattlesnakes, as well as many copperheads and moccasins, was secured. One truly venomous New World snake gives enough venom to prepare antivenin for the cure of four or five persons. The snakes are captured with lassos or wire hooks. From thirty to fifty cents per pound is paid for live snakes. They are 'milked' twice a month."

This milking consists of, first, making them bite through a rubber sheet, and, second, squeezing their supralabial glands to help the evacuation of the whole poisonous secretion. The venom is then purified, dried, and sent to the central laboratory. There the immunization of thirty horses against both North and Central American snake venoms is progressing very satisfactorily. The venom is injected into the animals in small doses; these are gradually increased, and after a few months they are bled. The serum is prepared from the drawn blood.

Complete instructions on what to do when bitten are contained in pamphlets which accompany the vials of serum. Above all, victims are warned to avoid alcohol or any stimulant; by speeding up the circulation, these may help the distribution of the venom throughout the body.

Doctor Afranio de Amaral was born in the Para rubber section in northern Brazil of Brazilian-Scotch descent. When fifteen he received the degrees of B. Sc. and LL. B. from the University of Bahia. He studied two years at the Sorbonne, in France, returned to Brazil and entered medical school. He was awarded his M. D. degree when twenty-one.

He affiliated himself with the Butantan Institute, where studies in snake bite relief have been progressing for over twenty years. After another year abroad studying in Germany chiefly, he enrolled at Harvard University, and was graduated in 1925.

MARY THERESA COLLINS

He Didn't Leave the Woods Until He Got What He Went After

IN THE summer of 1871 a group of boys entered the woods in the vicinity of Big Moose, New York, in the Adirondack Mountains. Somebody had told them it was easy to earn one hundred dollars in the woods. But they hadn't been in very long before they found they needed more than traps to collect even a few dollars' worth of skins. And when the first snow fell they decided to leave. All but one a long lank youngster who hailed from the Mohawk Valley.

"Ain't you goin', Bill?"

"No!"

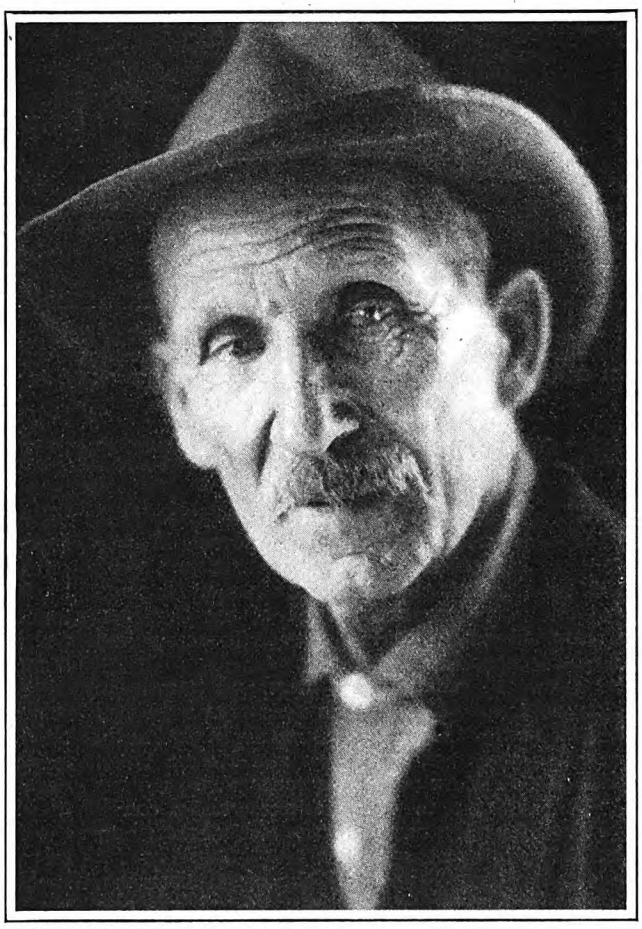
"But what you count on doin'?"

"I came here to get one hundred dollars, and I ain't goin' out till I get it!" he answered deliberately. And he stayed.

William Dart never has gone out, except for visits to Florida, where he now has a winter home, to New York and other places that draw his interest for the time being. But there is a story to the effect that when he went out of active business in the management of the camp he established—the first camp of its kind settled in that part of the Adirondacks—it was with a profit of forty-two thousand dollars.

When the shadows closed upon the retreating figures of his pals, young Bill Dart turned to the serious business of keeping himself alive. Winter came with its hardships. Still he had not earned his hundred dollars. He stayed on, stubbornly choosing to be found dead where he was rather than go out of the woods empty-handed.

Once he was ill, and another guide followed his line of traps to the lean-to he'd put up, to find him twisting in the knots of rheumatic fever. But gradually he was growing into an expert. In the winter he learned to make moccasins, tan skins, and do other things that brought in a little money.



PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. HODGES, UTICA, N. Y.

When William Dart was a boy, he went into the woods to earn $100 trapping animals. He didn't get it—then. But he stayed till he got a lot more

The time came when he got a chance to do some guiding on his own, and reached the place where he could make three dollars a day, working fourteen hours a day.

In 1879 he built his first house near the lake now known as Dart's Lake. His first big speculation was the purchase of the six-hundred-acre property, including the lake, from the late Dr. W. Seward Webb, then president of the Adirondack Railway. The price ran into the thousands, and undoubtedly took all his courage, not to mention spare change, to negotiate.

In 1888, William Dart married. Comely, of good German stock, the bride traveled with her husband, via lake and trail, from her home in Laketown, New York, to his home in the woods. They went by stage to Moose River Tannery, by horseback to Old Forge, by boat through the First, Second, Third and Fourth lakes, to what is known as Becker's Camp, and then to Bub's Lake, over the carry (trail) to Moss Lake, to Dart's Lake. And when they made the return trip, accompanied by a man to help with their dunnage, the woman was as firm of step as before; but braver.

A few hours after they arrived at their destination, a daughter was born to the William Darts.

From about this time on, Dart's future began to take shape slowly but definitely. Increasing numbers of men from the cities, wanting to live the primitive life for a space, followed him into the woods. While they tramped and fished, Mrs. Dart cooked for them meals that were memorable. Campers of twenty years ago will tell you how, after the last of these meals each evening, they with the dogs gathered around a bonfire on the point by the lake, and made Bill tell them stories.

From the highway in to camp, he cleared the one-track dirt road. It lies today pretty much as he made it; a circuitous, winding canyon in the woods, with walls of firs and hemlocks rising sheer for many feet on either hand. At the right is a succession of fields, where he dynamited the trees out.

Gaunt, in his seventies, his eyes appear to be dim when he sits for hours in his chair before the fire. But these eyes sharpen when he regards you, and you know that he is pretty well able to tell what manner of person you are.

EDITH DAY ROBINSON

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TOMATO SOUP

A sparkle in every spoonful!

SOUP

and why men like it

WHAT IS IT about soup that makes it an essential dish in the rightly selected menu? Why are men so eager to eat it? What makes it such a welcome dish to everybody in the family, children included?

Delicious flavor, to begin with. In the tonic liquid food, soup, the skilled cook has the opportunity to blend so many different ingredients and in such a fascinating variety of combinations that the sense of taste responds instantly and always. No other food appeals in the same way or offers such a varied and steady chance to the housewife to tempt and "interest" the family appetite.

The liquid invigorating soup acts promptly and with sure effect. Its savors and its flavors immediately set the digestive juices in freer motion. The result is a keener enjoyment of all the food on the table and greater benefit from it. Soup itself nourishes and it also aids you to digest your other food more completely.

HOME COMES the man of the family. He has had a hard day's work. He is tired and he needs refreshment, as well as solid food. You place before him a delicious, appetizing plate of soup. The very sight of it challenges his taste. Every spoonful is a bright, flavorful invitation and satisfaction. Within a few minutes, he is refreshed and a new sparkle is given to his meal.

And it's so easy! To each Campbell's Soup you simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer a few minutes. 21 Campbell's Soups to choose from, all listed on the label. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any soups you select. 12 cents a can.

In every town I win renown,
I'm Soup Chef for the nation.
I take my pride in spreading wide
The Campbell's reputation.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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THE CLEANSING OF THE TROPICS

For generations the scourge of tropical epidemics preyed upon America. By the hundreds, by the thousands, yellow fever struck down men, women and children. Without apparent reason it passed from city to city, from country to country. There seemed to be no escape, no remedy.

Then the discoveries of Koch, of Pasteur, of other great fighters of disease, brought a gleam of hope. These men had found the cause of tuberculosis, they had evolved the antitoxin for diphtheria. They had worked marvel after marvel. Perhaps they could also succeed in defeating yellow fever.

Science accepted the challenge. Less than thirty years ago a group of men under the leadership of Doctor Walter Reed set out for Cuba to undertake the task. After months of intricate research, after many daring experiments, at the cost of the lives of several of their number, they proved conclusively that yellow fever is spread by a mosquito.

Immediately there started a mighty war upon the gutters, the cisterns, the cesspools of the tropics. Gradually (though in truth, when the task is considered, it was with almost magical speed) yellow fever began to retreat. It passed from Havana for the first time in centuries! Gorgas conquered it in Panama! It vanished from such formerly dreaded spots as Vera Cruz and Guayaquil! Soon it was completely under control—the tropics had been cleansed!

It was American medical science that won this tremendous victory. In the West Indies, in the Philippines, too, in Africa, in China, America has also led in the saving of countless lives.

In the constant struggle being waged against infectious diseases, the House of Squibb has played an important part by providing preparations of unquestionable trustworthiness for the use of physicians everywhere.

For almost three-quarters of a century, now, Squibb Products have thus unfailingly served the medical profession and all users of medicinal products. They have earned world-wide recognition for their purity, uniformity and efficacy.

Whenever, in emergency or in following your physician's instructions, you need a medicinal product such as Cod-liver Oil, Epsom Salt, Milk of Magnesia, Boric Acid, Bicarbonate of Soda, Castor Oil, specify the one made by Squibb. For with that name is linked the "Priceless Ingredient," the honor and integrity of the maker. It symbolizes a promise of safety and satisfaction that has always been kept.

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E. R. SQUIBB & SONS MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

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Edwin Markham's Three Glimpses of God

(*Continued from page 26*)

the Suisun Hills, between San Francisco and Sacramento, she bought a hundred and sixty acres of land and became a wheat grower and sheep raiser.

Later she sold her sheep and went in for cattle. At the age of twelve, the youngest Markham, a strong, vital, supple boy, plowed and harrowed and sowed wheat. At fifteen, he was doing a grown man's work, riding out of the corral early in the morning and into the hills to care for the cattle.

Astray in the Sacramento Valley, the cattle would cross into the tall river grass, which grew to a height of ten or twelve feet. There, they were practically lost, and when the young cowboy of the hills set out to find them, he might be gone for days.

Up to his fifteenth year, this young pioneer lad had but fifteen months of schooling, but he was a-thirst for learning. His boy comrades were enthusiastic followers of the adventures of the juvenile heroes of the day—Dead-eye Dick and Three-fingered Jack—but into Edwin's blanket roll would go Bullion's grammar and Ray's arithmetic.

IN THE autumn of his fifteenth year, there came to the bleak little schoolhouse that young Markham attended, a teacher named William H. Hill, a discerning, understanding man, a lover of poetry and romance.

During noon-recess one day, he fell into conversation with the boy from Lagoon Valley. Already, as the result of a quick-witted reply to some question or other, the teacher had Edwin singled out as the object of special attention. On this occasion the frontier lad told of his thoughts while caring for his mother's cattle. In his shy boyish way, he spoke of budding trees, and mating birds, and swollen streams, and the smell of the earth after rain.

The teacher listened in pleased surprise. "You have a real vein of poetry in you," he said; and, when the apt pupil showed blankness, Mr. Hill went on to explain that there were in the world great souls known as poets, and he named some of them—Tennyson, Moore, Bryant, Poe.

In that whole region, so far as could be discovered, there was not then a single book of poetry. So Mr. Hill, sitting on the bench in front of the schoolhouse, recited from memory for the benefit of his pupil long portions of the great poems he loved.

On first hearing words set to music in this way, a strange excitement came over the cowboy pupil. He asked for more—and more. Their lyric fire kindled young Markham's soul: It was as though the gates of Paradise had opened; and he had found his path to heaven.

"This new manner of expression, these thoughts congealed in music like the witchery of Jack Frost on window panes, had a most lasting effect!" said Edwin Markham. "It swept through me like a madness. Afire with the great need that had sprung up in me, I went to my mother and said, 'I must get copies of Tennyson, Bryant, and Tom Moore, and one of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to help me understand those poets.'

"'Where did you think you would get them, boy?'" my mother parried, in her cautious, canny way.

"'You'll buy them for me!' I declared.

"But Mother couldn't see it that way.

"Behold me! A would-be student of the poets, in utter despair! Mr. Hill had written a number of poems down for me, and these I recited and read over and over again. But they didn't begin to satisfy my appetite. I was a-thirst for more beauty. Again I went to my mother.

"'I must have the books,' I said. 'Please lend me the horses and the plow, and I'll find a farmer who'll let me plow for money to buy them.'"

TO THIS his mother agreed. Young Markham found a farmer willing to pay a dollar an acre for the plowing of twenty acres of rough, stony land. In triumph, he returned home with a twenty-dollar gold piece, which he confided to his mother, who was presently to make her annual pilgrimage to San Francisco. Thus, after a wait of many weeks, he found, on her return, stowed away in the wagon, along with barrels of sugar and molasses and salted salmon, a bundle containing the poets and the miraculous Unabridged.

Much in these books he was too young to understand, but diligently he paged his Unabridged. The sense of all the simpler things, the music, the rhythm, the march of line and rhyme, took hold of him anew. Then one day, months later, while he was rummaging in an old cupboard, he came upon a book covered with dust, mold, and cobwebs. It had been left there two years before by his elder brother, Henry—a copy of Byron in heavy calf-skin!

"And now," cried the poet, "in reading Byron I had a new experience. I was tossed as upon a vast, mysterious sea; was swept away, lifted far beyond myself, voyaging upon his marvelous ocean of resounding words.

"With what avidity I read Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Darkness, The Ocean, The Destruction of Sennacherib, When We Two Parted, The Eve of Waterloo. How many times I read The Dream, that poem which tells of Byron's impassioned but tragic affection for Mary Chaworth! It invoked in me visions of loveliness, and laid a strange enchantment upon all my romantic boyhood.

"Thus, out of Byron I sprang as a stream from its fountain source. Under his inspiration I began to write. My first poem, I remember, was called 'A Dream of Chaos.' It could hardly have amounted to much. No matter! I was now under full sail, writing continually, filling small notebooks with hundreds of poems and words and phrases that sang for my boyish ear."

Ambition sprang up in the young poet's heart. He wanted to go to Teachers' College at San José and possess himself of all the tools of learning and the keys to all the libraries and the culture of the world. How out of place seemed all fancies such as these, in his crude environment! His mother urged him to direct his thought to increasing their herds of cattle and becoming a prosperous farmer. But the lad craved other and finer things. That house divided against itself could not stand. Somewhere, he fancied, a job could be found that would furnish money for his schooling; and one day, his mother being absent, like a young Don Quixote astride his Rosinante (in this case a lively, rollicking buckskin broncho), with a blanket roll containing grub, his grammar, and his precious books of verse, he rode out in quest of schooling and honor—and renown!

The day was half way toward noon; the sun bright and clear. "Where now?" he asked himself, for he had not settled where to go. And the answer came without his waiting for it, one that was worthy of a bold knight-errant. "I'll ride in the direction I know least!" said he. So, turning his broncho toward the north and the far-off, blue, hazy summits of the Coast Range, he did that very thing.

Many adventures befell him. He was detained by constables; again, in the giant redwoods of the Coast Range, he was stopped by the notorious, hairy, bearded, bad bandit of the region, Black Bart, who was accompanied by his Three Merry Thieves. They let him pass, nor charged him revenue, for he had none—none but books! By night he slept on green boughs and a blanket; or, perchance, having forded swollen streams, the night found him dancing, naked, around a camp fire until his clothes dried out.

But on, on, to the north, until he was more than three hundred miles from home! Here he worked on a large cattle range for six months. What was his amazement one morning early in the seventh month, to see his mother drive up to the gate of the ranch-house in a buckboard. After the most energetic efforts, involving appeals to the Masons and to the Post Office, and finally through a letter to a sister which had inadvertently come into her hands, she had found out where he was.

"'Since you're so set on going to Teachers' College,' she said, 'I've made up my mind to help you all I can. But first I want you to come home, Edwin.'

"I WENT home with my mother," said Markham, "promising to remain until the college opened. One day, close beside a big rock on a path near our house, I was digging for soap root, a root which makes lather suitable for the family wash. Under this rock where the soap root ran, my shovel crashed upon what seemed to be metal. I pulled out a canvas bag. It was rotted and shredded. Presently, I turned up something that was clustered with dry earth. It shone like gold. I rubbed it on my breeches. It *was* gold! A twenty-dollar gold piece! Under that rock, someone, a miner presumably, had buried a bag of five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar gold pieces, more than nine hundred dollars in all!

"For me, this was the legendary pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. The find, as well as my mother's change of heart, made everything possible, helping me through school, so that in 1872 I had my diploma, and went forth to teach."

And now we can but scratch the surface

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of events, rapidly passing over several decades in order to come to that period when, mature, ripening and wise, he was ready to catch and ponder and record in glorious phrases thoughts that came to him like gleams from the Infinite.

After leaving his first teacher's position in San Luis Obispo County, he carried his schooling farther and taught in many places. Ever faithful to the Muse, his first significant poem, "The Gulf of Night," appeared, in 1880, in a California magazine, after which he was a frequent contributor to the leading magazines of the East. At the age of thirty-four, in 1886, a teacher-poet still, he was serving as county superintendent of schools in Placerville, California.

"I had in my library," Markham said, "a copy of Fourier's 'A General Introduction to Social Science.' It was packed with what were then new social truths. A thousand times, in the little Lagoon Valley, hoeing and weeding the garden and orchard on my mother's farm, I had experienced the weariness and ache of the unbroken day's work. This book and these memories gave me a deep compassion for all who toil. It was in my mind to write an epic of labor, and from time to time, with the literarians I knew, I discussed this project.

"ONE evening a young friend came to my home in Placerville and laid on my desk a magazine which contained a reproduction of a world-famous painting, Millet's 'The Man With the Hoe.'

"'There's the man you've been talking about!' said he. 'Yes,' I deplored, 'this is the brutalized man at the bottom of the human ladder! He's the hero of my epic!'

"We talked about it at length; then my friend departed. I sat late that night brooding over the picture. I saw that Millet's figure is not the working man in his higher estate, but is of the toiler in the abyss, with none of the hopes and dreams that make us men.

"But there he stood, a startling figure, in all his rugged reality. In my large notebook, I wrote the four opening lines of the poem; substantially as they stand today:

"Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world . . .

"Then the cares of life swept in, thick and fast. I had much bread labor to perform. This and many other poems were left unfinished. Later, when visiting my mother's home in San José, I did write out in their first form other lines of the poem; but these were only whirls of star-dust, and not yet concentrated into a moving orb."

Up to this time Edwin Markham had not been given the whole vision, as it was eventually to come. Thirteen years passed; he was forty-seven, located in Oakland, head of the teachers' training school of the State University. In the course of the summer vacation, while turning the leaves of his old notebook, he came upon the original notes for the poem, and felt that this was the next subject for his pen. The following December he heard that the "Hoe" painting was on exhibition in San Francisco. He hastened to see it.

"I cannot describe the thrill that passed through me," he said, "when I saw what painting it was that had the central place, dominating the whole room. It was the original of 'The Man With the Hoe,' from the immortal hand of Millet, which had recently been purchased at a cost of sixty thousand dollars by Mrs. William Crocker and lent for this occasion!

"For an hour I sat enthralled in front of it, and when I left I was like one under a strange enchantment. It was as though this awe-inspiring shape, full of terror and mournful grandeur, had risen before me from Dante's dark abyss; yet, at the same moment, I was filled with exaltation, as though the heavens had opened and given me a message for mankind.

"Immediately on reaching home I wrote out the first stanza in its completed form. All the rest of the day I could but ponder upon this arrested life that had lost step with the divine music of the world. The following morning I awoke at daybreak with the idea of the second stanza ready to be molded into form. I sprang out of bed and wrote it down, interweaving some of my old material with the new lines that came flashing in:

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

"As on the preceding day, I could write no more, but could only moon and croon over these lines, changing a word or revising a phrase and pondering vaguely what next might come. Strange as it may seem, each of the following stanzas seemed to be handed down in the same fashion, out of the white fire of the morning. They seemed like gifts more than creations. Where did they come from? Were they, in the deep of night, laid away in the mind by powers we know not of?

"On completing the fifth stanza, I knew that nothing more was to be said; that my poem was not to be the story of creative and exalted toil such as I had contemplated years before, but a word for the humiliated and wronged."

SHORTLY after the completion of the poem Edwin Markham attended a literary gathering in San Francisco. Each member of the circle was asked to contribute something to the evening. With a copy of the Hoe Man in his pocket Mr. Markham was prepared; and it was this gathering which first heard read aloud the complete poem, of which this is the fifth and final stanza:

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

"At the conclusion of a reading of this sort," observed the poet, "either because the audience approves the sentiments or because they are glad it is over, there is usually some applause. In this case, there was nothing of the kind, but a prolonged, impressive silence. Then, abruptly, Bailey Millard, editor of the San Francisco "Examiner," crossed the room and asked to read the manuscript. Twice, he read it hastily, then handed it back with this remark: 'That poem will go down the centuries.'

"A few days later he purchased it for publication in his newspaper, advertising it for three weeks with lurid phrases, and finally printed it in large type in the center of the editorial page. Almost immediately it caught the imagination of the country.

"Thousands of editorials were printed, raising the question of who was responsible for the brutalized toiler in the abyss. One newspaper offered a prize for the best answer to it. Lecturers took it up.

"Hot upon these events, before I had time to realize what was happening, I received telegrams from seven publishers, proposing arrangements for bringing out a volume of my verse, including the Hoe Man. So I found myself humorously reciting:

"Seven cities contended for Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

NO MORE begging for bread! No more futile appeals to publishers to let the voices of his collected work be heard! "The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems" made a big success. Markham took leave of absence from his teacher's position, and came East. Presently, at the end of 1899, a new call came to him, for, as the poet remarked with a twinkle, 'God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.'

"Four grave and reverend seniors, from a rich, exclusive New York club, knocked at my door in Brooklyn, my first home in the crowded East," he explained. "I was told that their select company was about to give a Babylonian banquet at Delmonico's to celebrate the first Lincoln birthday anniversary in the twentieth century. The rail-splitter, whose early rations were slices of bacon and a hunk of corn bread, was now to be honored with a groaning table at twenty dollars a plate!

"Lincoln was one of those men with hearts of great compassion—eager to extend social justice. Such souls are in touch with the Higher Power, with the One who watches: At mention of Lincoln's name my heart leaped, singing. For no recompense, only for my love of this lofty soul, only for the joy of the doing, I promised the poem that the committee wanted. But not with certainty. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'for Lincoln I have deep love and reverence. I will wait patiently upon the Muse. If she gives the poem to me, I will give it to you.' Then I plunged with a passion into the task, reviewing in my mind all that I knew about the Martyr President.

"There were three weeks before me in which to woo the Muse. On the evening of the third day, I sat down to write. Alas, I was too eager! Words did not come.

"During the following week I read a score of books on the life of the great President. The time was drawing near when I must rise in my place and read my ode. But no inspiration came.

"The following afternoon the four

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members of the anxious committee called on me for news. I had nothing to show them; but I was still hopeful, courageous, full of faith.

"So I pondered, waited, yielded not an inch. Two days remained. As there is something witching and creative about the night hours, I determined to sit up that night. I watched the stars away; but the Muse did not descend.

"ANOTHER night I kept watch—the last night on the brink of the great banquet. At midnight, I found myself reading a poem of my own, "The Desire of the Nations," which appeared in my first book of verse. Here I prophesy the coming of the great social deliverer. I read the lines over and over again, until the heat of them had penetrated me as a subtle fire, dissolving the cold prose of the mind and letting in the music of the spheres."

Thus, at two o'clock in the morning, in that mysterious hour "when churchyards yawn" the Muse touched Edwin Markham with the fire of her genius, granting him another gleam from the Infinite—a second glimpse of God.

"At that moment," he exclaimed, "I saw in Lincoln the providential man sent into the world at a great crisis of his people, for a great service to the race. I saw that the Norn Mother, the Divine Mother, the Creative Mother of the universe, must descend into the earth from the Heaven of Heroes to mold this man—not to mold him out of the fragile porcelain from which she makes aristocrats and kings, but out of the tried clay of the common road, out of the clay from which she makes common people:

"When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy,
Tempered the heat with thrill of human tears,
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

"And I saw that this man must have in him the dear and fondly remembered qualities of the solid and homely earth, the labor-place and the resting-place of countless generations of men.

"The color of the ground was in him, the red of earth,
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff,
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves
The friendly welcome of the wayside well,
The courage of the bird that dares the sea,
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn,
The pity of the snow that hides all scars,
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock,
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring in the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.
Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

"Thus, the poem leaped into its elemental form. I needed only to add a few details of the man's character and express his tragic ending. In three hours it was finished, recopied three times to revise and perfect, and in another hour it was typewritten and on its way to the copyright office."

With the tremendous success of "The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems," and of "Lincoln, the Man of the People," not only Edwin Markham's position in American literature but his financial future seemed assured. From editors and publishers everywhere came requests for poems, essays, and books more rapidly than they could be met. During the years 1900 to 1905, he made ten thousand a year with his pen, an extraordinary achievement in those days, particularly for a poet. Moreover, the sales of "The Man With the Hoe" continued to mount to a figure never before achieved by a book of verse—hundreds of thousand of copies. Eventually, this alone was to bring in sixty thousand dollars.

"I paid up my debts," Markham continued, "squared myself with the world. I bought a home in a pleasant neighborhood in Waters Avenue, Staten Island. With a care-free sense of exaltation, I was looking forward to years of creative writing—independence! But that was not to be. For I bethought myself of investing what fortune had put in my lap. Though my desire was for sound, safe investments, to free me from worldly cares, I was badly advised and guilty of some negligence myself.

"In my first venture I lost twenty-five thousand dollars. Through a promising land development plan in California I lost an additional fifteen thousand dollars. But before either of these ventures failed, I had already lent a large sum of money on valuable property which, as it turned out, did not actually belong to those who claimed to own it.

"So, in rapid succession, came blow after blow. Here I was, in 1912, at the age of sixty, not quite penniless but with my financial power utterly broken. Figuratively speaking, except for my home, I was flat on my back on the cobblestones.

"Gloom? Despair?" he responded to my questions. "To be sure, there were moments when I experienced something of the sort; hours when I felt crushed. But never was it long before I assembled my philosophy of life and met the phalanxes of gloom demons in counter attack."

"EXACTLY what did you do?" I asked. "First, I consulted with my friends. As one cannot every day produce a poem worth fifty dollars to a publisher, nor one worth five hundred, and as I needed a sure means of livelihood, I chose to go on the platform as lecturer and reader, talking about the art of poetry and reading from some of my own work. In my lectures I had in mind always one definite idea—that of helping others bear their burdens. Not that I wanted to belittle or befog the reality of human sorrow or the tragedy that all too often enters into our earthly struggle; but I was determined that no regrets of mine should tinge my conduct with bitterness.

"Soon, people who came to hear me on the platform were saying that I helped them. In the pleasure this gave me there was another incentive to forget what I had just passed through. To my surprise, in the midst of this success on the platform and the warmth of friendship shown me on every hand, the past was all but obliterated, shaken off as one shakes off the weight of a bad dream.

"What some might lack under similar reverses is a sense of human values. We are apt to place too much emphasis upon material success. Material success is important, to be sure, for it may open the way to great spiritual adventures; but the all-important thing is the high heart and generous activities, when otherwise one might despair.

"The philosophy that sustained me through this ordeal? It was very simple: For one thing, I saw that happiness does not depend upon the amount of property we own, but upon true friends and the opportunity to earn one's way by labor. Again, as I saw it then and as I have told myself many times since, we are in this world in preparation for another adventure in a wider and more useful sphere. I believe in the survival of the soul; that character is the ultimate outcome of mortal experience; that our present world is but a spiritual Kindergarten for the High School ahead; that death is only the next Frontier of the Great Mystery. Because of these beliefs, at moments when otherwise I might have given way to depression there surged up within me this rallying cry: 'Courage! Life is but the stuff to try the soul upon!'"

TRIUMPHANT under the caresses of fortune, Markham now bore himself triumphantly under the grim cross-strokes of fate, and went his way scattering glints of gravity and gayety throughout the nation, living the poetry that he had sung!

One day, in 1916, four years after these crushing events, he was sitting at his desk contemplating a long poem with many of its lines incomplete. There were many engagements ahead, and that poem, like many others, must remain in an uncompleted state for an indefinite period.

In an unwary moment, there stirred within him a trace of resentment over the disasters of the past. But the poet holds no enmities against any man. He knows that the man who hates hurts himself more than he does the other fellow. He is certain that there is no safety except in love. "Love will outwatch the stars," he has said—and so it happened that on this particular afternoon his resentment subsided; the philosophy of his life returned; and, in a flash, on a sheet of paper, he had inscribed two circles, a diagram of all that wisdom which the years had brought: a brief, inspiring allegory, subtle but clear, a terse summation of religious and human faith, all-embracing Love: four lines which have come to be one of the best known quatrains in the world. Here it is:

OUTWITTED

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing of flout,
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

One word more about the consequences of these financial reverses: For ten years they put a handicap upon Mr. Markham's literary output, lessening it to the extent of at least one volume a year. But it is

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possible, as the poet said, to acquire the ability to write under all sorts of circumstances. This he did. Half of all his poems have been written while waiting for trolley cars, or at railway stations, or when riding on trains, or when waiting for luncheon in some restaurant or hotel.

And now, at seventy-six, in addition to practicing his art, he is still lecturing, traveling far and wide, in a single continuous journey visiting twenty or thirty communities. Also, in this later period he took upon himself three years of monumental toil to produce a record, in two volumes, of his sixty years of joyous roving among the poets—what has come to be regarded as the greatest anthology of its kind in the language, "The Book of Poetry," with thousands of explanatory notes and 3,243 pages of selections from the poets of all time. And this, with a vigor, determination, and youthfulness that would be praised in a man of forty!

Our last conversation took place in an alcove of his study. All unexpected, a delegation of students from Hunter College had come to pay him their respects. From an adjoining room we could hear their voices. Youth! Laughter! Life at its beginnings and its highest hopes!

"They are young, and you are old and wise," I said, "and yet young too, or they would not have come!"

"Young and still in harness!" was the response. "And I'll stay in harness till I die!"

"IF YOU could have your way, how would you like best to die?" I asked.

"On the fighting line!" was the quick response. "No pinochle, no solitaire, no lounging in antique hotel corridors for me! I have none of the decrepitudes, no aches and pains, none of the complaints of old age. I should like to end that way—and make a joyful exit from the platform which has been my home these later years. I should like to go just after reading the last stanza of 'Lincoln, the Man of the People'—

"So came the captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held on through blame, and faltered not at praise—
Towering in calm rough-hewn sublimity.

So be it! Let his end be dramatic, and in a moment of great spiritual exaltation! He asks nothing better than to have the last four lines of this stanza as a preface for his passing over the next Frontier of the Great Mystery:

"And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Markham's poems used in this article vary slightly from some previously printed versions. The poet himself authorized the lines as we produce them.

"Old Men Sitting in the Sun"

(*Continued from page 37*)

"Gallant, I mean, and generous!" persisted the man. "Showing me the best of everything, even from the first day I arrived! Horses, tennis courts, everything!"

"Oh, that's all right," said the girl.

"But I haven't been so awfully nice to you," confessed the man. "Not quite honest, that is. You took it so for granted, I mean, that I'd never been here before that I just let it pass. But I have been here before! Twenty years ago! Nineteen years to be perfectly accurate! The summer I was twenty-one it was! And all the views you've shown me and all the walks and everything— I've seen them with another girl!"

"Oh, that's all right too," pulsed the cool cheek that almost grazed his cheek. "I've seen them, of course, with lots of men, and shall undoubtedly see them again with just as many more."

"Thanks," said Raynard. The car picked up speed a little. Very faintly he joggled her shoulder to attract her very particular attention. "Gad! But you're sweet!" he said. "Sweet!" A trifling huskiness crept suddenly into his voice. "I shall never marry!" he said. "I'm not that kind! But I wish to heaven that I were! I wish to heaven that you wanted to marry me! And that I wanted to marry you! But I tell you—I tell you—" The unmistakable timbre of panic crept suddenly into his voice. "But I tell you I don't want to marry anyone—at all!" he said.

The girl at his side laughed out quite frankly. Breeze-blown, breeze-cool, her laugh flaunted like a banner streaming in the wind.

"SILLY!" she said. "Does anyone ever really want to marry? Actually choose, I mean, to walk deliberately and cold-bloodedly even into so sweet a trap? Not till the tom-toms begin to pound! The pulses, of course, I mean! The—"

"Huh! You're mixing your metaphors!" scoffed Raynard. "Tom-toms—and traps? What a lovely absurdity!"

Once again her soft laugh streamed like a banner across his ear.

"All metaphors," she insisted, "were meant to be mixed and well shaken—before taken!"

Raynard's frowning profile showed just a trace of astonishment.

"Truly you do astonish me every now and then," he admitted. The faintest possible chuckle slipped from his own lips. "Do you want to know what it was about you that really astonished me first?" he questioned. "It was your shoes! Some little brown shoes sticking out around the jog of the piazza! Legless, trunkless, headless little shoes, as far as I knew! But fairly teeming with personality! One of them had the tiniest little wisp of a four-leafed clover snagged in the toe! It looked cunning. I shall always remember it!"

"Do!" said the girl. "If you really insist on keeping my memory green what could be greener than a four-leafed clover?"

The man's cool cheek hollowed suddenly, as though he had bitten somewhat reflectively into it.

"No, but honestly," he persisted. "All joking aside, I wonder just how I shall best remember you?" The faintest possible sternness crept into his half-averted voice. "After all," he reproached her, "you've been pretty noncommittal. The only thing that I really know about you is that in August you dance enchantingly, play a very fair game of tennis, handle a boat mighty well, sit a horse rather gracefully, romp, flirt, read—all in August. But what is your real job in life? The job that yields you your pay! I mean!—Praise—Sympathy—Envy—! Hatred and malice for aught I know! Whatever it is that you rate as 'pay'? What do you do all the other eleven months of the year?"

"What do you do?" countered the girl.

Vasco Raynard swallowed once or twice before he answered.

"I'm a mining engineer," he said. "Hell of a job!" he admitted quite bluntly. "But hanged if I don't like it! The zest, the pep! The incessant fight with elements! Hanged if I don't like elements! Fighting 'em, I mean! That's the job I'm off on tomorrow. A big cobalt mine up in the Northwest! Some complication that won't yield! His jaw tightened suddenly. "By gad! It's got to yield!" he said.

The girl drew aside a little, gave a frank little gasp of astonishment.

"A—a 'mining engineer'?" she questioned. "Why—I would have guessed you were a teacher, perhaps, or a lawyer! Someone who lived rather smoothly with fine books, and stately furniture and polished floors, and polished compliments! Oh, very specially with polished compliments! But cobalt mines—?

THE car slowed a little. He twisted slightly in his seat, slouched sideways with a certain air of expectancy.

"Well—?" he prompted.

"Well—what?" parried the girl.

"What do you do all the other 'leven months of the year besides just 'riching around'?" he reiterated stubbornly.

The girl picked up the phrase as though she found it flavorous. "'Riching around'?" she questioned. "'Riching around'?" Her tilted face looked almost consciously provocative at the moment.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Raynard impetuously. "I think you're quite the nicest girl I ever knew! Even in this bawdy age, I mean, when almost anything goes, you've kept such a perfectly amazing dignity and sweetness and decency! Even in your unconventionalities, I mean, even in your amazing independencies, no decent fellow could ever mistake you! You're as white as shining stars! Any decent fellow would see that you are as white as shining stars! But I do think you're just a bit careless! Even if you remember me only and always, as having told you you were just a bit careless, I'm going to tell you just the same!"

"'Careless'?" questioned the girl. She seemed really very much interested.

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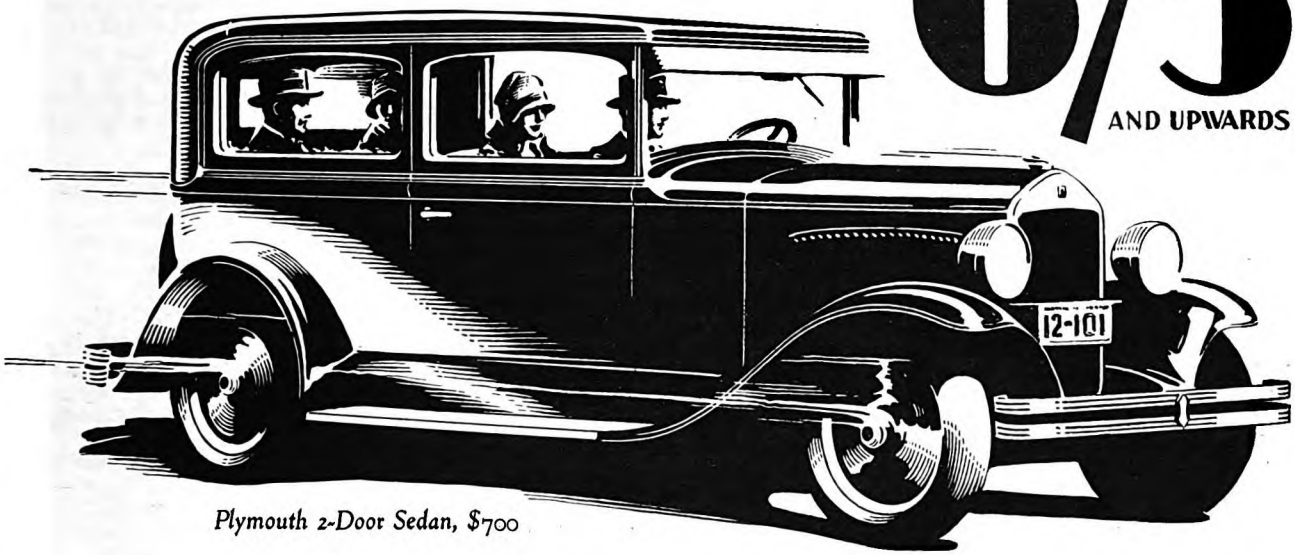

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"Anybody as conspicuously lovely as you," persisted Raynard. "And as conspicuously unaccounted for in a great walloping hotel like this—? No older woman with you apparently—? No brothers or sisters evidently—? No intimate woman friend even—?" His mouth drew all in an instant to a taut, thin line. "Even if you hate me," he said, "I'm going to tell you! It's the manager, of course, that I mean. His extravagant solicitations! Even you must admit that his attentions to you are conspicuous! Your lightest whim? Your wildest fancy? A curtain drawn here, a window thrown open there? Always the saddle horse you prefer—? The tennis court that proffers the most shade? That angry woman who was moved out of the tower suite because that was the suite that you usually have? The hours that he spends in that suite with you?

"Oh, I know it's rotten. I know it's absurd! All the silly talk—all the horrid speculation! If he was even a man of your own class—your own race, the gossip wouldn't be so hot, I think! Oh, pshaw!" he said. "No one believes a confounded word of it—of course—but they just like to wallow their disbeliefs in it!"

A fluff of the girl's hair crinkled across his cheek.

"You mean," she said quietly, "that somebody has suggested that possibly I might be the manager's—?"

"Don't even say it!" snapped Raynard.

For the infinitesimal fraction of a second her cheek touched his.

"But I am!" she said. "If you choose to use the word in its more legitimate sense! Because, you see, I happen to own the hotel! And this manager that you speak of is most definitely—and loyally in my employ."

"Wh-what?" gasped Raynard. "Wh-what?" In the sudden startled flex of his hands the car all but left the road. Dominantly he steadied it to its course again. "Wh-what?" he stammered. "You really mean that you own all this great walloping hotel?"

"And the one in Detroit too," murmured the girl. "The one in Detroit is twice as big, only, of course, it hasn't got the golf courses and all the other outside things."

A GUFFAW that was plainly near being hysterical burst from Raynard's lips.

"Oh, gad!" he said. "Your money? It's even worse than I thought!"

"Oh, what nonsense!" said the girl. "Money's got to work some of the time. It can't play all the time." She sighed a little. "All this hotel business," she deprecated, "it's been in my family for three generations." The sigh deepened. "My father died four years ago," she added just a bit hastily. "I didn't happen to have a brother, so he left it all to me. I suppose he thought he was doing me a favor. But, I—I—" The sigh crisped suddenly to a little laugh. "But I," she laughed, "would so much rather have had a monkey and a hand-organ! I could have had fun with a monkey and a hand-organ."

"Who's talking nonsense now?" said Raynard.

"I am!" admitted the girl. "All the same, it's rather a big job."

"What is?" questioned Raynard.

"Hotels," said the girl.

"Too big for a girl," said Raynard.

"Big enough," she admitted. "Oh, of course I've got managers!" She grimaced very faintly. "But who's going to manage the managers? And the stewards? Someone, of course, has got to steward the stewards. And the new golf greens? Shall they be here—or there? And the saddle horse that kicked the little boy? What's to be done about that? And the new fireproof construction for the ell? Is it or is it not really fireproof? And that suspicious-looking girder that the contractor is so cocky about? How far shall I push my suspicion against his contradiction? And what about this new insurance scheme? And what—?"

With a little chuckle that might have meant anything, she nestled down a tiny bit further into her white furs.

"OH, OF course it's more or less fun sometimes," she admitted in all honesty. "Dashing in and out so utterly incog, I mean, from one hotel to the other. Studying—studying—studying—all the time! What do people eat? What do people drink? Why do they sleep? Why do they wake? What gives them pleasure? What gives them pain? What makes them come again? What makes them never come again? . . . That new Persian rug on the library floor? Why has it practically doubled the use of the library? That funny old piano in the lobby? Why do the summer people absolutely insist upon its retention?"

"Does Hollingsby know?" quizzed Raynard quite abruptly.

"Know what?" said the girl.

"About your owning the hotel?"

"No, indeed. No one at all knows it except my manager—and you."

"Why in the world did you tell me?" demanded Raynard.

"I don't quite know," she admitted.

"Gad!" said Raynard. "Gad!"

Once again in an almost hysterical abandon his boyish guffaw rang out.

As though vaguely related to the impulse of the laughter, he turned the car sharply and rather wildly into a wood-road that almost tossed them from their seats with its unexpected roughness.

"Sorry!" he apologized. "But this short cut saves us about three miles on the highroad and a swamp besides."

"You seem to know your way," murmured the girl.

"I have always known my way, until tonight," said Raynard. Whatever the significance of the statement was, there was no doubt whatsoever that it had significance.

"It was the road I was referring to," murmured the girl.

"I remember every bump of it," said Raynard. "Every overhanging tree, every crackling twig!"

"But nineteen years?" laughed the girl. "Hardly the same bumps, the same trees and twigs?"

Raynard made no comment.

Like a motor-boat rocking suddenly from surf into a glassy sea, the little car slipped into the highway again, and picked up an asphalt channel, inky black, inky smooth, through twittering farm-house lights and ragged fields, into the spangled edges of a tiny hamlet, where, sweeping casually through a deserted street, past a single lighted doorway, Raynard stopped his car suddenly and, reversing his engine, backed slowly but surely to the yawning door again, where, vaguely illuminated in the sallow flare, loomed a sagging sign: "Post Office and General Emporium."

Vaguely questioning, the girl's eyes lifted to his.

"Great Scott!" muttered Raynard. "Was I ever here before?" Tentatively he rubbed his hand across his forehead, nodded toward the yawning doorway, turned with a faintly puckered brow to stare at his companion again. "Um—m-m," he said. "Well, I'll be darned!" He began to laugh suddenly. "Most assuredly I've been here before!" he affirmed. "And I can prove it!" His eyes fixed on hers, narrowed a little. "Let me see," he reflected. "There used to be the weirdest-looking green jar of honey—on the third shelf—back of the wooden pails—next to the younger tomato cans. It had a picture on it of a very—very lovely lady—with none too many flannels on—floating quite unperturbedly through a swarm of bees. I hadn't thought of her for years until tonight! The picture I told you about, you know—? You look just exactly like her—just exactly! The floaty look, I mean! It came over me all of a sudden just as we were leaving the hotel through all that buzzing!"

He stirred a little, reached tentatively toward the door.

"What do you wager she's there yet?" he challenged.

Through the yawning door loomed the shadowy outline of men's figures huddled round the small bleary eye of a sheet-iron stove. "Let's go in," suggested Raynard.

"I don't mind," said the girl.

Acquiescently she slipped out of her seat and followed him from the flavorous, fruit-scented darkness through the pale yellow square of doorway, into the musty, cracker-scented gloom of the stark, barn-like room lighted only by the stove's bleary eye and the two smoky lanterns dangling wanly from their respective nails. Like gilded dove-cotes from which the birds had long since flown, a tarnished tier of letter boxes yawned blankly toward the newcomers and the light.

"Good evening—everybody!" said Raynard.

In an instant the huddled group at the stove had resolved itself into the definite figures of three old men: a baldhead sitting curiously aloof; a doughty graybeard tossing waste paper on the flame; a hawk-nosed gaffer wound in a red muffler, lolling with sharp chin balanced on a gold-topped cane.

Inadvertently Raynard gave a gasp.

"MERCIFUL heavens!" he said. "Can' we escape it anywhere tonight?—'Old Men Sitting by the Fire'?"

"And, 'Wouldn't you think they would perspire?'" countered the girl quite blithely.

Reacting to the sheer literalness of the comment, Raynard turned, half a-grin, to greet the old graybeard who came forward to meet him.

"Good evening!" Raynard's grin widened a little. "Got a letter for me?" he questioned.

"Got a—what?" stammered the old graybeard.

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"A letter!" said Raynard.

"Sh—sh," whispered the girl. "Don't tease the old fellow!"

"Tease nothing!" said Raynard quite tersely. Once again he repeated his question: "I said—did you have a letter for me?"

The old man rallied as best he could from the instant's confusion.

"What name?" he questioned.

"Vasco Raynard," said the younger man.

The old man shook his head.

"No," he said.

"What do you bet?" challenged Raynard.

The old man bridled faintly.

"I been here twenty-eight years," he boasted. "Store and post office both! 'Vasco?'—'Raynard?'—Whoever heard a name like that?"

"All the same—" insisted Raynard.

A light hand brushed his arm.

"I said not to tease the old chap," cautioned the girl.

Raynard laughed.

"Say anything you want to!" he conceded. "But if there's a letter here for me, I'm going to have it!"

IMPETUOUSLY he reached toward his pocket. The gesture might easily have been the gesture of a gunman, but shifted most reassuringly to a flutter of greenbacks instead.

The old postmaster's eyes brightened.

"Say, who are you, anyway?" he grinned. "One of these-ere motor bandits that one reads so much about? Or just a fresh young feller ridin' out with his girl?"

"Oh, mercy! We're not motor bandits!" protested the girl. As though to prove indeed the incontestable innocence of her own intent, she slipped suddenly out of her rabbitskin coat, and easing her filmy way somewhat cautiously through the crowding boxes and barrels, dropped down on the empty stool nearest the fire and held her ringed hands to the flickering fire. "Oh, mercy—not motor bandits!" she reiterated with some emphasis.

Raynard caught her eye and grinned.

"Thus you cheerfully consign me," he reproached her, "to the rôle of being 'just a fresh young feller riding out with his girl'?"

Airily she shrugged both grin and reproach from her consciousness.

With a resumption of peremptoriness, Raynard turned back to the old postmaster again, and pointed imperiously into the murky distance.

"Where's the old hound that used to lie—there?" he demanded. "And the great bunch of red bananas that used to swing there? And the pictures of the two escaped convicts? And—"

"Oh, lor!" said the old postmaster. "There hasn't been a hound-dog here for twenty years!"

"It was twenty years ago that I was here!" said Raynard. "And a girl had promised there would be a letter for me. And, believe me," roared Raynard suddenly, "when I asked for the letter that night, and was told there wasn't any, I started right in to clean up things!"

"Wh-at?" said the old postmaster. "Wh-at?"

"There were three of us," said Raynard, "driving home in a yellow buckboard from a dance."

The old postmaster came suddenly out of the shadows and confronted him.

"Good lor!" he said. "Was that you?"

"It was!" cried Raynard. Once again memory and laughter overwhelmed him. "Right in the midst of it," he confessed delightedly, "a man rushed in and tried to sit on my head!"

"It was me that tried to sit on your head," said the old postmaster.

"What?" protested Raynard. "You?"

Dramatically he pointed to a cluttered desk in the far corner. "I remember going—there!" he said. "And sweeping everything on the floor! Bills, letters, patent-medicine ads! It must have been piled up a foot high!"

"Two feet," admitted the old postmaster.

"The pen was split!" said Raynard. "The ink was mud! But even that couldn't stay my ultimatum! 'The next time I come here,' I swore, 'and ask for a letter—there's going to be one!'" Once again his shadowed face picked up the lantern-light with startling distinctness. "And, by Jove, I wrote it!" he said. "Right there on the spot."

"How—funny!" said the girl.

"Yes—wasn't it?" admitted Raynard. "Yet, even when I'd got it written, they wouldn't rent me a letter box! Didn't consider me a responsible person—apparently."

"Can you blame 'em?" said the girl.

"So, when everybody piled out helter-skelter," persisted Raynard, "to see what the horses were bucking about—and found the whiffle-tree kicked to pieces—I just grabbed up the green honey jar and the letter and scrambled up the ladder and tucked 'em away together, and—"

A strange little hush seemed to come over him suddenly. Frowningly concentrative, he began slowly to scan the crowded, towering shelves that surrounded him. Then, with a single sharp little gasp of satisfaction, he yanked out a rickety ladder from its shroud of cobwebs, and, bracing the ladder against the dingy tier of shelves, climbed up into the dusty shadows through a dangle of scarlet peppers—a glint of tin dippers—the tarry slap of coiled ropes—and began to rake his finger speculatively along the faded tiers of tin cans—looking himself, for all the world, like some erudite librarian searching his shelves for a lost Plato or Aristotle.

Dumb with bewilderment, but half a-grin, the old postmaster watched his progress.

But the old man with the red muffler, driven absolutely garrulous with curiosity, reached forward very surreptitiously and touched the girl on her shoulder.

"THAT feller up there on the ladder," he whispered. "Is he your husband?"

The impetuous denial on the girl's lips changed suddenly to the most inexplicable burst of confidence.

"No—not—yet," she confided.

The old man dropped his chin to his cane again, snuggled down a bit deeper into his red muffler. His head began to nod.

"That's right," he mumbled.

Droningly from the shadowy rafters overhead, Raynard's voice came floating down to them.

"Let—me—see? One—two—three—four—five—?" he sing-songed. "Two rows to the right, was it? Or two from the left. Just beyond a wooden keg with a broken stave—I remember. Just beyond." He gave a sudden little cry of triumph. Two tin cans bumped, a tearing paper snarled out its single faint note of resistance. Then Raynard himself, smutched with dust, bedraggled with cobwebs, came, half sliding, half tumbling down the ladder, with a very dingy green jar and a very dingy envelope in his hand.

"There!" he said. "What did I tell you?"

Proudly he held the green jar aloft, blew the dust from its gleaming sides, turned the faded but still flamboyant label to the light, gave another little sharp cry of satisfaction. Shrouded in cobwebs if not in clothes, the diaphanous lady still floated unscathed through the swarm of bees. Faithfully out of Time and Chance she lifted her lovely face to his.

"Upon my soul you do look like her!" cried Raynard. Snatching his knife from his pocket he began to slash the fraying wicker thongs that wound the jar. The crinkle of his nostrils was unmistakably expectant.

"Do you know—I had a fancy that night," he confided quite boyishly, "that the honey came direct from the Garden of Eden."

"You had a good many fancies that night," chuckled the old postmaster.

FOR reasons of his own, Raynard chose to ignore the implication. With a slightly twisting grin he bent to solve the knotted intricacies of the last strand that bound the green jar's cap—swung 'round with a sudden air of resentment to accuse the bald-headed man's persistent ind'fference.

"What? Aren't you interested in anything?" he demanded.

"Oh, shucks! Don't mind him," said the postmaster. "He's been stone deaf these dozen years!"

"Oh, dear—what a pity!" protested the girl's quick sympathy.

The old postmaster looked vaguely surprised.

"Not at all," he contradicted. "He never liked anything he did hear! So what difference does it make?"

Half a-grin Raynard glanced at the girl and beckoned her to him.

"If you really want to know what the Garden of Eden smelt like—?" he challenged.

Swishingly the knife blade flashed through the last binding thong. Out of crunching sealing wax a stubborn cork lifted. With clutching hands and crinkling nostrils, two faces bent almost cheek to cheek to prove the treasure, and winced back with startled eyes to stare at each other.

The jar was empty! All the gay song of the summer—the scent of flower—the drone of bee—sun, moon, the stars themselves—changed to a crust of sugared dust.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Raynard He looked really quite shocked, started to laugh; but the laugh proved rather unsuccessful. "Well, I'll be darned!" he repeated quite fatuously.

Out of the instant's speechlessness, the girl's face rallied to a single comment.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear," she said. "Now I shall never know what the Garden of Eden smelt like!"

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Beware of Spiders

BACK of a partition where passers-by cannot see him, the loan shark spins his web—and waits. In his show-windows he displays generous-sounding proposals. He says, "We will trust you when nobody else will—*if* you have a job." He sends smoothly-worded circulars and letters marked "Personal," telling how he has been able to assist "your friends", and how he will gladly do as much for you—and no outsider will be the wiser.

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The loan shark knows that many of his victims will be unable to pay on the appointed date. He, therefore, extends the time but increases the amount of the loan. Month by month it grows till it crushes. The loan shark's favorite lash on the unhappy victim is "Pay—pay more—or I will expose you. Pay or I will make you lose your job." Sadly enough, sometimes his threat is carried out and the job is lost.

Imagine a frightened employee paying $2.00 a week "interest" on a $10.00 loan for three years—156 weeks—and still "owing" the original $10.00 although he had paid $312.00. The man who paid this lived in the capital of a great State.

A man who made $60 a month borrowed $75 from a loan shark. For a period of three years, he paid each month $21.85 interest—more than one-third of his wages—without reducing the principal debt.

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If you must borrow, make sure the lender is licensed and supervised by the State.

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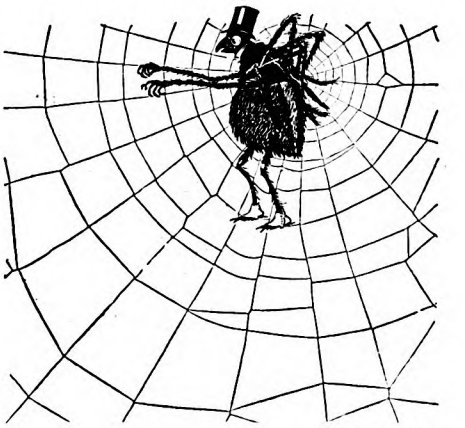

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obligation on your part. Address Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Number One Madison Avenue, New York City and ask for Booklet No. 98 A.

Haley Fiske, *President*.

Many millions of dollars are loaned annually by loan sharks. These millions in loans cost borrowers as much more in interest, together with untold mental distress.

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The Uniform Small Loan Law drafted by the Russell Sage Foundation is in use in twenty-three States and has done much to better commercial money lending conditions in those States.

This Foundation has also assisted in the development of credit unions which are mutual loan and thrift associations. The credit union collects the savings of its membership and reloans these savings to finance the individual needs of the same group.

The Department of Remedial Loans offers its assistance in organizing credit unions and remedial loan associations or in advising loan shark victims. Address, Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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Still grinning faintly, but with a curious impulse toward sobriety stealing over him, Raynard picked up the fallen envelope at his feet, and slapped it tentatively against his knee. "Well, here'll be something, anyway!" he promised.

"Do you remember what you wrote?" questioned the girl.

"Well, no—not exactly," admitted Raynard. "But something reasonably wise I'll wager. Kids are pretty shrewd."

He opened the letter.

Bending to read it he straightened up again with a half-smothered expletive and handed the page to the girl.

A single sentence scrawled across the page.

"*Don't be a fool all the days of your life!*"

it said. Just that. Nothing more.

"*Don't be a fool all the days of your life!*"

Rousing vaguely from his dreams, the old gaffer with the red muffler opened his blinking eyes to stare palely for an instant from one startled young face to the other.

"That's right," he assured them. "That's right."

RAYNARD caught the girl's glance, tried to hold it, shrugged his shoulders with an air of futility.

"By Jove!" he said. "And I thought I'd written a tome!"

"Well—didn't you?" said the girl. Her tone was curiously incisive.

"What?" cried Raynard.

Apprehensively he glanced around him. Oblivious alike to shout or whisper the bald-headed man still sat feeding waste paper into the avid flame. Deep in his dreams again, the old gaffer wheezed to the glint of his gold-headed cane. Safely ensconced behind his tarnished letter boxes even the doughty postmaster had faded into a mere thud-thud-thud of canceling stamps.

Raynard took a single step toward the girl, fixed his eyes on her eyes; his glance was a little bit stern.

"What are you driving at?" he said.

The girl laughed.

"Not 'driving' at anything apparently," she conceded. "Maybe, indeed, just 'riding for a fall'!" Quizzically she picked up the scrawled page again, flicked her finger against it.

"Well—" she said, "are you going to take it?"

"Take what?" snapped Raynard.

"The advice!" laughed the girl.

Raynard grimaced.

"It's a fair-sized dose!" he admitted.

"You mixed it yourself," said the girl. Her mocking eyes, grown suddenly grave, narrowed to his. "Tomorrow you are going away," she said. "And tomorrow is rather near. But 'Away' is very far off! How shall I ever know," she questioned. "How shall I ever know whether you take the advice—or not?"

"I will come back sometime and tell you!" said Raynard. The cool, intentioned lightness of his tone deepened suddenly to impassioned bitterness. "When I have made good!" he said. "When I have at least made—better! I will come back! I will—"

The girl's face lit to laughter again.

"And I shall be gone!" she said. "Like the honey! All the promise of the spring—all the fulfillment of the summer—gone—like the honey!"

Raynard's face went suddenly white.

"What are you driving at?" he demanded sternly.

"At your foolish pride!" cried the girl. "Oh, haven't I eyes? Can't I see? Haven't I a heart? Doesn't it answer your heart?"

Raynard gasped! "But—but you don't mean—"

"Yes," nodded the girl soberly.

"But—you are so—rich," said Raynard. Even his voice sounded white. "And I—am so poor."

"Oh, you foolish!" cried the girl. "You laggard! You waster! Can't you see that if we loved each other we'd both be rich? Incalculably—rich?"

"What?" cried Raynard. He took another step forward and stopped suddenly. "What?" he cried. "You don't really mean that you care? As much as that!"

"I care—most awfully!" said the girl. With an almost terrifying simplicity and honesty she repeated the statement: "I care—most awfully."

THE man's face was a study. He put his hands on her shoulders, tried very resolutely to grin, but his eyes belied him.

"Oh, all right—" he stammered. "Earlier this evening, when you asked me if I was making love to you, I said 'No.'"

"I remember," murmured the girl.

"Well, I am making love to you—now!" said Raynard.

"It's about time!" said the girl. Half tears, half laughter, her provocative face lifted to his.

Raynard bent his head to hers.

The old man with the red muffler roused sluggishly from his sleep and stared at them.

Raynard's impetuous resentment of the interruption turned suddenly to a grin.

"I was just about to kiss this young lady," he explained stentoriously. "Kiss her—*good*—I mean!"

The old man with the red muffler smiled. Even toothlessly it was rather a sweet smile.

"That's right," he said. "That's right!"

Swinging suddenly around to challenge an unexplained stir behind him, Raynard saw the old postmaster slipping back with a certain shy air of expectancy to his place by the fire, sensed the bald-headed man lifting a curiously bland smile to the light. All three old faces in that instant took on a curious, furnished look—like old rooms that, even only primitively equipped, had yet seen the whole drama of life enacted in them.

The fire quickened. The whole dusk took up the glow, and all of a sudden there was no sense any more of shadow or of firelight, but just of sunlight, a whole world kindled then and there to the love-light in a girl's eyes.

Raynard looked around and gasped.

"'Old Men Sitting in the Sun—'?" he said. "'Mother of Christ—*May* I be one?'"

The Winged Man

(*Continued from page 43*)

warm wind, had been blowing for days."

"There hasn't been so much of that blowin' this spring," Jake murmured absently. "Seems like the geese fly awful straight this year. There's an awful still air. You can see the wind fingerin' the clouds way up aloft, but it don't get down to us. Listen to how the river talks, Selda. Seems like it had a lot that wanted sayin'. Rivers, now, and trees and the wind a blowin', they go on a-talkin', listeners or no, they tell all there is in their minds to tell, while we screw out a sentence or two maybe now and again; but we don't tell nothin' . . . we don't tell *anything* we know."

"You're right. We don't tell anything we know."

She rose and they walked down the steep wet trail together. And the river talked.

Next morning he rode out . . . but this time he had made her a wordless passionate farewell . . . and at the farthest ranch bars he met his returning brother, James.

"Ah," said James after his "Hullo," "the empty bucket a-passin' of the full one."

"What," Jake demanded, sitting slack in his saddle with his eyes fastened from under forward-bent brows, on James's broad smooth face, "do you mean by your buckets, Jamie?"

"Well, sir, you've emptied yourself, haven't you? Now you're a-goin' back to fill yourself up with . . . livin', fightin', playin' . . . all the rest of it." He turned unexpectedly crimson and fierce, pointing his big right arm toward the ranch-house, visible through twinkling young aspen leaves above them. "What do you think or care what sufferin' she goes through, holdin' up her head and smilin', so us boys won't guess how her pride's hurt!"

Jake's face deepened in its color as though it had passed into a brown shade.

"You think this"—he made a gesture toward the pack horse he was leading—"you think this . . . hurts her pride?"

"A woman whose man says to the world, 'I'm gettin' weary of you, ma'am; I got to quit you for a spell till my taste fer you comes back upon me,' don't you figger that such a woman has stood for a blow in the face of her pride, Jake?"

Jake tightened his lips and turned his horse by the pressure of a knee. But James, spurring close, prevented his impulsive return.

"Where you goin'?"

"Back to ask Selda."

"God Almighty—there's a plenty of fools in this here world! Now that you've done your hurtin' of her, Jake, better get out and let her ease herself by forgettin' you for a spell."

This Jake considered, still as a statue in the flecked light.

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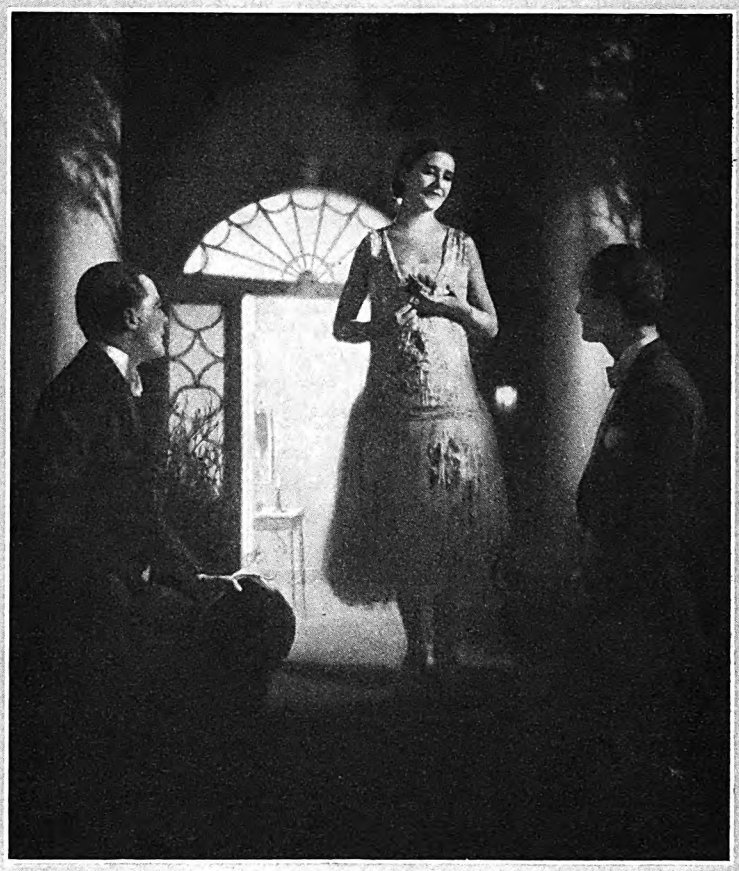
SHE LEARNED *this Secret in Childhood Days*

While she was a tiny tot, Miss Marjorie Willis found the dentifrice that **cleanses** *her teeth into sparkling radiance*



Her radiant, lovely smile! It's a charm that men admire . . . that flash of beautiful, gleaming teeth

NO wonder her admirers watch for it—the sudden smile that lights her face like magic. In it there's warmth and understanding, and much more besides. There's evidence that her teeth have had closest attention. That their gleam and sparkle are the result of daily *cleanliness.*

Uncompromising care of her teeth is a life-long habit with Miss Marjorie Willis. Since she was first able to hold a brush she has cleansed them twice a day with Colgate's. Never in all these years has she let herself grow careless in this toilet detail.

Others, too, know the way

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women like Miss Marjorie Willis. Because they began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, their teeth are exceptionally sound and beautiful today.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily and quickly do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's. With Colgate's, cleaning is not a side issue, or an added feature . . . it is the main thing.

Naturally, no dentifrice that you have ever used will clean your teeth more thoroughly. And, mark you, this supremely efficient cleansing is the basis of beautiful and long-lived teeth.

At your druggist's

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist today for Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Or, if you prefer, return the coupon and let us send you a sample to try.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 201 I, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y. **FREE**
Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

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"I was not a-goin' out for long," he said seriously; "I aimed to look into some Oregon property."

"If I was you," James continued evenly, "if I was you, and I wanted to heal Selda's pride, I'd write a letter from out in Oregon. I'd write a real humble kind of letter, to ask her if she was willin' to take you back. Seems to me like it'd be decent to give her a chanct to say 'No,' supposin' she had learned to feel like sayin' it."

To this advice, too, Jake listened carefully, and carefully he looked at James. "Yes, sir," he said; then equably, "I reckon you are right. I'll do that, Jamie. Thank you for suggestin' it. Good-by."

He put out his lean dark hand and Jamie's broad paw swallowed it. They parted, Jake whistling in the key of some tropical songster of the jungle, Jamie muttering to his saddle horn, staring back as he rode on to Selda.

IN AUGUST Jake's letter came. One of the boys brought it across a dazzling grain field to Selda where she sat on a high fence rail with James lounging beneath and beside her. James flushed as he saw the writing on the envelope.

Before she looked at the paper herself, Selda said something to the bearer, who laughed appreciatively. Her own look of laughter faded slowly from her face as she looked down. A letter from Jake. She opened it. James's hard breathing at her side did not distract her attention. She had forgotten that he was there.

DEAR WIFE: I have a notion maybe you don't want me back. 'Twas you sent me away this year and I've been telling myself, Likely she was meaning for you to stop away, being tired of marriage with a winged man. So I am writing this to give you your chanct to tell me the truth of what you feel. I am hoping that it will be just that—the truth. If you do not send me an answer to this address to tell me, "Come home, Jake, I am still wanting you," then I will know that you are tired of me, and I will stay away so that you can get your freedom from me. But I will never say nor think a word but love and understanding of you, Selda. Your true lover, JAKE.

Selda looked up. There had never been a day so gracious, so golden, and so still. She breathed deeply, gathered a harvest of thrilled victory. And that evening, with no black coffee to keep her wits awake, she wrote to Jake his answer:

I want you now and always, Jake; but only of your free, winged will. Your wife,
GRISELDA.

And she sent this out, as it happened, by the hand of James.

He had a bargain to make, he said, out over the Pass, a business summons, he told her, from a man who aimed to exchange stock with him. James thought he'd give up horse raising and go in more for other cattle. The matter might take a week. It might take longer. He'd be going direct to Foster, the nearest town, and he could save Selda's letter a whole twenty-four hours' delay in its journey toward Oregon. Selda let him draw the envelope from her fingers and, looking down at his, saw something in their expression, heavy, patient, eager, that smote her nerves.

She looked up at him with a new and seeing look.

"James, you have been a good brother to me. I've never thanked you. I count you my best friend."

He said a hoarse syllable, incomprehensible, and added, a moment later, as though to interpret it, "I ain't no brother of yours, Selda. I am Jake's brother," which left Selda as uncertain as before of what he had meant to tell her. He pocketed her letter, turned from her and left her house with heavy, resolute steps, the steps of an intention.

The letter in his pocket mounted the horse, the letter in his pocket rode slowly down the lane between two waving fields of grain, the letter in his pocket went from her following observation into the darkness of pines . . . on its long way to Jake, on its interminable slow way to Jake. She could not bear to think of the jogging day, of the night in a dark post box, of some deliberate whistling mailman, of the waiting for the train, of the train's progress. It made her heart labor and her eyes turn dim.

And then she knew that she was happier than any summer bird, and she flew out to find her own pony and to ride . . . and ride . . . and to ride singing. . . .

Every day she rode out now, alone and singing, to celebrate her woman's victory over a winged man. And so every day, a day passed, and so with seven days, a week passed, then a fortnight, then three quarters of a month, and then a whole long month with all its days. No word from Jake and no return of James.

SHE still rode, but she did not sing. Evenings, strong coffee kept her at her violin or at her books again. Then, one night, rather late, the violin was jarred by a step upon her porch. Heartsick with suspense, she laid down her instrument and moved a few steps toward her door. It opened. She stood looking with stretched eyes at—James.

He had the physical aspect of a heavy and dazed animal, and all about the room, rather than at her, he looked as an animal would look.

"Where . . . is . . . he?" asked James.

"Not here. No answer."

"No answer at all?"

"You mailed my letter?"

"Yes, ma'am, on my way out, as I told you I would do."

He sat down near the door like a peasant visitor. "I reckon he ain't minded to come back so quick, after all. He's struck it, likely. I heard—"

"You heard?"

"That he was lucky in that Oregon claim of hisn. Now, if he's struck it rich, he's got the world and its women to play with, and he will be slower comin' back. He's celebratin'. Gambler's gold. All his life, Jake's been hopin', seekin', stakin' out, diggin', and assayin'. Gold . . . coal . . . oil. This time I reckon he's struck it."

Selda sat quickly down. James was not looking at her.

Presently she asked him if he wanted food or drink. He took a cup of her black coffee, told her good night, and walked out on his boot toes as though from a chapel or a sick-room. Selda lay all night, full-dressed, across her bed. She held her muscles tight at irregular intervals, as though a lash fell. Those lashes were her memories of Jake. Why had God made her able to love like this? Surely such women were a primitive survival; the world no longer had a use for such fond and firm intensities. Passion should be a gambler's game, married affection a cool-hearted and casual friendliness, a reasonable partnership, too hard for wounds.

Love was not meant to burn and writhe and suffer, clinging to flame, like this deep, blind, unreasoning love of hers, which could not be dug up by a brain nor smothered by a will. Men had no need of a Griselda. She must love herself, her labor, and her land.

The next day she was about, hard, pale, collected, with a hundred clear commands. James came up and they held one of their old councils, Jonas and James and she, as to which steers should be sold that autumn, as to whether it would be wiser to winter here or to drive out into Idaho.

JAMES spoke collectedly with his best ranch wisdom, but he watched Griselda. He was frightened, perhaps, by a new opaque grayness of her eyes. Wet slate and clouds, of course, they had always been, but there had used to be across them, behind them, a flash of sunlit wings. Today they were old eyes, they were eyes—dead.

They scared him. Day after day, now, he watched them in her thinning face.

Before snow came, Jonas Fry rode down to have a private consultation with Jake's brother. It took place in Jamie's kitchen, before the stove of which Jonas gradually thawed out the icicles from his mournful, long mustache.

"She gits weaker every day, Jamie. She's a-gettin' now so's she can't rightly swing up into her saddle without I give her arm a hoist. She's gettin' so her voice is whisperin', sort of broken-like. She ain't no heavier than this here tumbleweed what blows about down Texas way. She's white. Her eyes look big. Her hand trembles. She don't eat. I reckon that violin of hern has made music for her till sun-up night after night. Last night, she smashed it with her foot, where it laid when I come in early this mornin', stamped into splinters on the floor. Soon she won't be able to stand up from her bed. Man," the iceberg-blue eyes of the speaker thawed into quick and painful moisture, "that girl is slowly dyin'."

James asked hoarsely, "What'd you hev me do?"

Jonas Fry said nothing. The two men stayed in that kitchen, the one heavily sitting, the other heavily standing, wordless, for an hour. Then Fry got to his horse and rode back through a whirl of snow.

FOR three days James stayed away from his brother's deserted home. On the fourth he came into it reluctantly. In the living-room Ma Wade sat sighing and alone.

"Oh, James Armitage," she said, "we got to get a doc for Selda afore we're all snowed in. She's runnin' a temperature. She hasn't got the strength to stand."

James went in to see Selda for himself.

Brightness had come back to her eyes, wild wings seemed to be flashing across them, and her face was deeply flushed. She looked at James with a vague and puzzled look.

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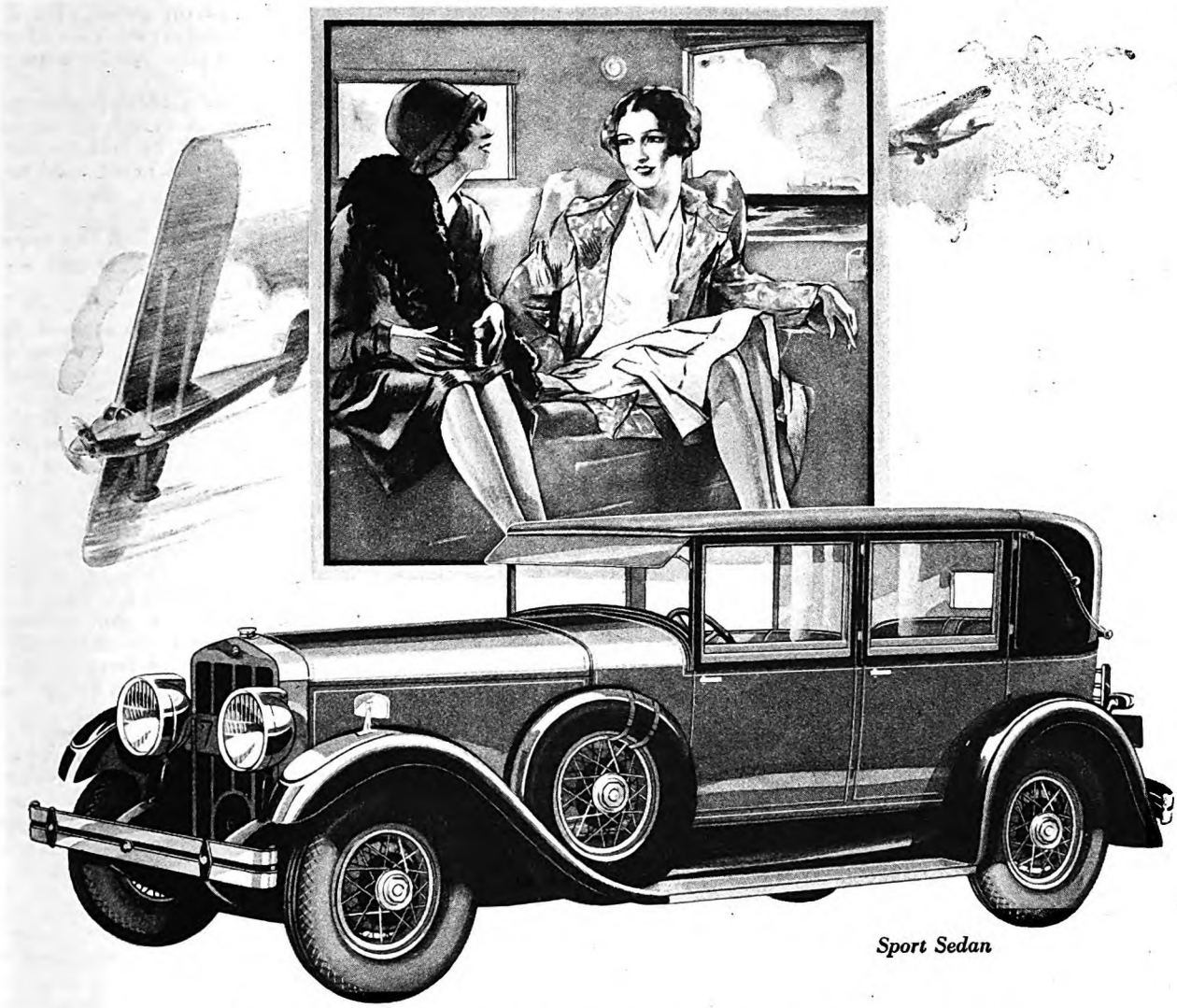

Sport Sedan

Every previous conception of Luxurious Fast Travel outdone by the new

AIRMAN LIMITED

INTERIORS of *built-to-order* elegance—body lines of *distinctive* smartness—riding comfort of *all-day* restfulness—motor performance of *the fastest road car ever built!*

In each of the four essentials of complete motor car enjoyment, the Airman Limited sets an advanced pace all its own—ahead of anything ever achieved in automobile building. In the words of a new owner, "For the first time I know what a motor car can really *be* and *do*."

In the recent coast-to-coast, round-trip run, a standard Franklin Sedan, driven by Cannon Ball Baker, lowered the record by 10½ hours—averaging 42.5 miles per hour for nearly 158 hours—many hours faster than the most famous Limited trains. Without question the Airman Limited institutes the absolute standard of road transportation—riding, roadholding, safety, sustained speed and luxury.

Only a drive can convince you that 300 or 400 miles in a day in this car means luxury—fast transportation that does not fatigue—riding ease no other car can offer.

Franklin ownership is a constant source of enjoyment. The Airman Limited is the soundest motor car investment you can make. Our nearest representative will be glad to place a car at your disposal today. Term payments are offered.

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"He won't come back at all," she said.

James answered, "Hush, you! Get well. I'm here," and put his hand upon both of hers, which were knitted as though with physical effort.

"But you know he won't come back, James. You told me . . . he can buy the world . . ."

James crouched down beside her and seemed to pray. It was a Black Mass of Oaths to which he said an Amen backward. He then put both his arms about her.

"Look you at me."

"Yes, James."

"I am the man to love you, to stay with you, to take care of you, and to make you happy."

She drew back so that she could better look at him, and she shook her head.

"You haven't any . . . wings," she said, and her neck snapped like a flower stalk, so that her head dropped to his shoulder, where she wept and wept and wept.

James told Ma Wade he was going out to fetch her a doctor.

"I'll fetch him here if I hev to rope him, hog-tie him, and drag him in through a blizzard after I've kicked him to pulp." Ma Wade opened her eyes amazedly at this ferocity. "He ain't likely to act up any," she said mildly. "Doc Sampson, well, sir, he's a quiet, obedient, harmless sort of man, Jamie, like a long drink of warmish milk."

TO HER patient, her mistress and her little girl, Ma Wade said, "He's gone out to get you a doc, dearie, so's you will get real well and strong again."

"I'm not sick," Selda answered. "I'll be up and about before your 'doc' can get here." And, to prove this, disobedient to Ma, she did drag herself up two evenings later and dress herself and waver into her living-room, where she lay on a lounge and tried to pretend that she was quite her old self, holding a book with great difficulty up before her eyes. Those eyes grew gradually dim. The book fell. It was the sound of crunching steps, of a heavy bundle dragged, of a falling weight against her door, and presently a thunder of knocking, that at last lifted her lids, lifted her body from its repose and drew her across the room to the suddenly mute and inexpressive timber of her door.

"Who is out there?" she asked.

No answer.

"James?"

She hesitated and drew in her door.

A great bundle stumbled in and fell down across the floor at her feet.

She closed out the icy air and the white moon. Jake, her husband, her winged man, bound and gagged. From a pale, bruised face his eyes glittered up at her. They danced. They sang. Their look was to her an incarnate, a maddening mystery. She began to free him, first to speech and then to motion. She knelt beside him, and he edged himself so that he lay within her arms.

Wrapped in his gag, a crumpled red silk handkerchief, was the envelope that contained her own unanswered letter to Jake. To his shirt was tied a label, scrawled roughly over with a message:

A good-by gift from James. I've clipt his wings for you.

Strength seemed to be flowing into her from Jake's hard body in her arms. As he grew warmer, came back more and more to life, she could feel the strong big beating in his iron side.

"Well, ma'am," said Jake comfortably, though his wounded lips fumbled with the sounds, "I'll sure hev to stop with you for a spell now, winged man or no."

"Why didn't you come before?"

She was weeping; her tears fell down like a child's, freely. Her heart grew bigger and bigger with incredulous, with incomprehensible reassurance.

"I was waitin'," said Jake. He kept those intolerably delighted eyes upon her face.

"What—what were you waiting for?"

"For a letter from you, like I told you."

"A letter from me? Jake, Jake, my letter is here. It was wrapped in this. ." She groped on the floor, not willing to move her eyes from the look in his that reassured her so, and, having found the crumpled paper, she spread it out for him. He lifted his head painfully and read it.

"James," he drawled, dropping back against her, "James must hev forgot to mail it . . . until he found my mouth convenient for postin' purposes. Queer feller, James. I reckon the journey we both made tonight was hurtin' him even more than it was hurtin' me. He kind of done me a kindness in his own way, and made up fer not mailin' me my letter. Yes, ma'am, he's a queer feller, James." He drew in an enormous breath and straightened against the wall, trying to reverse their positions so that he could hold her in his arms. She helped him to arrange this.

"James," he went on, when this matter had been adjusted, "met me on my way in yesterday. I was meanin' not to disturb you any, thinking, as I did from not gettin' word, that you wasn't ready fer me to come home yet—but meanin' just to get, unbeknownst to you, a glimpse-like. I got fearful you might be ill, be lonesome. That was always the worst of stoppin' away from you. I kep' a worryin'."

"Of . . . stopping . . . away . . . Jake?"

"WELL, yes, ma'am. But let me tell you what happened between James and me. James, he met me. I saw right off that he was awful fierce and vengeful-like, but I was not prepared. He just plumb fell upon me like a full-growed wolf-pack. Hadn't I wanted so awful bad to be took back and laid down spite of myself, Selda, at your feet, likely I'd 'a' put up a better fight. But there was somethin' inside of me, way down, that kep' a-fightin' fer James. Anyways, he got the best of me, and he roped me and gagged me and slung me on my hoss, and . . . we rode off.

"Well, ma'am, it was not a pleasant journey. There was nothin' winged about it. And when we come to your door—I'd been unconscious a good part of the way, pain maybe, cold maybe, maybe just the blood not runnin' normal—but, when we come to your door and he unslung me and let me drop, I come to just as he drug me acrost the porch here and set me up agin your panels. I heard him knock. Says he, 'Tell her I did mean to cure her of her fancy fer a wanderin' coyote; but if it means killin' instead of curin', she'd better have her coyote back. Tell her to tie you up.'

"Selda," he cried suddenly, in a changed quick voice and, as though his strength had come fully back, he held her closer, "I'm sorry. I didn't never *want* to go away."

"Not . . . want . . . to . . . go?"

"Why, no. 'Twas the look that a spring wind'd bring back into your eyes. . . ."

"Into *my* eyes?"

"Yes. That old look that made me scared to marry you. I knowed right well there was only the one thing that made you love me. I hadn't nothin' else, no wealth—though I'm richer now—no learnin', nothin' at all but the one thing that made me different: your belief that I would be a restless, come-and-go lover, nothin' steadfast, nothin' wearyin' and stale, not like the others you could never see your way to loving. They promised to be faithful, so you was like a wild thing a lookin' cageward. They promised you unchangin' love, so you felt like a chain was laid about yer neck. But me—and I sure had nothin' else to offer—why, I promised you spells of freedom and of loneliness, of bein' mistress of your own life.

"AND so . . . and so—though it ached like rheumatism in a freezed bone—when spring come and the wind begun its blowin' and I seed that absent, hungry, lazy look come to your face, I knowed I'd hev to go. 'Twas my part of the bargain. This time, Selda, 'twas you that sent me packin'. Oh, you thought—I reckon you still think that 'twas fer me you done it. And when you thought I would come back no more, you fell sick. And that sickness come upon you because way down in your heart you knowed 'twas your own fault I went away. And you did need me back again. You will always need me back again. Me, who hungers for you always like for water and for daily bread. But I know the secret of you, Griselda. Bend you down; I'll whisper it to you."

Selda obeyed. Mirth and sardonicism were routing astonishment from her brows and her mouth corners.

"'Tis you that are a winged woman, Selda, and to hold you I must be leaving you sometimes. I must still pretend to you that I, too, have them terrible, great, restless wings."

Selda has never contradicted him. She has accepted the triumphant wisdom of her man. But, being a woman, she has forgone her own triumph, and has never whispered to him the secret of himself. She has never whispered:

"Those wings you saw in my eyes when the spring wind was blowing, those wings that scared you so . . . they were only a reflection of your own. Those wings you see upon my shoulders, dear Jake, you have fastened them there yourself; and, because I am willing to wear them for you, you will perhaps be able to walk beside me, patient and steadfast, on your two human feet . . . until the winged end."

But only the laughing, weeping gods know the whole truth: that both the man and the woman, walking together, carry wings.

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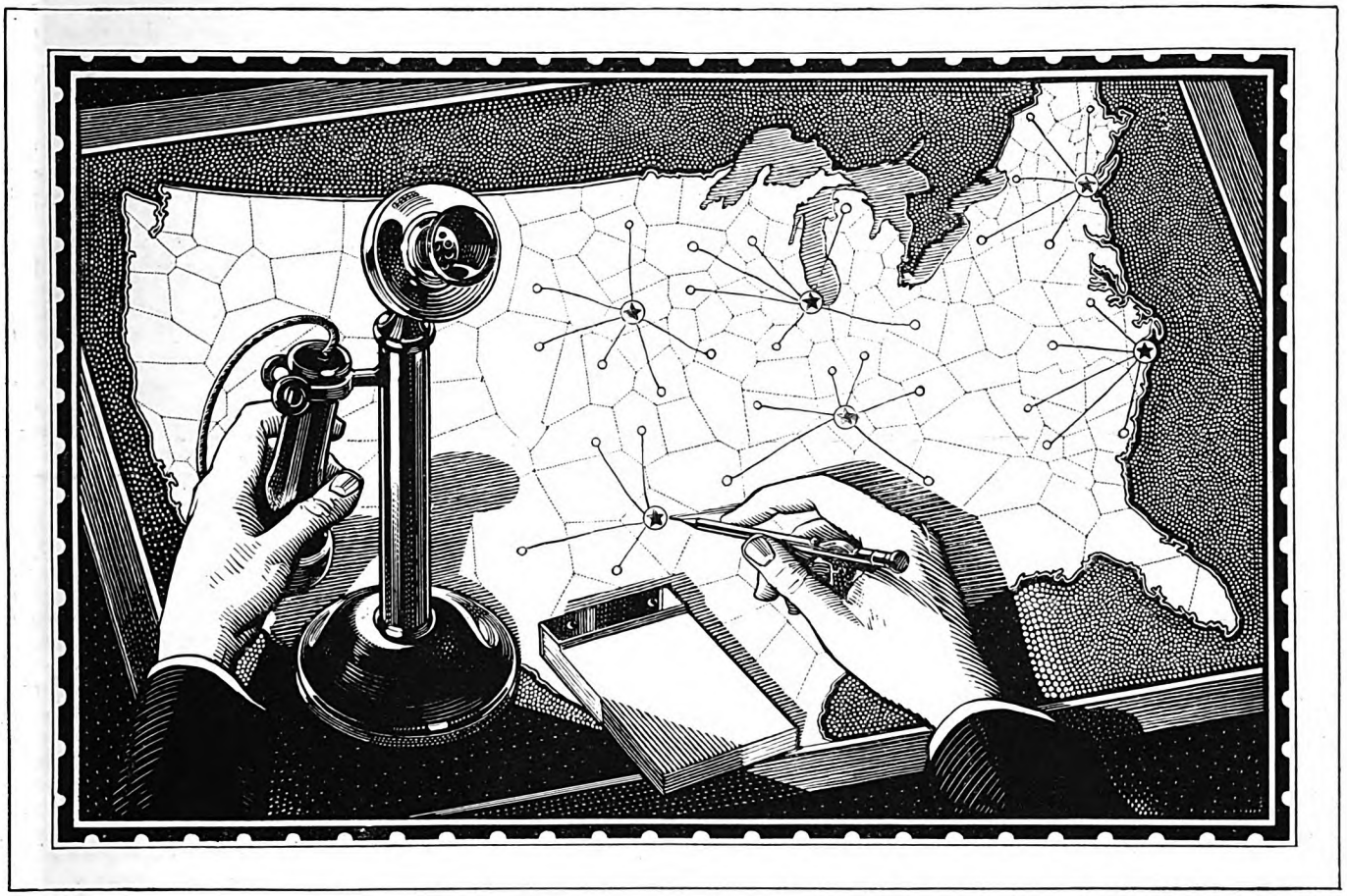
This National key town map Free to Anyone interested in cutting Costs



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

To LOWER distribution costs, business is turning to the key town method of buying and selling by telephone. By this plan each representative can "travel" farther, reach more people, buy and sell more—and cut expenses.

The national key town map, showing key towns and their calling areas, is now ready. This and regional maps may be obtained at any Bell Telephone business office. They are free.

Key town plans work like this. The sales or purchasing representative goes to the key towns in person. From each he makes his contacts by telephone with customers and prospects in that area. Expensive visits in person are made less often; yet by telephone more frequent and up-to-the-minute relations are maintained.

Related telephone services supplement the key town plan. Classified business telephone directories furnish lists of prospects, sequence calling lists save hours of time, the Bell System credit plan makes it possible to have bills for calls sent to home offices—avoiding the carrying of cash and helping in keeping records of contacts. Thus, Long Distance can be custom-made to fit your selling or buying problems—to increase business, yet lower costs. A call to your Bell Telephone business office will bring a copy of the national key town map to you. . . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES BELL SYSTEM

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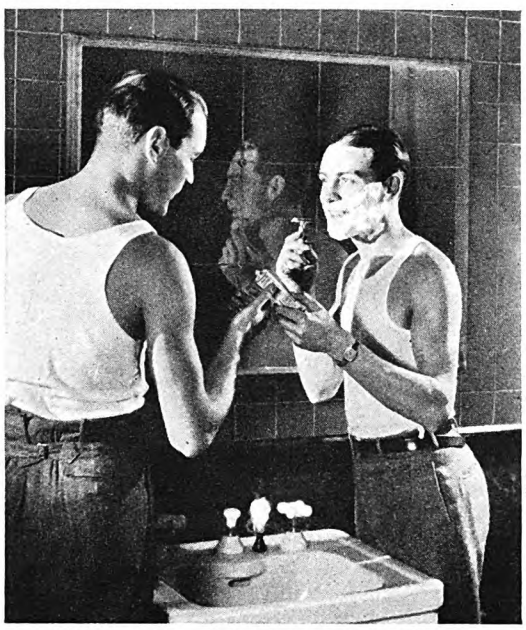
GONE ..*all* Razor Pull *and* Discomfort

When Beards are Softened Small-Bubble Way

Millions wanted these new shaving results

A faster, smoother shave . . . that's what this offers you. A quick, easy way to get your whiskers off. Without razor-pull, sting or smart. There's a difference in this shaving cream, men, that you can prove by test. See coupon below.

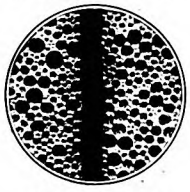


Here's a shave with a smile . . . just try this new small-bubble lather—you'll see the difference.

GOOD news is printed here, for every man who shaves himself. It's the story of a scientific shaving discovery . . . a startling new principle in beard-softening.

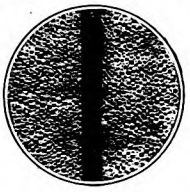
The results will surprise you . . . shaving has been made delightfully comfortable. You get a quick, smooth shave . . . every time.

These are results which a test will clearly prove. Clip the coupon if you seek an improvement in shaving methods.



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

Small Bubbles the reason

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's . . . a shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real beard-softener.

This small-bubble lather is designed to absorb more water.

That's the principle. Now here's what it does for you:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard, crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water. Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right at the base.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. You've never had a shave like this before.

COLGATE & COMPANY
Dept. 501 I, 595 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

FREE OFFER, MEN!

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample Colgate's "After Shave".

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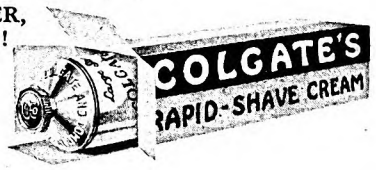

A College Where You Take Your Pick and Shovel

(*Continued from page 39*)

forty was preparation for the work I was to undertake later. I am inclined to agree. Many men flower late."

With health regained, Doctor Hudson began looking for a suitable position. There was an opening at Berea College, in Kentucky.

"Big things," he smiled, "sometimes hinge on little ones. I had done too much farming to have one decent suit of clothes left. While I was waiting for a new outfit, word came that the Berea place had been filled. Of course, I was terribly disappointed."

"Then through the same friend who suggested Berea came word that Blackburn needed a president."

Blackburn, he found, had a lot of history—and little else! "In some way," Doctor Hudson said, "the job looked hopeless; certain features, however, pleased me. Part of the college property was a farm with soil far richer than our Pennsylvania land; this appealed to that part of me that is a 'dirt farmer.' Then I have a liking for business, and the finances of the college sorely needed a business hand. There was a valuable old charter, too, exempting college property from taxation, thus removing one great expense burden. Best of all, the trustees said I could try the self-help plan, and they offered me a free hand."

Hudson accepted the position in 1912. Before the opening of school the next year, twenty-five thousand dollars was spent in improvements. Eighty students enrolled. This was rather encouraging. The self-help plan proved such a huge success that one year later the campus was swamped. That has been the normal condition ever since. It was not magic: simply *a man with an idea, driving it through.*

"THE theory of self-help in college," said Doctor Hudson, "is simple. Several types of students have to depend on it. A few with a natural gift for making money can go to any university, work their way, have a fine time socially, and come out richer than they went in. Such chaps are always found in college, but they are not at all common.

"Others can *help* to pay their way by a limited amount of work. With assistance from home or friends, they get along splendidly.

"Still others have neither the money-making knack, nor friends with cash. For them, life in a big, expensive college with students from families of all degrees of wealth may be difficult and spiritually embittering. The self-help college is a solution here.

"Costs are kept low by strict economy" (at Blackburn, the average cost of meals per person is thirteen cents!), "and also by having students do all the work, except teaching, ordinarily done by paid help: janitoring, firing boilers, making beds, laundering, cooking and serving meals, raking leaves—all these tasks are per-

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Fun stops when Corn pain starts!

It's a handicap to your looks and your health besides

Put one on —the pain is gone!

THAT persistent torment from corns, tells on your nerves, spoils your pleasure and makes you feel miserable all over.

But don't despair. You have simply gone about getting relief the wrong way. You've been trying to get rid of your corns *without removing the cause*—and it can't be done permanently that way.

Remove the cause and your corns will heal *by themselves.* You will need no other aid.

It remained for Wm. M. Scholl, M.D., noted orthopedic authority and inventor of 40 famous Foot Appliances and Remedies, to find the way to do this with safety and surety.

Instead of a powerful medication to destroy them, Dr. Scholl perfected a thin, protective, soothing, healing pad that *removes the cause,* called Dr. Scholl's Zino-pad.

These pads remove the friction and pressure of the shoe and *heal by the natural process of absorption.*

Your relief is instantaneous. In *one minute* you will be as forgetful of corns as if you never had one.

If applied at the first sign of irritation caused by tight shoes, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will *positively prevent corns.*

Many old-time treatments—harsh liquids and caustic plasters—are wrong in principle, because they *ignore* the cause—often make the toes sore from acid burn.

Zino-pads won't harm the most delicate skin. Physicians use and recommend them in their practice. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are also made in special sizes for Callouses and Bunions.

Buy a box today. At all drug, shoe and department stores—35c.

On receipt of coupon below we will mail you free sample and booklet, "The Feet and Their Care." The Scholl Mfg. Co., Inc., 21 No. Wabash Ave., Chicago; 62 W. 14th St., New York City; 112 Adelaide St. E. Toronto.

Makes New Shoes Fit with Old Shoe Comfort

If new shoes make your feet sore and tender, you can avoid that ordeal by applying Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads wherever they give you discomfort. You get instant relief, because all friction and pressure of the shoes is removed. Any soreness, tenderness or irritation is healed overnight, and corns, callouses, bunions or blisters positively prevented.

For Corns and Tender Toes
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns instantly relieve corn pain by removing the cause—friction and pressure of the shoes. Thin, protective, healing.

For Callouses and Burning Soles
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Callouses immediately relieve pain and remove the friction and pressure of the shoe. Also instantly effective in relieving burning soles.

For Bunions
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Bunions stop pain at once, protect the swollen joint from rubbing and pressing of the shoe. Safe, soothing, healing.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

For Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Tender Spots

FREE SAMPLES AND BOOKLET

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns ☐ Callouses ☐ Bunions ☐ (indicate size wanted) and a copy of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's booklet, "The Feet and Their Care."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ A. M. 4

If you live in Canada, Address: The Scholl Mfg. Co., 112 Adelaide St. E. Toronto

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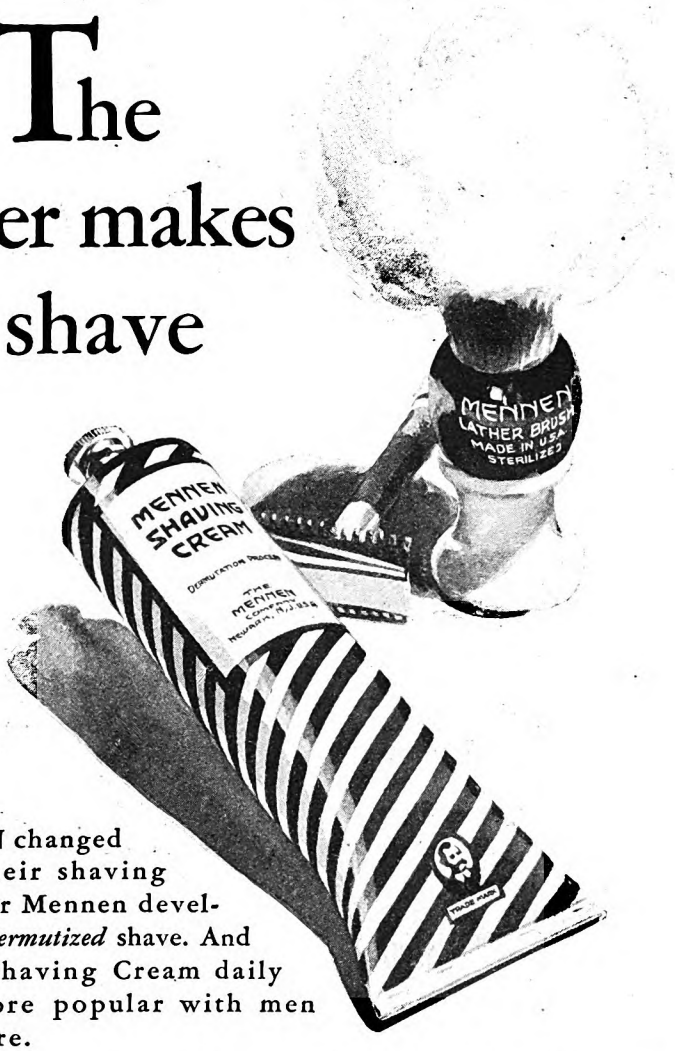
UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

The lather makes the shave



MEN changed their shaving habits after Mennen developed the *dermutized* shave. And Mennen Shaving Cream daily grows more popular with men everywhere.

Mennen-lathered is well-shaved. Unless your beard is completely softened, the razor either hurdles over the hairs, or hooks part way into the beard, yanking and dragging painfully at the roots. Mennen avoids all that. For Mennen lather has that special beard-softening process of *dermutation,* developed in the Mennen laboratory and available only in Mennen Shaving Cream. Dermutation starts the instant you touch the moistened brush and cream to the face. Its gentle action completely softens the beard. No finger rubbing necessary.

It levels the minute mounds at the base of each hair, smoothing the way so that the razor slips clean and smooth through the thoroughly softened hairs at the skin surface. No nicking or scraping of these little peaks—no rawness or smarting. No caustic to burn. And *dermutation* is complete in any water, hot or cold, hard or soft. Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather soothe and soften the skin, leaving it soft, fresh, clean and smooth. And how long a Mennen shave seems to last!

●

Also Made Mentholized

Like a cooling shower on the face is a dash of menthol in your lather. To those who relish its reviving freshness we have good news. You can now get Mennen Shaving Cream with or without menthol. Thus you may enjoy this added feature in Mennen, the shaving cream that softens your beard by the Mennen *dermutation* process, giving you the world's finest, coolest shave. To get Mennen mentholized, ask your dealer for the tube with the red ball. He has it, or can get it for you. Either tube—50c.

Top off with Mennen Talcum for Men

It's growing—this habit of toning down after-shave glitter with a splash of Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tinted not to show. Soothing and comfortable. 25c per tin—in stick form 50c.

formed by students. Each Blackburn student is *required* to do at least two and a half hours' daily work.

"So, students very largely solve their own financial problems at the same time they are studying; and in the summer vacations they usually earn enough to pay part of the winter's expenses. Two hundred dollars is the actual cost of the student for tuition, board, and lodging for one year. Things are arranged here, however, so that not all the students pay even the full two hundred.

"Self-help at Blackburn has been carried one step further: we have student management as well. This, in my opinion, has a high educational value. Certainly it helps to counteract the occasional criticism that college men are not trained practically, that they lack experience in actual work, that they shy at taking responsibility."

Few phases of the big job Doctor Hudson has done show his energy and tenacity better than his fight to get money for Blackburn's endowment.

"Nearly every college president," he went on, "has to be something of a salesman. In the past fifteen years I raised more than a million dollars for Blackburn, and have had many curious experiences and learned some interesting things. One fact of a personal nature is that the difference between doing things on a big or little scale depends a good deal on the doer's own ideas. *Think* small, and accomplishment will be small—and *vice versa.*"

IN THE fifteen years of his presidency, Dr. Hudson has built up a wonderful list of friends for Blackburn: men and women who have faith in him, in the aims of the college, in his ability to get a large educational return for every dollar spent. His method in winning these friendships is simply personal acquaintance—and persistence.

"Time after time I have been disappointed," he said, "when some man of great wealth handed me a check for one or two hundred dollars, though he could as easily give ten or a hundred times the sum. Yet some such men have developed eventually into the largest givers. One man whose gifts total a hundred and fifty thousand dollars started with a modest check for two hundred and fifty. It takes time for a man to become convinced he is giving to a useful enterprise."

It was during the war that the idea of student management was added to that of self-help at Blackburn. First-rate employees were scarce then, and an incompetent woman was in charge of the college kitchen. Some students said:

"*We* could do that work."

"There is nothing I should like better—if you could," Doctor Hudson replied.

He agreed they might have a trial, and they made good far beyond his expectations, and have been doing the work well ever since.

Since student management worked so well in the kitchen, it was tried elsewhere. Today *all* student work is managed by students. Recently even discipline was put into their hands. There are two work managers, a boy and a girl, and each has an assistant trained as a possible successor. Each division of the work is under a department manager. There is a boss

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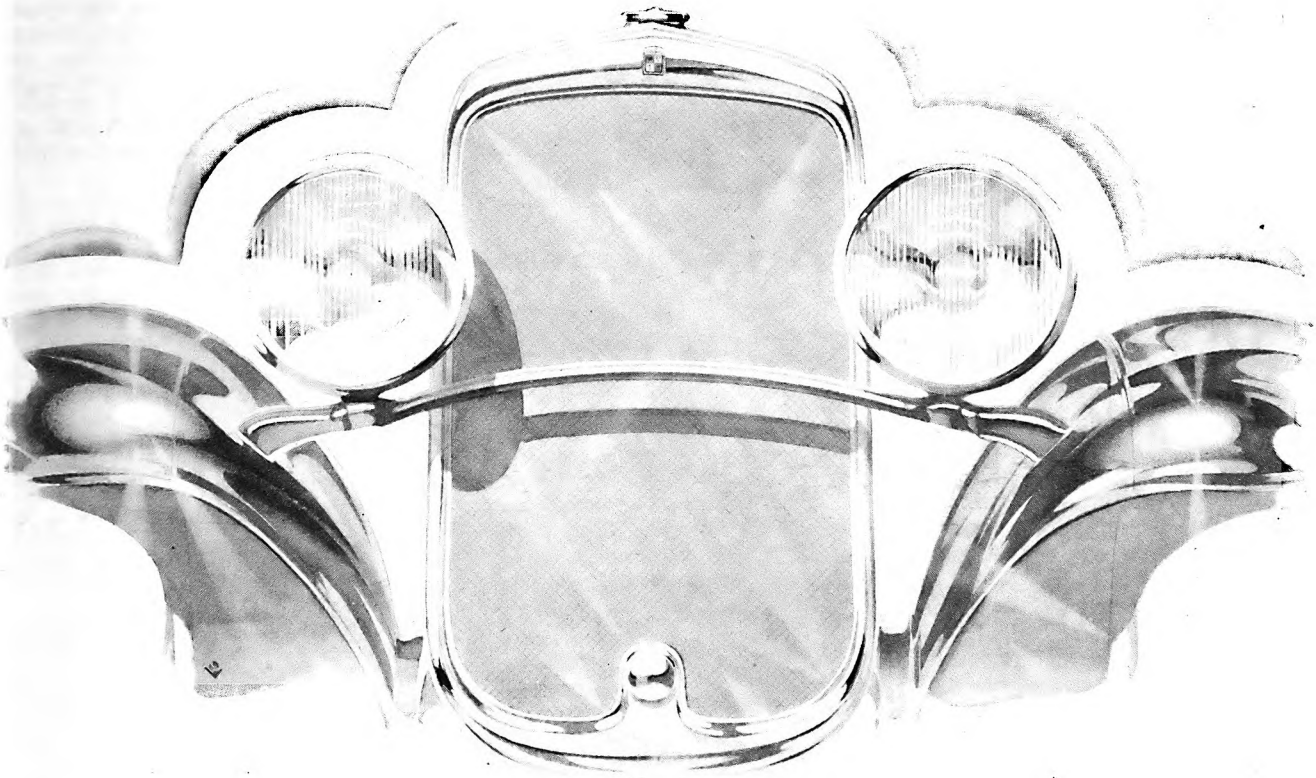

THE KIND OF CAR THE WHOLE WORLD EXPECTS WALTER P. CHRYSLER TO BUILD + + + + Embodying all the genius for style, beauty, performance and luxury with which Chrysler-built cars are so richly endowed — and at a new low price for a six of Chrysler quality.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION *(Division of Chrysler Corporation), Detroit, Michigan*

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More than ocean waves are *needed... to rid him of that half-clean look*

A DASH through the surf, a swim to the raft—even then, she notices, his face still wears that sallow, half-clean look!

For more than ocean waves are needed to make his face really *clean.* Pore-dirt hides in every face.

All day long—on the street, even indoors—the air teems with millions of tiny specks of sooty gray. These specks sneak right *into* the pores—get jammed tight *under* the surface of the skin.

Once under, pore-dirt is there "for keeps" . . . *unless you massage it free.*

That is why Pompeian Massage Cream was made. That is what this cream so clearly *proves* to be true!

Every inch of air, says the U. S. Weather Bureau, is alive with millions of tiny specks of soot. Motor puffs, chimney smoke, dusty streets — no one escapes!

Goes in pink—rolls out GRAY

Below, in the circle, is a photograph taken under the lens of a powerful microscope, showing a section of any ordinary man's skin *after* Pompeian Massage Cream has gone to work!

See the dark marks? They're dried pellets of cream laden with pore-dirt now rolled free! *Now* the skin is *clean*—gloriously clean.

Try it on your own skin! After a hard day's work let this bracing cream bring to your face the freshness of a chap who's just had a few hours' nap. There's nothing like a pick-me-up Pompeian massage to make your friends say, "My, but you sure look well, old man!"

Step out tonight with a face really clean—Pompeian clean! So fresh and ruddy that she will say, "My, but you sure look well tonight! You never looked better in all your life!"

Thousands of men benefit by our FREE offer

Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. You're welcome to test it *free.* Thousands of men have been convinced this way. Please take advantage of the coupon. Mail it . . . *now!*

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

Dept. 900-I

The Pompeian Company,
595 Fifth Ave., New York.
In Canada: 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.
Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

fireman, a farm boss, a boss breakfast cook, a boss dinner cook, laundry boss, and so on. There are a few, but only a few, jobs that occasionally require expert outsiders; in erecting the two new college buildings, for instance, on which the boys have done all the unskilled labor, an experienced contractor was necessary. Making cement also required an expert.

Doctor Hudson's friendliness to student management is in part another outgrowth of his contacts with business.

"In my hunt for funds for the college," he related, "a fact that soon impressed me was that most of the big business men seemed to have little to do. That is, they could take two or three hours for lunch, go where they pleased, when they pleased, and yet their affairs went along smoothly. Or so it seemed.

"One day I spoke about this to my friend the late Senator McKinley, our most generous trustee. As a boy, Mr. McKinley was one of the poorest of the poor, but his various public utility enterprises made him worth many millions.

"'Why is it,' I asked, 'that with all your interests, you never seem busy?'

"'I hire men smarter than myself,' he replied, 'and let them run my affairs.'

"That was only part truth, of course, a snap summing-up; but it suggested a new train of thought.

"Another time Senator McKinley was preparing for a trip to Alaska. I knew his companies were engaged in negotiations for a capital transaction involving dozens of millions.

"'Surely,' I said to him, 'you'll not go until this deal is settled.'

"'Yes,' he replied. 'Why do you suppose I have Lawyer So-and-so? He knows more about the details of this affair than I do. If he can't look out for my interests while I'm away, I'd be in a bad fix even if I were at home!'

"THE policy revealed by such incidents was contrary to my practice in much smaller affairs.

"I resolved to change my methods, and did. I refrained from criticizing so much—from insisting on having things done in just a certain way. The results have surprised me. Now, I can be gone for weeks during term time, and student affairs run as smoothly as when I am at home: *more* smoothly, I sometimes think!

"So, business men taught me what I now consider the most fundamental law of organization: *Have helpers you can trust—and trust them.* At Blackburn, the management of the curriculum is entirely given over to the dean and faculty. The dean, once a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, is a man of high educational attainments and experience. The members of the faculty, in turn, are specialists, each possessing a master's degree from some large university. Neither the dean nor I interfere in their departments.

"This produces excellent results. Educationally, Blackburn's rating is A-1; students from our sophomore classes enter the junior classes of large universities. Four of our young men, for example, have entered the junior class at Princeton with excellent ratings, and the last one to go made the highest scholastic average in his senior class. Our girls who have gone to Smith, Wellesley, and Vassar have made exceptionally fine records there.

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"I had lost every ounce of cheerfulness I ever possessed!"

Los Angeles, Calif.

"Two years ago an attack of influenza left me so weak that I had to give up all my favorite outdoor sports. I lost weight steadily — became nervous, 'touchy'. Everything I ate seemed to disagree with me.

"Medicines proving useless, my parents suggested a change of climate. But a month's rest left me no better than before.

"One day a friend of mine suggested 'Fleischmann's Yeast.' It seemed useless, but I started in, eating a cake three times a day. The results were wonderful —and prompt. In a month I had taken enormous strides toward recovery. I can't praise Fleischmann's Yeast too highly."

JESSIE E. GRENNAN

MISS JESSIE E. GRENNAN, *Los Angeles*

THE use of drugs and strong cathartics is like a vicious circle. The oftener you take them the sooner you need to resort to them again.

Fleischmann's Yeast acts differently. Fresh yeast is not a medicine but a *food* —like any garden vegetable. Yeast tones up sluggish intestines, clears out depressing poisons. Evacuation gradually becomes regular, *complete*. Your whole system responds—digestion, appetite, complexion. Even your disposition reflects your new internal health!

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. J-56, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

(Above) *"My work calls for steady nerves," says Mr. Wilson. He writes:*

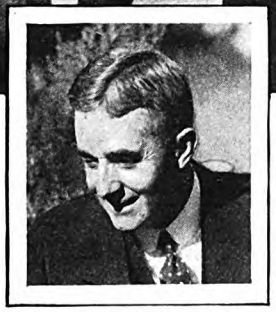
Waltham, Mass.

"RECENTLY I formed my own window cleaning business. I work on the job all day, and in the evening attend to the details of management—taking on helpers and getting new business.

"I am also keen on dancing. But pimples and blackheads embarrassed me and I felt below par from stomach trouble.

"My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast. It drove all the poison out of my system and completely cleared my skin. I come home with plenty of pep left over for dancing. What's more, the girls seem glad to dance with me."

R. ROYCE WILSON



MR. L. C. SNOW

(LEFT)

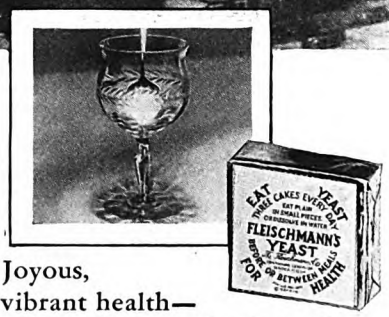
Salt Lake City, Utah

"OVER A thousand young people every year report to me as president of the Missionary Home for a brief training course. By all odds the most common ailment among them is constipation—showing itself in skin troubles and general inefficiency.

"Fleischmann's Yeast as a corrective food had long interested me. Repeated attacks of indigestion finally spurred me to try it—3 cakes a day.

"After several months I was enjoying all my taboo dishes. My indigestion had vanished. For the correction of constipation, indigestion and bad skin I now make it a practice to advise the regular eating of Fleischmann's Yeast."

LEROI C. SNOW



Joyous, vibrant health—

this new, simple way!

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: just plain, or in water or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed.

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"Young man", *he said, warningly*

"tell your teeth to get busy!"

The young man's semi-annual visit to his dentist had seemed to be passing off pleasantly. In the dentist's conscientious hands, tiny mirror and needle-pointed explorer had done their best to locate cavities—and cavities there were none! The young man hopped blithely from the chair.

"Not so fast!" said the dentist, pushing him back. "I want to show you something."

He handed his patient a hand mirror. "Your teeth are all right—but look at your gums! They ought to be firm and healthfully pink. But they're growing soft—losing their tone. Nothing serious yet—but you can't afford to neglect it. Tell your teeth to get busy!"

"What do you mean?" demanded the young man.

"Chew!" *said the dentist.*

Chew! It is the battle cry of the modern dentist. Well he knows that nothing so effectively protects the health and beauty of teeth and gums as this exercise that Nature planned.

Grape-Nuts is highly praised by dentists because it is one of the few modern foods that encourage thorough chewing. These golden kernels have such a unique and tempting crispness—such a delicious nut-like, malt-sugar-tinged flavor—that you will *enjoy* chewing them! And Grape-Nuts also helps to build and maintain sound tooth structure. Made from wheat and malted barley, it is a food of great nutritive value.

Grape-Nuts supplies phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; iron for the blood; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration—particularly easy to digest.

Try Grape-Nuts! Your grocer sells it. Accept this offer:

Free! *Two servings of Grape-Nuts and a booklet on teeth.*

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

G.—A.M. 9-28

Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with the booklet, "Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Co., Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

"The lesson in leadership which I learned from business men, I have tried to pass on to students also. Blackburn College, of course, is not a business organization, nor are students even in a self-help college employees. Yet this policy, with students, yields the finest results, and has a high educational value as well. Students who win the coveted college responsibilities rely upon the qualities that win promotion in business or any other occupation of after life."

"Don't the students make a lot of mistakes?" I asked.

"Of course they do," Doctor Hudson replied, "though," he added, "not so many as you might think. Once in a long while a girl spoils a meal. But not often. They dread too much the disgrace with the other students, who have to *eat* their mistakes!

"One boy blew up a boiler. He started to drain it with fire up, went off to a class, forgot it. When he returned, the boiler was red hot. He turned cold water on it (the worst thing he could have done!) and it cracked beyond repair.

"That mistake cost the college the price of a new boiler. It was the most expensive single mistake any student has made. But it is better to pay for a new boiler than to let young men and women go out into the world without knowing the feel of acting on their own judgment and taking responsibility."

THE students of Blackburn are no different from the students of other colleges—except, perhaps, a little happier, more aware that life is good and the race to the strong, and certainly more like members of a big family. And how could they help feeling that way, meeting three times daily at meals, as they do, boys scattered at table among girls, and grace being spoken by a fellow student? They work together, study together, play together. Three or four times a year, or oftener if necessary, they have "work days," when classes are dismissed, and everybody spends the whole day cleaning up accumulated tasks. One day each fall the boys fill the silo while the girls make apple butter, and a grand occasion it is. There is no stigma to labor; they glory in it. That many are starting life with little of this world's goods is beside the point. They are standing on their own feet, and feel confident of being able to do the same later.

How little of this world's goods some of the students possess was revealed by a few stories Doctor Hudson told me. A social was to be held. Harriet Hudson, the president's daughter, asked one of the girls if she were going.

"No," smiling; "can't afford it."

The price per person was ten cents!

Harriet told her father. He quietly inquired into the girl's finances.

"I've had a two-cent stamp for the last five weeks," she said, laughing gayly, "and that's all."

"Here," said Doctor Hudson, "is a one-dollar bill. Pay it back when you can."

A dollar, when your fortune for weeks has been a two-cent stamp, is wealth!

A girl spoke to Mother Hudson after Sunday-school.

"I suppose it seems odd," she said seriously, "that I didn't put anything in the collection box. This is the second

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Makes every cleaning minute show

greater results

POSITIVE AGITATION

THERE is a new exact measure of cleanliness for floor coverings—*the amount of dirt removed from rugs for every minute of cleaning.*

Here is the real test of any cleaning method. And in this test the Hoover has repeatedly proved its ability to remove more *dirt per minute.*

"Positive Agitation" gives the Hoover this greater *dirt-per-minute* capacity. This sensational cleaning principle beats out the deepest-buried dirt from your rugs. To this deep-beating are added sweeping which removes the lint, and suction which gathers up the dirt from the surface of the rug. Only in cleaners made by The Hoover Company are these three essentials of *thorough* cleaning combined.

We shall be glad to demonstrate in your home the Hoover's ability to remove the most *dirt per minute.* Phone your local Hoover Dealer.

Cash prices: Model 700 Hoover, **$75.** *Model 543,* **$59.50.** *Dusting tools, $12.50. Model 972, $135.00. Dusting tools, $15.00. Floor Polisher, $7.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.*

THE HOOVER COMPANY
NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners . . . The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

TUNE IN

On The Air—Every Thursday, 8:30 Eastern Daylight-Saving Time, The Hoover Sentinels, through the N. B. C. Red Net-work. Tune in!

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Little adventurers!

New, better ways to guide them

"Today many parents are appealing to children's love of games and of achievement to *lead* them—instead of *pushing* them in the old way," says Dr. Douglas A. Thom, author of the famous, authoritative book, "Every-day Problems of the Every-day Child."

There are wonderful new ways, now, to handle these joyous, turbulent youngsters of ours—ways that make life simpler for parents—happier for children.

For example, the mother's problem in establishing sound breakfast habits. Nothing is more important. Tests made in the schools of many cities have proved that the child who has a *hot, cooked* cereal for breakfast does much better than one who has not. In 70,000 schools this slogan hangs on the walls:

"*Every boy and girl needs a* hot *cereal breakfast*"

Now most mothers know this. In fact, so important does it seem to them that they often urge their children to eat a hot cereal, such as Cream of Wheat, "because it is good for you."

When the hot cereal is presented in this way, the child is quite likely to respond "I don't like Cream of Wheat"—"I don't like oatmeal"—or whatever the cereal is. What he

really means is "I don't like to do things that are good for me!"

Here is where the new psychology of child training can help you in establishing the important hot cereal breakfast habit. A remarkable plan has been devised. It works so wonderfully with children that they *want* to do the very thing you want them to.

Recommended for years by child specialists

For 32 years specialists have considered Cream of Wheat an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal. Here are their reasons:

1. It gives in abundance the food elements, rich in mental and physical energy, which growing children need. It is all real food.
2. Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy and quick to digest because it contains none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the grain.
3. Its creamy goodness is easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes.

Safeguard your children by giving them a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning.

FREE—*mothers say this plan works wonders*

A club—called the H. C. B.—that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly.

Badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts. All materials free, sent direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Children cannot resist it! Eating Cream of Wheat becomes a fascinating game, then an enjoyable habit. Mail the coupon now—watch the club idea work.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY DEPT. P-15
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club, as described above.
© 1928, C. of W. Co.

Child's name.....
First name *Last name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

Sunday I haven't. I've got some money—a quarter—that my aunt gave me for Christmas; but I've been saving it. She told me a person always ought to have *something* behind them!"

A girl's shoes, Doctor Hudson saw, were worn through at the sole. He warned her she would get sick; she replied that she had no money to have them fixed. He handed her a ten-dollar bill, telling her to buy herself a new pair, as well as have the old pair repaired.

The next morning in his mail a ten-dollar bill fluttered out of a letter. "When I was a girl," wrote the sender, "I remember feeling hurt and humiliated because I had no nice shoes. I am sending this ten-dollar bill, and wish you would see if there isn't a girl at Blackburn who needs shoes."

A coincidence, of course. "But," says Doctor Hudson, "such things happen too often for me to think they are *wholly* coincidence. I believe that when a man proves his willingness to help himself to his limit, then *he will be helped* when the need arises."

But the fact that many students at Blackburn are poor, pinchingly poor, is, to repeat, only an incident. The big thing is that these young men and women are taking their lives in their two hands and making of them something worth while.

I MET a woman student when I was out there: thirty and some years old she is. In her family she was the daughter who stayed at home and helped the younger brother and sister through school. They established themselves in good positions.

"Now, if ever," she thought, her burden lifted, "is *my* time to get an education."

She had only a little money. Looking around for a school that would take one of her age and slender means, she found Blackburn.

In the kitchen I saw her stirring up pastry for her two hundred and fifty hungry fellow students: that was her daily stint. She is equipping herself with a broader outlook on life, and at the same time is preparing practically, no doubt, for a responsible position, perhaps as superintendent of a hospital kitchen, possibly as manager of a cafeteria.

There is, to go on, "Bill"—yellow-haired, slender, high-foreheaded, bespectacled, friendly Bill! He has charge of all the buying. Bill's story is romance. Born in Germany twenty-six years ago, he used to revel in a grandfather's tales of the United States.

"Always since a boy," he says, in precise, accented English, "I wanted to go to America. Then came the war. Just before my class was called into service, they signed the Armistice.

"After school, I clerked in a dry-goods store and saved some money to go to America. The United States was then not friendly to admitting a German, so I went to the Argentine. I stayed there fourteen months."

"Doing what?" I asked.

"Oh," smiling, "many things: digging ditches, sweeping stores, janitor work in the stock yards, anything! After a year I could be admitted to the United States, so I came first to Des Moines, where I had relatives, then to Chicago. One day I was walking down the street, and heard music in a church and thought I would go in. I

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FRIGIDAIRE

THE CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY

Powered to freeze ice quickly . . . always

ICE CUBES tinkling in beaded glasses. You want them and need them the year around. And that's *one* reason you're thinking of buying an electric refrigerator.

When you put water into the Frigidaire trays to be frozen you're never disappointed. No matter how hot the weather, it freezes quickly . . . solidly . . . all the way through.

It takes surplus power to give *safe, dependable* refrigeration, and to freeze ice cubes quickly and surely . . . always. This surplus power is built into every Frigidaire, and the powerful Frigidaire mechanism is completely concealed, completely out of sight . . . there's nothing to mar Frigidaire's practical beauty.

This wide margin of reserve power does not add to the cost of operation. This master automatic refrigerator actually pays for itself in ice and food savings. This economy of operation is the direct result of Frigidaire and General Motors mechanical experience. Such unique features as the Frigidaire fan and the V-belt drive, carefully tested over long periods, have proven their value in providing efficient, low-cost operation.

Let Frigidaire pay for itself as you pay for it

If you care to buy Frigidaire on a deferred payment plan, as most people do, the first payment can be so small and General Motors terms so liberal, that Frigidaire will actually pay for itself as you pay for it. Not only in summer and winter ice savings, but in the prevention of food spoilage and the chance to buy food in larger quantities. You need Frigidaire in your home today to protect your family's health, to provide ice cubes and frozen delicacies. Telephone your Frigidaire dealer today.

And remember, Frigidaire pays for itself as you pay for it. So why put it off any longer? Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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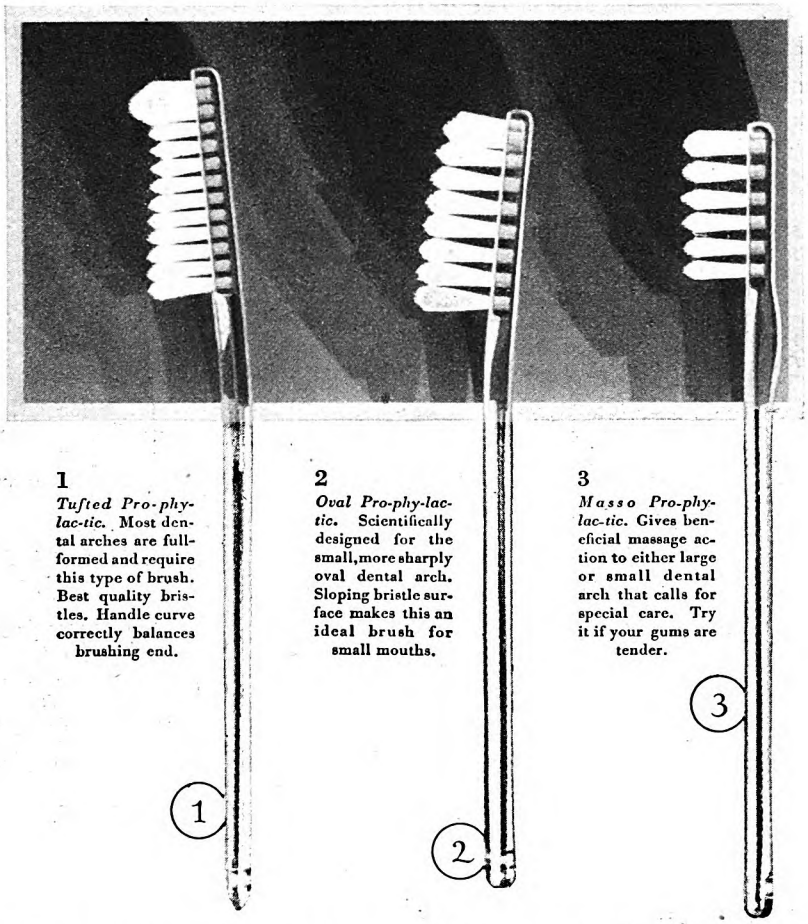
Mirror

Helps Millions

choose right Pro-phy-lac-tic



1 *Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.* Most dental arches are full-formed and require this type of brush. Best quality bristles. Handle curve correctly balances brushing end.

2 *Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.* Scientifically designed for the small, more sharply oval dental arch. Sloping bristle surface makes this an ideal brush for small mouths.

3 *Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic.* Gives beneficial massage action to either large or small dental arch that calls for special care. Try it if your gums are tender.

Healthier teeth and gums yours if you use brush designed for your dental arch

SIMPLE as ABC's now to win strong, sturdy teeth—firm, healthy gums.

Ten seconds . . . your mirror . . . and you know what type of dental arch (teeth and gums) you have—what brush suits it best. If your mirror reveals a full-formed face, your dental arch, too, is full-formed, of average size. The right brush for you is the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.

A smaller facial contour indicates a small, more sharply oval arch. Then the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic is the brush to use.

But . . . you may have either a large or small dental arch and require still a different type of brush—the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. This brush is for teeth and gums that need special care. Dual action—it massages as it cleans.

All three new Pro-phy-lac-tics have high-grade bristles, super-polished colored handles. All are guaranteed.

Trial well worth while

Make the mirror test. Then use the Pro-phy-lac-tic that is best for you. Your smile will soon sparkle with a new health of teeth and gums you never dreamed would be yours.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Massachusetts
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Limited, Montreal

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

different in shape and size . . . alike in quality

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became acquainted with the pastor, and decided I would like to enter the ministry. The pastor told me about Blackburn, so that is why I am here."

Last summer Bill drove a taxi in Chicago, and came back with a modest pocketful of cash.

There is another boy, a rare type at Blackburn: his parents are well-to-do farmers. They thought so highly of the college that they besought the president to admit him.

"But," Doctor Hudson objected, "you can afford to send your boy elsewhere. Don't you realize that every student costs Blackburn two hundred dollars and more, over and above the tuition he pays and the work he does? We must take only those who cannot go elsewhere."

"We will gladly pay *all* it costs," they said.

"I thought," Doctor Hudson told me, "that it was worth an experiment. I let him come."

There is another farm boy: neither he nor his father had any money for his education. He walked sixteen miles leading two milch cows, which he offered in lieu of tuition. They were accepted.

But enough of cases! Truly, there is a rich spirit in this college of the coal and corn belt. Burdens sat heavily on Doctor Hudson after the fire of 1927. Noting the lines in his face and the tiredness in his eyes, three boys came to Mother Hudson.

"Isn't there," they begged, "something we can do to share his load?"

Tears sprang to her eyes. Theirs is the spirit of Blackburn.

If worldly goods are scarce, it makes little difference; not one of these students but know that possessions, after all, are no final or significant measure of the worth of a man. They have grasped the subtler truth that in labor and in seeking are to be found happiness, satisfaction, true wealth. If they learned not one thing else at Blackburn, they would owe a great debt of gratitude to the little "Prexy" who has made *that* learning possible.

Judgment Crow

(*Continued from page 57*)

The closest approach to the thicket we made was the fringe of woods half a mile below it, a narrow strip of timberland extending from the crest of the ridge down to the branch, through which another brook flowed down to unite its waters with those of the larger stream.

About two weeks after our adventure Rip and I were creeping along up the little creek formed by the union of the two brooks. Hidden from sight by the high bank on that side of the creek, we were trying to reach this strip of woodland, where large numbers of crows were gathered in the trees, from which they sallied forth occasionally to seek the corn fresh planted in the big field between the woods and the road.

We were in the edge of the woods, and were moving stealthily up through them when a shot was fired somewhere farther up the hill. A moment afterward, the old crow with the tattered wing flapped its way out over the field, cawing and scolding angrily as it made its way toward the

The Truth About Dull Film on Teeth

As viewed by the foremost dental authority of the day

Now leading opinion lays to film many serious tooth and gum disorders, as well as dull, "off-color" teeth. Remove it by this special film-removing dentifrice dentists urge.

Sparkling teeth hold charm that others note and marvel at—for still many do not know how great a change Pepsodent can work.

WHAT robs teeth of ivory brightness? What makes them more discolored one time than another?

And why, when looking their worst, do teeth decay more rapidly, why do gums grow sore and sensitive?

These questions dentists answer in three words—"film on teeth." What film is, how it acts, are told below.

To combat it successfully where ordinary brushing methods fail, a *special film-removing* dentifrice is used, called Pepsodent.

Look for FILM this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating, that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and gray.

Germs by the millions breed in film, and germs with tartar—a prolonged film deposit—are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film invites the acids of decay.

And you may remember that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarmingly on the increase.

Now film removed new way

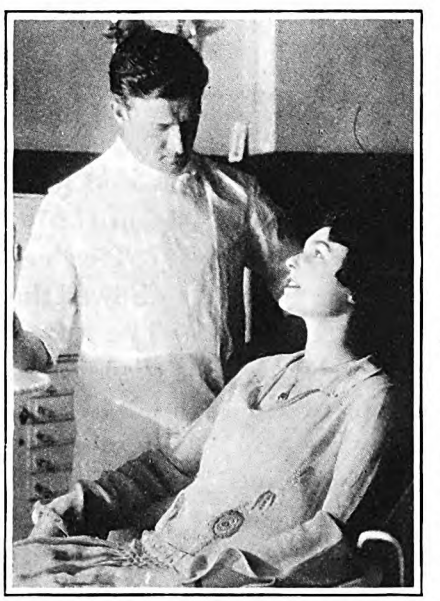
Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. Pepsodent acts to curdle film. Then to remove it in safety to enamel.

This recent scientific way is the greatest step made in a half-century's study of tooth-cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Fights decay—firms gums

Other new-day agents in Pepsodent increase the alkalinity of saliva. They neutralize food starch from fermenting and forming acids of decay.

Still other properties firm the gums.



Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. That's why it is accepted among dentists of 58 nations.

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film and see teeth whiten.

Between your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

Get a large tube at your druggist's. Or write to nearest address below for a generous supply to try.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., *Toronto* 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N. S. W.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

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The World's Biggest Sales Convention *meets in the Living-Room*

EVERY week of the year, dozens of towns, from Atlantic City to Los Angeles, entertain sales conventions. A hundred, five hundred, five thousand men gather together to learn better ways of selling.

Yet, if all those meetings were rolled into one, its total influence on American buying habits would be as nothing compared to *another convention* that meets daily in the country's twenty million homes.

▼

That convention is the family council which gathers at the dinner table or in the living-room. There the hopes, the desires, the needs of every member of the family are presented, discussed, and settled. And there rests the ultimate fate of every product that is sold to the family.

Obviously the more advocates a product has round the family circle the sooner that product is purchased.

▼

That is why leading advertisers now want to know *how many members of the family* read each publication. Therefore, numerous investigations have recently been made of the reading habits of the American family. And in every survey, of which we have record, one magazine, *The American,* was overwhelmingly first in its combined reading by all the family. No wonder such notable advertisers as The Cream of Wheat Company, The Quaker Oats Company, Colgate and Company, The Hoover Company, and The Cunard Line have, for 1928, increased their schedules in The American Magazine or are using it for the first time.

May we present you with facts to prove that The American Magazine, at one advertising cost, reaches the whole family circle in 2,200,000 homes?

▼

IN ROCHESTER—
"First with all the family"

In Rochester, N. Y., and Detroit, Mich., a thousand families were asked this question, "If your family could take only one magazine and the question were put to a *vote* of *all members* of the family, what magazine would be voted the most indispensable to your family?"

The result of that investigation showed that 61.2% of the families voted The American Magazine the *most indispensable.* All other magazines combined totaled only 38.8%. That is only one investigation among dozens which prove The American Magazine is "First with all the family."

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY ~ NEW YORK, N. Y.

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shelter of the heavier woods across the valley. I raised my gun, aiming at the bird as it passed overhead not far from us.

"Hyah!" yelled Rip sharply. "Don't be a-shootin' dat Judgment Crow! Dat crow gwine find out who killed Mist' Sam Brount."

"Aw, I couldn't have hit him anyhow. I was just funning," I apologized.

"You let dat crow 'lone," he warned sullenly. "Someone up in de wood tryin' to kill dat crow. Ain't no use. Cain't kill dat crow till he pass judgment on de murderer man."

Three or four days later almost the same thing happened: The old crow, that time, was sitting alone, perched high on an oak tree. Dozens of other crows were in the woods, and we were slipping along behind the bushes to get within shooting distance when someone in the underbrush fired a shot. The old crow, squawking angrily, fluttered an instant as if some of the shot had struck it, wheeled, and flew rapidly away. Rip and I ran forward, to get shots at the other birds, which had been disturbed and were flapping out of the woods, when we saw someone, bending low and dodging behind bushes, running away.

"Dat's funny," Rip muttered. "All time, shootin' at de ole crow. Ole crow is too smart. He perch high an' he fly fast. No one cain't kill dat crow. He got a charm."

A DAY or two later there came a white day in my life. Doctor Ben asked me to go with him in his buggy and hold the horse while he was making calls in the country. His bright bay horse was a thoroughbred, and to be permitted to drive it and to hold it while the doctor was making calls was esteemed a great privilege among us boys.

Doctor Ben was a man past middle age. He had brought us through mumps, measles, whooping cough, and scarlet fever; had picked bird shot out of our bodies; cut fish hooks from our fingers, lanced our stone-bruised heels, and patched our broken arms and collar bones. He knew boys and he understood them. A fellow could talk with him and tell him his thoughts and ideas, and not be afraid of being laughed at.

On that day his calls were in the country to the north of town, the part of the country I knew best of all. We were driving out the Samantha Pike when a flock of crows arose from the field at the east of the road and flew over toward the woods. Leading them by fifty yards or more, flying alone and cawing as if giving orders, was the old crow with the tattered wing.

"There is the old Judgment Crow," I exclaimed, pointing at it with the buggy whip.

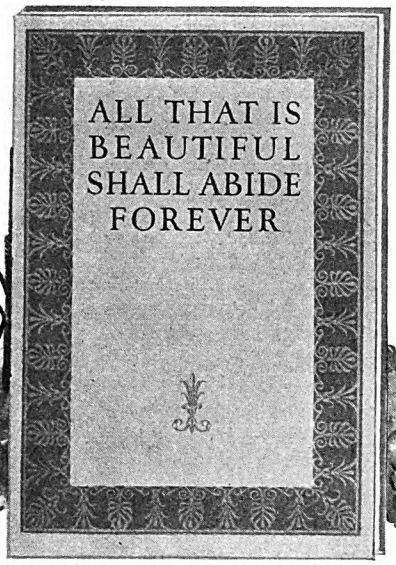
"Judgment Crow?" repeated Doctor Ben, as if not understanding.

"Yes, sir. At least, that's what Rip says," I explained. "Rip says that old crow is the judge and the boss of them all. When they hold court he acts as judge, and sentences them to be punished."

"What case is he sitting in now?" asked Doctor Ben, with his eyes bright.

"Rip says he is looking for the man who murdered Mr. Brount."

It is easy to tell Doctor Ben about things. I told him how the old crow had been in the thicket that day we found Mr. Brount's body, how he came back leading



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Preferred for its enduring beauty, its gentle clarity, and the tradition of its excellence, Vermont Marble became the nation's noblest Memory Stone. For permanence and sculptural quality it was chosen for the Arlington Memorial and the Unknown Soldier's Tomb.

To one of mankind's noblest and most ancient customs, Vermont Marble and skilled Master Craftsmen in Marble in every community contribute the expressive beauty of authentic modern design.

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the others, and what Rip had told me about the old crow telling the jay birds to act as detectives, and how jay birds sneak around and watch what everyone is doing.

Doctor Ben nodded understandingly. He never laughed at boys the way some older people do, and he always understood.

"When did Rip tell you all that?" he inquired.

"Oh, he tells me lots of funny things about birds and beasts, especially about rabbits," I explained. "He told me about the crows that day after we found Mr. Sam's body."

"Was it while you were sitting on the bridge?"

"Yes."

"Do you think the man who was hiding under the bridge heard him?"

"Oh, yes, he must have listened while we were talking. He kept quiet for a long time and didn't move."

"And you say you have heard someone shooting at the old crow several times since?"

"Yes. We heard him once, and the other time someone shot at him we saw a man going away through the woods."

"Uh-huh."

Doctor Ben was thinking. He didn't say anything until I slowed down the horse at the covered bridge over Clear Creek and, after walking it through the bridge, started it to trotting again.

"Bub," he said, "what are you going to do tomorrow?"

"Rip and I were going out to try to shoot some crows."

"How would you like to take a drive—if I'd go hunting with you?"

"Oh, dandy!" I exclaimed.

"All right. You get Rip and bring him up to my office before ten o'clock. Both of you bring your guns."

WE STOPPED at several farmhouses where people were sick. It seemed to me Doctor Ben did not talk as much as he usually did. We were coming up the hill into town before he mentioned the crow again.

"Bub," he said, "I wouldn't be surprised if Rip was right. That old crow may catch the murderer yet."

"Do you think so?" I asked, pleased with his interest. "I thought it was only one of Rip's pappy's negro stories."

"There is a heap of truth in some of those negro stories," said Doctor Ben.

When I reached his office the next morning, bringing Rip with me, both of us carrying guns, I was surprised to find a crowd waiting. The sheriff was there, and two of his deputies, and the town marshal and policeman, and Doctor Ben. And there were three buggies hitched downstairs waiting.

"Do you know where you can find that old crow this morning?" asked Doctor Ben.

"The Judgment Crow?" I inquired, surprised that he remembered. "Yes, sir; he is either down in Rockhold's thicket, or in the woods back of the cemetery, or up in Haynes's woodlot, or in the plum thicket—"

"Dat ole crow'll be hangin' about de Haynes's woods," Rip predicted. "He watchin' somepin' up dar."

"Sure you know it when you see it?" asked the sheriff doubtfully.

"Oh yes, we know him," I said. "He has holes in his wing, and one of them is ragged."

"Come on then," said Doctor Ben. "We'll all go hunting."

I was puzzled to know why they all wanted to go crow hunting, but Rip and I swelled with importance at being chosen to guide the party. We drove into the field near where the branch crosses the big pike and tied the horses to trees in the grove at the foot of the steep hill.

"Now, boys," said Doctor Ben, "you go just like you do when you're by yourselves. We'll follow you."

Rip and I led the way around the hill to the branch, jumped down to the edge of the water, and moved along, screened under the bank. The men, each of them with a gun, except Doctor Ben, followed, bending over to keep their heads below the level of the bank.

BEFORE we had proceeded a quarter of a mile a shadow passed over the creek and the cry of "Caw, caw" came from the sky.

"Dar he is now," said Rip excitedly. "You all duck low. Dat crow 'spect somepin'. Maybe he spyin' on us."

The men smiled, but peered upward toward the ancient bird flapping lazily along over the field toward the fringe of woodland.

"He'll light in the woods and look around," I said. "If he don't see anything scary he'll call the others."

"Keep down low and hurry," the sheriff ordered quickly.

We dodged along rapidly until we reached the underbrush where the fringe of woodland ended at the mouth of the smaller branch.

"Separate here," the sheriff ordered. "Doc, you and Tom creep up along the edge of the woods. Rip, you take the marshal and go up the little branch. You others go on to the other side of the woods and get up into the field where you can watch the thicket. Bub and I will go up through the center of the woods."

"You-all goin' shoot de Judgment Crow?" demanded Rip, his eyes large with protest and his voice indignant.

"No. Going to help him," said the sheriff. "All of you go carefully, and don't make any noise you can avoid."

The little party separated. The sheriff allowed me to lead the way into the woodland, saying I knew every tree. We moved from clump to clump of underbrush, always carefully screened. I was keeping an eye on the old crow, which had alighted on a dead limb high up in a great oak tree. Occasionally, through the branches of trees, I could catch a glimpse of it as it moved back and forth along the limb, peering downward, then out across the fields, and cawing in single notes, as if reassuring its fellows there was no danger. Other crows were flying toward the woodland.

We reached a pawpaw patch near the center of the woods and not far from the tree on which the old crow was perched. The sheriff touched me lightly on the arm, and we crouched down lower, waiting. Beyond the pawpaw trees a thick clump of hazel bush screened us from sight.

"Lots of crows coming," I whispered.

"Sh-h—" said the sheriff. "Keep quiet."

"Someone is coming," I whispered a minute later. "They'll scare the crows away."

His big hand reached out and pressed my shoulder, pushing me lower. He had knelt and was parting the bushes quietly with his hands and peering through them. I quit trying to see the old crow, and followed the example of the sheriff. The sound of someone moving stealthily came from the other side of the hazel bushes. An instant later I saw a man, bending over as he moved cautiously along, his face turned upward, the gun in his hands held ready for quick action. I started and trembled. It was the same face I had seen in the semi-darkness under the bridge. He was glaring upward toward the old crow, his face transfigured with fear and hatred. His clothing rasped against the bushes on the opposite side of the clump behind which we crouched.

Suddenly a wild "Caw-caw" of alarm came from the crow on the oak tree. It spread its wings to fly. A snarl of rage came from the man. Straightening, he threw up his gun and fired both barrels. The crow, riddled, turned over and over, wings fluttering feebly as it fell toward the ground.

The man shook his gun in a savage ecstasy. "I got you!" he muttered. "Now you'll quit your cawing at me and trying to tell everybody I killed Sam Brount. . . ."

"That'll do, Swain. . . . Drop that gun!"

The sheriff spoke sharply. He was standing, covering Swain with his gun. The man turned toward us. He stood gaping, as slowly comprehension dawned.

"That damned crow!" he said, hurling his gun to the ground. "The nigger said it would get me. . . ."

Doctor Ben, the deputies, and the marshal, led by Rip, came running.

"Got him, eh? I thought so," said Doctor Ben.

The handcuffs were on the man's wrists. He seemed scarcely to understand what had happened.

"What did you do it for, Swain?" asked the doctor quietly.

"Sam caught me stealing harness," the man said sullenly. "He was going to have me arrested."

SUDDENLY his manner changed. "The damned crow!" he raved. "It kept following me, cawing at me. Every time I moved it cawed. It sent the jay birds to watch me. The nigger said it would; but I didn't believe him. But they came every morning. They got around the house and yelled at me at daybreak. Every time I shot one, more of them came. They knew I did it. I thought if I could kill that damned crow, they'd quit—"

He broke down and shook as with palsy. The sheriff and marshal were leading him away.

"Pore ole Judgment Crow," said Rip, who had recovered the body of the ancient bird and was gently stroking its feathers. "You sure got *him*—even if he done kill you."

"Bring it along, Rip," said the doctor kindly. "We'll have it stuffed."

So, even until today, the old Judgment Crow sits on a perch in the sheriff's office looking down upon evildoers, as if watching them.

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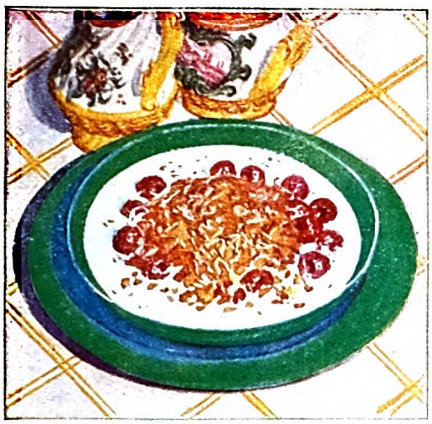

So effective! So *good to eat!*

That's why it is the most popular BRAN CEREAL *in the world*

Bulk for regularity and a delicious flavor to tempt you into healthful habits! That's why millions find Post's Bran Flakes with other parts of wheat the best ally against constipation. Try it now and see how delicious it is. Eat it once a day for two weeks and see how much better you feel. Then eat it regularly for health. No preparation necessary. Serve right from the package with milk or cream, with berries or fruits. Great for muffins and bran bread.

Ordinary cases of constipation, brought about by too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

- ¾ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ⅕ teaspoon salt
- 1⅕ cups Post's Bran Flakes
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- ⅗ cup milk
- 2 tablespoons butter or other shortening, melted

Sift flour once, add baking powder and salt and sift three times. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine eggs and sugar. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, beating well after each addition. Add butter and beat well. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling each about two-thirds full. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 9 to 12 muffins.

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WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

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Division is as bad;
Double Mint is 5 a pack—
That's what makes *me* glad!
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

WRIGLEY'S Double Mint provides a lasting Peppermint treat—taste the new and better Peppermint flavor—full strength, satisfying.

Easy to remember: Double Mint.

Use it regularly after eating—it makes the breath sweet and the mouth clean and wholesome.

After every meal

1-57

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Over the Top of the World

(*Continued from page 47*)

secretary, and Diamond Jenness of New Zealand, now chief anthropologist of the Canadian Government.

It was on the way ashore that I discovered an outstanding quality in Wilkins —a willingness to take orders. And whether he thought the orders silly or whether he considered them wise, he carried them out with equal thoroughness.

THERE is nothing more difficult in polar exploration than to teach a young man how to take care of his clothing. The first rule about sleeping at night—and the only way you can be permanently comfortable —is to use a sleeping bag of one thickness only and to strip completely naked before going to bed. All our southern instincts and training are against this. We are used to wearing pajamas or other night clothing. We know that several thicknesses are warmer than one, because of the air layers between. Generally speaking, this is true, but in the Arctic that very thing is a drawback, for hoar frost will condense between the layers and make your bag wet, eventually filling it with ice.

Wilkins was from the tropics and had more superstition and misinformation in his head about cold and the terrors of it than did perhaps any other member of our party. *Yet he obeyed orders even when no superior was watching.* In this way he learned the first lesson of comfortable Arctic travel; that is, you must forget practically all your preconceived theories and beliefs about cold weather.

The qualities that marked out Wilkins for an outstanding figure and really set him upon his career of polar exploration came into view only several months later. At that time, we were on the north coast of Alaska with three of the five ships that composed our expedition. The time had come to call for volunteers to travel by sledge north over the unexplored floating ice of the deep ocean. We were going in search of lands which, according to theory, were supposed to lie far to the northward. The distance was so great that there was no chance of being able to haul along enough provisions for the journey. We would, therefore, have to live by hunting.

But the Eskimos of northern Alaska all said that there was no game under or on the ice of the polar sea when you got more than ten miles from land. This same view was held by all the explorers and all the scientists. But I had come to the opinion that the Arctic Sea is as crowded with fishes, shrimps, and varied animal life beneath the ice as the other oceans are where there is no ice.

When I called for volunteers for a journey north over the ice to live by hunting for a year, only six men came forward. One of them was Wilkins. The other five, I think, were more or less of the opinion that my views were right, or had a good chance of being right. Wilkins thought I was wrong. He had been fully convinced by the Eskimos and by the arguments of the scientific staff of our expedition that there would be in the ocean no animal life sufficient for us to live upon by hunting.

But Wilkins was not to go very far with us on that journey north over the floating ice. We were traveling by sledge over the ice pack, when a gale came up which separated our party. It left Wilkins and some others on the land floe, but carried six of us fifty miles to seaward, floating on a cake of ice. It was not possible for them to find us, or for us to return.

After our first disappointment, we realized that the separation from Wilkins might turn out to our advantage. We were intending to make a journey of about seven hundred miles, first north and then northeast, east, southeast, and south. Our goal was the northwest corner of Banks Island, a large uninhabited island whose interior had never been explored, though it had been discovered nearly a century before. I wanted two of our three ships to try to meet us there in about six months. So I sent three of our six men ashore with orders to Wilkins that he was to take command of one of these ships and bring her to northwestern Banks Island. Similar orders were sent to cover the other ship.

It turned out to be our salvation that I had sent orders direct to Wilkins. For when we three who had gone out in search of land failed to return to Alaska, the belief grew up (in spite of the fact that we had said we would not return) that we had died of hunger or exposure somewhere on the floating ice many hundreds of miles to the north. Hence our men in Alaska reasoned that there was no point in sending a ship to Banks Island to meet us.

It was Wilkins who stood out against this theorizing. He took the position that orders had to be obeyed, even if the commander who issued them were dead. He found us in uninhabited Banks Island, living there by hunting as we had lived also while traveling the seven hundred miles over the sea ice to get there. Our last supplies from home had given out fifty-six days before we got to Banks Island and nearly half a year before Wilkins reached us there.

THREE years Wilkins served on our five-year expedition. He helped us discover the islands now called Brock, Borden, Meighen, and Lougheed. We named after him as Wilkins Sound the great bay that cuts into one side of Borden Island. Then he asked my permission in 1916 to leave. His father was nearly a hundred years old and he wanted to see him before he died.

We had received news of the Great War about a year after it started, but our letters had said it would last only a few months. When Wilkins got south, his father had died but the war had not been won. He enlisted in the Australian forces and was rapidly promoted. Eventually, he became captain and was placed in command of all the photographic work of the Australians on the Western Front, with several airplanes under his command.

Flying was no new thing to Wilkins. He had learned it from Grahame-White in 1912, and while with us in the Arctic had constantly studied natural landing fields, both on the lakes and prairies of the islands, and on the floating ice floes of the ocean. He was planning airplane expeditions even then. Indeed, he was always explaining to the rest of us how the Arctic seemed to him one of the best flying districts in the world, with air conditions usually favorable, storms infrequent and not so violent as farther south, and the polar seas the only ocean upon which nature had provided landing places so you could come down in an emergency and take off again after making repairs.

The war over, Wilkins stayed in the flying game. The London "Daily Mail" offered a $50,000 prize for the first successful flight from England to Australia, and he entered the race with a Kangaroo plane. Everything went well as he crossed Europe, but his fuel tank sprang a leak over the island of Crete and he was forced down on rocky ground, smashing the plane. In 1921 he joined Shackleton as chief of his scientific staff for the Antarctic voyage on which Shackleton lost his life.

When he came back from the Shackleton voyage, he put in two years conducting a scientific exploration for the British Museum in the wildest parts of tropical Australia.

THEN came 1926, and Wilkins was offered backing to fly across the Arctic, from Alaska to Europe. He planned several preliminary exploring flights radiating from Point Barrow to the northwest, north, and northeast, to discover whether there was any land in that part of the ocean. Then he would fly from Point Barrow to Spitsbergen.

One more of the striking Wilkins traits appeared when he announced his flying plans for 1926. The safest, easiest, and almost the shortest road from Barrow to Spitsbergen lies right across the North Pole. But he announced he would go out of his way to avoid the Pole, for two reasons: First, he wanted to emphasize the fact that the North Pole is not really in the center of the Arctic, as the public supposes, but four hundred miles away from the center. And, second, he wanted to emphasize also his conviction that Peary had visited the North Pole in 1909, had spent two days there, taking a sounding and making other scientific observations, and that it was therefore absurd to suppose that anyone could, by merely flying over the place, discover anything of value which Peary had overlooked.

But in 1926 Wilkins went through an unbelievable series of calamities and troubles. The able young newspaper correspondent, Palmer Hutchinson, who had been assigned to cover the story of the flights, walked into the propeller when the first machine was tuning up for a trial flight at Fairbanks, Alaska, and was instantly killed. Apart from the tragedy itself, the propeller that killed him was broken, and when they put on a supposedly duplicate propeller, it turned out not to be a duplicate at all but one which did not give adequate power.

There were two airplanes in this expedition and Wilkins had selected two of the best pilots that forethought and experience

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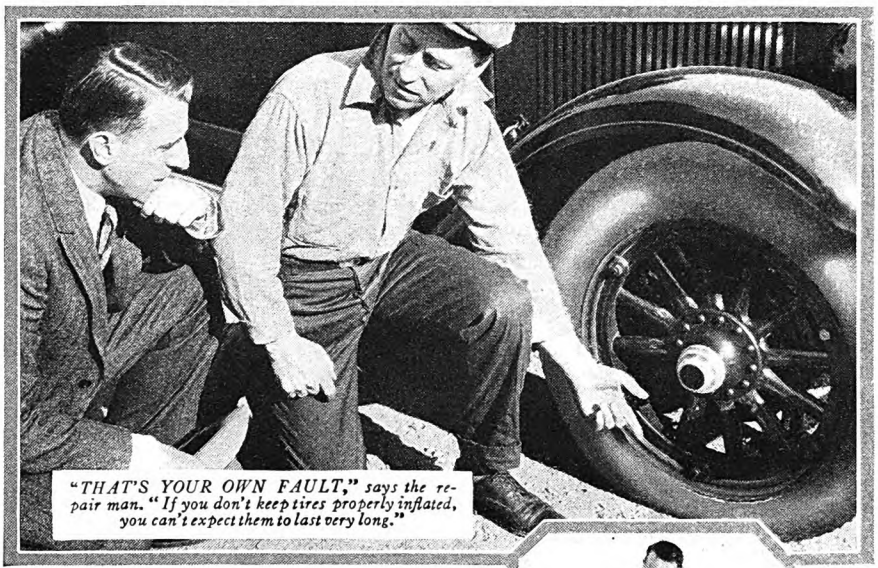
This ONE Critical Mistake

costs motorists millions every year



"THAT'S YOUR OWN FAULT," says the repair man. "If you don't keep tires properly inflated, you can't expect them to last very long."

JUST LOOK AT THIS! Both tires have been run 4,000 miles. One is ruined, the other almost as good as new. This advertisement tells why.

It ruins their tires in a few short months . . . causes premature tread wear, fabric ruptures, rim cuts and other costly injuries

IMPROPER inflation, the most destructive abuse to which tires are exposed, can be avoided easily if these simple precautions are taken.

First, ask your dealer the exact pressure your tires should carry. Then test them regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple, scientific principles. It is accurate, durable. Easy to read. Easy to use.

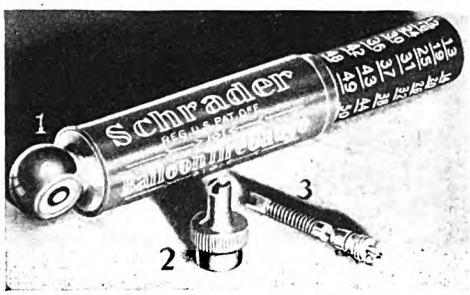
Second, make sure each valve stem is covered by an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can be replaced.

And third, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the *genuine* Schrader . . . standard wherever pneumatic tires are used.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Write for our booklet, "The Air You Ride On." A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y. Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844. (Tire Valves . . . Tire Gauges.)



1 *The Schrader Gauge is accurate . . . and it is built to stand the gaff. Wise motorists use theirs once a week . . . to make sure their tires are kept at proper pressures.*

2 *This Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap is air-tight up to 250 pounds. Box of five 25c*

3 *Change your valve insides once a year. Make sure you have the genuine Schrader. Box of five . .25c*

could provide. Yet one after the other these two pilots took the two machines out for trial spins and each made the same mistake—they misjudged the landing, and both crashed, wrecking their machines.

In spite of these and other troubles, much important pioneer flying was done by Wilkins in 1926. Testimony had just been given before Congress that no enemy, such as Russia or Japan, could ever fly airplanes across Alaska because of the unfavorable atmospheric and landing conditions. Previous explorers, too, had reported the Endicott Mountains, which run east and west across northern Alaska, to be about five thousand feet high. But now Wilkins, with his pilots, Major Thomas Lanphier and Lieutenant Ben Eielson, began to taxi back and forth through the Arctic skies between Fairbanks and Point Barrow, a five-hundred-mile distance, more than four hundred of it across Arctic prairie and across the Endicott Mountains. The latter turned out to be twice as high as the previous explorers had thought. Thus, in carrying supplies from railhead to his flying base, Wilkins accomplished the first great triumph of Arctic flying, presaging the time when the airplane will be the most powerful single agency for opening up the Arctic.

The tragedy of young Hutchinson and the two crashes at Fairbanks had been unbelievable, each separately and particularly all three in combination. Now, with the supplies at last accumulated at Point Barrow, something equally strange began to happen. The mechanics were unable to tune up the engines so that they would develop anything like the expected power, and it was not possible to get them to lift the required load into the air.

The Wilkins expedition of 1926 was at Barrow many weeks before either Byrd or Amundsen reached Spitsbergen, yet both of them were able to take off ahead of him. Few things could be more heartbreaking than to be there at an ideal base in ample time and to see week after week of the best winter weather going by without a chance to fly. Then came spring, to be followed by summer, both too foggy for successful exploratory flying. It all nearly broke Wilkins's heart and it would have broken the spirit of almost anyone but him.

WE NOW come to the thrilling story of the year 1927. It seems to me that the marvelous popular success that Wilkins and Eielson made in 1928, just a little while ago, is useful, or at least interesting, chiefly in pointing out the remarkable things they did a year before when nobody was watching.

The Arctic is dangerous because it is a new country with strange conditions that temperate zone and tropic people fear. Place one of them untrained in the Arctic, and it is as if you were to cast a landsman adrift in mid-Atlantic.

Even for the trained and experienced, the Arctic is difficult because it is an uninhabited region where no one can come to your assistance. Let the flying conditions be ever so favorable, you are always in the greatest danger nevertheless. Something may go wrong with the engine and you are forced to come down to either an island or an ice floe that is hundreds or perhaps thousands of miles from the nearest human beings.

In flying a pioneer country, nothing can

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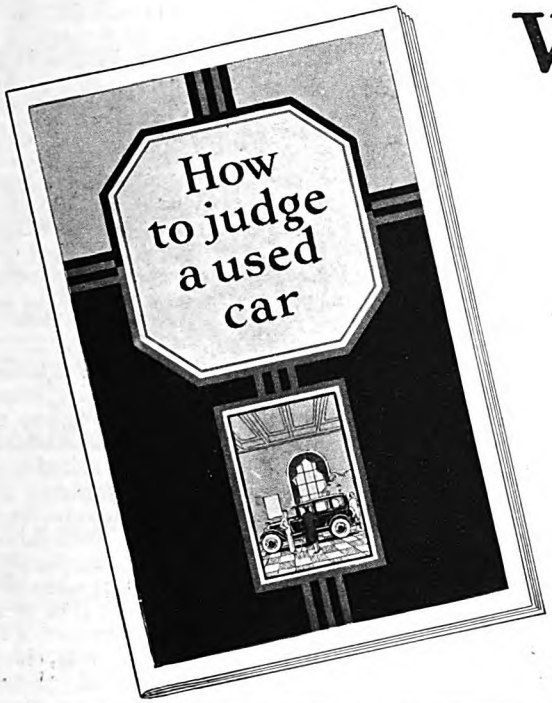

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2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

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The Great Independent

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Replace your Crosley Radio in approved Showers Cabinet and *save money!*

Only through Showers Brothers Co., America's largest furniture builders, are these astonishing values possible. Their great factories produce at a speed and efficiency no one has ever approached.

The finest veneers have been selected—master wood carvers drafted . . . rare decorative woods employed . . . all to create a beauty and design at prices that cannot be equalled.

Note how delicately these charming pieces appear. Yet examine them and realize their sturdy construction.

Your home can hold no better furniture!

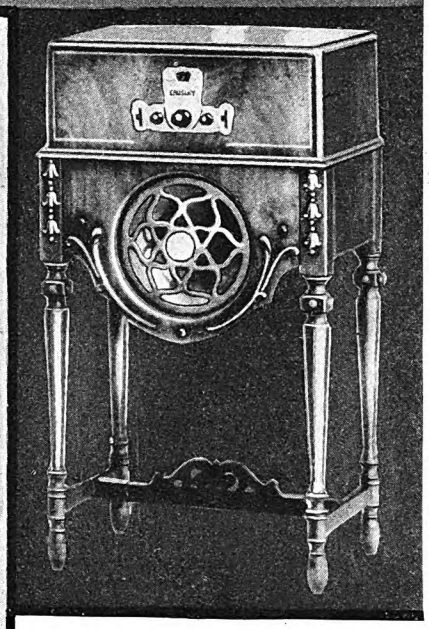
Take advantage of the 5 day free offer. See for yourself how well this radio console will appear in your home—how wonderful the radio performs and how much pleasure this little investment can bring.

Other Showers cabinets equally as good values in larger sizes are shown by Crosley Radio dealers.

Model C-4
Matched walnut veneer with over-laid curly maple and genuine wood carving decorations. Solid brass door pulls. Dynacone built in, $70.

Model C-2
The popular "chest" model. Door falls to form arm rest for tuning. Beautiful matched walnut veneers and genuine wood carvings. Dynacone built in, $70.

Model C-1
Exquisitely proportioned cabinet of loveliest matched walnut veneers. Rare zebra wood and genuine wood carving add rich decorative effects.
Dynacone built in, $84.



38 inch walnut veneer
CONSOLE RADIO
with Dynamic Speaker CROSLEY DYNACONE built in and new Crosley 6 tube AC Electric GEMBOX installed ready to attach to your antenna. Nothing but tubes to buy. **$115**

Cabinet with Dynacone built in (without radio), **$50.**

The most beautiful grained veneers have been selected to form exquisite matched patterns and genuine wood carvings add a decorative note of real distinction. Note the beautifully turned legs and graceful proportions, and the artistically designed spreader which not only adds a greater measure of beauty, but a sturdiness of construction not found in "cheap" radio cabinets.

SHOWERS BROTHERS CO., Bloomington, Ind.

SHOWERS RADIO FURNITURE

Showers Bros. Co., Bloomington, Ind.
Dept. 2

5 DAY FREE TRIAL

Name.....
Address.....
Model ( )

Please arrange with a Crosley dealer to allow me FREE TRIAL of one of the above consoles in my home. I should like to see literature of fine furniture suites under $200. Bedroom( ) Living Room ( ) Dining Room ( ) Kitchen Cabinet ( )

avail you in case of engine trouble, not even supreme coolness and the highest skill, unless you can find level places to land on. Several explorers, including most of those who had either flown or planned flying the Arctic, were of the opinion that there were few landing places on the moving pack where the Arctic ice floats around in cakes that vary in size from a house lot to a large farm. One of the most famous of all these explorers, Captain Roald Amundsen, had said that on the entire polar sea, from one side of it to the other, there was "not one safe landing place, not even one," for an airplane mounted on skis.

But Wilkins replied that, in his judgment, based upon his experience in the Arctic, there would be on the average at least one reasonably safe landing every five miles of floating pack ice.

These flat places, however, even if they existed, would be really safe only if you landed on them in perfect weather with perfect skill. One safe spot every five miles does not mean that you could come down anywhere you liked or anywhere you happened to be.

ON MARCH 29th, 1927, the world would have held its breath with thrilled suspense, had it known that Wilkins and Eielson were taking off from Point Barrow for a fourteen-hundred-mile round-trip flight to the northwest, twelve hundred miles of it over ocean never before seen by human eyes. But the world did not know, for Wilkins had no press agents.

It was a clear morning when the Stinson plane took off for its flights into the unknown. The temperature was about thirty degrees below zero, ideal flying weather. But that good weather might not last, for there are no weather bureaus near enough to Point Barrow to give reliable forecasts such as, in a measure, protect the Atlantic and Pacific flyers.

With Eielson at the controls and Wilkins navigating, the single-engined plane flew high and straight—high in case there might be land to see on either side and so that, in event of engine trouble, the flyers would be able to make a longer glide downward in search for a landing place. For six hours the weather was perfect as the plane carried them farther and farther over the uncharted landless sea.

Then came the sudden test of whether there are safe landing places on the Arctic pack. The engine started kicking. With their scientific reputations as well as their lives at stake, the flyers came down in a long, slow glide for the first landing ever made or ever attempted with skiis or wheels on the Arctic pack. In the few moments that were all he had, Wilkins selected a place he thought Eielson could make, and Eielson did make it. The plane came to rest smoothly and safely five hundred and fifty miles from the nearest land, and four hundred miles farther out in that ocean than human beings had ever penetrated before!

For a study of men under stress, even more significant than the perfect landing with its vindication of Eielson's skill and Wilkins's judgment was the sort of thing they did after landing. A storm came up, blowing from the land and therefore against them as they would return. Yet they made no feverish haste to tinker the engine and get into the air. While Eielson

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Replace your old radio!

Seven and a half million sets now obsolete

1928 Features

Few radios AT ANY PRICE combine ALL these features which are essential to today's reception.

AMPLIFICATION
Neutrodyne 10×10×10=1,000
Other systems 5×5×5=125

Crosley Radios tune efficiently

Crosley Neutrodyne circuit is sharp, sensitive and selective. Distant stations are easily found. Local stations tune without squealing.

Crosley Radios are shielded

Each element shielded from each other provides maximum selectivity and *is featured* in the most expensive sets.

Crosley Radios are very selective

In crowded districts where many local stations fill the air you find means of listening to ONE at a time.

Crosley Radios have great volume

Volume may be increased to tremendous proportions without distortion.

Crosley Radios can be softened to a whisper

A positive volume control enables operator to cut any program down to faint and scarcely audible reception.

Crosley Radios fit any kind of furniture

Outside cases are easily removable and chassis are quickly fitted into any type or shape console cabinet.

Crosley Radios have illuminated dials

Your set has served you well *but* you will *not be satisfied* with *its strained stringy tones when* you hear a *new full toned power speaker* Crosley *set*

$25 New Dynamic DYNACONE *Amazing Speaker*

6 tube GEMBOX AC ELECTRIC $65

FIVE DAYS FREE TRIAL IN YOUR OWN HOME

Crosley originated the idea of a national policy of home demonstration. Home is the place to buy a radio set. Compare a Crosley radio set with any other that you are contemplating buying and you will choose the Crosley. If you have electric current in your home, your set should be a modern, AC electric receiver. A converted battery set is out of date. If you pay more than $65.00 for a radio set, it should have two 171 output tubes, push-pull instead of one, eight tubes instead of seven. To be up-to-date, your new radio set should be designed to take and supply the current for a power or dynamic type of speaker. Crosley sets are so designed. Other sets designed for power speaker use are much more costly. You should demand the tone quality and the performance resulting from high power output coupled with dynamic speaker. Your set should be completely shielded and incorporate the highly sensitive, genuine, neutrodyne circuit. It should have a modern illuminated dial. An examination of Crosley radio sets will show you many other modern exclusive features.

$25.00 NEW DYNAMIC DYNACONE AMAZING SPEAKER!

The Dynacone is a new revolutionary speaker at a price less than many good magnetic speakers. The first minute you hear this new reproducer, it will thrill you to a new conception of what radio broadcast reception should be. Crosley manufacturing speed and straight line methods permit the extremely low price.

WHY PAY MORE THAN CROSLEY PRICES?

We urge you to listen to a Crosley radio set, try it, put it to any test you can think of. No sets that approximate Crosley prices can compare in performance. Why pay a high price for a set that can compare favorably with Crosley?

SIX TUBE GEMBOX AC ELECTRIC, $65.00

Self-contained AC electric receiver. It utilizes two radio, detector, two audio and a rectifier tube—171 power output tube. Designed for use with the new Crosley Dynamic power speaker. Operates from 110 volts 60 cycle AC house lighting current. Crosley prices do not include tubes.

1928's greatest radio

8 tube SHOWBOX $80

Genuine Neutrodyne, 3 stages radio amplification, detector, 3 stages audio (last two being 171 push-pull power tubes) and 280 rectifier tube.

8 tube JEWELBOX $95

Genuine Neutrodyne 3 stages radio amplification—227 detector tube, 3 stages audio frequency, and 280 rectifier. Shielded coils, modern illuminated dial and highly selective.

6 tube BANDBOX $55

An improved model of the 1927 receiver that led the world to better radio. Genuine Neutrodyne—every modern fitting and refinement including illuminated dial. The set you can safely buy where AC current is not available—selective, sensitive.

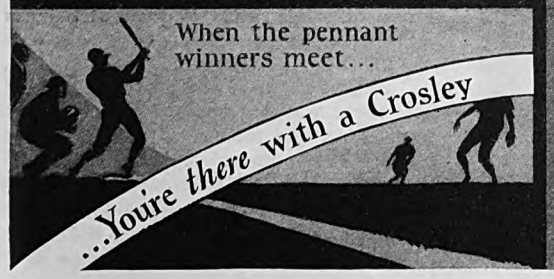
5 tube BANDBOX Jr. $35

Operates entirely from dry cells and is especially designed where no electric current is available for AC radio or recharging storage batteries.

Improved MUSICONE $15

The outstanding Magnetic type speaker available, still maintaining its leadership, today, as from its inception in 1925.

CROSLEY



The Crosley Radio Corporation
Powel Crosley, Jr., *Pres.*
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West, prices slightly higher.

Your name.....
Address.....

5 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON

Mail this coupon to the factory. Nearest dealer will bring you receiver checked.

Please let me try receiver and proper speaker, I have checked, in my own home without obligation for 5 days.

JEWELBOX ☐ SHOWBOX ☐
GEMBOX ☐ BANDBOX ☐ BANDBOX JR. ☐

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NEW YORK *debutantes say they don't like men who are bald or have dandruff. Don't give women a chance to talk this way about you*

"Even if they aren't old and neglected, *they look it,*"

say New York debutantes of men who are BALD or have DANDRUFF

"OF COURSE we don't like men so well who are bald or have dandruff, who does?" popular New York debutantes recently told us.

Don't let the women you know feel and talk this way about you!

Dandruff *can* be destroyed—by the right method. And this regular 3 minutes a day treatment will keep your hair vigorous, young-looking, thick.

But remember, it must be followed *faithfully*, 3 minutes a day every day.

EVERY MORNING, moisten hair and scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with fingers pressed down firmly, *move scalp vigorously in every direction, working tonic thoroughly into every inch* of scalp. Move scalp, not fingers. Brush your hair while moist. It will stay just the way you want it.

Dashing Pinaud's Eau de Quinine over the scalp kills dandruff. *Working it into the scalp deeply* every day, gives hair-health, keeps the hair growing and thick.

Begin this Pinaud treatment now. Buy a bottle of Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store today.

FREE: generous sample bottle of the famous Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Write today to Pinaud, Incorporated, Dept. A-2, 220 East 21st Street, New York.

IF HE ONLY *hadn't waited, how very different this photograph would be! But he did wait—and just a slight hair-thinning became a sizable bald spot. And the V's at his temples grew into peaks. Such a pity when 3 minutes every day would have saved his hair!*

Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle

PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

Copr., 1928, by Pinaud, Inc.

KEEPS THE HAIR HEALTHY: THE SCALP CLEAN

worked quietly at the machinery, Wilkins prepared to sound the depth of the ocean, so that their forced landing would have its scientific compensation. The ocean proved to be 17,000 feet deep, more than three miles, by far the greatest depth ever discovered in the Arctic Sea.

After two hours of repair work the engine was not running perfectly, but the offshore wind was increasing and delay had begun to look dangerous. They tried taking off, succeeding at the fifth attempt. The wind was so strong by then, however, and the clouds so thick, that there was nothing for it but to give up the rest of the planned flight and steer homeward.

The plane had been in the air only ten minutes and had not yet made the desired altitude when the engine failed them again. Once more it was a question of life and death. Indeed, the situation was more serious this time, for there had been sunshine when first they landed, so that the snags of ice threw black shadows that could be seen clearly from above. Now, with the sky overcast, there were no shadows and it was most difficult to tell whether the ice below was level or rough. But Wilkins had profited by his three years afoot driving dog teams over the Arctic pack, and by his two years of Arctic flying. Again he directed Eielson to what he thought was a safe spot; again Eielson was able to keep the machine up till they got to the place selected, and for the second time made a perfect landing.

This time both worked at the machinery. It did not take long to make the necessary repairs, but already the snow had been falling. It fell soft and thick while they worked. By the time they had finished, it was so deep that even with the engine now working perfectly they got into the air only at the second try.

THE two landings and what amounted to seven take-offs had used up so much gasolene and so much time that it was hopeless to try to reach land before nightfall and doubtful if their fuel would take them there.

At nine P. M. it was dark with a combination of storm and night. They did not know how far from shore they were, though it must be far. The ice they were flying over, but could not see, they knew was rough, for even Wilkins himself, the most optimistic of polar flyers, had estimated only one safe landing place every five miles. To come down on any spot but one of these meant tangled machinery and mangled bodies that would soon be blanketed from sight by the drifting snow.

"We had climbed to five hundred feet," says Wilkins in his report to the scientific sponsors of his expedition, the American Geographical Society of New York. "Visibility ahead was nothing. My watch was before me. At 9:02 the engine cut out suddenly, as if the switch had been snapped. There was no sputter because of starved carburetor, but a sudden silence, except for the hum of the wind in the wires.

"Eielson snapped the switch right and left; there was no response from the engine. We could feel the sag of the falling plane. With great coolness and skill Eielson steadied the machine, righting her to an even keel and an easy glide. His eyes were glued to the turn and bank indicator. My hands were ready to guide and keep the compass course.

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Home *from a happy week-end!*

Pleasant to find a well-stocked refrigerator with everything in perfect condition

AFTER a happy week-end—have a happy home-coming! Find a generous supply of food waiting for you. Milk, fruit, meat, salad —your General Electric Refrigerator will keep them all perfectly chilled—healthfully fresh.

Your every-day planning of menus becomes so much simpler, too. Delicious and unusual desserts will be as easy to prepare as old, familiar standbys. Salads are crisper, fruits more luscious in flavor, when they are thoroughly chilled.

Quietly, economically, this "years ahead" refrigerator brings you new comfort. Its operation is so completely automatic that you never even have to oil the machinery. It is all enclosed in an air-tight steel casing — mounted on top, away from floor dirt. And the constant circulation of warm air through the coils actually prevents dust from settling.

Important, too, from the standpoint of cleanliness, is the fact that this refrigerator is up-on-legs. It's so easy to mop the floor under it. In fact, every element that makes for the housewife's comfort has been carefully incorporated in these truly *modern* refrigerators. For detailed specifications of the various models, just drop us a card for Booklet A-9.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

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Pipe Smoker Finds Right Tobacco For "Breaking in" a Pipe

Ohio man now enjoys wife's gift of two years ago for the first time

There are many veteran pipe-smokers who have never discovered Edgeworth. These hardy souls are prone to advise new smokers that a pipe must be old before it can be sweet. True, an old pipe is sweet. But how can a man breaking in a new pipe achieve this sweetness? Let Mr. Shera's letter tell you:

Columbus, Ohio
March 10, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Two years ago my wife gave me an expensive pipe. I smoked it a great deal for two or three weeks, put it aside, then began smoking it again. This time it was very strong. Veterans told me that it had been smoked too hard for a new pipe and should be put away.

The pipe was laid away again. A short time ago I got it out and smoked one of the common brands of tobacco in it. The results were disappointing. I told the druggist of my experience with it. He asked if I had tried Edgeworth. I told him I never had. I followed his suggestion, and I am honest when I say that it has restored the sweetness to the pipe, and has made me wonder: Was it the pipe or the brand of tobacco that caused me to lay it away for the long period of time?

As a novice, I prefer Edgeworth; and I am going to stick to it, as I feel satisfied that there is none better on the market.

Sincerely yours,
Philip C. Shera

Evidently, smokers can't resist the impulse to write their praises of Edgeworth.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles*]

"Near the ground the air was rough. The plane swerved and pitched, but Eielson, still calm and cool, corrected with controls each unsteady move. In a moment we were in the snowdrift. We could not see beyond the windows of the plane. I felt Ben brace himself against the empty gas tank; I leaned with my back against the partition wall of the cabin and waited; the left wing and the skis struck simultaneously. We bounced and alighted as smoothly as if on the best prepared landing field. I gripped Eielson's shoulder and slipped through the door of the machine to the ice. Wind and driving snow filled my eyes. Dimly about us I saw pressure ridges as high as the machine. We had, undoubtedly, struck one as we came down. Along the extreme edge of the lower wing, the fabric was torn.

"The intense strain of the last two hours of flying over the Arctic Ocean through the blizzard after sunset had left us weak and tired.

"Ben looked at me and I looked at him. Then we began to laugh nervously and could not stop for about five minutes.

"Then Ben stretched out in a sleeping bag on top of the empty gas tank and I huddled in a corner of the cabin. We went to sleep."

WHEN they woke next morning sextant and chronometer observations, such as navigators make at sea, told them they were eighty-three miles northwest of Point Barrow and therefore eighty-three miles away from the nearest land. They were on a rapidly moving ice island floating before the wind.

Bad weather lasted five days. During that time Wilkins and Eielson bunked comfortably enough in the cabin of their machine while they tore out parts of it and built a sledge to haul their meager outfit to land. When the weather settled, an observation proved that they had drifted about one hundred and sixty-seven miles in five days and were now about one hundred miles northeast of Point Barrow.

So that was their task—to make land a hundred miles away, dragging their sledge and building snowhouse camps at night. Wilkins is one of undoubtedly less than a dozen white men in the world who knows how to build a snowhouse Eskimo fashion. I suppose Ben Eielson learned the trick from him before they reached shore, for it took them thirteen days and they had to build a snowhouse every night. In these they slept with comparative comfort.

On the eighteenth day after their forced landing Wilkins and Eielson made shore at a fur trader's station near Beechy Point. While they rested, a fast dog team was sent dashing with a message the hundred miles to Barrow. They did it in record time and Alger Graham, the second pilot of the Wilkins expedition, came down with his airplane, picked them up and took them to their base. But the weather was thick already with the fogs of spring and it was too late for successful exploratory flying till another year.

This year, Wilkins and Eielson went to Barrow, flying there once more five hundred miles across the Arctic mountains from Fairbanks, the railway terminus of central Alaska. On April 15th they took the air for the flight to Spitsbergen which Wilkins had planned to make two years before.

FLYING from Barrow to Spitsbergen by way of the North Pole is not only one hundred and twenty-seven miles shorter than the road Wilkins chose; it is safer and easier as well. For the navigation is fundamentally easier if you first travel straight north to the Pole and then straight south. In that case you change flying direction only once—at the North Pole. By the course Wilkins took it was necessary to change the direction of flight every hour or every two hours, which made the navigation far more difficult. Besides this, he also deliberately accepted other difficulties that are too technical for a simple explanation. He did this for the reasons he had given two years before. He made that diagonal crossing successfully and proved this vast stretch to be only landless ocean.

As Wilkins outlined it, the danger of his flight was least while he was in the heart of the Arctic and in the center of the unexplored. He carried rifles and ammunition and stated in his program that, if he were forced down at the farthest point from land, it might take him and Eielson two years to walk out to some Eskimo or white settlement, but that he felt no doubt of his ability to do this with reasonable safety and comfort, relying on seals for food, fuel, light, and clothing, living in snow houses in winter, heated and lighted with seal's fat, and living in tents of sealskin in summer. Had he been forced down near Greenland, the walk to the Eskimo settlements would have required only a few weeks or months. Had he been forced down between Greenland and Spitsbergen, death would have been almost certain, for the landing would have had to be made either in water, with immediate drowning, or on a cake of ice rapidly drifting south and giving only a respite of a few days before it melted in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream.

But, with a little good luck to cancel the bad of former years, with his own superb navigation and Eielson's perfect piloting, Wilkins brought his single-engined Lockheed-Vega plane to a safe landing in difficult Spitsbergen at the end of a voyage through unexplored skies that has brought him a shower of gold medals and every other token of the favor of the scientific world. For men of science of every land agree with the British Minister for the Colonies, who said that "never since Balboa stood on a peak in Darien, and saw for the first time the broad Pacific, has so significant a new vision of the world been spread before human eyes in one day as when Wilkins flew in twenty-two hours from America to Europe by way of the Arctic."

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, one of the best-known preachers in this country, writes a powerful piece for us next month on the always interesting subject, "What is happening to the American family?" "The revolt against old-fashioned family life," he says, "is not only inevitable, it is desirable." But what are we revolting to? Trial Marriage? That is the question Doctor Fosdick discusses.

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Loyal . . . Faithful . . . Competent . . . Into the field of business they come . . . typical modern girls. They assume mastery of infinite detail. Daily they carry on with health and energy unimpaired. For with them has come the *Easy-Writing* Royal, *a product of this new era* . . . a typewriter so designed that typing is never nerve-wracking drudgery. Replete with labor and time-saving improvements, the *Easy-Writing* Royal Typewriter increases production—safeguards health and energy.

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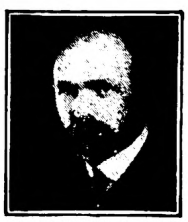
Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH?

Sherwin Cody's remarkable invention has enabled more than 50,000 people to correct their mistakes in English. Only 15 minutes a day required to improve your speech and writing



SHERWIN CODY

MANY persons say "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum.

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

Wonderful New Invention

For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than previously had been obtained by other pupils in two years!

Learn by Habit—Not by Rules

Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides for the formation of correct habits by calling to your attention constantly only the *mistakes you yourself make*—and then showing you the right way, without asking you to memorize any rules.

One of the wonderful things about Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more. The drudgery and work of copying have been ended by Mr. Cody! You concentrate always on your own mistakes until it becomes "second nature" to speak and write correctly.

FREE BOOK ON ENGLISH

A command of polished and effective English denotes education and culture. It wins friends and makes a favorable impression upon those with whom you come in contact. In business as well as in social life correct English gives you added advantages and better opportunities, while poor English handicaps you more than you now realize. And now, in only 15 minutes a day—in your own home—you can actually see yourself improve by using the 100% self-correcting method.

A new book explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable method is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if you can not instantly command the exact words with which to express your ideas, this new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," will prove a revelation to you. Send the coupon or a letter or postal card for it now. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 99 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

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The Importance of Being Yourself

(*Continued from page 13*)

commenting on the fact that though he possesses the arbitrary power of a majority stockholder he never exercises it.

"We appreciate the dignity and self-respect which result from affiliation with a leader so democratic in his ideas of internal management, and so liberal in his public outlook," they said.

It was a very genuine tribute from men who have fought their way up from reporters' jobs by the habit of saying what they think.

On October 22d, 1895, which was the day Bob was born, Roy Howard stood on an Indianapolis street corner selling newspapers. It would have taken a brave man to place a bet on his future that day. From his father, who died young, he inherited only about a hundred pounds of flesh and bone, and a tendency to tuberculosis. There was no money, and only a high-school education; but there was something inside the boy which made up for all the handicaps.

The Howards were fighting Irishmen. The grandfather, engaged in a dispute over a line fence, lost the argument by reason of two inches of cold steel. As far back as the records run, the race has been short on brawn but long on spirit. People who watched the diminutive newsboy noticed that his small legs covered a lot of territory. While his chest looked thin, his voice was as strong as the whistle on Mark Twain's famous steamboat. And the bigger boys treated him with the respect which a slow-moving St. Bernard renders an aggressive fox terrier.

FROM the selling of newspapers it was an easy step to the making of them. The kid became a copy boy and then a sporting editor, while still in his teens. It was a good job, and most youngsters would have been well satisfied; but after a couple of years Howard had different ideas. He did not want to be a sporting editor; he wanted to be a newspaper man—a big newspaper man. Accordingly, he went to St. Louis to work on the "Post-Dispatch," because it was owned by Joseph Pulitzer, who owned the New York "World." If he made good in St. Louis, it ought to be possible to get to New York.

He was assistant telegraph editor in the days of the Russo-Japanese War and, when the telegraph editor resigned to go to Chicago, Howard had the temerity to ask for the job. The powers-that-be looked at his size, considered his years, and told him to be a good boy, and maybe he might some day grow up.

"Good-by," said Howard. "I'm going to Cincinnati. Ray Long has offered me a job on the Cincinnati 'Post.'"

"You mean to say you are going to work for that Scripps-McRae outfit!" they exclaimed incredulously. "Those people don't even know the *why* of a newspaper."

"Maybe not," said Howard. "But that's where I'm going."

They thought it was the end of what might have been a good newspaper man.

Colonel Milton McRae, who at that time was the partner of E. W. Scripps, visited the Cincinnati "Post" during Howard's incumbency as managing editor, and carried away a vivid recollection of the experience. He says in his memoirs:

"At the top of the stairs, a little railing had been built around the editorial sanctum to enclose the editor and his staff. There was a trick lock on the gate leading to the enclosure. I didn't know about the trick lock. I ran up the stairs and fumbled at the lock in vain. The thing wouldn't open. Inside the enclosure, at a desk piled high with copy, sat a dapper little chap about half my size, a youngster of twenty-one he seemed to be. He was apparently trying to write a headline for a story for which the make-up man was calling.

"After asking politely a few questions as to how to open the trick lock I became peeved and gently inquired what the railing had been built for. The boy at the desk looked up and snapped out, 'To keep the children from falling downstairs.' . . . 'Then I don't think it was built any too soon,' I snapped back.

"AFTER the 'Post' had gone to press an old employee asked the young editor if he knew who the 'big guy' was. He said 'No.' They told him. Roy Howard, for he was the 'boy,' declares that he was nervous for the rest of the afternoon. I don't believe from that statement that he meant to infer he was afraid, for in nineteen years' association with Howard I never knew him to be afraid of anything."

So it was that Roy Howard met one of his bosses. His meeting with E. W. Scripps was at the ranch in California and came some years later. The old man loved the out-of-doors and liked to wear high boots, into which he tucked his trousers. The boots were made to order and cost him plenty; but the costume gave the impression of a rough-and-ready dresser, and the organization generally assumed that he disliked good clothes. Accordingly, when one of the men was summoned out to the ranch he entered the old man's presence attired in a well-worn outfit.

Roy Howard likes good clothes, and is not at all averse to having them conspicuous. When his first invitation to the ranch arrived he was warned by the older men; but he proceeded promptly to dismiss the warning. He arrived in clothes which were not only fashionable but could be heard several blocks. The giant boss in high boots looked down at this immaculate live-wire about whom he had heard so many stories, and cracked a rude joke. Quick as a flash Howard shot back at him. In a minute they were in the midst of the first of several hundred battles; the big man trying to terrify the little one, or make him lose his temper, or trap him into some fool remark; and Howard side-stepping, shifting his guard, and giving back as good as he got.

Scripps loved a verbal battle. He took great pleasure in advancing an argument which he himself knew was fallacious, in order to test the intelligence and independence of his subordinates. In Howard he found a personality that would not be submerged, a mind which made its own

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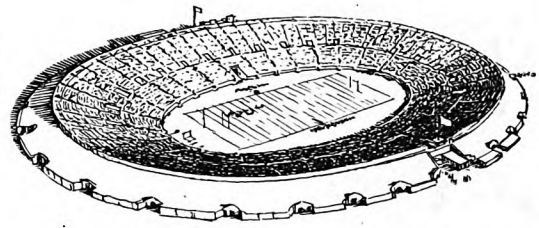


FOOTBALL BATTLES could be fought in DUNLOP CITY

THE Yale Bowl is huge enough to hold 75,000 football fans. It covers more than 12 acres. Dunlop's productive properties—if combined into one place—would form a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres.... vast enough to hold 8330 Yale Bowls.

There are two reasons why you should be interested in the fact that Dunlop has grown so great:

1. It never could have come about if Dunlop had not made consistently *better* tires.
2. Such magnitude gives Dunlop certain tire-making advantages that no one else can match.

With Dunlop-owned rubber plantations—with 40 years' actual tire-building experience—with $195,000,000 in resources—with 45,000 craftsmen and engineers—Dunlop *should* be able to build consistently better tires.

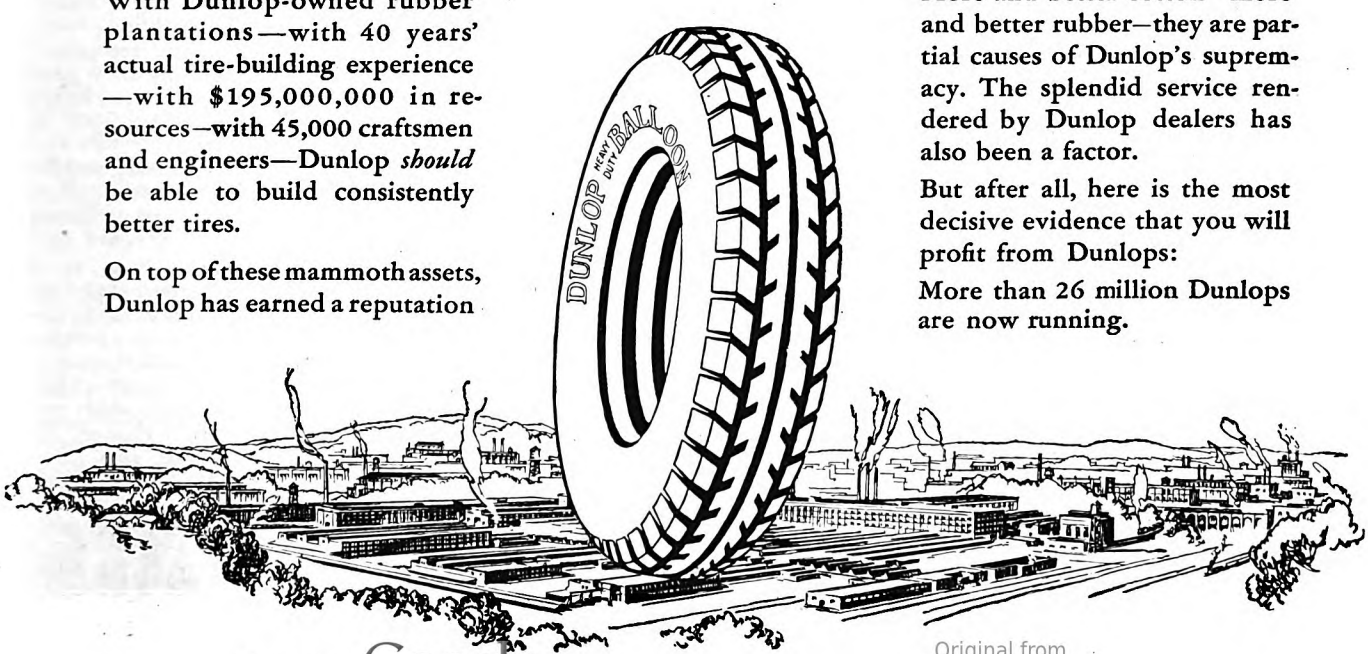
On top of these mammoth assets, Dunlop has earned a reputation for painstaking genius in the details of tire-making. Take cotton, for example: Dunlop pays extra premiums to get the very pick of long staple cotton from upper Egypt. This cotton is woven into cord fabric for Dunlop Tires in Dunlop's own 32,000-spindle mill at Utica, N. Y.

The fabric is as vital to your tire as metal is to your motor. Your tire's backbone should be made of cotton that has strength *plus* another vital virtue. Your tires must flex in and out every time your wheel turns. Therefore, to be extraordinary, a tire must have cotton with extreme "stretch," as well as strength. Dunlop cotton has both these qualities... that's one big reason why Dunlop tires are so long-lived.

More and better cotton—more and better rubber—they are partial causes of Dunlop's supremacy. The splendid service rendered by Dunlop dealers has also been a factor.

But after all, here is the most decisive evidence that you will profit from Dunlops:

More than 26 million Dunlops are now running.



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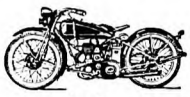
MILES are just minutes of happiness when you are riding a Harley-Davidson. The surge of power under finger-tip control — rush of tonic air in your face — thrilling getaway that sweeps you around and beyond parades of cars — there's nothing like motorcycling!

Join the Jolly Riders! A Harley-Davidson is easy to buy — and costs almost nothing to run. In after-work hours, weekends and vacations you'll find it the best pal you ever had.

The 1929 models are out — with double headlights and many other fine new features. Ask your dealer about them—and his Pay-As-You-Ride Plan.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Department AM Milwaukee, Wis.



Mail the Coupon for our latest catalog.

The Single — famous "80 miles per gallon" solo mount, priced at only $235 complete, f. o. b. factory.

All models have front and rear brakes, and complete electric equipment. Twins from $290 up, f. o. b. factory.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.,
Dept. AM, Milwaukee, Wis.
Interested in ☐ Twin ☐ Single.
Send catalog and complete details.
Name.....
Street.....
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decisions. The two men became real friends at once.

There were six Scripps-McRae newspapers in Ohio, and Howard, who really should have been quite satisfied with his progress in Cincinnati, conceived the idea that the six ought to have a special correspondent in New York. Money was not plentiful in the outfit in those days; all of the papers were in the cellar-and-second-hand-printing-press period of their existence; but he managed to argue and annoy the editors into sending him East at a salary of fifty dollars a week. For a couple of years it was his business to write a daily letter from New York, interview the important people who registered at the hotels, and personally to cover fires, new plays, murders, divorces, and whatever else went on in the great city.

The Publishers Press, a poor excuse for a news service, was also owned by Scripps-McRae. It was presumed to see that the papers received the events of the world over a telegraph wire; but it had no money, no staff to speak of, and hardly anything in the way of equipment. Scripps sent a man to New York to build it up according to the Scripps policy and without expense. Looking around, the new boss discovered Howard, and immediately eyed him covetously.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said; "I'll make you managing editor of the Publishers Press, and you can carry on your correspondence for the Ohio dailies on the side. You turn over your fifty dollars a week to me, and I will pay you a salary of thirty-five dollars."

The nerve of the proposal appealed to the young correspondent.

Howard looked around at the two battered desks, and the lone telegraph instrument which *were* the Publishers Press. It was not an alluring set-up, but in his mind's eye he saw visions.

"You're on," he said. "When do I start?"

"This morning," the boss answered. And Howard took off his coat.

That was the beginning of what was later to grow into the United Press.

SUBSEQUENTLY, Howard was sent to San Francisco to start the service on the Coast, and later back to New York as president. He was twenty-eight when he took the top job, one of the youngest chief executives in the United States. What he did for the organization, how he changed it from a struggling little news service to a world-wide enterprise, with correspondents in every country, thousands of miles of leased wires, and more than eleven hundred newspaper clients—all this is now a matter of history.

Most big things are of slow growth. Howard was never content to grow slowly. In those days he seemed to be everywhere at once: In South America, persuading the newspaper publishers there to take their news from the United States instead of from Europe; in England and Germany and France; on every front of the World War, and in every chancellery where there was news.

It was said that nobody could see Lloyd George; the Prime Minister of Great Britain was too busy. But Howard saw him, and came away with the famous "knock-out" interview. Access to German headquarters was forbidden. But Howard got through, and almost caused a riot by asking General Mackensen if it were true that he was Scotch. When passage from Holland to England was impossible because all available berths on the boats were filled with Belgian refugees, he made the trip as a stowaway, arriving very hungry and very unkempt, but undaunted and on time. And the United Press responded to the tireless energy of its president, and grew.

THE time came, five years ago, when E. W. Scripps realized that he could not live forever, and that some provision must be made for carrying on his newspapers. Bob had been working ahead in the editorial end and was ready for editorial control. But who would take the business management? Scripps sent for Howard.

"The United Press is organized," he said. "You can turn it over to Bill Hawkins and Karl Bickel, who are perfectly capable of carrying on. I want you to go in with Bob and manage the newspapers."

To his surprise Howard was not responsive.

"I want to stay with the United Press," he said.

"It's a much bigger chance; much more money."

Still Howard side-stepped.

"I have a reason," he said.

"What reason?"

"It would hurt your feelings. I can't tell you."

E. W. demanded to be told the truth.

For a long while they sparred, and finally Howard blurted it out!

"I don't like your papers," he said. "And I don't believe in them."

It was a body blow. Anything else would have been forgivable. But not to believe in the papers; not to be loyal to the brain children into which the old man had poured his life!

"So you, too, have become conservative, have you?" he demanded. "You get a little prosperous and you abandon the faith."

Slowly, painfully, feeling that every word was a sword thrust, Howard freed his mind. He said that the papers had been founded to fight the battles of the under-dog; that they had made a magnificent fight, a winning fight. He said that they should always be fighting papers; but that they had failed to recognize that times had changed. Many of the issues for which they had struggled were established. Instead of battling, they were merely grumbling.

For hours they argued back and forth—two strong men, so curiously different in size and habit and mental processes. In the end they both won. Howard agreed to leave the United Press and go over to the newspapers. E. W. agreed that Bob and Roy should have a free hand to reshape the editorial policy. It was perhaps the biggest thing that E. W. Scripps ever did. Plenty of builders have seen their creations crumble because they themselves were too proud or too stubborn to change. He was broad enough to realize that each new generation must and will be served according to its own needs.

The conference ended with a final fling from the old man.

"I'll give you small salaries," he said, "and a big slice of the earnings. Whatever you make you've got to make out of the

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NEW CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

once a year

Save Gas and Oil

To install new Champion Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles, or at least once a year, actually costs you nothing, as they quickly save their price in gas and oil.

Spark plugs deteriorate in service, no matter how well made they are. After 10,000 miles the spark is weakened. Combustion is only partially complete. Unburned gas is wasted through the exhaust. Power is lost. Engine performance is seriously impaired.

Although dependable Champion Spark Plugs give better service for a longer time than any other spark plug, even Champions should be changed if they have been in service for 10,000 miles or more.

A new set of Champions assures complete burning of the gas. Engine efficiency is restored. Power, speed and all-around performance are improved to an amazing degree.

The saving in gas and oil, and the freedom from repair expense, are so immediately obvious that the regular change of spark plugs at least once a year becomes economically sound and eminently practical.

Outstanding Champion Improvements

Always pioneering and anticipating engineering demands, Champion Spark Plugs have been greatly developed and improved to meet the demands of the modern high-speed, high-compression engine.

The insulator is of *sillimanite*, a rare mineral far superior to ordinary insulating material and is exclusively Champion's because Champion controls the only commercial supply.

This insulator has been further developed to withstand temperatures far higher than is reached in any engine.

This makes certain that the insulator has the strength to stand up under the tremendously increased stress of the modern engine and provides complete insulation, insuring efficient sparking under all driving conditions.

Better engine operation is further assured by the new, all-copper gasket-seal of Champion's two-piece construction, which remains absolutely gas-tight against the increased compression of today's engines.

Champion has been further improved by marked development of the special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark gap under all driving conditions and are practically immune to pitting and corroding.

All of these improvements keep Champion far in advance as the better spark plug and assure its continued selection by two-thirds of the motorists the world over.

There is a correctly designed, dependable Champion Spark Plug for every engine. Champion X for Model T Ford, 60 cents. Champion for all other cars and trucks and tractors, 75 cents. (Canadian prices, 80 and 90 cents.)

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

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4 O'clock

THERE'S no surer relief from that rather stodgy 4-o'clock-in-the-afternoon feeling than a glass of Welch's Grape Juice.

And the best of it is, you know it is so good for you.

Because it gives you much more than the temporary refreshment.

Welch's is a real food as well as a delicious drink. It is pure fruit juice and you can count on it for important health values—energy value, mineral salts, and vitamins.

Try it at 4 o'clock this afternoon. And be sure you get Welch's. No other can compare with it. The flavor is so pure and rich that you can serve it straight, blended or diluted.

For children after school—a glass of Welch's straight, or half Welch's and half water.

For business men at the soda fountain—a Welchade, long and cool, made like orangeade of the fruit juice and syrup and water.

For the woman at home or shopping—Welch's with cracked ice or carbonated water. Recipes for Welch Punch and other drinks are on every bottle.

Free—Book of Fruit Drinks—Send a postcard for free illustrated recipe book to the Welch Grape Juice Co., A-86, Westfield, New York. In Canada—St. Catharines, Ontario.

WELCH'S

Once you've tasted Welch's no other grape juice will do

At the fountain ask for straight Welch's or Welchade

properties. And you've got to put your earnings back into more stock. I've gone on the principle that the business ought to double every ten years. I've averaged better than that. At one period I doubled it in six years. I don't expect you boys to do as well as I've done. You haven't got as much brains."

So Bob and Roy went in together—youth taking over the reins from the hands that had held them so long. The name was changed from Scripps-McRae to Scripps-Howard; and they doubled the business in three years.

The chain of papers now extended from New York to San Francisco, including the New York "Telegram," the Cleveland "Press," the Pittsburgh "Press," the Denver "News," and twenty-three others—the largest group of newspapers under one ownership in the United States.

Howard is forty-five years old, and Bob Scripps is thirty-three.

SCRIPPS and Howard would never forgive me if I set them forth as anything more than two likable, human, hard-working fellows in the newspaper business—two good reporters. They don't seem to have changed from the men they were when they started work, and certainly they are no different in the eyes of their friends.

In Washington a few months ago somebody introduced Roy Howard to a big crowd at a dinner.

Said the speaker: "A tree never dies as long as the fresh sap keeps coming up to the top. An institution never grows old so long as fresh blood rises to the high places."

Howard answered: "I take it from the toast-master's remarks that he regards me as the fresh sap."

I have traveled with both men, played with them, battled with them when I thought they were wrong, and there is small chance that I shall sacrifice their friendship by trying to set them up here on any pedestal. They wouldn't stay up if I tried it. They would laugh hard and shake themselves off. Nevertheless, success is never entirely a matter of chance. There are always some characteristics in a man who gets to the top which have significance for other people. One of these is a wholesome dissatisfaction with the past.

Bill Hawkins, one of Roy's partners, once said: "I have never seen a piece of paper laid on Roy's desk that met with his complete approval. No matter what it is: a letter, an editorial, a contract: he reaches instinctively for his lead pencil; he always has an idea that there ought to be some way to make the thing better."

That kind of nature does not make a man a restful business associate. Perhaps Roy is too hard to satisfy, too attentive to little things. When I have seen him packing his trunk in a hotel, insisting that every article shall be put into its proper spot with his own hands and refusing to hurry in spite of my pleas and imprecations, I have sometimes thought that he would make life easier for himself and his associates if he could delegate more detail. But I am not sure.

We said at the beginning that there is no hard and fast rule for executive success; and in nothing, perhaps, do executives differ more than in this matter of detail. There are presidents who sit behind cleared desks and refuse to be concerned with anything but the very broadest questions of policy. And there are other presidents—and perhaps they are in the majority—who know more about every department than the department managers, and who will hold up the whole show while they carefully correct a tiny flaw.

Of course attention to detail will never get you anywhere unless you do the larger things too. Both Scripps and Howard are workers.

"I keep moving," Roy says. "Did you ever watch a short stop in a major league team? Short stops are usually little fellows, and maybe that's why I like them. Anyway, I notice this: A short stop may be only an average player; maybe he's even a little below the average; but if he keeps moving and accepts plenty of chances, he'll wind up the year with a good fielding record. He'll make plenty of errors, but his percentage will be all right. I'm a short stop."

His curiosity about life is insatiable. We were riding in an automobile in Havana when an airplane sailed over us.

"Did you ever fly in an airplane upside down?" he asked.

I said "No," and he explained that once at an army field he had bribed a flyer to take him up and go through the whole bag of tricks.

That night we were watching the gamblers at the Casino. There was one game that was new to both of us.

"How does it work?" I asked him. "What are the rules?"

"I'm going to find out," he answered, and began laying dollar bills on different parts of the board. After half an hour he had contributed quite a neat little sum; but he had found out.

Most men go through life half blinded by lack of curiosity and half paralyzed by fear. Bob and Roy see everything, and will try anything. Mistakes? They make plenty; but no men in the world acknowledge mistakes more quickly or with less embarrassment. I have seen them engaged in an argument that looked to an outsider as if it would wreck the firm. And in the end, one or the other would say: "I was wrong," or, "I guess I pulled a boner that time," and that would be the last of it. Either would be equally quick to make the same acknowledgment to the newest cub reporter.

THUS, liking each other, fighting each other, but standing shoulder to shoulder against the world—or as nearly shoulder to shoulder as is possible for six-feet-two and five-feet-six—they have worked out their successful partnership. In hardly a single attribute are they alike. Bob hates publicity; Roy thrives on it. Bob dresses in a way to aid him to escape attention; Roy's clothes are a New York institution. Bob moves slowly, and when he has made up his mind he seldom changes it; Roy can talk himself in and out of several conclusions in five minutes; but he has an instinctive habit of hitting the right one at the end. What a misfit Bob would be if, watching Roy's success, he had tried to be a rapid-fire executive. How foolish Roy would look sitting behind a desk and giving an imitation of a man engaged in thought. Each has succeeded by being himself.

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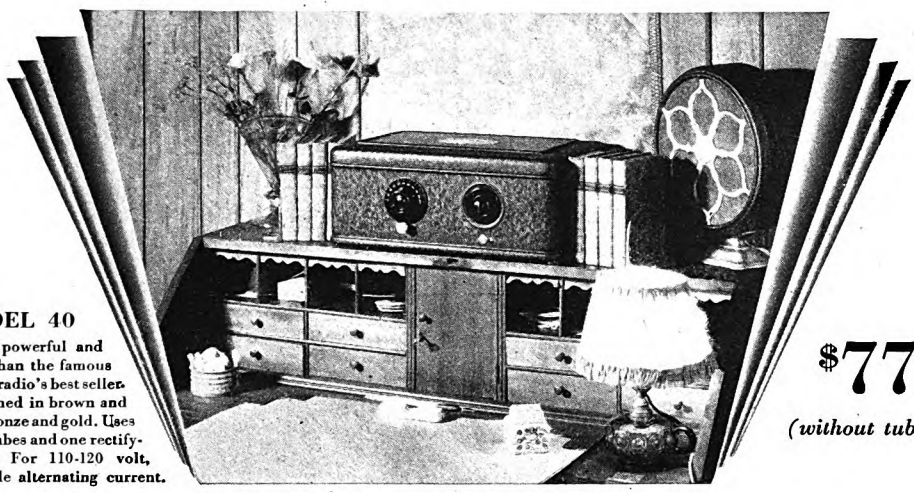
ATWATER KENT RADIO



MODEL 40
Far more powerful and sensitive than the famous Model 37, radio's best seller. Satin-finished in brown and gold or bronze and gold. Uses six A.C. tubes and one rectifying tube. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current.

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(without tubes)

Must good electric radio be expensive?

Emphatically—NO!

Owners of the new 1929 Atwater Kent electric sets will tell you they often hear their guests say:

"Why, that is the finest radio I ever heard! And you have no trouble at all? You must have paid a great deal for it. Wha-a-a-at? And to think we paid . . . ." Sometimes the sum mentioned is a very large one.

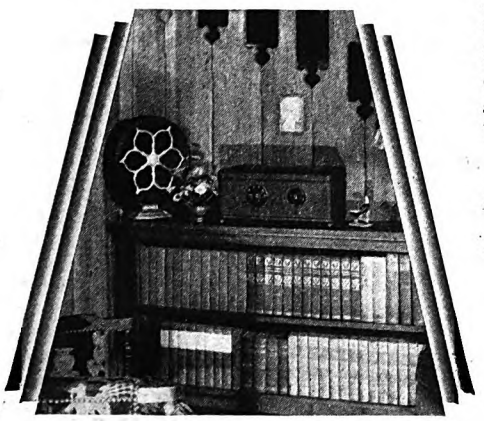
But really, there is nothing surprising in the price of Atwater Kent electric sets. When the public buys so many that factories covering 16¾ acres can be devoted solely to radio—when the ever-increasing demand enables the manufacturer to equip these factories with every conceivable means of bettering his product—the price *can* be kept down.

This always happens when a thing is so good that a great many people want it. It is precisely what has happened here.

So you have, in the self-contained Atwater Kent electric set for 1929 everything radio can give you—and nothing it *shouldn't* give you. You have the wonderful convenience and fraction-of-a-cent-an-hour economy of battery-less operation. You have clear tone, selectivity, volume, range. You have the thrilling certainty of the FULL-VISION Dial. You have compactness. You have smartness of appearance. You have reliability—freedom from annoyance and expense.

You have long evenings of companionship, summoned at will from here, there, everywhere.

And you have money in your purse that you might have spent unnecessarily.



MODEL 42. Many refinements in cabinet design. Uses six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. Without tubes, $86.

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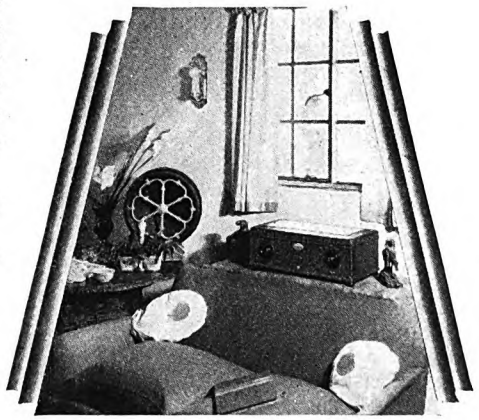

MODEL 44. Extra-powerful, extra-sensitive, extra-selective. Uses seven A.C. tubes and one rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. Without tubes, $106.

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"I Used to Be a Highbrow but Look at Me Now"

(*Continued from page 15*)

long illness I was unutterably bored. I was in no particular pain, just weak and irritable and nervous and depressed, too weak, in fact, to sit up. At first I couldn't sleep; and I couldn't eat, for my nervous condition had attacked my stomach. My brain at times seemed over-active, and the long hours, day after day, dragged with leaden feet. I felt that I needed something to distract and occupy my mind, not realizing that I was in bed because my mind had been too much occupied in the past, and that my cardinal need was mental rest.

One afternoon, a few months after my collapse, I told the nurse to hand me Taine's "Philosophie de l'Art," a book which I always keep at hand wherever I am. She looked vague, even vaguer than usual, and then for the first time I noticed that all my books and papers had been surreptitiously removed from the room, in order that (as I learned later) there would be no literary associations round me—nothing to remind me of my erstwhile labors and start my mind off on tiring trains of thought.

When the doctor came later that day for his usual twilight visit—which was intended, I now know, to cheer me up and tide me over the melancholy crepuscular period—I berated him for his chicanery, and demanded mental pabulum. He refused to let me read, kindly but firmly. I went into an argument and lost another pound or two. No success. I couldn't read—and that was that. But I was just contrary and disgusted enough not to let the matter drop. For a month I made the doctor's life miserable by demanding books.

THE doctor grew desperate; and at last, in the hope of saving me from brain exhaustion, he capitulated, with reservations. In another month (he marked the calendar) I could, if I desired, read a little light fiction. No serious works, however, no art books, no philosophy, no essays, no classics—nothing but light fiction; something that would not produce too much cerebration or stir up any desire to write myself.

I detested light fiction, and I told him so. He replied that he was glad of it. I suggested various compromises. All were vetoed. The prospect of regaling myself with silly fictional adventures and sillier love-stories filled me with gloom and animosity. I suspect to this day that the doctor had no idea that I would read such books as he prescribed.

For three weeks I planned a counter-offensive. I devised endless ways and means of outwitting him. But it was of no use. One night he brought a copy of "Black Beauty," and handed it to me with a grin. I hurled the book across the room and would not speak to him for days. Then a thought struck me. In my youth I had read Sherlock Holmes and been interested in the deductive processes of the Baker-Street sleuth. On the doctor's next visit I asked, with masterly indifference:

"May I amuse myself with anything as low and frivolous as a detective story?"

He pondered a moment, and, thinking I was being ironical, gave his consent.

Thus I began reading detective-mystery fiction. For two years I did little else. I devoured it. I wallowed in it. Moreover, I seemed to thrive on it. It apparently kept my mind off of my former studies, and gave my brain a kind of mild relaxation. Anyway, I was permitted to continue my literary sleuthing without let or hindrance.

After a few months' reading it suddenly dawned on me that the detective novel had its own peculiar technique and its own unique appeal, and that it operated according to its own individual rules—in short, that it constituted a *genre* of literary entertainment quite distinct from all other classes of fiction.

And then I recalled the fact that detective stories meet the recreational needs of all classes of humanity, from the college professor, the scholar, the statesman, the diplomat, and the scientist, all the way down to the most primitive and untutored reader.

WITHOUT a word to the doctor I set to work to discover the reason for the almost universal appeal of detective fiction: to trace its evolution, to analyze its technique, to define its laws, and, in general, to study it as I would any other individual art form. I coördinated and systematized my reading. I began with the works of Poe and Gaboriau, and gradually came down, in chronological order, to the present day. I had my book dealers in Berlin, Paris, and London make a search for all the great detective stories of the past seventy-five years; and my New York book dealer was kept working overtime digging up American detective stories for me. When I began to sit up I had a library of nearly two thousand volumes, covering the entire field of American and European detective literature.

For over two years I had read these books incessantly, always with an analytic eye and mind, and had made notes on the fly leaves when the nurse's back had been turned. It was my secret intention to do a short critical book on the subject as soon as I was well.

I think it is safe to say that I have read more detective novels, and have made a closer and more careful study of them from the technical, literary, and evolutional standpoint, than any other man living; which, after all, is no credit to me, for I was effectively barred from doing anything else! No literary man in his right mind and under ordinary conditions is going to take three years from his life to study detective fiction. So my distinction in this respect is analogous to the distinction of the cow with five legs. Neither the cow nor I could help ourselves.

In the late summer of 1925 I was allowed to get up and take a lungful or so of fresh air every day. I was weak and haggard, and needed support in order to move about. But my nerves were quiet; my sleep was fairly good; I could eat a little solid food and enjoy it; and my brain seemed to function more or less normally. I was itching to get back to work. My mind was filled with ideas; and I had a longing to complete my "Modern Literature" and return to my book on philology, which was then in the note-book stage.

"Ah!" I exclaimed rapturously to myself. "A few more weeks, and then the deadly delectable grind again!"

But I was far from happy. My books had never brought me a sufficient income to live on; and all my literary life I had been compelled to eke out my royalties with magazine articles, stories, editorial work, translations, teaching, etc.—the sort of things that tear an author's heart out of him and keep his nose to the grindstone day and night. The war had cut into my earnings deeply; my ebbing strength during 1921 and 1922 had curtailed my output; and the kind of books I wrote had little sale during the aftermath of the great world struggle. My collapse in 1923 had practically cut off all my income, and when, two and a half years later, I began to struggle back to life, with little more than skin, bones, and viscera as my physical capital, my skies were black with discouragement. I naturally wanted to resume work at the earliest possible moment.

However, when I poured out my sorrows and plans to the man whose affection and loyalty and professional care had brought me through my illness, I was plunged into even deeper gloom by being told I was positively to do no serious writing or study for at least another year.

I then commenced scheming again. And several weeks later, as I was reading a new detective novel that had gone through numerous editions, despite its obvious faults, an idea came to me.

"Why," I asked myself, "if other writers, with far less experience or training than I have had, can achieve success at this kind of fiction, can't I? I've studied the detective novel, and I understand its rules and technique. I know its needs, and have learned its pitfalls."

The idea took hold of me, and I began to think out a plot which, while being off the beaten track, would contain the elements that I had found to be psychologically sound and in accord with the literary principles of this particular type of story. I also began to shape a central character, or protagonist, who would not only be distinctive but would apply a new and modern method of deduction to his criminal problems. I put the matter up to my doctor, and got his permission to write the book—after January 1st, 1926.

THIS was in September. During the next four months I outlined a series of detective novels. I built up my sleuth, "Philo Vance," and worked out the plots for three books. I then made a thirty-thousand-word synopsis of each story; and after the first of the year I fared forth to find a publisher. I felt a bit giddy, physically and mentally; but I had faith in my undertaking and I was full of enthusiasm. The prospect of any kind of creative literary work after three years of enforced idleness set my blood a-tingling.

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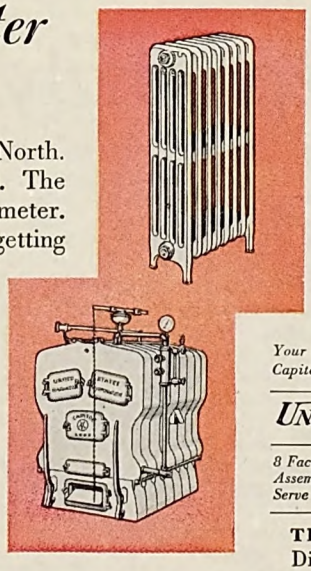

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MARTIN L. DAVEY, *President and General Manager*

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AN editorial reprinted from the Davey Bulletin, a semi-monthly magazine published for the employees of The Davey Tree Expert Company, Inc., Kent, Ohio, a national organization now numbering more than a thousand persons

The Price of Success

By Martin L. Davey

EVERY normal man wants to succeed. He wants it not alone for the financial benefits involved, but also for the personal satisfaction that goes with it. It is this enlightened self-interest that is the great moving force in the world of practical affairs.

All too many men desire success eagerly enough in their minds, but are not willing to pay the price for it. They want this great blessing to settle down upon them like the gentle dew from heaven, without any effort on their own part, and without preparing themselves to carry it naturally and gracefully.

It has seemed to me, as I have watched the progress of many hundreds of men, that the secret of success is not a very strange or mysterious thing, for it flows in a natural way from certain definite causes.

Assuming that a man has normal intelligence and health, I should say the outstanding requirements for success are personal integrity and reliability, organized and sustained energy, painstaking care, and definite purpose and determination. These are the old-fashioned qualities which always have been, and always will be, the basic elements of success.

I have placed personal integrity and reliability first, because nothing else matters very much if a man lacks character and is not personally reliable. His word must be good. He must be honorable in his relations with all other men. In our business, this includes not only the company, but especially the clients whom we serve. If we give daily proof of individual and collective character in the service we render the public, there is nothing that can impede our progress as an organization and as individuals. When you stop to think that the Davey Tree Expert Company has trebled its business since 1923, it is a positive indication of something fundamentally sound and good in the service and in the men who render it.

MARTIN L. DAVEY
President and General Manager
The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc.

The next in order is organized and sustained energy. This is conspicuously important for several reasons. I am coming more and more to the conclusion that physical energy is absolutely necessary to success, because the required effort cannot and will not be made without it. But this energy must be organized and directed. A man must avoid wasting his time and scattering his fire. He must proceed according to some well-defined plan, and this means the direction of his physical energy by the mastery of his mind. Obviously this energy must be sustained also. No hit and miss effort is of much value. The man who works his head off one day and lays way down in his effort the next is merely fooling himself. Steady effort, day after day, applied in a definite direction and for a given purpose cannot fail to produce results.

PAINSTAKING care is certainly a thing of primary importance. I doubt if any great success can be achieved unless a man has the ability to take pains. This means carefulness and thoroughness, not only in the work a man does but in the way he does it. I have thought many times that one of the greatest things America needs in our generation is the desire to do things right and to avoid the slip-shod, indifferent and careless way of performing the duties of life. There is material for a thousand sermons in the profound slogan that John Davey gave our organization, "Do it right or not at all." This philosophy is of elemental and supreme importance. Incidentally it is an evidence of character.

IT IS certainly necessary that a man have a definite purpose in life and a fixed determination if he ever hopes to succeed. Without a definite purpose he goes on aimlessly and blindly. He has no goal and nothing to strive for. He is like a ship without a rudder or compass, drifting with the winds and the tides of time. And he must have determination. Without it there is no dependable motive power. The will to win is so essential in the battle of life that it is impossible to determine the limit of its importance. You will find in every man who succeeds a steady determination, an unconquerable spirit.

In addition to all these other things, a man must have poise and balance and frankness and sincerity and the ability to cast aside all conceit. Success is hard to stand, much harder than adversity. Just the minute that any man achieves any measure of success and lets it go to his head, he loses his sense of proportion and his mind is out of balance. Conceit destroys the success which created it. What a wonderful thing it is to see a man succeed, either moderately or in a large way, and remain his own natural self, continuing to strive in the same way toward the same goal, with the same old-fashioned qualities! The world loves to see a man succeed and rejoices in his achievements, if success does not spoil him.

There is an old saying, "What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say." There is much solemn wisdom in this proverb. Be what you ought to be, do what you ought to do, do it with earnestness and determination—this is the price of success.

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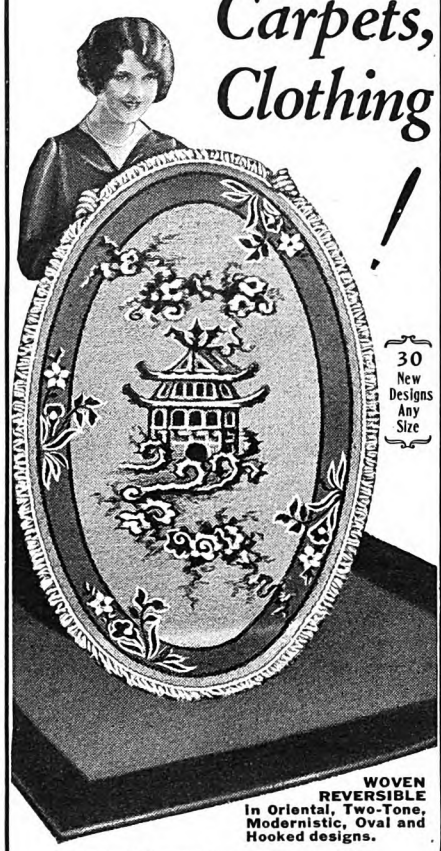

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I went straight to Maxwell E. Perkins, of Charles Scribner's Sons, the quietest, most sympathetic and lovable man in the book-publishing business, a man of culture and insight, of uncanny judgment and surpassing fairness. Perkins and I had been classmates at Harvard in the old days; and though we had drifted apart during the years of manhood I had never forgotten him. Something told me that he was the person who would best understand my project, and sympathize with the things I hoped for from it.

Nor was I mistaken.

"The books are just what we want," he told me immediately. "And I believe you can do them. We'll take all three. How much advance royalty do you want, and when can we have the first book?"

"I want an advance of three thousand dollars," I said; "and I'll deliver the first book on July 1st."

The next morning I received the check and the contract.

Thus was Philo Vance borne into the world on his first vehicle, "The Benson Murder Case."

And thus did the pseudonym of S. S. Van Dine come into being.

I decided to hide my true identity behind a pen-name for several reasons. Primarily I did not want my new novels to be associated in any way with my other books. I wished to keep my two reputations entirely distinct. Through long years of hard labor and diligent study I had come to be known as a critic of art and literature. Two of my books dealt with painting (one was used as a text book in schools and colleges); another dealt with the science of esthetics; another with modern philosophy; another with French literature; two others with modern cultural influences in England and America; another with the psychology of the artistic temperament; and another with pre-war Europe. They had all more or less found a place in contemporary letters; and my name for years had stood for certain definite philosophic, literary, and esthetic ideals. I saw no advantage—and even feared a certain disadvantage—in wrenching my own name from its cultural moorings and setting it adrift upon the seas of popular fiction.

ANOTHER reason I had for entering secretly upon my life of crime was that in America the writing of detective novels is not yet considered a wholly respectable occupation. We Americans are very serious, and we look askance upon any form of pure literary diversion. Frivolity we deem the hall mark of a superficial nature; and the author who indulges in it is pretty sure to be relegated to the category of the insincere, or, at least, of the not-to-be-taken-seriously.

In England, on the other hand, a little leg-shaking in the Nietzschean sense on the part of serious authors is regarded as something rather to be desired, with the result that many of the leading British authors have turned to detective-story-writing as an avocation, without impairing their standing in the community; for instance, The Reverend Ronald A. Knox, G. K. Chesteron, A. E. W. Mason, Hilaire Belloc, Israel Zangwill, John Buchan, A. A. Milne, Eden Phillpotts, and even Dickens. But, being an American, I rather feared ostracism if I boldly switched from esthetics and philologic research to fictional sleuthing, and so I hid behind an old family name and the Steam-Ship initials.

MY FIRST venture under the Van Dine banner was an immediate success. (I am here speaking in sordid commercial terms.) The critics were good enough to receive it with praise; and the public were sufficiently indulgent to buy it. The entire first edition of "The Benson Murder Case" was sold out in a week, and the following month saw two other large editions vanish from the bookstalls. In six months it had outsold all its competitors in the field; and it is now in its eighth edition.

After the manuscript of "The Benson Murder Case" had been turned in to my publishers, I took a two-months rest at the beach, filled up on salt air, put on twenty pounds, and then began "The 'Canary' Murder Case"—the second of the Philo Vance series. It ran serially in "Scribner's Magazine," and appeared in book form in July, 1927, nine months after the "Benson." This new book broke all publishing records for detective fiction. It immediately got into the lists of six-best-sellers, and stayed there for months. It even became a best-seller in England. It has been translated into Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, French, German, Polish, and Croatian; it was run as a serial in the leading Jugo-Slavian papers; and it is now being made into a Paramount motion-picture "special," with William Powell in the rôle of Philo Vance.

After another two-months rest I set to work on "The Greene Murder Case," the third in the series. This also ran serially in "Scribner's Magazine," and was put on the market in book form last April, ten months after the "Canary's" début. This book sold even better than either the "Benson" or the "Canary." It entered the best-seller lists the first week of its existence, and during the month of April was the best-selling book in the United States. In May it held third place throughout the country; and as I write these lines—four months after its publication—it is still among the leading six. In England, too, it is a best seller, as was the "Canary." (Incidentally, both "The Benson Murder Case" and "The Greene Murder Case" have been bought by Famous-Players-Paramount for feature films, to follow the "Canary," with the same stars in the leading rôles.)

Last spring I finished "The Bishop Murder Case," which is to begin serially in this magazine next month, and run through six numbers. It is the fourth of the "Philo Vance" novels, and presents that debonair young sleuth with the toughest problem of his detectival career. Originally I had planned to call the book "The Mother Goose Murder Case;" but the canny psychologists of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE's circulation department informed me that it would be taken for a juvenile story; and, remembering that "The Hound of the Baskervilles" was still regarded in certain quarters as a dog story, I changed the title to "The Bishop Murder Case," an alternative name I had had in mind from the first. This new title, in fact, is more appropriate than "Mother Goose"; but I somehow had a fondness for the old gray lady in the peaked bonnet—an affectionate hang-over, no doubt,

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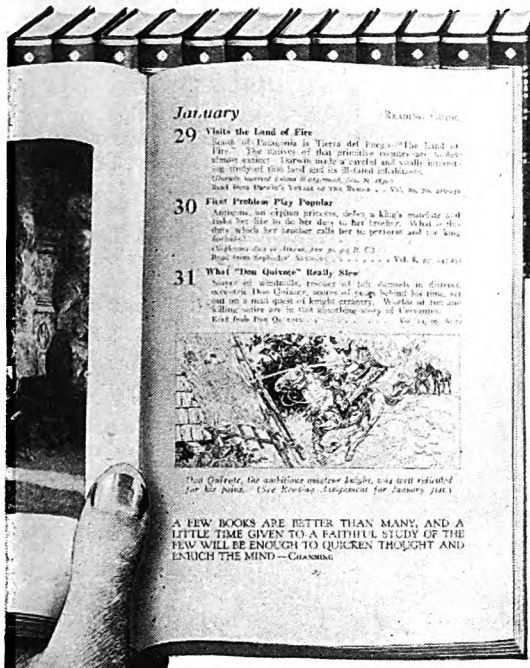

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from my nursery days—and so I instinctively chose the longer name. All authors have these purely sentimental prejudices.

The success of the Philo Vance stories thus far has surpassed my wildest dreams; and the fame of S. S. Van Dine has spread as I never dared hope it would. After the appearance of "The 'Canary' Murder Case" long articles about me began appearing in the newspapers and magazines. I was beset with interviewers. I received numberless requests for autographs. A club in Shanghai asked for my picture with which to adorn its walls. The Law School of the University of Virginia used one of the novels as the basis for its annual "trial." I was kept busy writing articles for high-school and college publications, for it seemed the youth of the country had affectionately adopted me.

I received scores of invitations to lecture in different cities. A Presidential nominee declared that I was his favorite detective-story writer. An Oxford don wrote me an eight-page letter of congratulation and protest. The "Atlantic Monthly" twice included my stories in its exclusive "Bookshelf." My endorsement was solicited for a popular brand of cigarette. I received letters from lawyers, college professors, art collectors, ambassadors, eminent scientists, judges, and government officials of European countries. A university reading course devoted an entire bulletin to an analysis of the "Greene."

I was twice invited to speak over the radio. The Book-of-the-Month Club placed the "Canary" on its recommended list, and made the "Greene" its first recommended alternate. An ice-cream sundae was named after my hapless Canary. (As sundaes go it wasn't bad.) The most conservative literary journals of England devoted columns of serious analysis to my books; and "Punch" gave me the stamp of immortality, as Mark Twain would have said, by glorifying me in verse.

I received lucrative offers from leading newspapers to "cover" current murder trials. And in various other ways I was made aware that my efforts at literary entertainment had achieved far more than I had set out to accomplish. I had a curious feeling of humility and gratitude about the whole matter. I experienced a sense of human contact and intimacy with mankind which had never been mine during the writing of my other works.

THERE is something both of romance and irony in the amount of money these three detective novels have earned. Within a year of the time I completed the manuscript of "The Benson Murder Case" I was free from financial worries and in a position to tack in any direction my fancy dictated. The income from "The 'Canary' Murder Case" was nearly double that of the "Benson;" and "The Greene Murder Case" has already outstripped the other two combined.

What a topsy-turvy situation! Here was I, a well-known writer, who had spent fifteen years of my life building up a cultural reputation for myself in American letters—the author of nine serious books, into which I had put the fruits of all my research and study and labor; and up to the age of thirty-seven I had barely succeeded in keeping my ledger balanced.

Then I was shunted, by a crazy twist of fate, to detective fiction; and each one of my Philo Vance stories has made more money than all my nine serious books put together. My literary earnings for any six months during the past two and a half years have been more than were my entire literary earnings for the previous fifteen years.

I suppose all this is an eloquent commentary on something or other, or a biting criticism of this or that state of affairs in American life. But, frankly, I don't know just what it is. Unlike the youthful Gargantua, who "alwayes looked a given horse in the mouth," I have made no effort to inspect the gift that came tumbling down Olympus and landed in my lap. I see no reason whatever why the public should have bought my scholastic tomes on esthetics and philosophy and eighteenth-century literature if it wasn't interested in them.

My adoption of the name of Van Dine was wholly for the purpose of anonymity. Neither I nor my publishers attempted to make any capital out of it. To the contrary, we kept mum on the subject, and never once even suggested that S. S. Van Dine was not a real person. Indeed, it was my earnest wish to be accepted merely as a new writer of detective stories.

BUT Harry Hansen—that brilliant critic of the New York "World"—spoiled all my plans. One morning he printed an article frankly expressing the belief that the author of "The Benson Murder Case" and "The 'Canary' Murder Case" was not a novice, but an experienced writer in a nomenclatural disguise. He thereupon made a guess as to my identity, bolstering it up with a column of inductive clues. That started the snowball rolling. Other guesses were made throughout the country; and to date I have been accused of being each of the following:

William Lyons Phelps, John Galsworthy, Dr. Joseph Collins, Edmund Lester Pearson, Arthur Train, George Jean Nathan, Pola Negri, Edward Hale Bierstadt, Vance Thompson, Carl Van Doren, Willard Huntington Wright, Frank Crowninshield and Richard E. Enright in collaboration. William Hamilton Osborne, Robert H. Davis, Louis Joseph Vance, Robert Bridges, Ma Ferguson, H. L. Mencken, and Arthur Stringer.

The reasoning behind the guesses was often highly plausible, and some of the "proofs" advanced by my accusers almost convinced me that I was indeed someone else. Many a criminal has been convicted in our courts on circumstantial evidence far less conclusive than that adduced to prove that I was this or that well-known writer. Mr. Walter G. Bowerman, of Leonia, New Jersey, wrote to "Scribner's Magazine":

> One of the most interesting books is 'Live and Let Live,' by Vance Thompson. In curiosity to learn whether Vance is a man or woman, we looked up the name in "Who's Who in America." There we find that he was educated in Germany and that he has written a mystery of European intrigue. We already knew his power and versatility as a writer. The choice of name, Philo Vance, for hero in the current series of murder stories agrees also with his own first name—Philo being simply the Greek word for *love*."

The chief objection to this theory is that Mr. Thompson died in 1925.

The guess that I am Edmund Lester

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Pearson, (the author of those splendid criminological volumes, "Studies in Murder," "Murder at Smutty Nose," and "Five Murders") appears to be the most persistent; and the reasons given therefor are, I must admit, most ingenious. I have apologized personally to Mr. Pearson for the bother I've unwittingly caused him, and I hereby repeat my apologies.

Mr. Bruce Gould, the daily literary arbiter of the New York "Evening Post," wrote an article "proving conclusively" that I am Willard Huntington Wright. So complimentary was it, and so thoroughly do I respect Mr. Gould's judgment, that I simply haven't the heart to deny his clever and entertaining deductions. One of the most amusing points marshaled by him was the fact that Mr. Wright had taken him to lunch at Pierre's. "We submit," wrote Mr. Gould, "that no writer of cultural subjects, such as Mr. Wright is, could ever make enough money in America to lunch his friends at Pierre's. Therefore, we can only conclude that Mr. Wright has become very wealthy at the expense of his close friend, S. S. Van Dine."

VARIOUS bits of detective work have been done to discover my identity. One day a professor of a local university wrote me (S. S. V. D.) a letter which demanded an answer. Later, an acquaintance wrote me (my true self) a friendly note about nothing in particuar; but worded it so that courtesy made necessary a reply. A few days afterward I (my true self) received from this latter correspondent a bald accusation of being S. S. Van Dine. It seems the stationery on which I had written to him and to the professor was identical! I—the creator of the supersleuth, Philo Vance!—had used the same note paper, not suspecting that he and the professor were in cahoots. But, even so, the evidence was not sufficiently damning to make me reach in my waistcoat pocket for a capsule of cyanide of potassium, as do all literary culprits when confronted with proof of their guilt.

Two other acquaintances of mine, suspecting that I might be S. S. Van Dine, wrote to me—one to my true self, the other to the author of the Philo Vance stories. The signatures of my two answers were then submitted to a handwriting expert, and a copy of his report was triumphantly mailed to me. It cost me a lavish dinner to insure the silence of these base plotters. Recently a bright reporter, who had read too much, oh, far too much! Sherlock Holmes, conceived the brilliant idea of visiting my home (I live in an old remodeled dwelling of many apartments) and checking up on the names in the mail boxes. There he found my own card in one box, and in another box the card of S. S. Van Dine. He twitted me gloatingly with the discovery, and proceeded to levy the most outrageous blackmail—which I paid! (I have since removed Mr. Van Dine's card from the mail box.)

Miss Fanny Butcher, the charming and clever literary editor of the Chicago "Tribune," wrote to me (S. S. V. D.) last year for a short article. I complied; but by return mail she demanded a picture of myself with which to accompany the article. I smelled a mouse: experience had taught me wariness. It seemed ungracious to refuse the request, and yet I knew that if I sent my photograph she would recog-

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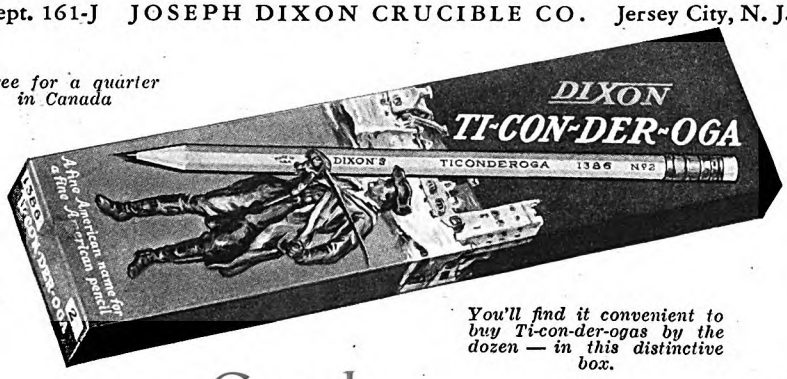

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nize it at once. So I met feminine wile with masculine deceit. I drew a caricature of myself in which I embodied all my features and characteristics—the pyriform cast of face, the hair parted on the right side, the somewhat bony forehead, the long straight nose, the prominent ears, the waxed moustache and the pointed Van Dyke, the habitual cigarette and the eyeglass. In its details it was truthfully and meticulously I; but, as an ensemble, it bore no resemblance to me. I sent her this picture. She was good sport enough to thank me and reproduce it, without a word of criticism.

THIS picture—the only one of S. S. Van Dine that has been given out—has been used pretty extensively; and it is reproduced herewith. As Miss Butcher remarked in her caption, I look more like

one of my murderers than an author. My poor mother, who has a certain maternal pride in the features with which she endowed me, wept copiously over the portrait. Before its publication she had a secret fear that my true name would never be revealed. Now she lives in fear that it will.

During the two years of my double life I have had many amusing and disturbing experiences, and have been caught in all manner of embarrassing situations. I have sat at dinners where my books were being discussed and have been called on for an opinion as to the logic of "Vance's" deductive methods, the plausibility of the books' situations, and even as to who was the actual author of the tales.

A score of book stores have endeavored to sell me my own stories, and have recommended them to me so highly that I have blushed. Feeling guilty and chagrined, I have actually bought numerous copies of them at the full market price! My own book dealer sent me both the "Benson" and the "Canary," telling me I "couldn't afford to miss them." The next time I saw him he asked me point-blank: "Wasn't I right about the Van Dine books?" I developed a coughing spell, and murmured a vague answer. He bemoaned my apparent lack of enthusiasm. "Why," he exclaimed, "I've sold more Philo Vance stories than all my other detective fiction combined!" "That's bully!" I replied. "Who is this Van Dine, by the way?" I asked casually.

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"They tell me," he confided, "that he's a well-known motion-picture actor." I fled from his presence in a state of suicidal despair.

A publisher, who issued one of my early books on painting, knowing I was acquainted with Mr. Perkins, of Scribner's, asked me as a special favor to try to find out—by hook or crook—who S. S. Van Dine was. He gave me his solemn word that, in case I was successful, he would not reveal to Mr. Van Dine the source of his information!

I don't remember what I answered, but I do know that the next day I received a complimentary set of books from this publisher. It was a damnable predicament to be in, and I searched my heart deeply for counsel. I couldn't return the gift without arousing his suspicions, and I couldn't truthfully tell him I was unable to find out what he wanted to know. The books are still in my library; but every time I look at them I have a twinge of conscience.

Another publisher, whom I had known for years, asked me one day at lunch if I had read the Van Dine books. I nodded indifferently. "Rotten, aren't they?" he asked. "Can't abide that fellow Vance. A nincompoop! Don't see why they've made such a hit. We've a dozen better detective novels on our list; but all of 'em together haven't sold as many copies as one of those damn Van Dine thrillers. Terrible business, publishing. Why don't *you* write a detective story—the way it ought to be done?" I tried to look scandalized at the suggestion, and must have succeeded, for he immediately changed the subject.

Less than a week later a friend of mine said one night: "I've just finished 'The Greene Murder Case,' and there were a few passages in it that reminded me of you. But I know you couldn't have written it. You would have made a much better job of it." I of course vigorously repudiated the compliment. But, alas for the faith of our friends! I had written the book, and had put forth the best that was in me. I had done my darnedest, and angels could do no more; yet my friend had loftier visions of my powers. My heart was touched; but I could not disabuse him. And, after all, there is inspiration in having those you care for think you are better than you are. It gives you more distant targets to aim at.

THERE has been much speculation and theorizing as to why all classes of readers universally enjoy arm-chair sleuthing. But the real reason is, I believe, that the appeal of a good detective novel is the same as that of an elaborate and interesting puzzle. It puts the mind to work and keeps it busy, for in any first-class detective story the reader takes fully as much a part in the solution of the problem as does the detective himself. I would go so far as to say that a detective novel does not fall under the head of fiction in the ordinary sense. It really belongs in the category of riddles; and I am convinced that its astounding popularity is directly due to the identical factors that give the cross-word puzzle its popularity.

Indeed, the cross-word puzzle and the detective novel have many things in common. In each there is a problem to be solved; and in each the solution depends

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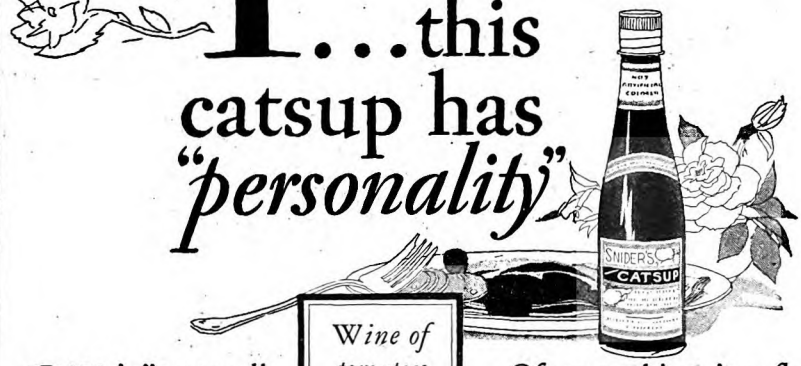

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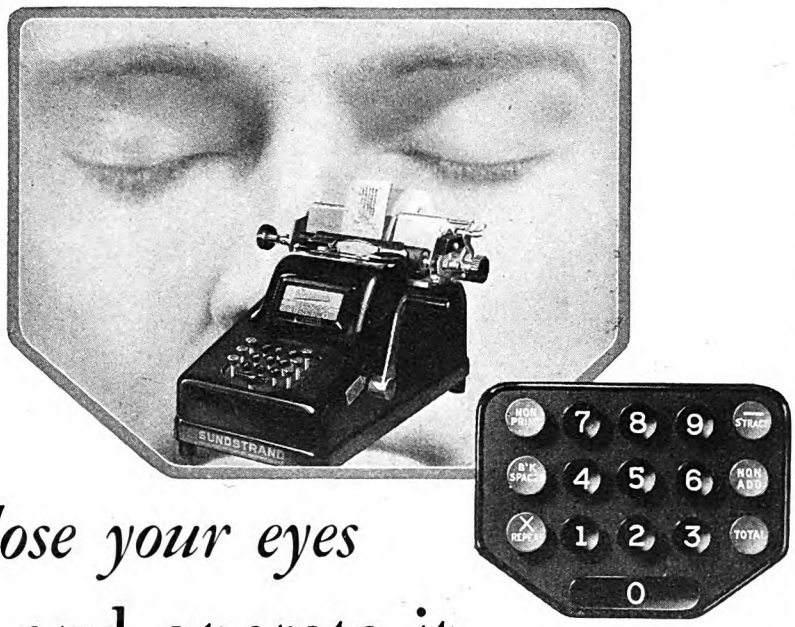

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on the reader's ability to analyze the various elements and to coördinate apparently unrelated clues. When the analysis is complete and the clues have been fitted in place, the detective novel, as well as the cross-word puzzle, becomes an interrelated unit. Consequently, the reader has a feeling of satisfaction, of difficulties overcome, of order having been produced from chaos. This is why, I think, the so-called highbrow reader, who would be positively humiliated if caught with an ordinary popular romance, reads detective novels, and even flaunts them brazenly in the faces of his acquaintances.

Good detective stories appeal directly to the intelligence: they are a source of mental stimulation. The finest minds in America today read them. And I'll say this: No reader of detective fiction is ever stupid. Without an active logical mind, capable of gripping a difficult problem, one would never turn to detective fiction for pleasure. As Carolyn Wells has said: "Show me an inveterate reader of mystery yarns, and I will show you a quick, intelligent brain."

A QUESTION that is often put to me is how long I intend to go on writing detective stories. When I first conceived Philo Vance I had no definite plans beyond the three books I had outlined: "The Benson Murder Case," "The 'Canary' Murder Case," and "The Greene Murder Case." However, during the interims between the work on these novels I did a great deal of criminological reading; and I made notes and sketched ideas for possible future Philo Vance stories, though I had no actual intention of continuing them. Then I was lured into a contract for "The Bishop Murder Case" by the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE; and I also involved myself for two other books in the series—making six in all.

These six I shall go through with. But no more. An even half-dozen is a nice orderly number. And to write a detective novel according to the rules and ideals I have set for myself is no easy matter. It requires tremendous patience and hard work. The detective novel is the most rigid and exacting literary form I have ever undertaken. Each paragraph, each sentence—each word almost—must fit perfectly into the final pattern. There can be no loose ends. And the entire story must be planned in every minute detail and built up with painstaking care before the actual writing can begin. My original synopsis of a Philo Vance story is half the length of the finished book; and I work over it for months, rearranging, readjusting, refitting, and rebalancing every speech and episode and detail, before I settle down to the task of clothing it.

Then there is the important matter of ideas: the conception of the crime, the clues, the methods used for detecting, the devices for concealing (legitimately—there's the rub!) the culprit until the dénouement, the setting, and the interplay of character. The means and the material must be original: it is the simplest thing in the world to fall into a hackneyed technique, and to make use of clues and devices that have been employed before.

I doubt if any one writer has more than six good detective-novel ideas in his system. At any rate, I shall draw the line at that number; and I pray daily to the gods

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that have thus far guided my destiny that I shall not fall below the standard I have set for myself. This is why I have consistently refused to write more than one Philo Vance novel a year.

But, even were I convinced that I could go on writing detective novels indefinitely without falling below my standard, I nevertheless would desist. I have no yearning for much wealth. What I want most is an opportunity to go traveling in the realms of learning, and to write books of my adventures there. This opportunity is now mine; and when I bid farewell to "Vance" and "Markham" and "Heath" I shall return to my other more serious literary labors. The old lean years were good years—filled with ardor and high hopes and blazing ideals, and with the earnestness and the enthusiasm of youth. And I shall go back to them, and strive to recapture their magic. I shall again tread that long, weary path to personal fulfilment, which has no end but which leads ever upward to the stars; for only in an effort to achieve that which is beyond all human achievement does the restless spirit of man find solace. The bitterest of all disillusions are the realities we have managed to grasp.

S. S. Van Dine Sets Down Twenty Rules for Detective Stories

THE detective story is a kind of intellectual game. It is more—it is a sporting event. And for the writing of detective stories there are very definite laws—unwritten, perhaps, but none the less binding; and every respectable and self-respecting concocter of literary mysteries lives up to them. Herewith, then, is a sort of Credo, based partly on the practice of all the great writers of detective stories, and partly on the promptings of the honest author's inner conscience. To wit:

1. The reader must have equal opportunity with the detective for solving the mystery. All clues must be plainly stated and described.

2. No willful tricks or deceptions may be placed on the reader other than those played legitimately by the criminal on the detective himself.

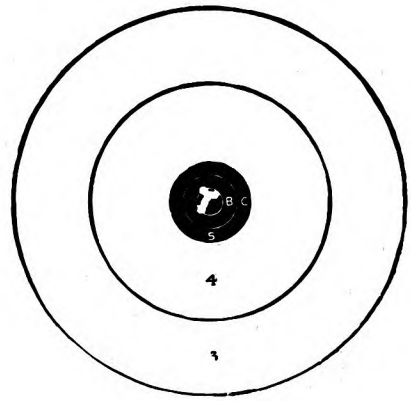
3. There must be no love interest. The business in hand is to bring a criminal to the bar of justice, not to bring a lovelorn couple to the hymeneal altar.

4. The detective himself, or one of the official investigators, should never turn out to be the culprit. This is bald trickery, on a par with offering some one a bright penny for a five-dollar gold piece. It's false pretenses.

5. The culprit must be determined by logical deductions—not by accident or coincidence or unmotivated confession. To solve a criminal problem in this latter fashion is like sending the reader on a deliberate wild-goose chase, and then telling him, after he has failed, that you had the object of his search up your sleeve all the time. Such an author is no better than a practical joker.

6. The detective novel must have a detective in it; and a detective is not a detective unless he detects. His function is to gather clues that will eventually lead to the person who did the dirty work in the first chapter; and if the detective does not reach his conclusions through an analysis of those clues, he has no more solved his problem than the schoolboy who gets his answer out of the back of the arithmetic.

7. There simply must be a corpse in a detective novel, and the deader the corpse the better. No lesser crime than murder will suffice. Three hundred pages is far too much pother for a



1022 *consecutive* bull's-eyes!

HOLDER OF WORLD'S RIFLE RECORD TELLS HOW HE CONDITIONED HIMSELF FOR THE GREATEST TEST OF NERVES IN THE HISTORY OF SPORT

"AS a marksman, perfect coordination of nerves is of first importance to me. But hot drinks are also essential and caffein with my meals had been my only dissipation. However, it affected my nerves so that I dropped it from my diet, selecting Postum instead.

"I found Postum to be more than a substitute. I gained weight, slept better, ate better, and all signs of nervousness vanished. In less than thirty days I was in perfect condition.

"On June 24, 1921, I started a course of rifle fire that was the most exacting ever recorded. On that day I shot continuously for 9 hours and 10 minutes, making a run of 1022 consecutive bull's-eyes that established a new world's record—in fact, it almost doubled the old one. Even then I quit without missing. My last shot was as perfect as my first. The entire group could be covered with a quarter.

"I could never have stood the strain had I continued the use of caffein. By changing to Postum, I added to my nerves the strength and endurance caffein had been taking away. I have used Postum regularly ever since."

—ULRIC S. VANCE, JR., Hillsboro, Ohio
Member, U. S. Rifle Team, 1921
Member, Peter P. Carney's All-American Rifle Team

NO matter what your aim in life, calm, unruffled nerves are vitally important if you are to hit the target. You know that. But you may not have realized how slyly, insidiously, the use of harmful mealtime stimulants like caffein frequently can change steady nerves to shaky ones, and undermine your chances for success.

Try Mr. Vance's experiment! Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—make Postum your mealtime drink instead. Then see how much better you feel!

Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran—no trace of any artificial stimulant in it. A drink that never frays your nerves, never affects sleep, or causes indigestion. And Postum has a flavor you'll enjoy—a rich, distinctive flavor millions prefer to that of any other mealtime drink!

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Your grocer has Postum. Or mail the coupon—we will send you one week's supply free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate on the coupon whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED P.—A.M.9-28
Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Fill in completely—print name and address
In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

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ANY TOOTHBRUSH IS BETTER THAN NONE, *BUT . . .*

NEW in 4 ways that mean WHITER TEETH

FOUR vital benefits, for care of your teeth, are provided by this *new* DR. WEST'S toothbrush. You will *see* the results.

Its original correct design has never been improved upon—although often imitated. Now it's made *doubly* effective by:

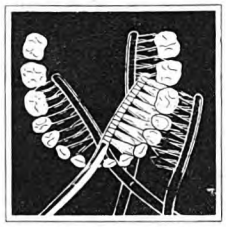
1st) Costly bristles, unobtainable since the war, used in this new brush only. They cleanse and polish.

2nd) Super-accurate trimming and spacing of bristles, to give more thorough cleaning of crevices.

3rd) Rigid handles, unbreakable; easier to hold and use.

4th) Whiter, cleaner teeth for you—by these *combined* improvements.

All druggists have new DR. WEST'S: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; soft, medium, or hard. Each brush sterilized, sealed and guaranteed. Today get one for each member of your family. Then see how quickly teeth whiten.



THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS
How the new DR. WEST'S reaches and cleans all teeth—inside as well as outside, far back as well as in front. See how erect bristles penetrate crevices, sweeping them clean.

THE RIGHT WAY
to brush your teeth

This is the way dentists advise: Use your new DR. WEST'S twice daily. Brush always away from gums, toward cutting edges of teeth. Employ any good dentifrice; bristle tips cleanse and polish. Each 60 or 90 days get a new brush—making sure of full benefits.

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Dr. West's *new* Tooth Brush

crime other than murder. After all, the reader's trouble and expenditure of energy must be rewarded.

8. The problem of the crime must be solved by strictly naturalistic means. Such methods for learning the truth as slate-writing, ouija-boards, mind-reading, spiritualistic séances, crystal-gazing, and the like, are taboo. A reader has a chance when matching his wits with a rationalistic detective, but if he must compete with the world of spirits and go chasing about the fourth dimension of metaphysics, he is defeated *ab initio*.

9. There must be but one detective—that is, but one protagonist of deduction—one *deus ex machina*. To bring the minds of three or four, or sometimes a gang of detectives to bear on a problem, is not only to disperse the interest and break the direct thread of logic, but to take an unfair advantage of the reader. If there is more than one detective the reader doesn't know who his co-deductor is. It's like making the reader run a race with a relay team.

10. The culprit must turn out to be a person who has played a more or less prominent part in the story—that is, a person with whom the reader is familiar and in whom he takes an interest.

11. Servants must not be chosen by the author as the culprit. This is begging a noble question. It is a too easy solution. The culprit must be a decidedly worth-while person—one that wouldn't ordinarily come under suspicion.

12. There must be but one culprit, no matter how many murders are committed. The culprit may, of course, have a minor helper or co-plotter; but the entire onus must rest on one pair of shoulders: the entire indignation of the reader must be permitted to concentrate on a single black nature.

13. Secret societies, camorras, mafias, *et al.*, have no place in a detective story. A fascinating and truly beautiful murder is irremediably spoiled by any such wholesale culpability. To be sure, the murderer in a detective novel should be given a sporting chance; but it is going too far to grant him a secret society to fall back on. No high-class, self-respecting murderer would want such odds.

14. The method of murder, and the means of detecting it, must be rational and scientific. That is to say, pseudo-science and purely imaginative and speculative devices are not to be tolerated in the *roman policier*. Once an author soars into the realm of fantasy, in the Jules Verne manner, he is outside the bounds of detective fiction, cavorting in the uncharted reaches of adventure.

15. The truth of the problem must at all times be apparent—provided the reader is shrewd enough to see it. By this I mean that if the reader, after learning the explanation for the crime, should reread the book, he would see that the solution had, in a sense, been staring him in the face—that all the clues really pointed to the culprit—and that, if he had been as clever as the detective, he could have solved the mystery himself without going on to the final chapter. That the clever reader does often thus solve the problem goes without saying.

16. A detective novel should contain no long descriptive passages, no literary dallying with side-issues, no subtly worked-out character analyses, no "atmospheric" preoccupations. Such matters have no vital place in a record of crime and deduction. They hold up the action, and introduce issues irrelevant to the main purpose, which is to state a problem, analyze it, and bring it to a successful conclusion. To be sure, there must be a sufficient descriptiveness and character delineation to give the novel verisimilitude.

17. A professional criminal must never be shouldered with the guilt of a crime in a detective story. Crimes by house-breakers and bandits are the province of the police departments—not of authors and brilliant amateur detectives. A really fascinating crime is one committed by a pillar of a church, or a spinster noted for her charities.

18. A crime in a detective story must never turn out to be an accident or a suicide. To end

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an odyssey of sleuthing with such an anti-climax is to hoodwink the trusting and kind-hearted reader.

19. The motives for all crimes in detective stories should be personal. International plottings and war politics belong in a different category of fiction—in secret-service tales, for instance. But a murder story must be kept *gemuetlich*, so to speak. It must reflect the reader's everyday experiences, and give him a certain outlet for his own repressed desires and emotions.

20. And (to give my Credo an even score of items) I herewith list a few of the devices which no self-respecting detective-story writer will now avail himself of. They have been employed too often, and are familiar to all true lovers of literary crime. To use them is a confession of the author's ineptitude and lack of originality. (*a*) Determining the identity of the culprit by comparing the butt of a cigarette left at the scene of the crime with the brand smoked by a suspect. (*b*) The bogus spiritualistic séance to frighten the culprit into giving himself away. (*c*) Forged finger-prints. (*d*) The dummy-figure alibi. (*e*) The dog that does not bark and thereby reveals the fact that the intruder is familiar. (*f*) The final pinning of the crime on a twin, or a relative who looks exactly like the suspected, but innocent, person. (*g*) The hypodermic syringe and the knockout drops. (*h*) The commission of the murder in a locked room after the police have actually broken in. (*i*) The word-association test for guilt. (*j*) The cipher, or code letter, which is eventually unraveled by the sleuth.

You Look 'em Over—and You Obey Your Choice

(Continued from page 53)

Criminal Code, passed in 1909, makes these offenses punishable by a fine of not more than $500 or imprisonment for not more than six months, or both.

Talking to the motorman of a trolley car, or to the operator of any public conveyance, is forbidden by law in most states. It also is a law infraction to ride on the front platform of a trolley car, or on the platform of a railroad coach—a law which is buried in the crush during "rush" hours.

Lotteries, raffles, and "games of chance" are against the law in Pennsylvania and in other states. Every sale of a "chance" on, say, a sewing machine, a ton of coal, an automobile, or what have you is law-breaking—with churches and volunteer fire companies leading the list of offenders.

And there *is* a bed-sheet law, in fact a number of them, as well as an ordinance regulating the use of the vacuum cleaner!

Certain Southern lawmakers, hearkening to the woes of elongated traveling salesmen, were moved to regulate the length of hotel bed sheets by law; and so were the lawmakers of Idaho, who also put themselves on record in favor of clean towels. The Idaho law provides that all hotel sheets "must be at least eight feet in length" and that "each guest shall be furnished with at least two clean towels." What is more, "in all hotels where fifty cents or more a day is charged for lodging, the sheets and pillow cases shall be changed after the departure of each guest."

Then, of course, there are the laws against the wearing of bed sheets as disguises for parade or other public occasions—aimed at the Ku Klux Klan.

Will You Be Clerk or Manager Ten Years from Now?

SURELY, this could never happen to *me*," you say—"that I should be sitting at the same desk—be doing the same work, *for ten straight years!*"

But wait a minute—

Exactly the same thing is happening to thousands upon thousands of men throughout the country. It has probably happened to men right in the company you now are working for. *And—unless you deliberately fit yourself for a better job—there is a very good chance that it will happen to you!*

Unthinkable? That's what R. M. Whitney, of Rochester, N. Y., said to himself. Yet lack of training kept him slaving away at low wages for more than twenty years . . .

Trebled His Salary in Three Years

—For more than twenty years, till finally, at the age of 47, *and still receiving only thirty dollars a week*, R. M. Whitney resolved to be a bookkeeper no longer. He enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy, and completed the course. Almost immediately came the offer of a bigger job.

Less than three years later, the Davenport Machine Tool Company—*the very company he had worked for as a clerk*—invited him to come back. He returned as Auditor, at a salary-increase of better than 300 per cent.

Today, he is Treasurer of this great company; and in a letter to LaSalle, after commenting on the opportunities LaSalle affords to men in their forties or early fifties, he adds, "And for the *young* man, who is just getting a foothold in the business world, LaSalle Extension University training is the most profitable investment he could make."

Says Good-bye to Clerkship—Now Heads Successful Firm

We have told you about a man who *waited*—at a cost to himself of probably not less than $100,000. Now consider the experience of a younger man—G. Roy Eshelman, of Decatur, Illinois—

Eshelman was occupying a subordinate position in the purchasing department of a manufacturing concern—salary $16 a week. Visualizing the opportunities for skilled accountants, he enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy.

"Through this training," writes Mr. Eshelman, "I became interested in the Auditing Department and often remained after working hours watching the Auditor at his work. Observing my interest, he soon placed me in his department at a 50% increase in pay, and as I progressed with my LaSalle work, I was shortly rewarded with an additional 40% increase.

"My studies rapidly equipped me to strike out for myself, and at present I have an extensive practice as a Public Accountant, employing four accountants. It is sufficient to say that my present income is *many, many times greater than when I enrolled.*"

Send For These Two Books and Start Toward Real Success

Need you hear more before you investigate the opportunities in Accountancy? Shall we tell you about Hyde—or Gray—or McDuffie—all of them commanding incomes better than $10,000 a year *and all of them still in their thirties?*

Or will you face the problem of your future NOW—and send to LaSalle and get further facts and particulars?

Without cost or obligation, the coupon will bring you two books—one a 64-page book entitled, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays;" the other, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

How about those next ten years—will you wait, or will you START TODAY to realize the opportunities that lie ahead of you through sound and practical home-study business training?

Measure your grit and ambition by what you do with this coupon—NOW.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Find Yourself Through LaSalle

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Opportunities in Accountancy—Check below and we will send you copy of "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Leading to position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

Other LaSalle Opportunities: If more interested in one of the other fields of business indicated below, check here:

☐ Business Management.
☐ Expert Bookkeeping.
☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.
☐ Modern Salesmanship.
☐ Traffic Management.
☐ Railway Station Management.
☐ Modern Business Correspondence.
☐ Industrial Management.
☐ Modern Foremanship.
☐ Personnel Management.
☐ Law: LL.B. Degree.
☐ Banking and Finance.
☐ Stenography—Stenotypy.
☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence.
☐ Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial.
☐ Business English. ☐ Effective Speaking.
☐ Commercial Law. ☐ Commercial Spanish.

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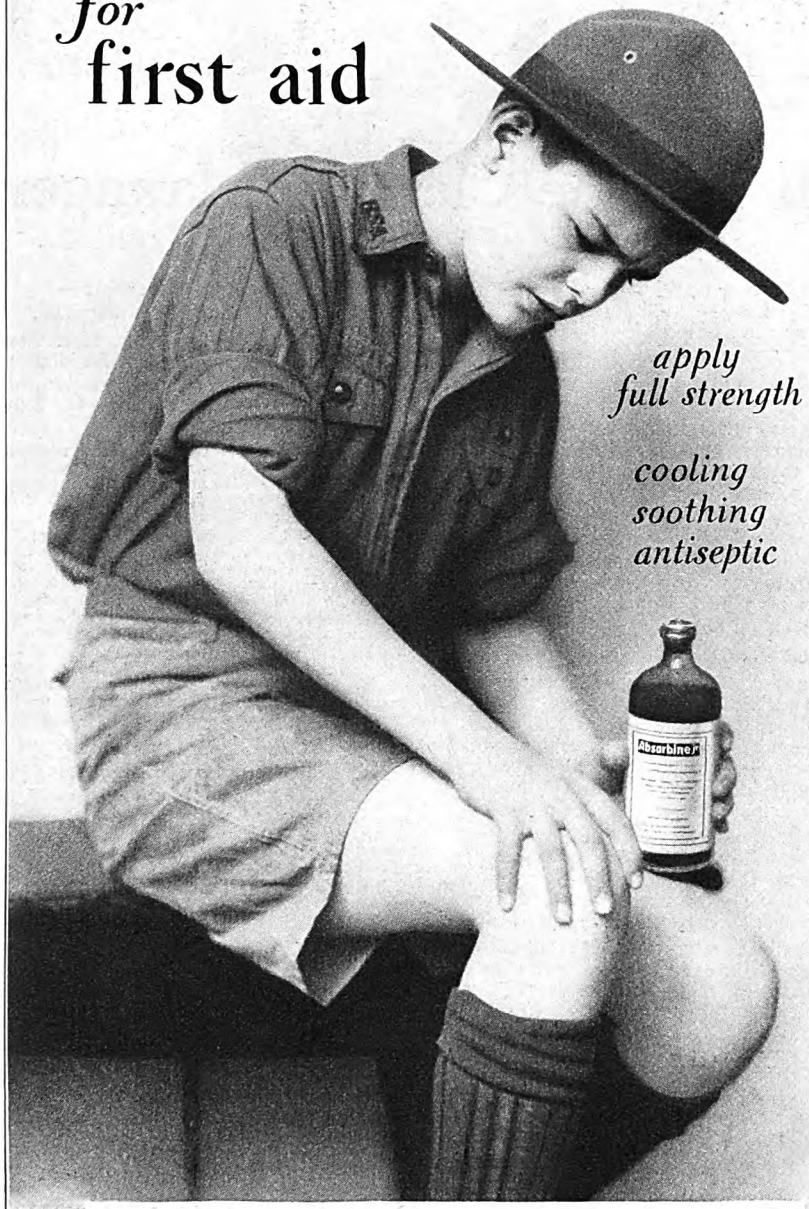
Absorbine Jr.

for first aid



NEVER NEGLECT A CUT

or scratch, however slight. Apply ABSORBINE JR. at once, full strength. Use it for bruises or sprains. It relieves the pain and soreness. Keep ABSORBINE JR. at hand, at home, in the car, in camp, and when traveling. It is a reliable first aid. It relieves pain. It keeps the muscles in condition—particularly after severe exercise or a long drive in the car.

At all Druggists, $1.25. Hospital size, $2.50. Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The vacuum-cleaner law is brand-new, the town of Fairfield, Iowa, being its trail blazer. In Fairfield, all housewives who make use of electrical appliances in their daily work must have said work completed before noon each day. If, after the noon hour, their washing machines, vacuum cleaners, or electric dishwashers interfere with another citizen's radio reception, owner of said appliance is liable to arrest and a fine of not more than $100, or thirty days in jail. The town law permits physicians to use the X-ray in emergency while the ban is on, the forbidden hours being from noon until midnight. And the law is popular.

AS TO the automobile and highway laws, "wise and heavily burdened with his knowledge is the driver who knows half of them." In Ohio, for example, more than six hundred laws of a general nature relating to highways alone have been enacted during the past century—and Ohio is no exception among the states.

I mentioned to a New Yorker who had owned an automobile since 1910 that New York City had no fewer than nine variations of the speed law, copies of which are obtainable free at any police station. He had heard of no more than one, which he confessed to breaking almost daily. In New York, the legal speed varies according to where you are going and what you are doing. It begins at four miles an hour, and rises by easy stages through eight, ten, twelve, fifteen, eighteen, twenty, and twenty-two to a maximum of twenty-five miles an hour.

The New Yorker is allowed four miles an hour in crossing a sidewalk to or from a lot, alley, or building—such as at the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance to Grand Central Station. The maximum of twenty-five miles is permitted on Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, and "in the outlying and sparsely settled sections of the city." To observe the speed laws of this one city you need a street directory, an indexed copy of the law, and a qualified legal adviser. Incidentally, any pedestrian has absolute right of way over all motor cars. Cross the street when or where he will, the majesty of the law is with the pedestrian whether he believes it or not. Motorists are permitted on the streets only by his sufference. That's the law.

Step over into Pennsylvania and you and your motor car bump into new laws. Here you are allowed four varieties of speed, between ten miles and thirty-five miles an hour, but there are twelve specific exceptions to these for commercial vehicles. And when it comes to right or left turns, especially left, you are hopelessly lost.

A Virginia town has banned all directing signs that might aid the motorist to pass through it without stopping to ask questions as to the way. The chief burgess explains, "Motorists who stop to inquire as to road directions are of more financial benefit to a town than those who are speeded through by signs." The idea is spreading. Highway routes which once took the traveler through the outskirts are being diverted to embrace Main Street. It makes for better business.

Then there is the law which makes the motorist liable for damages resulting from any injuries to a passenger in his car. That is to say, that if you give a wayfarer

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a lift and then accidentally upset your car into a ditch, with injury to said wayfarer, you are legally responsible for such injuries and must foot the doctor bill and possibly pay a damage claim to boot.

And you *may* be arrested for operating a motor car, or any type of conveyance, on Sunday. Nearly every state in the Union has some kind of Sunday laws, and at least twenty of the states have Sunday laws of the old-fashioned variety. Many forbid motoring on Sunday.

The Sunday laws, often called the Blue Laws, are very much an active issue with our lawmakers. During the past quarter century, despite the agitation for an "open" Sunday, twenty-nine states have refused to alter their Sunday laws whatsoever, sixteen have weakened them, and three have strengthened them.

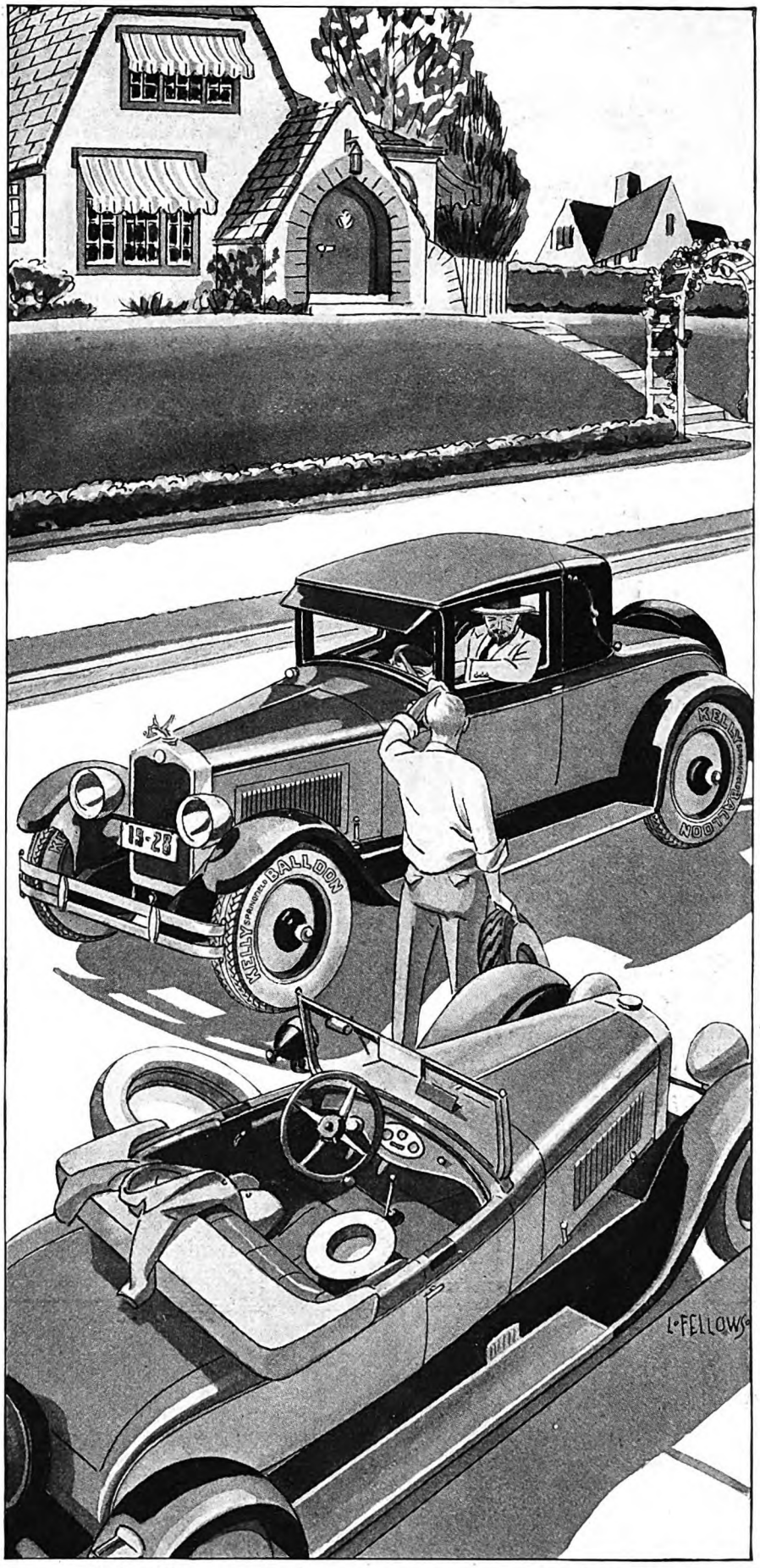
In New Jersey it is contrary to law to engage in "dancing, singing, fiddling, or other music for merriment, or playing at football, ninepins, bowls, fives, long bullets, or quoits" on Sunday. Persons found "traveling, fishing, fiddling, shooting, hunting, sporting, or going to or returning from any market with carts, wagons, or sleds" may be detained by the constable until Monday and then dealt with according to law. Railroads may run only one passenger train each way on Sunday. Traveling excludes going to church within a radius of two miles, going for a physician, or carrying the mail. No stage or stages, which in modern parlance are busses, "shall be driven through the state except it be done in cases of necessity or mercy."

A FEW years ago Perth Amboy, New Jersey, attempted to enforce the Sunday law. It was insisted that modern amendments to the law had made it enforceable. Hundreds were arrested. The chief of police, who was directing the campaign, was among them. A motorcycle police man, serving a summons, was another violator. One woman was found guilty of "erecting a clothes pole in her rear yard." Twenty-one nearby towns also joined in the campaign, but by the third Sunday the authorities were exhausted, and threw up their hands.

Journey to Massachusetts on a Sunday and you will find the theatres and "movies" open but regulated by a stern Sunday law. During six days of the week, local authorities are in charge and pass on what goes on in the playhouses. But when Sunday dawns the state steps in and local law takes a back seat until Monday. What might not be harmful on a week day is a cat of another hue on Sunday.

For example:

In the motion picture, "The Thief of Bagdad," the thief hero steals a purse from a rich man; but Massachusetts refused to let the theft occur in any films exhibited on Sunday. In another picture, two robbers plundered a bank after gaining entrance to it from the second floor, but how they got into the bank had to be deleted for Sunday, though by returning Monday you could find out all about it. And to comply with the Sunday law the hero of a war-time romance had to be married twice to the same girl—once in the opening of the film story and once again in the close. However, on all days excepting Sunday one marriage was deemed enough.



"Say, Doc, you don't happen to have a prescription that will keep a fellow cool this weather, do you?"
"Sure—Kelly-Springfield tires."

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"You Must Have Spent *Years* on Shorthand"

"No; *I Learned it in 6 WEEKS!*"

HER employer laughed aloud. "*Six weeks!* You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks. You have been with us about a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why—a great many of our stenographers have studied shorthand ten months or a year or more and still they make a great many errors."

"That isn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. Old-fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice, and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I—"

"Speedwriting? What's that?"

For answer the girl handed the big business man her notebook.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A, B, C's!"

"Yes, surely. That's how I learned it so quickly. *Any one* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. You can write it rapidly, too!"

"One boy I know who studied Speedwriting *in his own home* took *court testimony* at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

Two months later Mr. Chapman and all his stenographers were *Speedwriters!*

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In New York you may see Sunday performances of various types and the motion-picture palaces do a record business. But be not misled. What you are "seeing" is a "concert"; permitted by law. Any "show" becomes a "concert" in New York if the curtain is not raised or lowered and the actors are clad in street or evening clothes. So the Sunday law has been interpreted.

But Pennsylvania tolerates no evasions. Theatres are dark on Sunday and ball parks are closed. Not long ago a church organization produced a serious type of motion picture dealing strictly with Biblical subjects and attempted to have it exhibited in Philadelphia churches on Sunday evening in lieu of the usual sermon. The Sabbath enforcement association threatened arrests and the picture was withdrawn.

These are but a few samples of Sunday laws to be found on the law books of a majority of the states. A church society interested in the subject has estimated that at least 64,450,000 Americans are guilty of breaking these laws weekly.

However, the law has not neglected to look after our week-day morals either. Texas and North Dakota and maybe other states prohibit swearing over the telephone. It is illegal to smoke in public restaurants in Nebraska, Idaho, and North Dakota. Kansas, Arkansas, and South Dakota have prohibitory tobacco laws. The campaign is on for a Nineteenth Amendment.

There are countless "bathing suit" laws, but despite them and beach censorship the bathing suits have shrunk with each passing year.

Idaho has seen fit to legislate against joy riding, and under its law lazy husbands may be forced to work if the wife makes complaint. Virtually all states censor the motion picture and stage, as well as the literature permitted to their citizens. South Dakota makes it unlawful to exhibit scenes "illustrating illicit love, infidelity in family relations, or striking an officer of the law." In Delaware it is against the law to ridicule a clergyman. In three states and in most towns to "peep" through a neighbor's window is a serious crime. Indiana makes *all* looking of a clandestine nature punishable by fine or imprisonment. And if the taxicab drivers of Maine, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Louisiana, Wisconsin, West Virginia, or North Dakota suspect that a passenger is going to an improper rendezvous, it is the driver's duty under the law to stop his cab and tell the passenger that he must walk.

THERE are innumerable laws against gambling. Ohio prohibits gambling even to "bets on elections" but excepts stock-market speculation. And in the event that the first law is violated, the Ohio laws provide that "if a person, by playing a game, or by a bet or wager, loses to another money or any other thing of value and pays or delivers it, or a part thereof" he may sue for recovery. The law thus protects the lawbreaker.

Foretelling the future is either a crime or a misdemeanor in most states, though newspapers daily publish horoscopical predictions, along with detailed prognostications on the possible winners of horse races. Prize-fight films may not be transported from one state into another, by federal law, but there is no law on the federal books to prohibit their exhibition once they are transported.

FREAK laws! There are several classics of this type which any well-informed lawyer can quote to you. The palm for the most famous again goes to Kansas, the statutes of which provide: that "when two trains approach each other at a crossing they shall both come to a full stop and neither shall start until the other is gone."

And in Tennessee the law declares that "it shall be unlawful for the owner or keeper of horses, mules, cattle, sheep, goats, and hogs to run at large." The animals, presumably, may do so.

These laws are only of significance to the extent that they show how easily foolish laws may get into our statute books. They are jammed through in the closing hours of a busy legislative session, signed by a governor who has time only to read the title, and once in the books they usually stay there.

As court decisions have in a sense, the effect of law, a few of the lighter of these might also be in order.

A California court decided a very weighty matter that may have bothered some of us. It ruled that: "If a strong man has a weak man in his power and gives his victim the choice of being kicked or cuffed, he cannot defend his battery on the ground that the injured man consented."

"Where an unauthorized person," decided a North Carolina judge, "forcibly throws a woman's freshly washed and ironed clothes on the floor, it is a question for the jury whether she could lay hands on him more gently than by means of a baseball bat applied to the back of his head."

Another North Carolina court declared that "a person is not bound to stand quietly by and be bitten by a dog, nor to give the dog what might be called a fair fight among men."

A Georgia court advised "Those who shoot at their friends for amusement ought to warn them first that it is mere sport."

According to an estimate made in 1922, and the only one I could find of record, New Jersey leads the procession of states with the greatest number of words in her law books, that number being at the time 5,500,000. By the same estimate, Pennsylvania was second, Colorado was third, and Michigan fourth. The latter state then had 4,200,000 words in her books.

Something must be wrong with our legislative system!

NEXT month before you have caught your breath from reading one thrilling adventure in Barrett Willoughby's article, "The Champion White Water Pilot of the North," you will be deep in another. Not only are there the lure and fascination of the reckless, intoxicating, gold-seeking Klondike days in this article; it further grips your attention with marvelous stories of daring feats performed by Captain Sydney Barrington on the swift, treacherous, and often "unnavigable" rivers of the Far North.

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Sunset Pass

(*Continued from page 61*)

"Thiry, why did you—do that?"

"I—I don't know. What must you think of me?"

"Reckon I think all that's wonderful and beautiful. But I think, also, I'm entitled to an explanation."

"Trueman, how can I explain what I scarcely realize?" she said, with pathos. "I'd been hours with Dad and Ash. Oh, it was sickening. We begged—we prayed Ash to give up . . . plans he has. He was a fiend. So was Dad. But I kept trying till I was exhausted. It must be two o'clock. As I came across to my cabin I was thinking of how you met that Half Moon outfit. How you resented suspicion against Dad! I was wondering how I should thank you—tomorrow. Then you rose right out of the black ground. What fright you gave me! And when you spoke I—I just—"

She faltered and broke off, leaving him to guess the rest. Rock's compassion overcame his more powerful emotions.

"Thiry, you've explained how upset you were, and why. But that would not make you fling your arms 'round my neck."

"I'm guilty," she replied distantly. "If you can't be understanding—generous—then take it how you will. . . . After all, I belong to the Preston outfit."

THESE words, tinged with bitterness, accompanied by the withdrawal of her hand from his, gave Rock the cue. He grasped her arm, not gently, and pulled her closer to him, and he told her:

"You stay here. Reckon I might remind you that Ash is not the only bad hombre on the range."

To judge from her shrinking, and the trembling of her arm, his speech both frightened and angered her.

"Very well, if you detain me by force," Thiry said coldly. "Why were you waiting for me at this unheard-of hour?"

"I saw you go into Ash's cabin, and I thought I'd wait till you came out."

"Then you were spying on me—on us?"

"Reckon so, if you want to use hard words. But, sure, my strongest motive was just to see you, talk to you a minute."

"Well, since you've done that, please let me go."

"Thiry, you upset everythin' when you put your arms round my neck," he said.

"Don't harp on that!" she flashed hotly. "I never did such a thing before. I—I couldn't to any other man. It just happened. If you want to spare me, let me forget it."

"Reckon I'll never let you," rejoined Rock stubbornly. "I love you. Tell me what weighs so upon you. Tell me your secret."

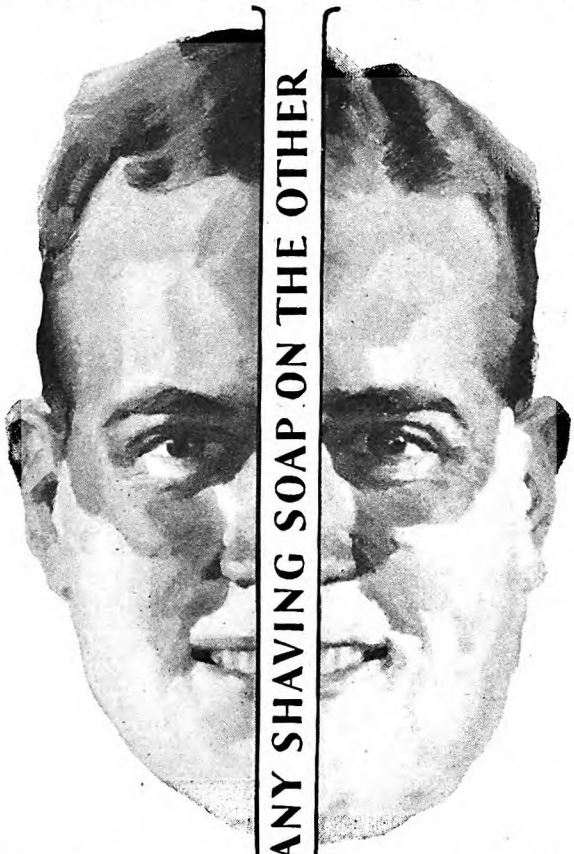
"I—I have no secret!"

"Don't you trust my love?"

"Oh, I would, if I dared," she whispered, in poignant pain.

Rock had wrenched that truth from her. Therein lay her weakness, the vulnerable spot upon which he must remorselessly make his attack. He would not stifle his conscience; but every moment he became more convinced that, in

Barbasol vs. the field!



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order to save her, he must play upon her weakness, force her to confession, betray his knowledge of her guilty sharing of Preston's secret.

"Thiry, you might dare anythin' on my love," he began.

"Oh, no—no. If it were only myself!"

"Thiry, there are only two people in all the world—you and me."

"How silly! Trueman, you *are* selfish."

"Well, if it's selfish to love you, worship you, to want your burdens on my shoulders, to save you from trouble, disgrace—to make you happy—then indeed I am sure selfish."

What a delicate instrument she was for sensibility! Through her wrist, which he held, he felt the intermittent slight quiverings, then at the words "disgrace" a distinct shock. Hurriedly she rose, and all but released herself.

"Do you speak of love and—and, disgrace, in one breath?"

"Yes. And you understand," he replied sharply. "Thiry darling, I can forgive your falsehood to all except me."

It did not take much of a pull to get her into his arms, and in another moment he had her helpless, lifting her from the ground, her face close under his.

"Thiry, don't you love me a very little?" he asked, deep tenderness thrilling in his voice.

"No! Oh, let me go," she implored.

"Thiry, I love you so wonderfully. Ever since that minute you stepped in Winter's store. Didn't you like me then—or afterward?"

"I suppose I did. But what's the use to talk of it. You are holding me in a—a—most shameless manner. Let me go."

"Reckon I'll hold you this way a long time. Till you say you love me a little."

She essayed to free herself, but her strength fell far short of her spirit.

"Oh—please—please! Trueman, this is outrageous!"

"It sure is. 'Most as outrageous as your deceivin' me."

"How have I deceived you?" she demanded, vibrating to that.

"For one thing—carin' about me a little. You do, don't you, Thiry?"

"Care about you? I suppose I—I did. But what's caring? It certainly doesn't give you license to hold me against my will."

"Well, I reckon that depends on what you mean by care. I'm arguin' you love me a little bit. But, I must make sure. Reckon, first off, I'll kiss you a couple of thousand times, and see if I can tell by that."

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Wouldn't I, though? Sure I'm a reckless cowboy. Now, watch me."

AND with action at strange variance with his bantering words, he bent to kiss her hair again and again and again, and then her ear, and last her cheek, that changed its coolness under his lips.

"There!" he whispered, and drew her head back on his shoulder. "Sure *they* were only worshipful kisses. Do you hate me for them?"

"I couldn't hate you. Please let that do—let me go—before it's too—"

"It *is* too late, Thiry, for both of us," he whispered passionately, and he kissed her lips—and then again, with all the longing that consumed him.

"Now will you confess you love me . . . a little?" he asked huskily.

"Oh, God help me, I do, I do!" Her eyes seemed deep accusing gulfs.

"More than a little? Thiry, I didn't expect much. Sure I don't deserve it. . . . But tell me."

"Yes, more." And she twisted to hide her face, while her left arm slowly crept up his shoulder, and went half 'round his neck. "That's what was the matter with me."

"When did you know?" he asked, amazed in his incredulity.

"Just now. But I knew there was something wrong before."

"Thiry, bless you! . . . If this's not a one-sided affair, kiss me."

"No—no—if I give up—we're ruined," she whispered tragically.

"Sure, we're ruined if you don't. So let's have the kisses anyhow."

"Trueman, since I never can—marry you—I—I mustn't kiss you."

"Darling, one thing at a time. By and by we'll tackle the marryin' problem. I'd go loco if I thought you'd be my wife some day. But just now make this dream come true. I want your kisses, Thiry. I'll compromise. I'll be generous. Just one—but not like that fairy kiss you gave me on Winter's porch."

"Trueman, if I give *one*—it means all," she said tremulously.

"Dear, I'll save the nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, and so forth. . . . Come."

And lifting her head he turned her face to his.

"You are wrong to—to master me this way," she rejoined mournfully. "If you knew—you might not want it."

"Master nothin'. I am *your* slave. But, kiss me. Settle it forever!"

How slowly she lifted her pale face, with eyes like black stars! In the sweet fire of her lips Rock gained his heart's desire.

THEN she lay in his arms, her face hidden, while he gazed out into the stormy night, across the black Pass to the dim flares along the battlements of the range. His victory brought happiness and sorrow commingled. But the precious form in his arms, the mortal flesh that embodied and treasured an infinitely more precious gift—her love—lifted his spirit, and bade him go on.

"Now, Trueman, explain what you meant by my—falsehood to all?" she asked, presently.

"Are you quite prepared? Sure it's not easy to rush from joy to trouble."

She sat up startled, with hands nervously releasing their hold.

"Thiry, you are keepin' Ash's and your father's secret from all."

"Trueman!" she cried, as if her own mind had deceived her ears.

"They are cattle thieves. Beef thieves. So are your brothers Range, Scoot, and Boots, along with them!"

"Oh, my God! You know!" she almost screamed, and slipped to her knees before him.

"Hush! Not so loud! You'll wake someone," he said, sternly, placing a firm hand over her mouth. "Get up off your knees."

But she only leaned forward clutching him, peering up into his face.

"Trueman, how do—you know?"

"I suspected it when I first came. I found signs. Quicklime! That made me suspicious. Slagle's well is half full of hides. Sure, those hides have not the Preston brand. Then over near where they butchered last I came on the same boot track that I'd seen down near the slaughter-house. I trailed that track. It led under a culvert. There I found hundreds of hides, tied up in burlap sacks. I opened one. That hide had a Half Moon brand! Down here at your barn, one day, after the dance, I measured Ash's boot track. It was the same as that one I'd trailed. But, for real proof, I heard your Dad and Ash talking together. They gave it all away."

"I knew—it would come. It will—kill me," she wailed brokenly. "Oh, to make love to me, while you were spying on my brother—my father!"

"Little girl, I told you to speak low. Reckon it does look pretty bad to you. But it's not so bad as it looks—so far as I'm concerned. But, Thiry, you're in this secret, and you would be held guilty in some degree in court if your part in it was found out. And, let me tell you, Ash would hold no secret. And there's the danger for you."

"Court! Danger? You mean they'll be arrested—and I will be dragged in with them?"

"Reckon that is liable to happen," he replied, wanting to impress upon her once and for all the peril of the situation.

"You'd betray us!" Swift as a striking snake, her hand darted out and snatched his gun as it rested against his thigh. Leaning back, she extended it with both hands. "I'll kill you!"

"Thiry, if you believe I could betray you or them—shoot!" he replied swiftly.

"You will not tell?" she flashed.

"Never. You sure got me wrong."

She gave vent to a shuddering sound. The gun fell from her hands. She swayed. He could see her eyes were tight shut. Then she sank forward, her face on his knees, and clinging to him she broke into low sobs, every one of which was like a knife thrust to Rock.

He let her have it out, and stroked her hair. She did not recover soon, though presently the sobs gave way to soft weeping. Then he held her closer, scarcely seeing her or the black pine-streaked gloom, or the stretching flares of yellow light along the horizon. He was seeing something blacker than the night, more sinister than the shadows.

AS a last resource, to save her and her father, he could kill Ash Preston. But for Ash, this blundering, thieving work could be halted in time to prevent discovery. Preston already saw the error of his ways. He would be amenable to any plan. Ash was the stumbling block.

At this brooding juncture of Rock's meditations he became aware that Thiry was stirring. She rose from her knees, while still clinging to him, and she sank beside him on the bench, to lean against him, face uplifted.

"Can you forgive me?" she whispered. "I was out of my head. I should have known you would never betray us. Everything went but a hot, terrible fury. Oh, Trueman, I am a Preston."

"Well, I reckon I don't want you anybody else."

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"Can *anything* be done to save us?" she queried appealingly.

"It must be done, Thiry. Sure, I don't know what. My mind's not workin' any better than yours."

"I dare not breathe a word of this. They would kill you."

"Never give Ash a hunch that I know. Don't tell your father anythin'. There's no great hurry. We've got time. I'll find some way."

"Oh, Trueman, you are my one hope. To think I've tried to drive you away! That I nearly shot you. How little I know myself. But I do know this—if you stop this selling of stolen beef—if you prevent it before they're arrested—I'll—I'll love you with all my heart and soul!"

"Darling, I will do it somehow," promised Rock.

"I'll go now," she said, rising and swaying unsteadily.

He lifted her in his arms, and walked toward her cabin. At the door of the cabin he set her gently upon her feet. She still held him with one clinging hand, and that unconscious act was balm to Rock's distracted heart.

"I'm glad now you came to Sunset Pass," she whispered; "but you've added to my fears. It's now you, too, who might fall under the Preston shadow."

"Did you read my letter—that I slipped under your door before I left?"

"It is here," she said, touching her breast.

"Read it again. Be brave, Thiry. Don't give up. Never lose faith in me. Good night," he concluded, and loosing her hand he kissed it, and fled silently into the darkness.

FORTY-EIGHT hours later Rock rode into Wagontongue, the old True Rock of earlier and wilder range days. But no day of his life had ever seen the passion, the will to invent and achieve, that one single moment now embodied.

When Rock dropped in to see Winter, it was not with any definite purpose; but that night he and his old friend locked themselves in a room at the hotel. There were range channels open to Winter to which Rock had no access. The Preston situation was graver; actual accusations had been made, it seemed. But by whom was not manifest. Winter talked while Rock listened. It did not take long to impart information that was endless in its possibilities.

"Sol, old-timer, I'm in deep," said Rock, at the conclusion of Winter's confidence, and he opened his palms expressively. "Thiry loves me!"

"Shore," replied Winter, sagely wagging his head. "But you wouldn't take her an' leave the country?"

"Reckon I couldn't think of that yet."

"Do you know anythin' thet makes Preston's guilt shore?"

"Yes; but I promised Thiry not to tell it."

"But you can go to Preston an' tell *him* you know. Scare him to sense."

"Yes, I can. More—I know I can stop him."

"Good. Thet seems a solution. It's not too late. Go back pronto."

"Sol, Gage Preston can't call his soul his own. I reckon Ash led him into this, and nothin' on earth or in heaven can stop Ash Preston."

"Nothin'?" echoed Winter.

"Nothin' but lead."

"Ahuh! Wal, I never yet seen thet kind of a hombre miss meeting it. Leave him out. Now, Rock, I've an idee. If Dabb an' Lincoln know what I know—they will *tell* you. Thet obviates any broken promise on your part. An' they rule the Cattle Association. Hesbitt is only president. What Dabb an' Lincoln say is law. Now, you go to them."

"But, Sol, good heavens! What for?" queried Rock impatiently.

"Son, you are so deep in love thet you ain't practical. If you can get Dabb and Lincoln to sympathize with you an' Thiry, thet'll be sympathizin' with Preston. Ten years ago, there was a case somethin' like this. Wal, his friends got him to make good what he'd stole, an' saved him from jail, if no worse. I've grown gray here. I've been raised with these ranchers. I know them. . . . If you've got the nerve an' the wit you can keep Preston from ruin an' Thiry from a broken heart."

Rock leaped up, inspired, suddenly on fire with the vision Winter's sagacity had conjured up. He pushed aside table and chair, and hugged his startled friend.

"Old-timer, I've sure got the nerve, and you've supplied the wit."

ROCK presented himself at Dabb's office the next morning.

"Hello, Rock, you sure look rocky," replied Dabb, in answer to his greeting. "Hope you haven't been drunk."

"No. Only worried."

"Too bad. Have a chair and a cigar. What's the trouble, Rock? Things goin' bad out there?"

"They've gone from bad to worse. John, I told you I was in love with Thiry. Well, *that* wasn't so bad. But now she's in love with me."

"Man, you've only yourself to blame. You were advised not to go. I myself told you not to stay."

"I loved the girl," replied Rock, simply.

"Humph," said Dabb, chewing at his cigar. "You fell in love with Thiry before you went out there?"

"Of course. Otherwise, do you suppose I'd have gone?"

"Probably not. Well, that puts another light on it. Rock, are you goin' to stick out there? And go under with Preston?"

"Reckon I must—*if* he goes under."

"Naturally, you have your hopes. . . . Rock, some of us cattlemen know you haven't looked for anythin' shady about Preston."

"How do you know?" asked Rock, curiously.

"Well, that question came up the other night at our Association meeting. Hesbitt gave you a hard rub. Over this Preston scandal. Tom Lincoln an' I an' one or two others took exception to Hesbitt. We claimed you not only weren't in with Preston on anythin' crooked, but you hadn't trailed around lookin' for it. The reason, of course, was you were sweet on Thiry Preston."

"John, that was darned good of you," returned Rock warmly. "You an' Lincoln figured that if I had looked for shady work, I'd have found it?"

"Sure. We knew that. No outfit could fool you."

"Well, what then?"

"Not so easy. But personally I believed you'd have come to me for advice an' help. Now, tell me what's worryin' you, Rock?"

"Hesbitt's outfits are after Preston," replied Rock, and he gave Dabb a detailed account of Dunne's maneuver at the Notch camp, and what had come of it.

"Rock, that was a bold move an' a wise one. Reckon it was the only way any honest range-rider could meet such a raw deal. But suppose you meet this Dunne again, in more favorable circumstances for him, an' he shows fight?"

"I'd hate it, but I'll sure go through with my call. No cowman can insult me like that. He'll either crawl again, as he did then, or shoot."

"Rock, I'm darn glad you told me this. Reckon it didn't seem important to you—But it *is* important."

"How so?" asked Rock curiously.

"Well, in the first place, it vindicates Lincoln an' me in our stand for you. An' it will stump Hesbitt."

"Ahuh! Then this new rancher is dead set against Preston?"

"Is he? Well, I guess! An' he has his outfits rarin'. Rock, the strange thing is, Hesbitt has been losin' a good deal of stock—most Half Moon brand—an' his men can't locate them. Hide nor hair! But other men have!"

"Dabb, what're you tellin' me?"

"Don't yell, cowboy. Walls have ears," admonished Dabb. "Rock, now listen: You once rode for Jem Slagle. You know him. Preston ruined Slagle. An' Slagle has hung around out here to get even. Reckon he's in a fair way to do it. For he has tracked the Prestons down. But he wants to get his money back, or some of it. Sure, he knows if he threatens Preston with exposure he'll only get shot for his pains. So he came to me."

"Aw, this is awful!" groaned Rock. "Jem Slagle! An' he has tracked Preston down? What to, John?"

"FRESH Half Moon hides hidden close to where Preston last butchered. He can show these any time. I called Tom Lincoln in to talk it over. We advised Slagle to keep mum an' wait."

"What was the idea in that?" demanded Rock.

"Well, we're all ranchers, you know," replied Dabb meditatively, as if the query had before presented itself to him. "In a little way, more or less, we've all appropriated cattle not our own. Reckon we hate to make a move. The stolen cattle were not ours, you see. It'll mean a fight. An' we've passed the buck to Hesbitt."

"No, John, by heaven, you've passed it to me," returned Rock, with passion.

"Now, Rock, you don't want to take this deal on your shoulders," protested Dabb.

"Would you? I put it up to you straight," demanded Rock eloquently: "Suppose you loved Thiry. Suppose she loved you, and you'd found out what a sweet girl she is. . . . That if her father went to jail it'd break her heart—or kill her. Now, what would you do?"

"Rock, I'm darned if I know," replied Dabb, red in the face, and he slammed his unsmoked cigar to the floor. "It's a cropper. An' I hate to be beaten by anythin' in the cattle line."

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BERRY'S BRUSHING LACQUER

Usher new life and beauty into your home with these gay colors

Deep the joy of her who restores an attic treasure to new charm and beauty with a gay coat of Berry Brothers' Brushing Lacquer. How gratifying it is to know that a few minutes spent with a brush and these lacquer colors will restore old things to fresh usefulness.

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*Colors available include: Chinese red, jade green, turquoise blue, French gray, coral pink, ivory, etc.

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[A-6]

Berry's Brushing Lacquer is produced by the manufacturer of Liquid Granite Floor Varnish, Lionoil Floor Enamel, Luxeberry Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berryloid and other wear-resisting finishes.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Adv. Council

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BERRY BROTHERS
Varnishes Enamels and Lacquers
Detroit, Michigan 1858—*70th Anniversary*—1928 *Walkerville, Ont.*

"Dabb, here's what I'll do, and I'm sure thankin' you for the hunch: I'll buy Slagle's silence. I've five thousand dollars in the bank. I'll stop Gage Preston's stealin' before it's too late. And, if I have to, I'll call Ash Preston out!"

"No! No!" exclaimed Dabb violently. "Not that last, anyway. . . . Rock, will you never settle down to peaceful ranchin'? You might be a credit to this range. And you'd lose the girl and ruin her happiness, sure."

"Well, it might be the only way out," returned Rock.

"Suppose you come to my house for dinner tonight. I'll have Tom Lincoln. We'll talk it over."

IT WAS dusk when Rock walked out to the mansion that was John Dabb's home, and was admitted to a cheerful library and the presence of Dabb and Lincoln.

"Howdy, Rock," was Dabb's greeting. "Glad you came early. Tom, you remember True Rock, don't you?"

Lincoln was a little gray, withered cattleman, bright of eye, lean of face, not apparently a day older than when Rock had last seen him. He looked like a Texas ranger, and had been one in his day.

"I shore do," replied Lincoln, extending a lean hand. "Howdy, Rock."

"Sit down, friends, an' smoke while I talk," said Dabb. "Now, Rock, I've talked your trouble over with Tom, an' here's his angle. I'm bound to say, I think it is a solution to a nasty problem. At that it hinges most on you. Go back to Preston, an' tell him the truth. That he's found out by some cattlemen, an' he must quit his butcherin' stolen cattle before Hesbitt gets on to him.

"Tell him he's to come before the Cattle Association. We'll keep the deal out of court an' Preston out of jail, provided he pays Slagle off, an' squares Hesbitt for the stock he has lost. Then, Preston, an' his four sons, especially this Ash Preston, who's the ringleader, no doubt, must leave the country."

"Wonderful fair and fine of you gentlemen," returned Rock instantly, his set face breaking. "Reckon I couldn't find words to thank you. I won't try."

"Wal, Rock, it's aboot this heah way," put in Lincoln, with his slow Southern accent. "We don't want the range slandered by such a raw case. Who'd ever think the Prestons would stoop to that? Mrs. Preston is a nice woman and the girls are ladies. Shore, they cain't be in the secret. We'd like to keep Preston out of jail for their sake."

"All right, Rock; what do you say?" queried Dabb. "Will you settle it?"

"Yes, with one reservation," replied Rock grimly.

"An' what's that?"

"I can manage Preston. But when Ash finds out, he'll fight. He can't be persuaded or frightened."

"Shore. An' your reservation is you'll have to kill him," interposed the imperturbable Texan, as he flicked the ashes off his cigar, his bright eyes on Rock.

Rock did not make any reply.

"Darn tough on the girl. My wife says she loves this particular brother," added Dabb, regretfully.

"Reckon it's tougher on Rock, but

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quien sabe? You shore cain't ever tell aboot a woman," rejoined Lincoln.

BEFORE sundown of another day Rock reined his horse in front of Slagle's cabin, and dismounted to approach that individual, who had come to the door.

"Slagle, I want to talk Dutch to you," said Rock. "Dabb told me you'd come to him with proof of Preston's guilt."

"The thunder he did!" ejaculated Slagle.

"Yes; and my business with you is to buy your silence."

Slagle showed further amazement and interest. He listened intensely to Rock's story.

"Say, cowboy, air you makin' this offer on your own hook?" he queried.

"Sure. I told only Sol Winter, who had my money banked."

"What on earth fer? Rock, excuse me, but it looks darn queer."

"Jem, I'm honest. I'm not in on the Preston steal, and you sure know that I'm tryin' to stall the thing off. Now I figure you as pretty sore, and I don't blame you. What'll you take to keep mum?"

"Rock, this hyar don't set right on me. Lord knows I need money; but I ain't so low down I'd take a cowboy's savin's. What's your idea? You shore can't care thet much about Preston."

"Jem, you're wastin' my time. I love Thiry Preston, and I'm goin' to save her dad because of that."

"I savvy. Shore call it decent of you. Makes me want to act square with you. An' the fact is, Rock, I couldn't prove anythin' on Preston now. The Half Moon hides have been moved from where I found them."

"Well, no matter. You did find them, and your word would convince ranchers, if not a court. My offer stands. What'll you take?"

"Rock, hev you got backin'?"

"No. I've my own money. Cash! Five thousand."

"Wal, I hate to take you up, Rock, an' I wouldn't if I didn't feel shore you'll get it back, or some anyhow. Say, I take half of what you got—twenty-five hundred. Preston will have to pay you. An', Rock, I'll pack an' rustle out of hyar pronto."

"That's fine, and better. It may be a long time till somebody else gets proof on Preston. And it's time I'm gamblin' on. Here's your money, Jem. I'm askin' two promises: Keep Preston's secret, and don't get drunk before you leave."

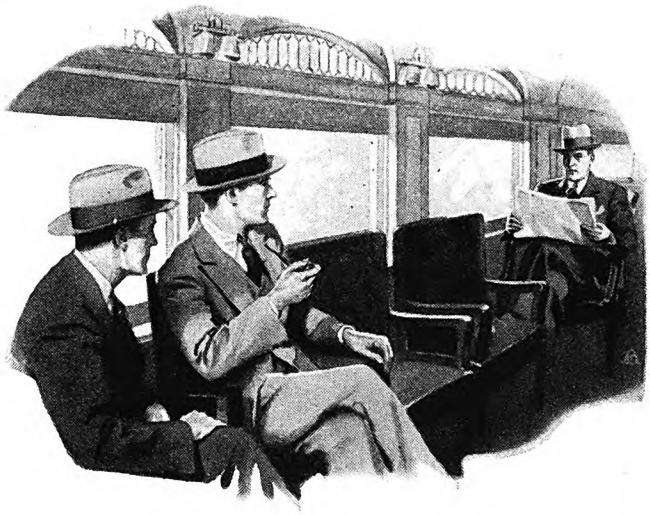
"Reckon that's easy. Rock, I'm much obliged to you. I've got another chance in life."

"I hope you'll be successful," returned Rock, stepping over to his horse and mounting. Slagle followed him, and laid a red-haired hand on Rock's chaps. His eyes held a scintillating, prophetic light.

"Rock, I'd be willin' to bet all this hyar money, five to one, thet if you save Gage Preston, you'll hev to kill Ash."

Spurring Egypt sharply, Rock swore lustily at the vindictive homesteader, and galloped away.

THOUGH Rock put the white horse to a finish that concluded a wonderful day's travel, it was well after dark when they reached the Pass. Lights were burning in all the Preston cabins. At the barn,



"What's Andy Blair doing now?"

Bill—"Haven't you heard? He's the new sales-manager for Hess & Schoble and they say his salary is $7500 a year."

Tom—"He certainly has come up fast. He wasn't getting over $50 a week the last time I saw him. How'd he do it?"

Bill—"Took up a course with the I.C.S. and studied at night. That's why the old crowd hasn't seen so much of him in the last few years. I wish I'd had the sense to do it too. I'd be making more money right now if I had."

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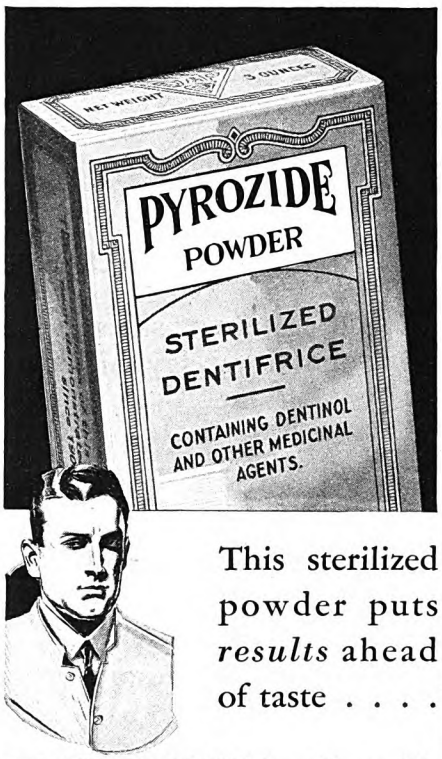
Soft Gums *need more than* nice flavor



This sterilized powder puts *results* ahead of taste . . . .

DESPITE faithful brushing with flavored pastes, gum troubles are steadily on the increase. Soft, easily-irritated gums need a dentifrice that concentrates on *results* instead of taste. Pyrozide Powder has been doing this for twenty-two years. To-day, largely on dentists' prescriptions, more people than ever before are turning to it for gum protection.

This sterilized powder is not flavored. It contains *only* those ingredients that dental clinics have proved the most effective gum-stimulating and tooth-cleansing agents. It is medicated with Dentinol, used by dentists to promote gum healing.

Pyrozide's distinctive taste comes from its Dentinol medication. It may not be pleasing to you the first two or three times (although you soon grow to like it). But in a short time your gums—as well as your teeth—will show the greater effectiveness of this scientifically-compounded powder.

Regular brushing with Pyrozide Powder allays irritated gums. It aids in making soft gums firm and resistant. It keeps the teeth clean and white—removes the daily secretion of salivary deposits that harden and form tartar. Its use is economical—the dollar package contains six months' supply. At all drug stores.

Free sample sent on request.

The Dentinol & Pyrozide Co., Sole Distributors, 1472 Broadway, New York City.

Rock encountered one of the Mexican lads, and turned Egypt over to him. With that he stalked back through the grove. Peering into the kitchen door he espied Mrs. Preston and Alice and Lucy at their evening chores.

"Howdy, folks. Is it too late for a bite and a cup of coffee? I've had nothin' since yesterday. Starved isn't the word!"

"Why, Mr. Rock, you sure look it," replied Alice, gayly.

"Cowboy, it's never too late in this chuck-house," returned Mrs. Preston. "Come in and sit down."

Heavy boot-thuds out on the porch attested to the approach of men. Rock certainly did not keep his back to the door.

"Who come in, Ma?" queried Preston, outside.

"A poor starved cowpuncher," replied his wife.

"Dad, it's only Mr. Rock," added Alice quickly.

OUTSIDE, someone violently slapped what sounded like a pair of gloves on the table.

"Pa, didn't I tell ye?" growled Ash Preston's unmistakable voice. "Thet hombre can't keep away from Thiry!"

Footfalls, sharp and quick, rang off the porch to thud on the ground. Then Preston's dragging steps approached. The doorway framed his burly form.

"Howdy, Boss," greeted Rock.

"Back so soon? Reckoned you'd stay out your leave," replied the rancher with gloomy penetrating gaze on Rock.

"I rustled back," said Rock, meaningly.

"Bad news?"

"Reckon all I got is good."

"Ahuh. Wal, come in, soon as you want to," concluded Preston.

Alice and her mother set before Rock a bounteous meal, and while he gave ample evidence of appreciating it they asked questions about the town. Rock imparted all the information he could muster.

"Oh, yes, I near forgot," he added presently, with a wink at Alice. "Yesterday I run into your beau, Charlie. He shore pumped me about you."

"My beau! Trueman Rock, I—I—he's not that," exclaimed Alice, blushing furiously. The mother's quick look was not lost on Rock.

"Excuse me, Allie. I just naturally thought he was, from the way he talked. Sure does need two to make a beau, doesn't it?"

"You wretch!" whispered Alice, as her mother went out the back door for something. "Mother thinks I'm too young. And I'm crazy to go to that next dance."

"I'm sure stupid, Allie. Lucky boy! Heigho! I wish I could go."

"Can't we all, Trueman? Thiry spoke of it today." Alice bent close to Rock's ear. "She's crazy about you."

"Allie—*you* wretch! It can't be true."

"It is so. I accused her of being."

Rock leaned closer to the tempting lips, as if they were dispensing music.

"Well?"

"Thiry denied it. But she got red as fire—then mad!"

The entrance of Mrs. Preston put an end to this whispered exchange. Soon afterward Rock strode out to seek Preston.

On the porch he halted, and, gazing out at the spectral pines and up at the blinking stars, and across the thick void toward Thiry's bright window, he called on all the passion and wisdom that might come through hope and prayer.

The moment he confronted Preston, the climax of this situation would have been set in motion.

(*To be concluded*)

One-Night Stands on the Air

(*Continued from page 21*)

dramatization of short stories. But ultimately the perfect radio play is going to be worked out. We are experimenting, changing, learning all the time. The Great Moments in History and the Bible Dramas are the most successful radio plays, because they have been worked over more. Remember, the radio play has one disadvantage: A Broadway show usually does not appear on Broadway until after weeks of rehearsal and also two, three, or more weeks on the road in small towns in what might be called laboratory performances. Changes, deletions, additions are possible until the show appears on Broadway ready for its first night. And then, later on, many other improvements are made after the reactions of the audience are studied. But a radio play is produced once. It has its first night and that is its last night. It must go down with all its imperfections on its head.

The radio stage director, however, has a great advantage. In the theatre the director remains behind the scenes. In the radio play he can be both out front and behind the scenes. He sits in the control-room where he can see the actors. They are standing around the mike reading their parts. Their parts are held on music stands before them. The director can see them and also hear the play coming over the radio in the control-room. He can signal to the players or he can step outside to direct the action of the piece.

We must have time. A great deal has been accomplished already. Remember, Station WJZ, the first Eastern station, was established in 1921 and already it is spoken of as "old WJZ."

I WANT to tell now about an absolutely new experience I have had. The radio is constantly producing new experiences. Wonderfully as it has developed, it has a great distance yet to travel, and it is this constant moving into new territory that makes the life of a radio announcer interesting. I have just had the unusual experience of broadcasting to a radio audience in Baltimore a horse race that was run in England. Nothing of this sort had ever been attempted before. We had broadcast the opening of the Pan-American Congress at Havana. But crossing the Florida Straits is one thing and crossing the Atlantic Ocean is quite another. This race was radioed to the Baltimore audi-

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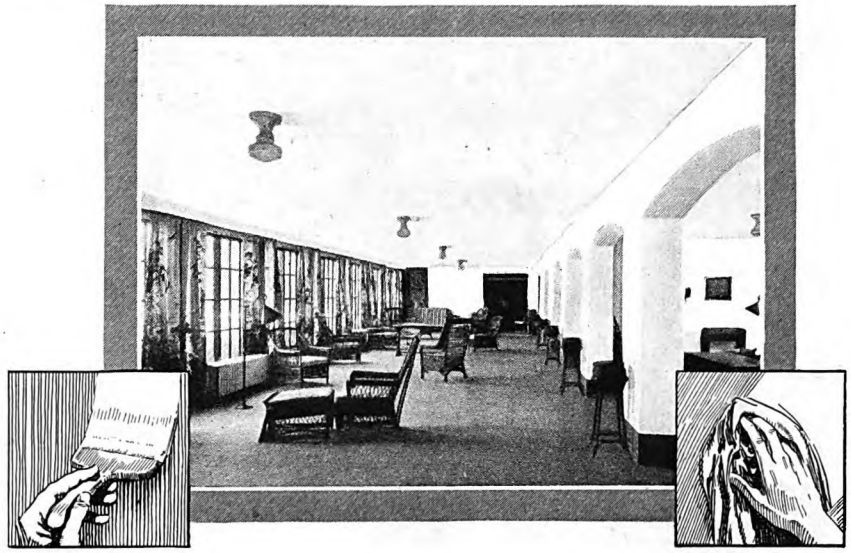
ence because a great Baltimore horse took part in it. But while the race itself of course attracted widespread attention in this country, little has been heard of the extraordinary feat of broadcasting it. The race, the Grand National Sweepstakes, was run at Aintree, England. It is a great turf classic over there; drew into it more than sixty horses and was run over a hurdle course of four and a half miles. There were three hundred thousand people massed at the famous Aintree track.

But Baltimore, too, three thousand miles away, was alive with interest because the great horse, Billy Barton, born and educated in Baltimore, was not only to run but was also the outstanding favorite. The Baltimore "Sun" made the arrangements for the radio report, and I went to Baltimore to relay the report to Baltimoreans for the "Sun."

THESE arrangements were enormously expensive. A reporter was stationed on top the grand-stand at Aintree, England. I was located at a microphone in the "Sun" building at Baltimore. Outside the "Sun" building was a great crowd of people waiting for the start of a race three thousand miles away. When the barrier fell at Aintree and the big crowd of jumping horses leaped away with Billy Barton in the lead, at that very instant a shout went up in Sun Square, Baltimore. To me at the microphone there was an unexpected kick in that shout. I had on my head a receiver which brought the voice of the reporter at the track to my ear. The moment he said, "They're off—Billy Barton in the lead," I repeated it through my microphone, and back, on the instant, came the shout of the crowd outside. For the moment my mind was on the English track, and if the shout had come back to me from Aintree I would not have been more surprised. I was really listening to a show that was going on on two continents—the performers in England, the audience in America—and in the same instant I could hear the reporter in Aintree, and the crowd cheering in a Baltimore street.

Throughout the broadcasting I could hear the crowd outside. At times there was cheering and then would follow that low rumbling murmur which comes from a great throng of people. Billy Barton, the Baltimore horse, was leading. Then suddenly came the report that Billy Barton had fallen in taking a water jump. As I said this there was a sudden chilling silence outside. Then came the report that the American horse was up, remounted by his courageous jockey, Cullinan, and was off again in second place. Then went up another mighty shout in Baltimore.

Here is the way this report was worked out: The reporter atop the Aintree grand-stand had a telephone transmitter in his hand. When he spoke his message was carried to Liverpool by a special wire and then fed into the regular telephone lines of the British Post Office, which controls the telephone system in England. From there it went to London to the office of the United Press and then to Rugby. At this point it leaped into the air to be borne across the ocean in its long flight through the air, where it was picked up at Houlton, Maine, and then routed by wire to Balti-



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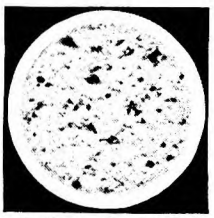

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Health Extension Bureau

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more. But this is only half the story. In order to make the report possible, it was necessary for us to be in direct communication with the reporter at the track. And so a second line was opened from the Baltimore "Sun" to Aintree. This, however, took a different route. Our talk in Baltimore went by underground cable to New York and then to Rocky Point, where it hopped into the air to speed over the Atlantic and be caught at Cupar, Scotland, from where it went by the British postal lines to our reporter. Thus, when he spoke to me, his voice came by way of Liverpool, London, Rugby, and Maine, and when I answered, my voice went by way of New York, Rocky Point, and Cupar, Scotland. And all without any more interval between question and answer than if we were in adjoining rooms.

The installation of this complicated circuit was difficult as a bit of radio and telephone engineering. But the technical problems were not so great as the human ones. When the "Sun" set out to make its arrangements it ran up against the rock of British official conservatism. It was necessary to put a telephone on top of the grand-stand at Aintree. But, replied the postal authorities, this could not be done. And why not? Well, it had never been done. But the American press men were insistent and the thing was done. Billy Barton, by the way, finished the race in second place.

The Kind of Radio Hour I Would Like to Put On

Prize Contest Announcement

SUPPOSE the director of one of the big broadcasting stations came to you and said: "You've been listening in on the radio for several years; you know what you like and what you don't like on the air. How about mapping out what, to you, would be an ideal program—one that you would prefer to listen to above all others?" . . . Wouldn't you jump at the chance?

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Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of them if you want to preserve them.

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Colonel Braxton Hears the Silent Voices

(*Continued from page 19*)

be cross-examined on it. If at the scene of the criminal act he had possessed the foresight to keep wholly silent, the State, to convict him, must depend on other sources of evidence.

It had this little from Harris.

But it had nothing from the girl.

She had been inexplicably silent.

She had said no word, uttered no sound, when the police entered to find Cruger dead. She stood there in the drawing-room beside Harris, motionless and silent, a tragic figure out of some bloody drama of the Book of Kings.

The prosecuting attorney built up his case carefully with his collateral evidence. Then he put the police officer on the stand. He established that the man was officially the chief of police, but, in fact, a sort of watchman who himself went about.

"Where were you on the night of the seventeenth of November?"

"In North Washington Street."

"The street of this city on which the residences of Duncan Cruger and Fairfield Harris are situated?"

"Yes; the houses are nearly opposite."

"What kind of a night was it?"

"A bad night. There had been a drizzling cold rain, and about dark it began to fall heavy."

"Did you see the decedent, Duncan Cruger, and his wife that night?"

"Yes, they drove up to the house about nine o'clock. They had a hired carriage. They got out and went in. The carriage went back to the livery stable."

"Then what happened?"

"A little later, not long, maybe half an hour, maybe fifteen minutes, Mrs. Cruger rushed out of the front door and across the street to the Harris house. She didn't go in. Mr. Harris came to the door. They talked a little, and then he went back across the street into the Cruger house with her."

"What did you do?"

"I came down the street by the house. But it was raining so heavy that I went on."

"DID you hear anything as you passed the house?"

"Yes. I heard loud voices, a quarrel. I'd say a violent quarrel. But I didn't stop then; I went on down the street. I stopped farther down in the shelter of a door; there was no porch over the Cruger door."

"Why did you wait there, instead of coming on in to your police headquarters?"

The police chief hesitated.

"Well," he said, "I thought there was going to be trouble, and I'd better hang around."

"Exactly; and there was trouble. What happened next?"

"I heard a shot in the Cruger house. I was too far away to tell exactly where. But it was somewhere in that house. I ran up the street and into the house. The front door was not locked. There is no hall. It opens directly into the drawing-room. It's a big drawing-room, going entirely across the end of the house."

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"What did you see?"

"I saw Mr. Fairfield Harris carrying Mr. Cruger. He put him down on the sofa as I came in. Mr. Cruger had been shot. He was dead. Mrs. Cruger was standing near the front door. She didn't say anything. She never said anything."

"What did Fairfield Harris say?"

"He said just what you told the jury."

"Did you believe it?"

The chief of police hesitated.

"No," he said.

The whole court-room was astonished. Not at the reply, but from the fact that the attorney for the prisoner did not protest against this examination. The questions were leading, and this last one obviously improper. The whole inquiry contravened the most elementary rules of evidence. The judge on his own volition should have stopped it. But it was his custom to act only on objection. He permitted any course, in such a trial, that was not challenged by the defense.

And the prosecuting attorney, finding himself thus unhampered, went on:

"Why didn't you believe it?"

"Well," replied the man, "I didn't believe it for the same reason that the Grand Jury didn't believe it. You see, there had been a quarrel, a shot, and here was Mr. Harris carrying the dead man to a sofa. There were only three persons in the house at the time.

"It looked this way to me: When Harris shot Cruger, the man ran across the drawing-room to get out at the door on the other side. Harris and Mrs. Cruger were between him and the front door. But he couldn't go far. The doctor said the bullet cut a big artery. Cruger fell when he got to the door that opens into the alley. Harris ran after him and carried him back to the sofa. He was putting him down on the sofa when I came in. . . . That's the way I put it together."

"Did you find the pistol?"

"No; it was not in the room."

"Did you search Harris?"

The witness made an apologetic gesture.

"Well," he said, "you see, Mr. Harris was not arrested that night. He was not arrested until after the Grand Jury convened. I had to get a doctor."

"Then you did not search the prisoner here for the weapon on that night?"

"No."

The prosecuting attorney, given an inch, took now a mile.

"The reason you could not find the pistol was because Harris took it away with him?"

"He either took it, or—"

THE witness stopped short. But every man listening in the court-room could have finished the sentence. The allusion was to the girl, motionless beside Colonel Braxton. But the witness stopped before he named her and the prosecuting attorney brushed him past the point. He shot another query at him, formed and fitted for his assent.

"It's your theory," he said, "that Harris took a pistol with him when he went into Cruger's house. Now, Mr. Scally, tell the jury why you know that Cruger ran across the drawing-room to that far door at the other end of it, after he was shot."

The witness turned toward the jury.

"It's certain," he began, "for several reasons: In the first place, Mr. Cruger had no weapon on him. There wasn't any in the house; he was unarmed. He had no way to defend himself, and after the shot he tried to get away. He couldn't get out the front door because this prisoner here was between him and that door. So, naturally, he ran in the only direction that he could get out; he ran to the other door at the far end of the drawing-room, which opened into the alley.

"The doctor said that while the bullet cut a big artery, the man did not die instantly; he died of hemorrhage. He died of loss of blood. He would have the strength to run that distance, as the doctor said. We've all seen it in animals. If the bullet doesn't strike the brain or spine or heart, and the animal is alarmed, it will run—it will run until it falls from loss of blood.

"Now, that's what happened to Mr. Cruger; that's exactly what happened to him. He ran clear across that drawing-room after he was shot. We know that for certain; that's certain."

He paused, as for a point of emphasis.

"There was a line of blood drops clear across the drawing-room from where Mr. Cruger and Harris had been standing, to the door at the far end of that drawing-room where it opened out into the alley. A line of blood drops—"

HE WAS interrupted. Colonel Braxton was looking at him. He had said no word. The only sound that he uttered was a curiously inflected, "Ah!" As of one who after long searching has chanced on the hidden thing. The exclamation of surprise. It was a queer, drawling expletive. But it seemed to single out that particular fact; to select it; to disentangle it from any other thing; to thrust it prominently before the eye; to make it the one dominating factor among a mass of trivialities.

The attitude, and this exclamation of the attorney for the defense, fastened the whole attention of the court and jury on this single fact.

The prosecution marked it, and turned toward him.

"You seem to think this is important, Colonel."

The lawyer did not change his posture, but his voice when he spoke was decisive.

"I do," he said. "It is the one important thing in the whole case. It is the one decisive thing. On it, and on it alone, turns the guilt or innocence of the prisoner."

The prosecuting attorney was not disturbed by this decisive statement. He was quite certain that he understood the thing upon which Colonel Braxton depended. He had discussed this likely theory of the defense with the police chief and the surgeons. He was equipped with a conclusive rebuttal to it. He was, then, willing, even anxious, to accept the decisive importance of this fact.

"That's right, Colonel," he said. "And that's the reason we took so much trouble to preserve this line of blood drops precisely as they were on the hard-wood floor of Cruger's drawing-room. You helped us, Colonel. The chief of police here went to see you that very evening to ask you how to do it."

"He did," replied Colonel Braxton. "He came to me, Alfred, like Nicodemus, in the night."

Again there was an amused murmur in the court-room.

The prosecuting attorney endeavored to ignore it. He went about the question before him:

With the aid of the police officer he took a number of small panes of glass out of a box on his table and laid them down, in a line, on the scrubbed oak floor of the court-room. They extended from the jury to the judge's bench. Each blood drop as it appeared on the hard-wood floor of the Cruger drawing-room had been preserved for evidence by the simple device of placing one of these sheets of glass over it, tracing the outline, and reproducing it in ink.

The reproduction had been very carefully and precisely done. The exact splash and aspect of each drop was accurately copied. Each pane of glass had been numbered and designated, by the signature of the prosecuting attorney, the chief of police, and Colonel Braxton, so that, by placing them in line, in their marked order, as an arrow of direction on them indicated, the whole line of telltale blood drops, extending from where Harris and the girl had stood to the door at the end of the drawing-room, opening onto the alley, would be as definitely and accurately before the trial court as if they were looking at the floor of the drawing-room.

The prosecuting attorney now indicated the line of glass extending across the oak floor to the judge's bench.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "you can see for yourselves the exact trail of blood drops made by Cruger as he fled from Harris's pistol to the door at the farther end of his drawing-room. Let us say that the judge's bench is where Harris stood, and the end of the line where you gentlemen sit, the door opening on the alley, through which the wounded man hoped to escape."

He turned to his opponent.

"Is that right, Colonel?"

"YOUR facts are right," replied the attorney. "The conclusion, Alfred—let us leave the conclusion to the jury."

He stood up, resting his hands on the table as though to support his big shoulders.

"I accept the challenge of that exhibit. I accept the narrow issue to which it reduces all the evidence in this case. It's a single issue. It's the simplest issue in the world: If that line of blood drops was made by a wounded man moving from the judge's bench toward the jury, then my client is guilty. If it was made by a wounded man moving from the jury to the judge's bench, then my client is innocent. . . . That is all there is to this case."

And he sat down.

The line of defense upon which Colonel Braxton depended began now to dawn upon the spectators in the court-room, as early in the preparation of his case it had occurred to the prosecuting attorney. He did not intend to permit Colonel Braxton to spring it suddenly on the jury, with a dramatic gesture in his argument. He proposed to discount it now. And he went forward in that intention.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "it may occur to some of you that when Harris carried Cruger back across the drawing-room to the sofa, there would

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have been another line of blood drops from the wounded man. But this would not be the case. The wound was in the chest, and with the body doubled up in Harris's arms, the clothing of the wounded man would have taken up the hemorrhage. It would have soaked into the clothing and consequently not dropped on the floor. I will establish this by the surgeon who examined the body, as it is a feature of the case upon which the defense will depend."

The reply of Colonel Braxton amazed the man as it amazed the court-room: "It is not a feature of the case upon which I depend."

The prosecuting attorney swung 'round on his heel toward him.

"Then you admit that there would be only one line of blood drops?"

Colonel Braxton took his unlighted cigar out of his mouth and put it down on the table.

"Yes," he said. "If you wish, I will admit it. It is quite likely that if one were carrying such a wounded person, what you say about it would occur. The hemorrhage would be soaked up by the clothing, and not drip on the floor."

There was silence.

Even Mr. Dabney Mason, the clerk of this circuit court, accomplished in the divining of defenses, was astonished. This strange admission removed the one doubt in the case, the one hole in the wall through which it was possible for the prisoner to escape conviction. Eliminating it, the chain of circumstantial evidence against the prisoner seemed complete.

THE case for the State was clear now as an open road—an open road with the gallows for the prisoner at the end of it.

Never in his experience had the prosecuting attorney had his way so easily, and so unquestioned. He had held the chief of police for his concluding witness. He had put on all the others, introduced all his collateral evidence, and built up his case at his will, and as he pleased, with no objection from Colonel Braxton.

That attorney had put no query.

He had taken no exception, made no move against him. And, to make doubly sure, the prosecuting attorney had discounted in advance all defenses that it seemed possible to array against him. He had gone, even, to the length of bringing out, himself, the dissolute character of Cruger, his known relations with a questionable woman of the town, and the very course that the decedent had taken to end that relation: his payment of a sum of money, and his message of dismissal to her on the morning of the marriage; all this to negative the peril of an impassioned speech for the defense. And to show how Cruger, entering this marriage, had turned away from his former life—cut it clear away, irrevocably and forever from him.

And to this Colonel Braxton gave the assent of silence.

He went even farther. The record could show, as fact, the attorney's statement. He did not contend.

And, thus, as he liked, the prosecuting attorney had made his case.

It was complete, buttressed at every point, and unassailable.

There remained that Delphic pronouncement of Colonel Braxton, in the opening of the trial. But that, after all these admissions, could be only a gesture, as I have written.

The prosecuting attorney stood up with an air of victory.

He addressed the court.

"Your Honor," he said, "the State rests!"

Then he turned to his opponent.

"NOW, Colonel," he added, "bring out your big hidden defense!"

Colonel Braxton had been sitting relaxed in his chair, his eyes closed, his body sagging as though devitalized, like one overcome with ennui, or in the vague borderland of sleep.

He moved now at the words, as though awakened.

"Alfred," he drawled, "are you going on, like that captain of the host of Syria, looking for a *great* thing? . . . I shall not come out and stand and call on the name of the Lord against you."

Again the audience in the court-room was diverted by this citation from the book it knew.

Then he got up slowly:

"The thing that I depend on is a *small* thing. And it is, as I have stated, in the custody of the clerk of this circuit court."

Then he paused, as though to gather his wandering wits and his relaxed vitality.

"Your Honor," he said, "there is only one fact in this case to be determined . . . one isolated fact. Everything else is subservient and ancillary to it. For this reason I have paid no attention to the mass of evidence introduced by the State. For all that evidence depends on this single fact, for value. It stands on the issue of this fact. If the issue of this fact fails, all this evidence fails with it. The whole case for the State is like an arch depending on a keystone: if the keystone crumbles, the whole arch goes to pieces of itself. . . . There is no need to encompass it 'round about with a scaffolding to pull it down."

He turned toward the jury.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if you will decide one fact here, you can omit all the other facts. The defendant is guilty and should be hanged, or he is innocent and should go free—as you decide this fact!"

He indicated the line of glass laid out on the oak floor from the jury to the judge's bench.

"The whole case stands on that line of blood drops!

"If that line of blood drops was made by a wounded man moving from the direction of the judge's bench toward the jury, the prisoner is guilty and his statement is false. If it was made by a wounded man moving from the direction of the jury toward the judge's bench, then the prisoner is innocent, and all the carefully built up theory of the State is false.

"For that line of glass is laid down correctly. It shows precisely the track of the wounded man across the drawing-room on that fatal night. The end toward the judge's bench is the end toward the front door of that drawing-room where Harris stood; the end toward the jury is the end toward the far door opening into the alley. In which direction was Cruger going when he made that track?"

He paused.

"When we know this, we shall know the whole truth about the murder."

The prosecuting attorney interrupted.

"But how can the jury know that? How can anybody know that?"

Colonel Braxton looked down at the man as in a sort of wonder.

"Why, Alfred," he said, "it will tell itself! Every one of these blood drops is a voice crying out the truth!"

Then his body lifted and seemed to take on volume.

"It is one of the inexplicable mysteries of God, that every event that happens carries its own authenticity on its face; the truth about it is always there. We have only to look closely to know the truth. It cannot lie. The truth is always stamped on its face. *It will tell itself!*"

He turned toward the judge.

"And now, Your Honor, I will ask your permission to borrow an article in the custody of the circuit clerk."

There was utter silence. The jury and the people in the court-room looked on at the man in a profound wonder. What was he about?

Colonel Braxton went over to the clerk's table, took up the stone bottle of red ink, crossed to the judge's bench, and, moving swiftly along the panels of glass to the jury, spilled out a line of ink drops on the hard oak floor; then, turning, he moved swiftly back, spilling out a parallel line of drops, from the direction of the jury to the judge's bench.

"YOUR Honor," he said, "look how this line of blood drops cries out the truth about this murder!

"The direction in which a wounded man is going can always be told by the appearance of the blood drops that fall as he moves. The spray or splash of the drop will tell. These spray fragments of the blood drop are always thrown forward of the drop itself. They are always carried forward of the main drop, in the direction that the wounded man is going.

"The reason, Your Honor, is self-evident. Gravity and air resistance cause the greater globule of the drop to fall first, for it is heavier than the lighter spray of the drop. And, consequently, the light spray, falling more slowly, reaches the earth after the heavier body of the blood drop, and, consequently, lies before it in the direction that the wounded man is going.

"Look, Your Honor, at the two lines of ink drops that I have spilled out. As I moved from your bench to the jury, the spray is ahead of each drop in the direction toward the jury. As I moved from the jury toward your bench the spray is ahead of the drop in the direction toward your bench."

His voice took on weight and violence:

"And so it is with the blood drops on the glass. The spray is before every drop in the direction from the jury toward Your Honor."

He stood up, big, dominant. His voice filled the court-room.

"And so we know the truth. Duncan Cruger was shot, as Fairfield Harris said, when he went out at the far door of the drawing-room to see who it was that knocked there; and he fled from that assassin, back across the drawing-room; fell, and was lifted by Harris onto the sofa! . . ."

There was confusion: The judge came down from the bench. The jury from its

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chairs. The audience crowded against the rail. The evidence was clear, plain, apparent to all; established, proved, decided by this demonstration.

The girl stood up with a high face, young Harris beside her, illumined, vitalized by this swift, utter, incomparable victory. His word, his honor, established beyond question: his liberty, his life secure to him. . . . The two were outlined as in a nimbus.

The prosecuting attorney arose, but he remained silent by his table. He had been thrown violently, on the instant, and without warning. And he was confused and puzzled.

If Harris had not killed Cruger, who had killed him?

That mystery remained.

But it did not remain forever. In time, its explanation arrived; but not in time to have saved Colonel Braxton's client from the gallows. A year later, the woman of the town whom the decedent had paid off and dismissed on the day of his marriage died in a hospital of the city. At the end, when death was on her, she confessed the truth. She had returned, in the night, in the rain, to the alley behind the house, knocked on the door to the drawing-room, and when the man opened it, she shot him.

And in a manner she died also with the man, for from the cold and rain she contracted a complication of pneumonia that, in the end, removed her out of life.

My Debt to Prince

(*Continued from page 33*)

ground where, for more than two centuries, the negroes of the place had been interred. There the mighty pines towered tallest; there the live oaks stood Druid-like; there the jasmines rioted freely over hollies and sweet myrtles, tossing their saffron showers high in air. As children, Prince and I dreaded this place; and I can remember going along this dusky road many a time, my love for him taking me farther from home than my reason warranted; and his love for me overmastering his fear of the graveyard, so that often he used to come with me all the way to the plantation gate. We used to walk that road holding hands; and even now I can remember how the hands of those children, one black and one white, used to tighten as a dewy strange wind gushed by us, or as an owl would begin his haunting twilight note. (We are still holding hands, Prince and I, as we go down the mysterious road of life; and the grip tightens, as it did of old, whenever we feel that danger and the unknown are near.)

ALL things human change; and the time came when a temporary parting was inflicted upon Prince and me. I was sent away to school and to college; he remained in his old wild free life. His prospect looked to me as halcyon as mine was forboding. It was years before we were able to renew our companionship. When opportunity was once more afforded us to be together, we were both grown. Whatever, in a deeper sense, my growth had been, I do not think that essentially it was very far in advance of his; and certainly in physical development he had immeasurably surpassed me.

Whence got he those mighty shoulders? Whence came that iron grasp? Whence got he that huge and rugged forearm, that splendid depth of chest? Though not of great height, his stature, leonine and massive, would set all the athletic coaches of America agog if they could see it. While I had been delicately pursuing French verbs to their dim lairs, and trying with many a headache to determine whether Pragmatism was a true philosophy and Relativity a true scientific theory, Prince had been felling forests, digging canals, driving mule teams, and, with the sun at about 115°, he had been plowing down knee-high crab grass, shouting and singing as he worked. Standing to the thighs in fetid, snake-haunted swamp water, all day long he had sawed hugh cypress logs, he and his fellows laughing and joking as they toiled. Or out in the lonely forest of yellow pine, from daylight to dark he had brought thundering to earth the giant trees, tall as the masts of brigantines, and full of nameless aërial melodies in their crowns.

Black, rugged, independent, Prince was a man long ere I became one. Years and other matters had parted us; but when we met, we clasped hands with the old affection, and perhaps understood each other as perfectly as two human beings ever do. Death's is not the only veil through which we cannot see; impalpable arras separate most of us. The human soul seems a shrouded thing, and most solitary. Love alone is capable of destroying isolation and of breaking down every barrier.

That Prince is a real psychological study I have, of late years, come deeply to appreciate. There is, for example, his mastery of animals, which has in it a spiritual legerdemain fascinating to behold. No man who watches this negro with dogs or mules can be persuaded that magic is dead. On occasions that are literally countless I have shamelessly referred to him dogs that were of the most incorrigible sort, dogs that would not even make up with me. Immediately he would establish a definite relationship with them, partly by firmness, partly by kindness, but chiefly by an occult and complete fathoming of the dog's mentality. I recall how he made Blossom mind him when she would pay me not the slightest attention.

THIS hound was new and strange, and Prince and I took her into the woods for a ramble. Young, diffident, headstrong, she was prone to race pell-mell after any alluring scent that assailed her delicate nostrils from the damp sandy road. We were in wild country; and to have her escape on a trail would have been serious. I was about to suggest that we put her in a leash when she suddenly left the road on a dead run. A fresh buck track explained her joyous haste.

At thirty yards a shout from Prince brought her to a bickering halt. She was too far away for him to catch her, or even

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"HIS Dad and I had talked about Jimmy's education ever since he came to us. I recall our saying, 'When the boy is old enough for preparatory school, we'll be all ready to meet expenses. We'll bank $10 a month for him.' We meant it, too—but never were we able to save that money. Until—

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to threaten her effectively with the long lash that he carried. The hound did not want to come back. Yet, while ignoring me, she deigned to give Prince a bright, undetermined look, as if inquiring politely the reason for his impertinent interruption of her urgent business. Knowing that it would be a vain thing for me to try to lure the dog, I left it all to him—I usually leave anything to him that's difficult—watching closely to discover by what mental artful sleight he would accomplish the miracle. Clearly, it was to be a spiritual, not a physical, struggle.

"Blossom," he called, "come here, chile. Here, Blossom, come here to me. You is the prettiest, fines', most 'bedient houn' I ever did see. That's a good girl; come on now. Come on, honey Blossom. I know you wouldn't leave me here in the road all by myself. That's a sweet Blossom."

Flattering wiles, couched in tones that reached the hound's very soul, accomplished what force and anger and less delicate deception could never have done. But there was more than that to the performance. Into the immense solitude environing the individual Prince had suavely obtruded himself. All creatures will, I suppose, respond to blandishments; but they must be of the intimate and understanding variety. The hound Blossom was completely taken by Prince's tones. She turned toward us; then she approached step by step, a little contritely. At last she made a little run, frisked about Prince, leaped up on him affectionately, licked his hand. I had had, in college, a course in Practical Psychology, and one in Animal Psychology. But my knowledge had left me helpless, whereas Prince knew what to do without ever having been taught.

WATCHING Prince handle the biggest, stubbornest mules in a timber camp, I have come to believe that the secret of his mastery over them arises from his ability subtly to establish in them a definite conception of their inferiority. He then takes it for granted that they will work, his attitude being objective, hale, and natural. He talks to them also, as it were, in their own tongue, and to his raillery they respond with astonishing willingness. To manage mules should be accounted something of an artistic *tour de force*.

I remember the first time I ever saw Prince operate on a stubbornly planted mule. It happened down in a little seacoast village near home. A farmer's mule, hitched to an infirm and staggering wagon, loaded heavily with a Saturday's purchases, had made up his mind that the prospect of seven long sandy miles ahead did not appeal to him. The animal balked in the middle of the village street, right between the post office and the general store, so that the performance created a considerable stir. At such a time, all local and loafal celebrities are exceedingly fertile in advice. To this scene of hopeless *status quo* Prince and I arrived after some very heroic measures had been used without the slightest response on the part of the immobile mule. He had been cruelly beaten; his harness had been taken off. The wagon had been rolled back. But there he stood violently rooted, with a certain exasperatingly virtuous expression on his countenance. Curses and shouts left him unmoved. Even a small fire built

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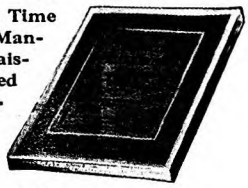

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under him had had no effect at all as a persuader to progress. The city fathers had become less assured of tone as one after another of their solvents for balkiness failed. The affair had come to a state of impasse when Prince stepped quietly forward, while I watched fascinated. Approaching the mule with gentle assurance, he insinuated one arm around the stubborn neck. His touch was affectionate. Putting his mouth to the mule's left ear, he said something to the miserable statue. Instantly the creature's rigidity relaxed, and almost blithely the mule stepped forward from the position which for more than an hour he had sullenly maintained. When Prince came back to me, I asked him what he had said to his friend. The negro only laughed, for he never seems to take seriously any of his feats with animals. But his must have been the magic words having the exact wave length of the dull creature's obscure and baffled soul.

FOR many years I had searched in vain for a specimen of the black fox squirrel, a variant in color of the gray. It is in reality a color due to a condition known as melanism. Mentioning to Prince one day my wish, I was surprised to have him say, "I show you one today." Together forthwith we went to the woods. It was mid-March, and the leaves gave the forest an emerald-misty look.

Prince took me up a long watercourse through the woods where grow many tupelos, gums, and redbud maples. Ere we had gone a half mile we had seen gray fox squirrels, big handsome fellows. Each one was in a maple tree. At last my companion pointed to what I should have taken for a spray of dead Spanish moss. It hung almost drifting from among the ruby buds of a maple. It was a fox squirrel, black as ebony.

"How did you know it was here?" I asked.

"He been here las' summer," Prince answered, "and the year befo', when he was a baby. A fox squirrel," he added, "this time of the year will come a mile or mo' to get the redbud."

Woodcraft of this kind Prince gathered during those years when he was a worker of turpentine; and no kind of toil is more exacting in the matter of compelling the worker to traverse almost every foot of the forest. He must literally go from tree to tree. Being a keen and accurate observer, and not only seeing but actually entering into the lives of the children of the wild, he has gathered an astonishing amount of first-hand information about nature, and this knowledge, like all information acquired through experience, has become a part of his character. Many men use their knowledge of nature merely as an intellectual decoration; this negro guides his life by that knowledge and by those ancient laws. Because he does live by those laws, ordinary physical obstacles have for him no substantial existence. Long since he has learned, without any mechanical device, how to annihilate distance.

One afternoon I said to Prince that he and I ought to go deer hunting the next day at daylight. I could see that my request embarrassed him a little. But he said he would join me, adding, "I will be back by then."

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"Back?" I asked. "Where are you going?"

"I have to step up to Jamestown," he answered.

This place is twenty-three miles from home, and swamp miles, too, over corduroy roads which are usually inundated. Prince walked the forty-six miles, most of them in the dark; and at daylight the following morning was in the plantation back yard before I was up. In fact, what woke me was the joyous yowling of the hounds which announced the arrival of their beloved lord and master. Prince thinks nothing of walking twenty miles to buy a plug of tobacco, a pound of bacon, a sack of flour. And usually in making his journeys he does not follow roads; as short cuts he knows all the animal paths through the forest. When he needs wood, taking his ax he will go to the pine lands, perhaps a mile or more from his cabin, and will return with a massive section of a lightwood log on his shoulder. He does things directly, quietly, in nature's way. When I read stories of negroes who are little more than minstrels, I do not recognize in them blood brothers to my Black Prince. Though superstitious in a piquant way, as all elemental human beings are, he is not afraid of the dark. Moreover, without being able to name a single star, he can guide himself by them; and, lacking starlight, he retains an uncanny sense of direction even in the deepest woods at night. Well I remember the time that he and I, taking an acetylene lamp, went to the forest to try to discover and to count the deer that we could "shine" with the light.

IT WAS late October; the dying year was beautiful only as lovely things departing can be beautiful. It had rained that afternoon; and as we set out on our expedition, a sodden yellow evening with sallow lights was faintly gilding the ruined trees. Pale lilac gleams suffused the fading woods. By the time we had left the inner plantation bounds, night had come down, starless, occult, mysterious. Before we had gone a mile farther, our blazing light had disclosed for us five deer, airy shapes of the fabulous darkness, delicately roaming the forest. I was wearing the lamp as a headlight; and it disclosed to us not only the deer but our own surroundings as well. Prince said he knew where we were, though we were in virgin timber, a long way from any road. On we went, deeper and deeper into the double night of the forest and of the darkness. I heard the muffled joyous gurgling of a stream; the earth deliciously exhaled dewy odors. Other odors there were too, strange and pungent. Suddenly on my arm the hand of my woodsman closed like a vise.

"Cap'n," his soft voice said, "step back this way."

I obeyed, knowing that he had detected something that I had not.

"I smell a rattlesnake," he said; "I think he is in them huckleberry bushes ahead. We must go around him."

It may be that I owed my life to Prince that night; but I doubt if he even remembers what I so vividly recall. I can still feel his hand, hear his voice. It is a voice I infallibly trust. It is a human voice that has never deceived me. Its tones are akin to the tones of nature.

Not far from that patch of bushes that

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YES, it finally came. Touring last summer, driving late one night trying to make the next town. Loose wire, short circuit, no lights. Box of matches didn't last long. Well, the family finally walked four miles to a farmhouse and I spent the night in the car. Believe me, there's a flashlight in the side pocket of that car NOW. And one that's dependable—an Eveready. Ever ready to help me out in the dark because I keep it primed for action with the best there are—Eveready Batteries. Here's a straight tip to tourists and don't pass it up. Get the flashlight habit.

we wisely avoided, my light began to sputter. Then something behind the glass flared, blinked, and was gone. In vain I tried to rekindle the flame. We were in abysmal darkness, there in the far-off silent woods, inhabited by creatures less appealing than deer. I was as lost as if an airplane had dropped me in the Brazilian wilderness. But I did not have the sense of being lost, for I had with me an infallible guide.

"Do you know where we are, Prince?" I asked.

"Yes, sah, I know."

"Can you find the road?"

"Yes, sah."

"How do you know which way to go?"

"My mind done tell me."

By the expression "my mind" a negro does not mean his thinking capacity, nor yet his knowledge. He seems to mean his prescience. At any rate, in a half-hour we were back in the familiar plantation road. It was not that we had been actually delivered from any special peril, for with daylight we could have found our way; it was rather that Prince demonstrated to me that he had a sense of direction that would function even in the profoundest darkness; and there's always something miraculous in one person's doing what a supposed superior cannot. Here, indeed, is a child of nature. And there is no more pretense in Prince than there is in a good black furrow or in a boulder or in a sunrise.

OF HIM as a spiritual human being, I have no misgivings. I know his heart too well. But most wives are exceedingly dubious concerning the state of their husbands' souls. It is so with Prince's wife. She unburdened herself to me one day.

"Prince is good," she said, in her gentle, compassionate voice, "but he cannot acclaim himself a Christian."

"Why not?" I asked, surprised.

"Because," she said thoughtfully, "he is a deer hunter. With Prince, deer hunting is religion."

But her subdued indictment of her husband was delivered with a faint smile, with a patient delicate tinge of humor, as if the future state of her sinful deer hunter did not seriously alarm her. As a matter of fact, Prince's faith would put to shame the religion of many a supposed pillar of the church. The faith of this humble negro is aboriginal, complete. How often have I heard him say simply, without a trace of professional unction, things like these: "God is good enough to do anything;" "The weather is so dry that I have a doubt mind, but if we trust in God, He will help us;" "God don't take no care of a man if he don't take no account of God;" "Cap'n, we gwine understand everything when we done reach the Promised Land."

About such a human being there is an atmosphere of permanence. He is one of the true inheritors of nature's bounty. When I go home now after all these years and find him there, he impresses me with his changeless unspoiled quality, like that of a sentinel pine, or of the primal pagan night. Much of life is a matter of waiting, and partly for that reason we yearn toward the things in nature which, like mountains and forests, wait with a lordly patience. Surely for the wild mortal heart to await quietly is an illustrious achievement. Prince has the ancient patience of the pioneer.

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Some of the language that Prince uses would not be easily apprehended by the ordinary listener. I have made little attempt in this article to give his tones. They are musical and soft; and in addition to the "gullah" of the Carolina coastal negro, he uses a few words as strange as any ever heard in America. These are of genuine African origin, as their sound will connote. For example, when he says, "Cap'n, I yeddy one madindie in dem jubrocroo," he means that he hears a cottontail rabbit in the gallberry bushes. "De wedder giffie" means that the weather is uncertain. "Machinchie" means small; "bungiewala" means a dragon fly; "bofemba" means a swamp rabbit. It would hardly seem credible, and yet it is true, that Prince used often to say to me, when we were boys, "Let we go hunt dem machinchie bofemba an' dem blue bungiewala."

I OWE to Prince what I hope is a fair understanding of life's deeper values. I hear him say, "When I take a man into my heart, I can't hate him no mo'." I find him in a freezing drizzle, far from home and at dusk, making easy in the lonely wood the bed of an old cow that is sure to die that night, and I know that such a man's religion is a living thing, prompting him to act. I hear him going through the ghostly woods at night, whooping in a voice so melodious that it would set jaded operagoers tingling, and I know that his spirit is wild and free and joyous. To get on into middle life retaining a free spirit is a thrilling accomplishment. To range the wildwoods singing, and with the heart singing, is no light thing; for to do this is to be a child of God.

That I enjoy the companionship of Prince must be apparent from all that I have said; but there are those of my acquaintances who cannot understand what I see in this humble man that so deeply endears him to me. To begin with, he has all the reticences that make comradeship possible. His life refutes the common but abysmal error that to be obscure and lowly is to be gross in word, thought, and act. We are, of course, united by memories of old; we have always loved and understood each other. What better bases for true affection can exist than sympathy and understanding? We belong to alien races. But we are brotherly. As I take it, the truest affection may exist between those who, naturally or adventitiously, are far removed in life's stations. In matters of the heart, all distinctions are impostures; but other distinctions are necessary.

And if a man shall openly doubt the depth of affection that I feel for this modest comrade of mine, I am going to refer him to John Randolph of Roanoke, who, after a long and distinguished career, declared that he knew no deeper and purer human affection than that existing between himself and the negroes on his old Virginia plantation. That I, of a later and a far different day in the South, am sharing his experience is not (as I wish it might be!) a testimony of my spiritual kinship with Randolph, but to the essential humility, downright goodness, unfaltering faithfulness of the heart of the plantation negro, as I have known and loved that type of humanity in Prince.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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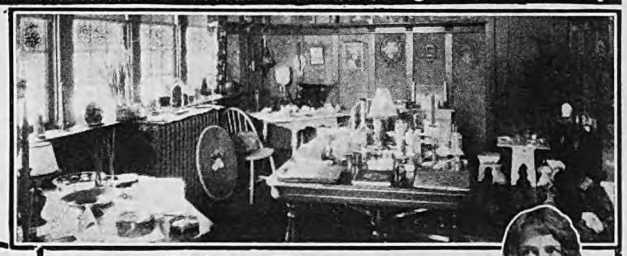

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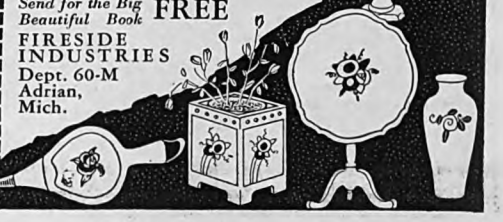

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What Do You Hate Most to Pay Out Money For?

FIRST PRIZE

Gee, How I Hate to Buy Fish Bait!

IT JUST gets my goat to have to put out money for fish bait and tackle. When I was a barefoot kid in Florida, the main sport, profession, and business was fishing. No matter which classification a fellow came under, he took it out in fishing. The sport ate his fish or gave 'em to his friends; the professional showed greenhorns how to catch 'em; and the business man caught 'em and sold 'em. Nobody bought any bait and comparatively nothing was spent on tackle; but we got the fish.

I fished in all its branches, and when I felt the need of a change, I fished at night. Sometimes I forgot to say my prayers or wash my feet, but I never neglected to tie a string to my big toe for the first fellow up to yank.

Shrimp, prawn, fiddlers, and live minnows abounded. Bait was so plentiful I often left it in my pockets until its gentle odor attracted my mother's attention. Fish poles grew in every yard, and a dime covered line and assorted hooks.

Later, in Georgia, it was the same. Plenty of worms by the mule trough, woods full of "jacket" nests and young bees, a million crickets under the straw pile, and the branch full of shiners. The swamps were full of canes, and a spool of black flax cost a dime; but there were a hundred yards of it. A nickel still covered the hooks.

Now, to be in style, the proper layout is a couple of fifteen-dollar rods; two twenty-five-dollar reels; several different lines at two dollars per; fifteen dollars' worth of assorted lures in a five-dollar tackle-box; a five-dollar bait bucket full of ten-cent live minnows; two dollars for "jacket" nests, and a dollar for worms.

Not for me! It may take thirty dollars' worth of time, but I'll get my own bait; and, as a concession to the new standard I'll go fifteen cents for tackle.

I don't mind paying out money for anything else I want. I'll even buy fish. But buying expensive bait and tackle spoils the fun for me. R. P. M.

SECOND PRIZE

It Tortures Me to Tip

PAYING out money for tips causes me more mental travail than any other form of disbursement.

All through my adult years my hatred of the bestowing of gratuities has detracted from the savor of well-cooked meals and has caused travel to lose somewhat of its charm. It has made me shrink from visits to the barber and the bootblack, and has reduced the mileage I have ridden in taxicabs to less than one half of what it would have amounted to in the absence of the custom of tipping the driver.

I do not believe that my friends and associates rate me as a penurious person; but if they should suspect the secret suffering I endure when, with seeming nonchalance, I toss a tip to a menial, they would call me the champion tightwad.

I was born in the early eighties and spent my youth in a small town. To myself and my boyish contemporaries five cents was a whole lot of money, and ten cents was a fortune. We engaged in strenuous competition for odd jobs. In those days I would jump at the chance to mow a lawn the size of a tennis court for a nickel, and would cheerfully remove a heavy fall of snow from fifty feet of brick sidewalk for a dime. My outstanding financial achievement of those days was the whitewashing of an immense area of board fence. The quarter that I received for this service gave me a standing that was the envy of all my friends.

My hatred for the custom of tipping has its origin in these incidents of my boyhood. When I give a bootblack a five-cent tip it recalls the boundless acreage of the lawns I mowed in my youth. A ten-cent tip to a hat-check bandit brings back the snow-shoveling and the other labors.

These comparisons enrage me. They do more: they cause me to despise myself for not having sufficient strength of character to defy a custom that I hate so heartily. E. F. M.

THIRD PRIZE

It Hurts Me Most to Pay Interest

WHEN we were first married we went to live on a farm, and the first year we lost a prize animal, not yet paid for. The rest of the time we lived there we were paying for that animal, already dead.

That, exactly, is the way it feels to pay out *interest*. The thing above all others I hate to pay out money for is interest on borrowed money, interest on back debts. Let one of the children have a sudden attack of appendicitis, and the hospital bills pile up, the doctor's fees grow menacing. Well, you say, there are the loan companies. We'll just borrow a hundred to bridge the gap between the amount on check and the amount we must pay. On that hundred, we'll pay three per cent per month, thirty-six dollars per year, for interest."

All our married lives we have been paying somebody interest money, interest that would have paid for Dorothy's music, for Jack's camping trip that he had to give up, for Jean's dancing-school, for painting the house, for screening the porch, for a fireplace!

"It does seem," says the man I get supper for, "as though forty dollars a week could be budgeted to cover daily food and shelter for the six of us."

"Yes; doesn't it!" I reply pleasantly. "Have you counted the interest on the mortgage, and the interest on that note at the bank, and the interest for the loan company, and the interest on the back debts?"

Current expenses are not really so bad. One could manage—or go without. But the dreadful Unforeseens! The calamities! Do all families have two or three complete knock-outs per annum? And then one must borrow. And then there's the interest. M. B. H.

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The Advantages of Marrying an Older Man

(*Continued from page 29*)

taken out of the "complaint," and I am much more likely to heed it than I would a scolding, irritated rebuff. Parents might find corrections of their children easier if they adopted this method.

One of the biggest advantages an older man brings to marriage is that he has had time to get over "bunk." Young people do not, and believe in and seriously fight for many things which, years later, they realize were bunk. I remembered a sculptor friend who was staying with us in Italy. We had been talking of marriage and what made it go and what made it fail.

"I ruined my early married life and damaged all the rest of it through my bunk ideas," said the sculptor bitterly. "I—we both—believed in 'freedom.' I was an artist and young, and everyone said domesticity ruins an artist. So I used to go out at night with the other painters, and we'd play around the cafés, and walk the streets half the night; and my young wife—herself a designer—would sit at home waiting for me with a supper she had put all her artistry into; she didn't like cooking, either. I did so want to go home; but, no! I must be firm; what would the other fellows say if I fell!

And so, in the days we should have been living life together and I should have been helping clean and tidy the studio and wash the dishes, I wandered the streets alone, and she sat alone waiting for me. There we were, eating our hearts out with loneliness for each other. Finally, she gave up cooking for me, and I no longer needed the feel of a hearth to come home to. We had learned to do without the intimate companionship which is one of the chief joys of young married life."

Then he turned on me savagely: "And you," he cried, "you! You're just lucky. If you'd married a young man you'd have had the same false ideas! You'd have thought you must leave each other 'free.' Your marriage has saved you ten years of foolishness, and a lifetime of regret."

Besides less "bunk," an older man is likely to have less regard for what other people say and think about one's personal affairs. My maturer husband's independence has buoyed me up, and also helped me to achieve independence of thought and action.

I HAVE just had a striking example of the harm that may come from caring too much for other people's opinions. A young girl-journalist of my acquaintance married, in California, an actor. After working in Hollywood for six months they decided to go to New York. They had written and produced a play together, and worked hard for the movies. Just before starting the husband was stricken with an acute illness which necessitated a quick operation. Due to overwork in Hollywood, his convalescence was slow.

His wife went on East ahead, and after some weeks, when he was still so weak that a ten-minute walk exhausted him,

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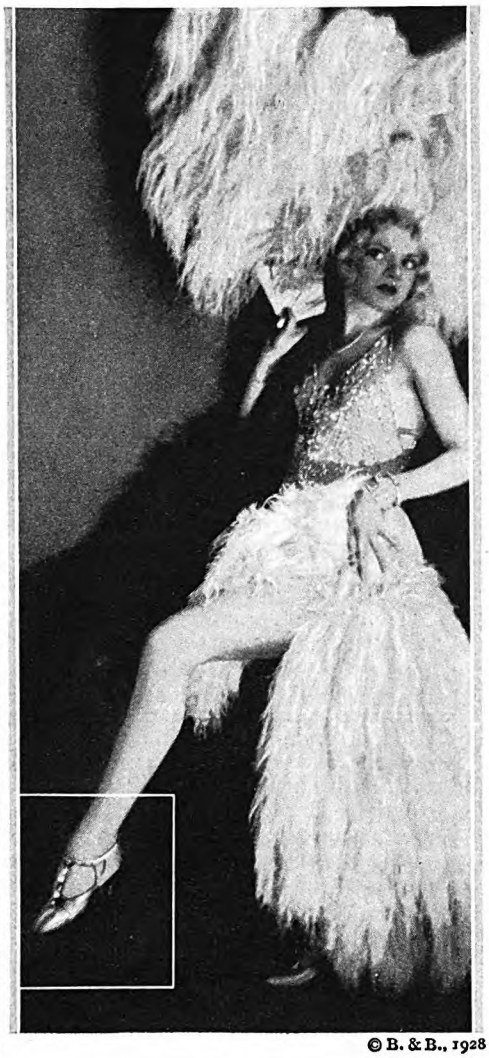

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she had a theatrical manager wire him an offer and wrote herself, asking, with the tiniest note of impatience (which he detected), whether he was not yet well enough to come. Her friends were all asking to see him, for none of them had met him yet. Where was this young husband of hers, who had done such great work, and whom none of them had even laid eyes on, was their recurrent query. The young wife began to hear doubt in their voices. Her husband, guessing her troubled state, chose to neglect his weakness, accepted the manager's offer and went to her immediately. After a month of strenuous day and night rehearsals, and the restlessness of New York life, he had a bad relapse; and they do not know now whether he will recover sufficiently to work for a very long time.

Cases such as this, where two young people deliberately sacrifice their own welfare for the sake of "what people may say" are not at all rare. I was myself often tempted to do things contrary to our real interest, for the sake of appearances; but my husband's superior independence won.

WITH the greater independence of an older man, usually goes the valuable characteristic of doing things for their own sake, for the sheer pleasure they may bring, and not for the sake of convention or tradition. The older man, who already has an assured place in life, does not have to worry, as so many young husbands do, on "how his little family is figuring out in society." He does not have to impress other people; he can afford to be himself (and so, incidentally, impresses them more; but few young people know that truth). Above all, the family can choose its friends for pure liking; it does not "have to keep up with people in case they may be useful to me later on."

I know a young girl who has artistic tastes and gifts; but she can have very few artists at her house because her husband, a "rising" young lawyer, has to entertain business friends and acquaintances; he cannot afford to let the staid colleagues of his profession suspect that his family is not as theirs are—safe and respectable and willing to tread in the known paths of routine and advancement. And so this girl has to go more and more away from her home to satisfy her tastes, and she and her husband have to take their pleasures more and more apart.

An appreciation of things for their own sake, a recognition of the importance of details, willingness to be tolerant while the partner makes her mistakes, are very useful qualities in a life-companion. They make bearable, even interesting, many of the most ordinary tasks a woman has to undertake. Housekeeping, for instance. And shopping. I have seen many men shopping with their wives, and they usually either look bored (it is masculine not to take an interest in "women's fripperies"); or they are counting the cost, with glances of venom at the saleslady for each new and tempting "creation" she produces.

But when a man is mellow enough to have forgotten personal poses, and to realize that every human manifestation, even if it be only a woman's desire to look nice, has deeper causes than the superficial vanity and frivolity usually ascribed to it, he becomes a very pleasant shopping companion. The philosophy of clothes is too long a subject to go into now; but one can say that clothes not only express the character and personality of their wearer —they may help to bring that personality out.

I was a serious-minded young "intellectual" before I married. I did not care about clothes, said so, and meant it. I had more important matters to think about than what dresses to wear. None of my crowd at college cared how we dressed, and we derided the empty-headed girls who did.

One of the first things my husband did was to take me "window-shopping." On these walks he would point out to me the effect of the different dresses, the ones that were too loud, the ones that were too definite, the ones that brought out flippancy and frivolity rather than dignity and pride, and—his favorite distinction—the ones that would make everyone say, when a woman came into the room, "Look at that dress!" rather than, "What a pretty girl—why, no, it's only her dress!" These ideas, and others, aroused my interest. My husband would put it differently. I have heard him tell people: "Of course she had vanity! Only, she had been brought up to think it 'vain' and wrong to look in a mirror, and so she thought of vanity as sinful, instead of its being one of the excellent basic qualities with which you can train even a child to self-respect and taste, and a woman to beauty."

Whatever his method (and there was some flattery in it, for, after all, we were considering me, however objectively and scientifically), results were pleasant. We went shopping at any time, and when we had nothing to buy we went "window-shopping." My husband hated only to buy when I really needed a certain frock. "If you know what you want, you can't be tempted," he would say. "And then you'll take anything—something that will merely do, instead of the frock that can't be resisted."

Naturally, I learned to like shopping. And I liked the pleasure and surprise on the faces of the women who served us. Three or four curious shop-girls would gather and stare open-mouthed at the unusual remarks they heard; waiting vainly for the usual queries and remonstrances about price, quality, and fashion.

A few years afterward, when I went into one of these shops, the forewoman, recognizing me, hesitatingly asked who was the gentleman who had come in with me some years back? "We all agreed it couldn't be a father or a husband," she said; "they don't ask that kind of questions, nor take that attitude."

HOUSEKEEPING is a rather uninteresting occupation at the best; but if one has to go through all the little worries, the disappointments and heartbreaks, the wearing routine of it, alone, it is a much more unpleasant burden. Many of the minor tragedies of the housewife are like a child's pranks, really comical, and can be so seen later; but at the time they are often more of an unpleasant drama.

The husband who has retired can and quite often does take his share in those burdens. The day after my baby was born, both my Italian maids gave notice.

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How to have Lovely, Lustrous Hair—*always!*

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Weary from being up all night, they had got on each other's nerves: the cook was jealous of the maid because she was "with the 'bambino' all the time;" the maid accused the cook of drunkenness because she fell asleep on the kitchen table. A storm in a teacup, of course, but at the time a black calamity to me. I lay back and cried. My husband came in just then, took the maids out, dealt with the trouble, and I heard no more about it.

Another time, when a millionaire, an American well known for her faultless dinner parties, came to lunch, my Italian maid (wishing to put her best foot forward) brought the vegetables on in soap dishes, "Because they were more decorated." I, of course, could have dropped under the table in embarrassment; but my husband, with his greater composure, recognized it for the great joke it was, and the occurrence became an occasion for good will and merriment.

Now, a man can do these things only if he is around; and he can be around only when he is over the necessity of having to make a living and a career. He has the leisure and the freedom to take an interest in details. He can exercise his hobby, instead of having to struggle for existence. His contact with his wife is not made only after he has been plowing his weary brains eight hours a day, and has become nervous and irritable—due to the strain of business life.

Many young husbands, I find, are too tired to talk at all when they get home; many go straight out to parties or shows or dinners, for "change," and so they never get any rest at all. All these misfortunes the "retired" man avoids. He can work when he likes, and he can work at his hobby; he is a satisfied man, and a satisfied man is more likely to be a satisfied husband than a discontented, overtired, irritable man.

If a man has learned from his life's experience at all, he will know that a woman likes to be listened to. He can afford to listen. Having been young once, he probably did a good deal of talking, and it may be assumed has said a good share of what he wanted to say. Someone else can now have a chance.

That is very important for a young woman, and especially a young wife. All her theories of life have to be considered; all the knowledge she has accumulated, all her experiences, she wants to tell, to discuss, to mull over.

Few young husbands like to listen. With their male superiority and their self-confidence to establish, they like to talk. The young wife who gets her chance to talk to the older, wiser, listening male, has a source of happiness in her married life which it is almost impossible to estimate.

BUT it is when the children arrive that I think the young wife finds her investment in an older husband yields the greatest return. If he has had children before, he will know how to avoid some of the worst mistakes parents make. If he has not had children before, what a fascinating field is there for them to explore together. The old father does not know it is "unmanly" for a man to bother with a baby; he does not know that centuries of tradition have made infant-care a woman's job only; he sees in the baby not only a squalling, ugly, red-faced bundle that has to have

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physical attentions and that makes a disturbing noise; he sees his own immortality; he sees the "biologically most advanced human being" on earth. He will carry it about, wheel its pram, watch it in the bath, even scald its milk bottles, with the feeling that he is serving, perhaps, a genius—in any case a fellow human being. And he wants to take his share of bringing it up.

Older fathers really want to "get their hands on the baby." I have noticed it again and again. A world-famous old English philosopher wheels the pram with his twin babies about the streets of Cambridge and deals with their needs. A well-known California poet took over the entire care of one of his twin boys, though the mother was more than willing to do all the work. Mr. Milne has made Christopher Robin a classic. I believe the only way for a busy young woman to have all the fun and none of the trouble of babies, and yet not turn them over to hired labor, is to select an old father for them.

At least, that has been my experience. I was working on a book when my baby came, and I did not want to drop it. We were both quite definite in not wanting a nurse. The baby's father became its "nurse," and, to my surprise, a better one than any modern, trained woman. Not knowing the rules, he invented or discovered new ones, which, psychologists have since told me, are good. He taught the baby a sense of humor in its cradle; he taught it to laugh instead of to cry when it was hurt. I was prepared for the child to alter our lives, to make, as some friend told me it would, slaves of us for at least six years. Instead, he has been only a delight; we have traveled, worked, visited, lived exactly the lives we wanted to live, only pleasanter, perhaps, because, using the baby as an excuse, we sought sunny climates and pleasant houses with gardens. I have really had the share that falls to most fathers—all the fun and very little of the work. And as the father did not consider the work "work," there was work for neither parent.

Of course I do not counsel against marrying young men. That, no doubt, is a deeply rooted practice that will always continue. But to the modern young woman, anxious to combine marriage and career, have children and grow up with them, and enjoy all sides of life without having to sacrifice any of them, I would give without hesitation the advice: "Don't be afraid to marry an older man—if he has not stopped growing."

A VOICE out of the air in the wee small hours of the morning led William S. Dutton to interview Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, on the new trend in industry. If you are at all pessimistic about the future of industry, and wish to remain in that frame of mind, don't read what Gifford has to say, or you will find yourself regarding the industrial outlook with the same wonderful optimism that he has. However, let us say that Gifford's optimism is not based on flights of fancy, but on knowledge, vision, and keen business judgment.

The Great Blue River in the Sea

(*Continued from page 24*)

steeper and at Hatteras it is a matter of only a few miles from the shoals to a mile-deep bottom.

After leaving Hatteras the Gulf Stream parts company with the one-hundred-fathom line, for its set now is across the ocean. Opposite Norfolk the stream is about 85 miles off shore; opposite Atlantic City, about 120 miles; opposite New York, 200 miles or more. At this stage it is being forced steadily to the eastward by the prevailing winds and the rotation of the earth. It keeps its identity as a consistent drift until about in the neighborhood of the Azores, where it divides into three forks.

One of these branches flows northward in the direction of the Arctic. The middle one flows toward Europe. The third fork bends southward, around the Azores, washes the Madeira and Canary islands, is swept by the northeast trade winds toward the equator, joins the equatorial current setting westward toward South America, and so enters the Caribbean, the Gulf of Mexico, and finally becomes part of the Gulf Stream again. It has been computed that the time required to make this circuit around the Atlantic and through the Gulf is about three years.

Has anyone ever drifted around the circuit and timed it?

No; the Hydrographic Office estimates the time from the records it has of the velocity of the current at different points. It gets some light on the subject too from the movement of derelicts and the drift of bottle papers.

Bottle papers are printed forms which the Hydrographic Office supplies to all vessels leaving American ports. The hydrographer asks the ship's officers to coöperate in the study of ocean currents by using one of these forms whenever they have opportunity—write on it their position at sea and the date, seal the paper in an empty bottle, and throw it overboard. The paper has printed directions in seven languages asking the finder to note the date and place at which the bottle is picked up and mail the paper to the Hydrographic Office, or deliver it to the nearest United States consul.

More than 10,000 bottle papers, picked up on all the shores of the earth, are in the archives of the Hydrographic Office, and it is receiving additions on an average of about three a day.

The longest recorded drift of a bottle paper is from a point off Cape Horn, where a British ship dropped the bottle on May 31, 1909, to the coast of New Zealand, where it was picked up on May 19, 1912. As the current around Cape Horn sets eastward, this bottle must have drifted across the South Atlantic, around the Cape of Good Hope, and through the current of the Indian Ocean, past Australia

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to New Zealand—a distance of 10,250 miles. Over that route its average rate was nine and one-half miles a day.

More spectacular than drift bottles are abandoned ships, which are frequently found in the Gulf Stream. The Coast Guard is continually patrolling the coastwise shipping lanes in search of derelicts. Those that it finds it either tries to tow into port or dynamites. The Hydrographic Office posts the position and direction of derelicts for the guidance of mariners, and incidentally its nautical engineers study the movements of these wanderers for what they tell of the behavior of currents.

In October, 1923, the schooner *Governor Parr* was wrecked in a gale off the New England coast, and her crew were rescued by a passing ship. The schooner, with a full cargo of 1,500,000 feet of lumber, was carried by the current right out into the most thickly-traveled part of the Atlantic, and was a serious danger to navigation.

In January a Coast Guard cutter found her and started to tow her into Halifax, but on account of heavy weather and lack of fuel, had to abandon her. The derelict meandered across the Atlantic, was sighted by various ships, and finally in August seamen from a British vessel boarded her off the Portuguese coast and set her on fire. But waterlogged lumber does not make good fuel, and a few weeks later the *Parr* was seen farther to the southward. Later she was reported near the Canary Islands; and finally in October, 1924, near Cape Juby, Africa, where she was most likely cast ashore. In a little over one year she had made about half the circuit of the North Atlantic.

The longest known drift of a derelict, however, is the record held by the *Fannie E. Wolston*, an American three-masted schooner, which was abandoned off Cape Hatteras on October 15, 1891. She traveled back and forth across the western half of the Atlantic for three years and six days, sometimes in the grip of the Gulf Stream, other times blown aside by winds or caught by eddies and cross currents. She was reported to the Hydrographic Office forty-six times from different parts of the ocean. She was last sighted on October 21, 1894, on the edge of the Gulf Stream opposite Maine, and probably broke up during a winter gale.

Neither an ordinary drift bottle nor a derelict gives accurate indication of the movement of a current, however, because as long as any part of a floating object projects above water it offers wind resistance. Sometimes a wind blows against a current, sometimes it is across a current—and it is the vagaries of the wind, in addition to the tricks of rips and counter currents, that make so many tracks of derelicts appear as a series of zigzags. Experiments are being made with specially-constructed bottles, which are ballasted to keep the bottle just below the surface of the sea.

The drift in the frozen Arctic Ocean is as irresistible as the flow of the Gulf Stream. This was accidentally demonstrated by the American ship *Jeannette*. The *Jeannette* entered the Arctic from the Pacific Ocean through Alaskan waters and was herself caught in the ice pack and crushed north of Siberia on June 13, 1881. Part of the wreckage floated and was found in the North Atlantic in 1884,

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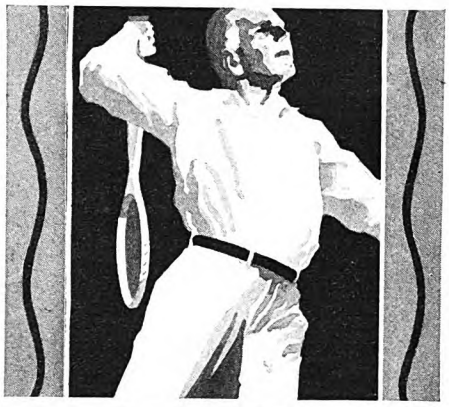

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more than 4,000 miles from the point where it was wrecked.

From this it was reasoned that if the *Jeannette* had been strong enough to resist the ice the current would have carried her across the polar ocean, into the Atlantic. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen decided to build such a vessel and trust it to the current, and the result was his remarkable expedition in the *Fram*.

The *Fram*, which was powerfully built and reinforced and so shaped as to ride the ice when necessary, entered the Arctic Ocean off the New Siberia Islands (not far from where the *Jeannette* was wrecked) on September 20, 1893. As was expected, the pressure of the ice lifted her, and she drifted the entire journey on an even keel high above the water, emerging on the opposite side of the Arctic, off Spitsbergen, in August, 1896. This journey of nearly three years was performed without loss of life and without damage to the ship, and proved convincingly that a powerful current flows across the polar ocean from the direction of the Pacific into the Atlantic.

PERHAPS the most surprising fact about ocean currents is their capacity for carrying heat long distances. Somewhere in the Atlantic, about opposite New England, the Gulf Stream meets the cold Arctic waters of the Labrador Current. In August, after the Arctic ice has been melting all summer, this cold current is strong enough to force the northern edge of the Gulf Stream many miles southward, but it does not break into and mingle with the warm stream.

Captain DeCarteret of the cable ship *Minia* reported an interesting comparison of temperature in these waters. His ship was south of the Newfoundland fishing banks and about opposite Boston when the captain saw a wall of dense fog to the southeast, and suspected that it was caused by the warm, moist air of the Gulf Stream suddenly meeting the cold air of the Labrador Current. "As the ship's bow was about to enter the fog," reported Captain DeCarteret, "the sea temperature was thirty-five degrees, and as her stern entered it the temperature was fifty-six degrees. As the fog was too dense to see anything, I returned to the cold water and repeated the tests with the same results."

This was on April 30, when icebergs are beginning to drift south with the Labrador Current, and it seems remarkable that within so short a distance as the length of a ship the water should show a difference of twenty-one degrees in temperature. No wonder icebergs quickly melt as soon as they cross from their native waters into the stream! The wall of cold water that confines the Gulf Stream is as real as a levee.

Of course there is some mixing of waters. There must be some mixing, caused by differences in the densities of the waters, else the cold water would never get warmed, for water is one of the poorest conductors of heat known. The oceanographer Wegemann has illustrated this in a striking way. Assume, he says, a section of the ocean 5,000 meters deep with the water all at uniform temperature of 32 degrees. Suppose that the surface water is then brought in contact with a constant heat of 86 degrees, and that there is no motion in the water, no movement of its particles in circulation, no forces at work to distribute the heat other than the forces of conduction. Perhaps you may think that it might require some days or weeks or even months for this surface heat of 86 degrees to spread by conduction to the under waters. Wegemann says that after 100 years the water down at 100 meters would still be at 32 degrees, and after 1,000 years it would have heated only to 45 degrees at that depth. You can understand from this that the transfer of heat by conduction is practically negligible in the sea.

THE fact is further illustrated by the low temperatures which prevail in the deeps right under the heated waters of the tropics. At the equator, for example, where the surface water is 80 degrees and warmer, the water 800 fathoms (4,800 feet) below it is 37 degrees, and at 2,000 fathoms (12,000 feet) the usual temperature is 35 degrees. Cold water is heavier than warm water, because it is less expanded, and its natural tendency is to sink. There is probably a seepage of cold Arctic water under the Gulf Stream.

Nature could not select a better heating medium than water. It requires thirty times as long to heat water one degree as it does to heat the same quantity of any other liquid, and its rate of cooling is equally slow. The water of the Gulf is absorbing heat for months as it drifts under a tropic sun, and when it pours into the Atlantic it carries a full cargo of heat units. Some of this heat warms the air above the Gulf Stream, some of it is lost in the incidental mixing of waters, but proportionately these losses are slight. It has been estimated that the warm drift across the Atlantic carries as much heat to northern Europe as the entire Arctic regions obtain from the sun.

A curious by-product of the great circular drift of waters across and around the North Atlantic is the Sargasso Sea, so named by Christopher Columbus because of its floating seaweed. It lies southeast of the Bermuda Islands, between the twenty-fifth and thirtieth degrees of north latitude and the thirty-eighth and sixtieth degrees of west longitude, an area about as large as the Gulf of Mexico. Harrowing stories have been printed of this sea meadow, where it is said becalmed ships have been caught, to rot in the entangling tropic growth, entombed amid slimy sea creatures and the skeletons of other dead ships—all of which details, men in the Hydrographic Office assured me, are highly imaginative.

"No mariner fears the Sargasso Sea. Hundreds of ships pass through it every month, and I never heard of a ship being caught by the weeds or becoming entombed there," said a nautical engineer. "The Sargasso Sea is simply a huge slow-moving whirlpool, created by the currents which circle around it. The seaweed is dead Gulf weed, brought by the waters of the Gulf Stream from the tropics, and it is continually dropping to the bottom of the ocean. Derelicts occasionally are swung by the currents into the Sargasso Sea, perhaps drift bottles are floating around in the center of its pool, and there is other wreckage—driftwood and the like. But the place is neither a death trap nor a graveyard, nor anything dangerous."

The Gulf Stream has been called the mother of gales, but this view is not now held by ocean meteorologists. "It is a

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favorite path for gales," one explained, "and there is a tendency for hurricanes to travel up the Gulf Stream if they happen to touch its course. A cyclonic storm requires warm vapor to keep it going, and the Gulf Stream provides plenty of this to feed the hurricanes, but it does not create them. A great deal of fog and rain is caused by the warm vapors meeting the cold air from the Arctic. Waterspouts are common in the Gulf Stream region—I have seen as many as nine twisting and bending in its waters at the same time. They are mostly spray and vapor."

Some years ago an engineer proposed the construction of a jetty from Newfoundland eastward into the Atlantic for two hundred miles, to serve as a dike against the cold waters of the Labrador Current. This structure—which he estimated would cost about $190,000,000—would, he argued, shield the east coast of the United States against the chilling Arctic waters and protect the Gulf Stream against premature cooling. Thus both America and Europe would be served. The project was introduced in Congress, but nothing came of it.

Another improvement, suggested to the Hydrographic Office by a gentleman in Belgium, is that the Government blast out the chain of Aleutian Islands which stretches from the Alaska Peninsula westward almost to Asia. By removing these barriers, he reasoned, an open channel would be provided through which the warm waters of the Japanese Current would pass northward, to thaw out the icebergs and glaciers and moderate the climate of the Arctic Seas. The proponent of this scheme did not give any estimate of the cost and method of blowing up the islands.

A THING to remember is that ocean currents represent a balance of natural forces. Every great current has its counter current, the movement of waters from the tropics is matched by reciprocal movements from the poles. The Labrador Current is perhaps as important in the equilibrium of nature, which produces our climate, as the Gulf Stream is.

Several years ago a sea captain came into New York with the amazing yarn that he had sailed for miles off the New Jersey coast through a sea floating with dead fish. The Bureau of Fisheries investigated and found that the dead fish were all of the species known as tile fish, a bottom dweller accustomed to warm water. Further investigation showed that the Gulf Stream was "off soundings" in that neighborhood. Its course had shifted only slightly but enough to leave the ocean shelf inhabited by this tropical community out in cold water, and the result was a killing winter under seas. Since then the Gulf Stream has returned to its former course, and at last accounts the tile fish were reëstablished in their old haunts.

Thus, ocean currents affect life in the sea as well as on land. Both Humboldt and Sir John Herschel said that ocean circulation is the greatest problem of terrestrial physics. Certainly it is the vastest physical force in operation on the planet. The late Admiral John E. Pillsbury, whose life study was the Gulf Stream, was not exaggerating when he called it "the grandest and most mighty of any terrestrial phenomena."

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Getting Along with People—That's Fletcher's Job

(*Continued from page 44*)

learn, one way or another, about getting along with my fellows.

"My first principle is to know where my hat is all the time, and not to be afraid to put it on my head. The Western Union has a good slogan: 'Don't write, telegraph.' Mine is: 'Don't write, don't telegraph, go.'"

"That's a good idea for getting along yourself," I ventured.

"It is a better idea," he said, "for getting along with others. How can you get a fellow to like you if he doesn't see you, hear your voice, shake your hand, find out whether or not you are a regular fellow. I may not have much of a personality, but at least it's better than a postage stamp!

"Suppose I had landed that first office by correspondence, I'd have missed a chance to renew old times and associations and to recall my homely face to Mr. Roosevelt's attention."

As a matter of fact, Fletcher is not hard to look at or difficult to recall. Fine, sun-hardened face, rangy shoulders, slim waist line. The soldier's straightness. The athlete's lift. The business man's manner. The statesman's head. A big pink-and-gray man who insists he is fifty-four and looks as if he were at least ten years his own junior.

"I could give you many other examples," he said (and he did before he was through), "of how that first principle has worked in my case. But let's go on now to Number 2: *I not only go, but I go alone.* Socially, I am gregarious enough. But when it comes to business, I never hunt in pairs. Some men are born plumbers. They always take their helper with them. I don't. I carry my own tools. And I never talk to the other fellow if he has his helper with him—or even an innocent bystander.

"Take the case of Billy Loeb. I was glad enough to go with him to see the President. I couldn't have got in without him. But I never could have got anywhere with Roosevelt if I had tried to talk to him with Loeb standing by. I can't explain it wholly. But a third person at a conference between two people, even if he is silent and not unfriendly, comes in between like an invisible film."

THESE two principles of Fletcher's—*going himself* and *going alone*—were responsible for his becoming a Rough Rider in the first place, and also for laying the foundation of friendship and association which made his later relations with Roosevelt natural and easy. This was the situation: Wood was in San Antonio with his troopers. T. R. was in Washington, rarin' to go. Both men had announced that the regiment was full up. Fletcher was in Chambersburg working as a court stenographer. But he couldn't hear the witnesses for the rumble of the guns.

So one night he jumped the sleeper for Washington. Four hours later, Fletcher found himself lined up with forty-nine others in a big waiting-room. On the stroke of eleven, Roosevelt sprang into the room, grabbed the first applicant by his two hands, assured him that he was just the kind of fellow he would love to have in his regiment, but that orders were orders, the regiment was full—and, to make a long story short, this was the way out. In thirty seconds, he was telling the same story to number two!

"I was half way down the line," the Ambassador told me, with a smile for the recollection, "and I said to myself, 'Henry, this will never do. First thing you know, you'll be out in the hall.' So I thought hard while the next three men were getting theirs and then, well, I came to the conclusion that the only chance I had of getting anywhere with the Colonel was to move to the far end of the line."

When Roosevelt got to Henry, Henry had him all to himself—and that night Henry went to San Antonio.

"That story isn't important," said Fletcher modestly, "except as it shows the value of the personal equation and an undisturbed opportunity to use it.

"The incident in the White House is a more inclusive thing, because it involves several other principles. For instance, what to do about people who might influence the man with whom you are eager to get along. If I had offended Cortelyou, I might have had an enemy for life—and a powerful one too. If I had neglected Loeb, I shouldn't have had a friend in time of need. *Getting along with one person often involves getting along with a good many others:* the person's wife, his secretary, his telephone girl, his office boy. I think I might sum up my third principle in the adage: 'Love him, love his office boy.'

"NOW, as it happens, I am on pretty good terms with Mussolini." (Anyone who has seen and heard the exchange of compliments between the Ambassador and the Duce in the Mussolini movietone knows the truth of that remark!) "But it would never have done to go over the heads of some of his subordinates; for instance, in the matter of debts. Or any other matter, if it can be helped—and that goes for Rome, or New York, or Chambersburg. Subordinates are as important in a way as their chief. You may go over their heads successfully *once*. But next time, and a hundred other times, when you aren't looking, they'll go over and get yours.

"I wasn't ready for the President that first time," the Ambassador continued. "I would never think of rushing in like that now. I would put in my year's study first. When I first went to Rome the dean of the diplomatic corps was a fine old chap named Barrère. He had been there ever since Cæsar and Brutus had their little tiff, and he knew everything and everybody, from Marcus Aurelius to Mussolini. So I used to go down to his place every night I could get off and sit and smoke with him, until I got the whole picture of the situation as he saw it. Then, I felt strong enough to take the British Ambassador on at golf! In short, *Principle No. 4 is preparedness.*"

Fletcher might have added that he

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believes in extending the advantages of his preparedness principle to his employers; that he keeps his bosses in Washington so well informed that President Coolidge knows everything a certain Italian stateman says—allowing for the difference in time—several hours before he says it!

Fletcher's farsighted "preparedness" in studying Spanish before he applied for a job in a Spanish-speaking country was rewarded many years later on the evening of his first day as American Minister to Chili. Relations between the two countries had passed the breaking point. The previous American Minister had actually been withdrawn. Fletcher was finally dispatched as a forlorn hope in the effort to prevent war.

He knew only one man in the city of Santiago, the envoy from Brazil, who had served with him in Portugal earlier in his career, and with whom he had long since learned to get along. The Brazilian proved a good friend, and volunteered to take him around to the leading club and introduce him to the business men.

One by one, the principal citizens of Chili were hauled up and somewhat reluctantly introduced to the American envoy, until one man, franker than the rest, stated that he was glad to shake hands with Mr. Fletcher as a private individual, but not as a representative of the United States. Then, before the new Minister could reply, he turned around to his friends and said in a Spanish aside: 'As for his country, I wouldn't buy a shoe-string from her.'

Until now, Fletcher had not said a word. But this was his opportunity. Turning to the company and addressing them in perfect Spanish, he said: "Gentlemen, I see that my mission is already a failure. One of the chief objects of diplomacy in these days is to create better trade relations between sister nations. But what can I do? Here, on the very first day of my arrival, I find that the shoe-string market is all shot to pieces!"

The surprise of being addressed in their own tongue, combined with the good nature and tolerance of this retort, so worked on the minds of these susceptible Latins that they burst into hearty laughter at the expense of their own countryman, and welcomed their American guest into the innermost circles of their club life.

In the end, the man who had made the slurring remark became one of the American Minister's best friends and supporters, and the Chilean Government, controlled to a large extent by the members of that particular group of Santiago business men, settled at Fletcher's behest all of the matters over which the nations had been so long quarreling. No such result might ever have been obtained if Fletcher had not been prepared for those men with his Spanish language and his American wit.

"WHEN I came back to T. R. that time after my year's work," the Ambassador continued, "I had something to offer him. That's one advantage of preparedness in getting along with people. You find out something you can do for them, and then it is easier to ask them to do something for you."

I asked him if waiting a year didn't require a bit more patience than the average man possesses.

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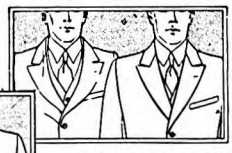
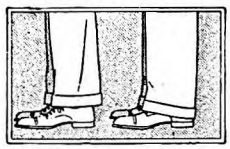


Another tell-tale mark of poor fit. Lapels roll gracefully only when the coat has been skilfully draped to your posture.



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"I don't think so," he replied. "We wait a year for a good many other things; Christmas, for instance; and a new straw hat. Why shouldn't we wait a year for the right time to perform an important act.

"We all have to get along with people who possess idiosyncrasies which must be studied and met," Fletcher went on. "And that leads us up to my *fifth principle: 'Know thyself; but know the other fellow, too.'*

"I have a huge respect for the other fellow. He isn't always right. If he was, there wouldn't have to be any diplomats. But his method, if I can use it, is always better than my own. In my business, I can seldom do what the other fellow wants; but I can often do what *I* want *his way*. It is so much easier to get along with anyone if you can fit into his formula instead of trying to get him to fit into yours.

"Mr. Bryan, as you remember, was very much interested in putting through a series of peace treaties, the Bryan Treaties. He had not communicated with me in regard to the matter; but one day, when I was in Chili, the foreign office called me up and told me they had received a draft of the proposed agreement, with request that they sign and return it. I went right over, read the treaty, told them that it seemed all right to me, and asked why they didn't sign it as Mr. Bryan requested. They hemmed and hawed a bit, and then admitted that their only objection was to one clause, which would submit to arbitration their long-standing dispute with Peru.

"I TOOK the treaty home, studied it carefully, and found that it would be possible, by one slight change, to make the treaty acceptable to Chili without weakening it so far as the United States was concerned. The change was the insertion of the word 'future' before the word 'dispute.' I immediately cabled Washington asking for a leave of absence. My request was granted. And two weeks later, I walked into Mr. Bryan's office, explained the change to him, and fixed up the treaty to the satisfaction of both parties."

"Going all the way from Chili to Washington to see your man was sticking to your first principle with a vengeance," I ventured.

"Mr. Bryan was a stubborn man," he answered. "I could never have handled him at long-distance. I didn't know him very well, and I believe in knowing my boss as well as my competitors. Besides, that experience taught me that the time and place of a conversation is almost as important as the subject matter."

I knew what he meant. Many stories have been told as to why the Wilson Administration retained Fletcher in Chili—and promoted him—in defiance of the established custom that to the victors belong the diplomatic spoils. The real reason was that he demonstrated in his handling of this treaty matter his ability to get along with everybody concerned—including his new boss.

"How do we stand now on principles?" I asked. "Have we five or six?"

He counted them off on his fingers.

"Five, I think, including preparedness and knowing the other fellow as well as you know yourself. And I'll give you a sixth: *That the man you are dealing with is always more important than the deal you are trying to make with him.*"

"Is that so," I said, "even in big things?"

"Especially in big things. Everybody knows that a contract is no better than the man who makes it. Signing an agreement doesn't do much. It's carrying it out that counts. And it's the man that must do that. It's the man that is important every time. For one thing, you may have to deal with him again.

"I HAVE worked for a good many bosses—five Presidents and nobody knows how many Secretaries of State. I have done my best for them, and I have tried to make my best so good that it will be valued for itself alone. But in my heart I am proudest of having worked with all of them without loss of liking or respect on either side.

"About the men with whom I have been crossing wits throughout all these years, my competitors in the diplomacy business, I feel much the same way. I have fought with them all. But I like to feel that I can shake hands with them all today."

I was reminded, as he spoke, of the last session of that rather acrimonious conference at Havana. So-and-so, according to dispatches, made a speech. So-and-so replied. So-and-so-was photographed with So-and-so. So-and-so and So-and-so and So-and-so were lost in the crowd. But "Ambassador Fletcher was busy for a full half-hour shaking hands with the assembled delegates."

"I am not a glad-hander," he laughed. "I don't shake hands with anybody who doesn't want to shake hands with me. But I do try to make people want to. I do try to create a permanent feeling of personal liking which lasts after the temporary task is done. I seek, and usually find—you'd be surprised how easy it is to find—a social basis quite apart from the business in hand.

"Most men play golf. All men eat. I do both. And I usually do them in the company of men with whom I am doing business. I can say a great deal more to a man across a desk if I have spent an evening talking with him across a dining table. Perhaps I can sum up my feeling in a single sentence: I don't take my business home with me, but I do take home my business friends."

ARE WE EDUCATING ourselves so that when we have leisure we shall know how to use it? That is the question John Erskine asks next month in his article, "What Education Means to Me." The trouble with American education, as this famous educator and novelist sees it, is that, although it prepares us for success by telling us how to reach it, it rarely shows us what to do with it. The country is full of men and women at mental loose ends. Erskine shows how self-education can prevent such a distressing situation, and how every one of us can make his time count so that he will live to the fullest extent possible, up to the very end.

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Go Tell 'em to the Trees

(*Continued from page 25*)

brooding, as many folks would have done, she went out and walked. Soon she began seeing things she did not know existed, and she became interested in the world around her. One day she came across the nest of one of the warblers, a fairy casket holding four exquisitely beautiful eggs, like pink-flecked pearls. She knew absolutely nothing about birds; but the next day she bought a bird book, forgot herself and her troubles and the doctor's doleful prediction, and spent the happiest months of her life hunting birds' nests.

At the end of a year she called on her physician and told him she was too busy with her hobby to confirm his diagnosis, and that she did not believe he knew his business anyhow.

Today she is supporting herself by writing about the wonders of bird life. She not only has cured herself but she is giving pleasure to those who never had the chance to neighbor with the feathered folks.

Many have found the Elixir of Youth—or something just as good—while collecting butterflies, Indian arrow heads, rare beetles, orchids, and the like. But, remember this: No one ever found his lost youth indoors!

Recently I read of a successful banker who decided to retire at the age of sixty-eight. His friends all predicted that he would not last long after giving up regular business and regular hours. But he fooled them. He not only lived, but he grew stronger as he tramped through swamps, and over mountains in the pursuit of his new-found hobby—collecting orchids. Now he looks ten years younger.

MANY a man takes his gun or rod, and says he is going hunting or fishing. Often, if you knew the true urge that sends him to the woods or streams, you would find that it is the longing to get away from himself, or to still some hidden grief.

There comes a time in all our lives when we need to take stock of ourselves—to see ourselves stripped of all sham and pretense. There is no better place for this mental inventory than in the solitude of the everlasting hills, or in the silence of the forest. In such surroundings, we often find that which brings healing to wounded hearts, and strength to weary souls. Of course, when sorrow or discouragement comes you can shut yourself in your room; darken the windows; chink up the cracks so that no sound can reach you. But this is not the kind of solitude you need; it will do you more harm than good, and leave you morbid and depressed.

Many have found a new interest in life, to say nothing of the peace for which we all yearn, by getting close to the heart of nature. Many a woman has forgotten her troubles while working with her flowers. I once had a neighbor who probably loves her flowers more than anything else, except her friends. It was a common thing to see her working in her garden. But when we saw her bending over a pansy bed much longer than was necessary to

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weed it, we knew that she had something on her mind. Perhaps one of her friends was ill. At any rate, she had gone outdoors—the church that is always open—to be alone with her thoughts. Only God knew of the prayers that were wafted upward along with the fragrance of the flowers!

There is probably nothing in nature that appeals to the human heart in exactly the way that flowers do.

I have often wondered how many souls have found themselves amid the glorious beauty of the Magnolia Gardens near Charleston, South Carolina, said by world travelers to be one of the loveliest spots on earth.

The solemn grandeur of the live oaks, with their drapery of Spanish moss; the hush of the vast swamp; the quiet peacefuiness of the marsh; the acres of azalia, camellia, and magnolia; and the solitude and restfulness of it all, reach deep down in the heart and leave it cleansed and purified. I cannot imagine getting lonely in a garden of roses; or having the blues where violets bloom; or swearing in the presence of Easter lilies.

It was my good fortune to know, and claim as a friend, one of nature's noblemen —a courtly, big-hearted man, who for many years was at the head of a large manufacturing establishment, but who was never too busy to see and enjoy the little things around.

The birds particularly interested him, and his grounds and gardens became a veritable safety zone for the feathered tribe. During his latter years, his eyes failed, and most of the time he was confined to the house. But he had known and loved the birds, and to the very last he enjoyed sitting on his piazza and listening to their songs and merry calls. Though he could no longer see them, he knew their voices, and prided himself on saying: "That is a catbird; that is a robin," or "What could be sweeter than that thrush's song?" or, "I believe that is the same mockingbird that has been building in that rose vine for years."

Suppose that he had been so taken up with business that he had never noticed the birds, how empty those darkened days would have been!

I HAD another friend who was first a traveling man and then a merchant. Of all my friends, I think he was the one who most enjoyed getting away from the grind of business and off in the country for a day's outing. At heart, he never quit being a boy, though at the time I knew him he must have been sixty-five or seventy years old.

Fishing was his failing, but he did not care whether the fish bit or not; he was satisfied just to sit on the bank and watch his cork—though, when I come to think of it, he did not use a cork, but a quill. He was interested in everything, from the gaudy dragonfly that did a balancing act on the tip of his rod, to the mellowbugs that cut didos in the still water under the bank. I actually believe he even had a kindly feeling for the sweat flies that kept him slapping.

One day, in a casual sort of way, he said that he and his doctor had threshed things out. He had been told very plainly that it would be wise to get his affairs in shape, as he might have to leave them at any time.

He was baiting a fish hook when he repeated this to me. There was not a tremor in his voice, and his hand was as steady as ever—that was the kind of man he was. In the next breath he added that we were not to give up our outings, but instead there were to be more of them. You see, we could not afford to lose any time.

While nature did not cure his malady, it cured him of thinking of himself, and of brooding over his condition. That was a great deal. To tell the truth, I really believe that his last days were among the happiest of his life. If he had lived shut up in the house, with nothing to do but count days, think how much he would have suffered! But under the soothing touch of nature, the days slipped by as quietly as beads from a broken strand, and we scarcely noticed their going.

THE darkest day that ever dawned in my life came a few years ago, when I stood beside the still form of one who for more than forty years had been the greater part of my existence.

The end was not unexpected; but there are some things in life you cannot prepare for. Knowing that they are coming does not lessen the shock when they do come.

In imagination, I must have followed that form to the family plot in the churchyard a thousand times; and for months in my dreams I could hear the falling clods; but all that took none of the bitterness from the cup when my fear became a reality.

Some sorrows are too deep for words, and the kindly sympathy of friends only seems to open the wounds afresh. After the flowers had been heaped on the mound, I went back to the place which for so many years I had called home. But I found only emptiness and memories. I had to get away from it all—to find some place where I could think things out, and see if there was anything worth saving left from the wreck of my life. In this frame of mind, I went outdoors, and without realizing what I was doing took the road that led to the hills.

As I walked and walked, all nature called as it had never called before, and with heart bowed down, I answered the call. At the end of an hour or so, houses, people, and traveled roads were behind me, and I found myself among my old friends, the trees. The leaves appeared to whisper a welcome, and the solemn hush of the forest seemed to enter my soul and leave something of its peaceful quiet Somehow nature never appeared so restful as on that summer day; the green of grass was never so vivid; the sky was never so blue; the purple of the mountains was never so soft, or the music of the pines so soothing.

Unreservedly I surrendered to the subtle influences, and a strange peace seemed to envelop and become a part of me—it was like going into a warm room after a day of lowering clouds, cold winds, and driving storm. The silence and the solitude were what my being craved. While I had not forgotten the sorrow that I can never forget, still it seemed to be a great way off, as if seen through a haze or mist.

As I was walking home in the holy hush of the late afternoon, a strange glow suffused the landscape, and the trees and hillsides shone with a reflected radiance,

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as if lighted by a great conflagration.

Looking back, I was greeted by a vision the like of which I have seldom seen. The whole heavens had become one molten, mantling sea of color. The sun was setting in a glow of crimson and gold, and the colors were changing right before my eyes. As I drank in the beauty of it all, the crimson faded to the pink that peach blossoms wear; and then into lavender, and the lavender into pearl-gray; while the gold became brighter and brighter, and faded into amber, and then, little by little, the clouds became ordinary clouds, and the glorious spectacle was over.

As I watched the shifting glories of that sunset, I seemed to see beyond the clouds, and into the City not made with hands. My vision reached beyond the temporal, and I got a glimpse of eternal justice—the justice that cannot err, and the mercy that tempers the wind to the weak and helpless. In short, I saw God in it all, and realized that where God is there can be no mistakes.

EDGAR A. GUEST has a way of tackling his subject so that you feel it is a personal conversation between you and him. He also makes you think that it is about time to turn over a new leaf and begin afresh. His next month's article, "Don't Short-Change on the Little Things of Life," is no exception to the rule. We all know that the average day is made up of small deeds and incidents—the commonplace things of life. It is a good policy occasionally to get back to homespun truths and recognize their worth. And there is no gainsaying the fact that it *is* the little things of life that make life worth living.

I Got Tired of Being a Fool

(*Continued from page 31*)

little mouth wide open, like a baby robin in its nest, yelling, yearning, pleading, and expecting tobacco; and there were times when all the nerves in my body begged for coffee. But I stuck it out. The battle lasted for two months, and since then I have had no desire for any of the things I cut off my list.

Meanwhile, I had landed with the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the company I am with now. Business came slowly at first; my wife and I were hard up for quite a time, but that does not and did not matter, for in the period of financial stress I learned how to overcome fear, temper, and depression.

Take fear first, for it is the greatest enemy we have. Whenever I felt a little quaky, I reasoned with myself that fear was not on that list of enduring qualities—it was not one of the nine magic words. But reason, alone, is not enough, so when the old bugbear tried to slip up on me, I'd say, "Now is the time to think of somebody else, anybody else, everybody else except myself."

That was and is my rule for treating fear, and it has worked. For instance: During those first months when I was try-

Fatigue! Headache! Constipation!

ENO *will combat these symptoms of "intestinal toxicity"*

MODERN life, with its business activities, its social whirl, its love of sports, demands the utmost from women. The one who is listless, who must conserve her energy, who suffers from headaches and fatigue, is placed under a truly tremendous handicap.

And so often the trouble is easy to combat. For bilious attacks, bad breath, tiredness are usually signs that intestinal toxicity is stealing away vitality and strength (and beauty, all too frequently).

This condition is not one that calls for the use of drastic, bitter cathartics. At the best, they only bring temporary relief and often shock the system unnecessarily. Why not, instead, trust yourself to the gentle, thorough action of ENO's Effervescent Saline. So many thousands have tried it—with such unfailing success!

ENO is a delightful, sparkling saline that tends to settle an upset stomach. Its gentle, laxative action thoroughly flushes and cleanses your overloaded digestive tract and washes away the poisons that constantly accumulate in your intestines.

ENO has a really pleasant taste . . . unlike so many other "salts." It does not gripe nor interfere with the daily routine. You'll like it . . . and you'll like the way ENO has of "setting you up" for the day.

Tired digestion and bad breath, caused by intestinal toxicity, may be overcome. Eat reasonably, exercise moderately but regularly, drink plenty of water . . . and try ENO regularly in the morning. ENO has been the standard effervescent saline the world over for 60 years—particularly in the tropics, *where constipation is so prevalent* . . . and so dangerous to neglect!

Your druggist has ENO at 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Get a bottle today and take it regularly morning or evening. Keep it in the bathroom.

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ENO — health precaution—will cost you less than 3c a day.

When you get up, simply take a glass of water and add a generous teaspoonful of ENO. *Taking this sparkling, delightful saline regularly will help to keep you fit and eager throughout the hardest day.*

For a business headache, nothing is better than a glass of ENO. *You can get it at the better soda fountains everywhere.*

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Shave faster than you ever shaved before

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Try MOLLÉ (MÖ-LAY) for a week at our expense!

See why a million men have switched, permanently, to MOLLÉ. Find out what we mean when we say MOLLÉ *lubricates the shave* with a protective film of healing creams, so you can shave faster than ever before, but without danger of cutting the skin.

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Every MOLLÉ shave is, in reality, *facial treatment*—as refreshing and stimulating as a head-barber's facial massage.

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A Whale of a Tube, 50c—at your Druggist

ing to write insurance, I often did not have enough money to live on.

One day I faced real financial need. I just had to do something. What should I do? This rule came to me: "When you are keenly conscious of your own needs, do something for somebody else!" That seemed to me to be spiritually sound, so I followed it. Over on the East Side (I had moved to New York City with my family) there is a hospital for crippled children. I went to the superintendent and persuaded him to let me entertain the youngsters. First, I told them stories which fell flat; next, I tried reading to them, and that venture flopped also. I was up against it now, sure enough, for here I had undertaken something for others, and was about to fail in it! In desperation I decided that, upon my next visit to the hospital, I'd sing. Now, I'm no wood thrush. As a songster, I'm more in the class of the jay. But the children liked my singing, and that was the main thing.

Every Sunday for a year I went to that hospital and sang. I know nothing of music, so, to keep my repertoire fresh, I'd buy talking-machine records, play them at home, and learn the songs from the machine. At the outset, I didn't have money enough to pay for the records, so I went to a recording company, explained what I was doing, and they gave me fifty or more songs for children, all of which I learned by painstaking practice over the music box. But before the year was over I had money enough to buy records, and money enough to buy a good many other things. By refusing to put money first, I seemed to have hit upon the key to money-making. Business began coming my way, and it came fast! My rule, "When you are conscious of your own needs, do something for somebody else," apparently was working financially as well as spiritually. Certainly in my own case it was working that way, and still is.

THE biggest insurance policy I ever wrote—it was for one million sixty-five thousand dollars—was written without solicitation on my part. I heard of a woman who was in deep trouble; I dropped everything and went to help her, and actually was able to help her, which made me very happy. Her brother, after it was all over, came to me and of his own accord suggested this tremendous policy. That's how things work out in my experience. I do not give more than half of my time to business; the rest of it I give to people who are in trouble of one kind or another, and who think that I may help them. The result is that I am constantly elated at the chances I have to be of real use to people; business comes as a by-product.

I will never go into any business venture if my happiness depends, even in some small degree, upon the outcome of it. Before I visit a man in an effort to sell him insurance, I become plainly certain that my happiness does not depend upon the success of my efforts. No business in the world is worth unhappy hours. Some months ago I was working on a very large policy; I had spent much time and money in preparing this case, and had every reason to believe that it would go through as I had planned. The morning came for me to close the contract, and I set out for the man's office. Before reaching it I stopped to think: will I be downcast if the thing goes against me? I assured myself that it was safe to proceed, that my happiness, even for the day, was not at stake.

The man saw me as soon as I sent in my name. We began to talk, and he steered the talk around to one side of the subject. I saw that the policy I had worked so hard for was about to fall through. He became apologetic.

"I feel miserable about this," he said. "You had reason to think I would take the insurance, you have spent your time and money in trying to sell me, and now I can't go through with the deal. . . ."

"Now, you forget all about me," I broke in. "I came here to do you a service, and I still want to serve you. I am amply repaid for all my time and money, for it has been a great pleasure to know you. I would never have come if I had thought my coming would bring worry."

I left his office in high spirits. I had conquered depression and disappointment; had proved that I am subject to elation but not to depression. Wasn't that more worth while than a signed contract?

NOW for the sequel: I considered that business venture closed; but a few weeks later the man wrote to ask that I call on him, and I did.

"I still cannot take that insurance," he said; "but I have been wondering if you could use letters of introduction to one hundred of the biggest men in the East. You were so decent to me that I want to make it up to you."

Of course I could use those letters, and I am using them. They give me a working basis for an entire year, which probably will be the most profitable year I have ever known.

Profit, financial and spiritual, comes to the man who doesn't bark too eagerly on its trail. A good many years ago a dwarf came to see me. He was looking for a job, and was very much downcast, complaining that because of his size no one would employ him. I helped him get a job, and saw him no more for many months.

Christmas Day arrived, and someone called at my door. I went out and there was the dwarf with a present for me. Each Christmas he comes, bringing me some little remembrance, and his visit is the finest part of my Christmas celebration. The hour or more I spent with that dwarf on his first visit to me has yielded the biggest profits I ever got from the investment of a similar period of time—spiritual profits, which I would not trade for any other kind.

Fear and depression I got rid of by reasoning and by action. Outbreaks of temper were ditched in much the same way. One night soon after I came to New York, and when I lived away up in the Bronx and was broke, I had to stay downtown until late. Subway trains were running at infrequent intervals; I was dog-tired and eager to be home, so I dived into a subway station, hoping to play in luck and get a train within a minute or two. A train was standing as I started down the steps; I speeded up and was about to enter one of the cars when the guard slid the door shut before me. He could have let me enter without delaying the train. His act was unnecessarily rude, and I felt a hot wave of anger surge in me.

"Stop!" I said to myself. "Don't be a fool. You've missed the train and must

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wait ten or fifteen minutes for another. Nothing you can do will speed the next one, so why burn up your energy by getting mad?"

The reasoning was sound; but reasoning, as I have already told you, isn't enough in my case—it must be followed by action. So I looked around to see if there was anyone I might be of use to, and far up the platform I saw a woman with a baby and a suit case. She was leaving the station.

"May I help you?" I asked.

"I need some help," she said; "but it would be an imposition to ask you to come with me as I am going across town to the Pennsylvania Railroad station."

"Let me take you!" I urged.

I took the suit case and we went up to the street, got a taxi and drove to her destination, waited there for her train, and then I helped her aboard. All of this delayed me two hours. But I was in high spirits! I had conquered a fit of silly temper, had forgotten my fatigue, and was happy.

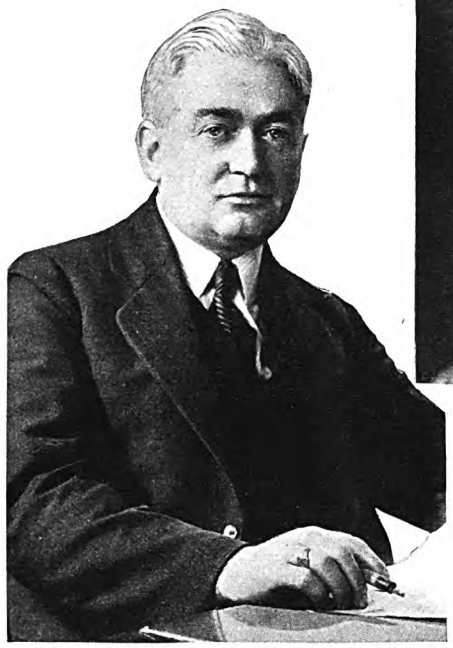
Did you ever stop to think that if a man were ordered to be as big a fool as he is, he would revolt? For instance, suppose you were ordered to get up with a grouch, would you do it? Suppose you were ordered to be cross to your family if things didn't go exactly right, would you obey?

We do a thousand foolish things that we would not do if we were ordered to do them, because then we would see how absurd they are. Can you imagine a man obeying if he were ordered to get mad at a stuck dresser drawer, cuss it, jerk it, yank it out of place and spill its contents on the floor? Can you imagine anyone getting furious at a collar button if someone else had told him he had to be furious at it? But we do these fool things, and by doing them we use up enough energy to accomplish some really worthwhile end. You can exhaust yourself by anger, for anger is a consuming passion; but you cannot ruin your day by being cheerful, for cheerfulness is strengthening. You can make a mess of the day, or of life, by being gloomy, but you'll never make a mess because of genuine elation.

I AM just an ordinary, garden variety human who did not want to keep on being a fool. That's why I banished fear, worry, anger, depression, temper, and a lot of other things from my life. I believe that if I, with only a fifth-grade education and average intelligence, could do this, other people could, also. Perhaps the methods I have used will not work in all cases. They worked for me—that's why I told you of them. But if my system doesn't work for you, some other system will and, man! you ought to try it.

Life becomes almost automatic if you tap the source of strength, of love, of happiness upon which life depends. It is silly for a poor little insignificant mortal, such as I am, to buck the great stream of eternal life. I sought it out, and flow along with it. In that stream are those qualities I am trying to reflect. My nine magic words are ships on the surface of that stream. My entire span of life is from the time I awake in the morning until I go to sleep again at night. The past is over, the future hasn't come. I do not worry over the one nor fear the other, for my concern is to make a fine job of today!

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤



(Above) "Pinaud's Lilac keeps your skin in prime condition, makes it look fresh and clear," says C. E. Landsberry, a leading salesman of the Metropolitan Life

(Left) "No fear of infection when your skin's protected by Pinaud's Lilac," declares J. F. Farrell, who stands high on the Metropolitan Life's star sales list

Leading Salesmen of the Metropolitan Life find this *skin bracer* invaluable

A FAMOUS skin bracer, Pinaud's Lilac, not only gives the *look* of health, but actually makes a skin healthy, leading salesmen of great corporations declare.

Its tonic qualities, they say, have the same stimulating effect on the muscles of the face that exercise has on the whole body.

Like exercise, it sends the blood rushing to feed the surface of the skin. It braces sagging tissues, delays pouches and wrinkles, keeps the skin young.

And Pinaud's Lilac is antiseptic, too. It sterilizes after-shaving nicks; absolutely prevents blemishes and infections.

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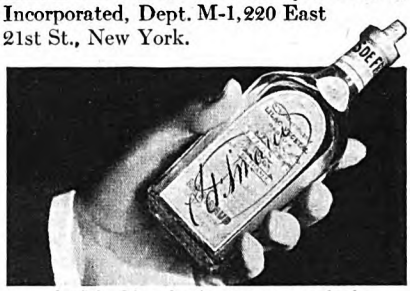

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Copr. 1928, Pinaud, Inc. THE FAMOUS SKIN BRACER

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Scattergood and the Square Peg

(*Continued from page 51*)

commencing," said Lawton, "to build a logging railroad."

"Through our town?"

"Right smack," said Lawton.

"Huntin' trouble, eh," demanded Pete Haddy belligerently. "W-al, you're runnin' into it. The' hain't no road goin' through this here valley. Now, jest pack up your kit, and git!"

"I said we weren't hunting trouble," said Lawton; "but we are building a road. The road is going up this valley. Your name is Haddy, is it not? It seems to me I met one of your family in town the other day."

"We hain't forgot it, neither."

"What can happen to one Haddy," said Lawton, "can happen to six. If you behave, we will go along about our business. You will not be hurt by this road. It is necessary to the development of this section. You have no right to interfere with it."

"We make our own rights up here. You clear out whilst you got your health."

"Now, listen carefully," said Lawton. "This road is going through. It is going up this valley. We sha'n't meddle with you if you don't meddle with us. But I've been hearing a lot about you, Haddy, and what kind of town you run. I know you are squatters with no rights. I know you've terrorized this country for years. So far as I'm concerned, you can keep on doing it—as long as you don't interfere with my job. But, Mr. Haddy, lift one hand to interfere with me here, and you're done. Just one hostile move from you, and the town of Hell's Half Acre goes off the map. Am I clear?"

Haddy laughed scornfully. "Big talk!" he said. "If you hain't give this up and moved out of here by nightfall, I calc'late to move ye myself before mornin'. That's the last word."

"Then," said Lawton, "good afternoon!"

THE six trooped off with truculence in every movement of their huge shoulders. Lawton turned to Fred Norton and whistled.

"Well," he said, "that's that!"

"It's what we're here for," Fred said simply.

"If I'm any guesser," said Lawton, "Scattergood Baines put us here for more than building a railroad. He's got something on his mind."

"And so," said Fred, "have I." Fred was remembering his wife, the girl he had married out of Half Acre—that kidnapped child, who still lived under Pete Haddy's threat.

"How many men in Half Acre?"

"Couple of dozen."

"All big as these Haddys?"

"They're the pick of 'em."

"Why have they never been cleaned out?"

"I calc'late they got to be a kind of habit with us. We got used to havin' 'em around."

"But the law?"

"The law has to have proofs," said Fred. "We know what they been up to; but provin' it in a court's somethin' else."

"Ah," said Lawton. "Proof!" He stood for a few moments considering this and that before he spoke again. "Fred," he said, "they'll be down on us tonight."

"To be sure."

"You picked our men pretty carefully?"

"As good men as the' is in the state."

"Call them off the storage shed," said Lawton. "We'll lug the most valuable supplies into the bunk-house. With twelve men we can't defend both buildings."

"If we leave the warehouse they'll burn it."

"Did you ever happen to hear of a crime by the name of arson? They send people to jail for it—nice long terms."

"If they ketch 'em," said Fred.

"Um." Lawton kicked an implement at his feet. "The handle of that will make a nice weapon. Who's our best woodsman?"

"De Bar, the Canuck."

"As soon as it gets dark, have him on the job on the edge of Half Acre. If the Haddys start for us, he must beat them to it and give us warning."

Fred nodded.

"AND our job," Lawton went on, "is to save the bunk-house and supplies—and to identify raiders. So they can be sworn to in court. Send a man into town for a reel of barbed wire. Put a gang to setting posts around the bunk-house."

"Goin' to call for more help?"

"I don't remember that Mr. Baines said anything about our doing that," said Lawton, with a grin.

So every man was put to work again. Posts were set in the ground in a circle around the bunk-house; materials were piled inside, and all was made ready. The wire arrived before dusk, and was strung rapidly into an encircling entanglement. The Frenchman, De Bar, strode off through the woods to take up his watch on the edge of Half Acre. Then, nothing remained but to wait.

Darkness fell. It was nine o'clock when De Bar came into camp with the news that Half Acre was moving: twenty-odd men were on their way through the woods, with the Haddys at their head.

"Light every light," said Lawton. "Make this bunk-house look as if there were a party on."

It was done. Then he led the entire army outside the barbed wire and concealed them in a clump of young spruce, midway between the unfinished buildings, each man armed with a heavy peavey handle. And there they waited, all but De Bar, who went scouting through the woods. In half an hour he returned, to report that the raid was at his heels.

"Quiet, everybody," said Lawton.

"Be you goin' to let 'em have the shed there for nothin'?" asked Fred.

"I guess it'll be worth it," Lawton said, with a chuckle.

Presently, sounds became audible. Men were lurking in the woods near at hand. Lawton thought he could follow their mental processes: They would reconnoiter, find the storehouse unguarded and put the torch to it. Then, in the confusion of the fire would come the attack on the bunk-house. And he figured rightly.

Black shadows flitted into view; then yellow flames arose, which, as they licked upward, were accompanied by a chorus of savage yells. The men from Half Acre massed beside the burning building.

"Remember," said Lawton, "the main business is to identify them. Be able to swear to names!"

"But hain't we to git no fightin'?" asked a big lumberjack.

"Some," said Lawton; "and we get it *now*."

The score of attackers moved across the clearing toward the bunk-house, a straggling army.

"Keep close together," whispered Lawton. "Stick in a mass. Wait till they're abreast of us. The minute they run against the wire I'll give the word."

Pete Haddy's voice arose in a bellow of command and of challenge. Half Acre charged the bunk-house, but in the darkness plunged headlong against unexpected barbed wire.

"Now!" whispered Lawton. And his little army emerged from the clump of spruces in a solid phalanx, peavey handles aloft. In the confusion and the uproar of profanity their approach was not observed until they were in the midst of the Haddyites, taking them on the flank and cutting through them like water through sand. The surprise was complete—and a man who takes over the head a peavey handle swung with enthusiasm by powerful arms is apt to lose interest in events. The phalanx reversed, plowed its way through again, and the fight was over.

Half Acre bellowed its pained surprise, and took to its heels. But not all of it. Five men remained more or less quiescent on the ground, one attempting painfully to crawl away into the protection of the forest. All five were secured: one Haddy and four citizens of lesser note.

"Not bad for a start," said Lawton. "Tie 'em up tight. We'll keep 'em for souvenirs. I guess we're through for the night. But a couple of fellows better stand watch. I'm going to town."

"For help?" asked Fred.

"For badges!" said Lawton, with a chuckle. "We're going to make it official. And how many can you men swear to?"

"I calc'late between the dozen of us, we can swear to all of 'em," said Fred.

"I'll be back before morning," said Lawton.

HE WALKED down the tote road to the place where an ancient flivver had been parked, and drove with speed to Coldriver and to Scattergood Baines's farmhouse. Scattergood was in bed, but answered the pounding upon his door in a nightgown of pink flannelette which did not enhance greatly his natural beauty.

"Huh," he grunted noncommittally.

"Are you a friend of the sheriff's?" asked Lawton.

"Hollerin' for help? Kind of figger you can't manage alone?"

Lawton grinned. "No, sir. But I've always wanted to wear a badge. I like

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He Has Hit on the Big Secret of Successful Retailing!

Albert DePrez, Successful Merchant of Shelbyville, Indiana, Tells FARM & FIRESIDE His Merchandising Secrets

THE big store of J. G. DePrez Co., in Shelbyville, Indiana, started in business 48 years ago—as a hardware store.

Today it's hard to tell what kind of store it is. For you can buy practically anything there from a roll of wire fence to a grand piano. Yet it isn't, strictly speaking, a department store.

It's just "Deppry's"—that's the way people who live in the big store's 20-mile trading radius refer to it.

And it's a merchandizing institution in a class all by itself—simply because Albert DePrez, head of the store and a shrewd and far-sighted merchant if ever there was one, foresaw the changing trend in consumer buying.

And he organized his store to suit the shopping habits of a *new* type of hardware store customer.

What was the changing trend in consumer buying he observed? What was the secret—and how did he meet it?

He Tells FARM & FIRESIDE

One of the striking things about the DePrez store is the fact that it has built up its present huge sales volume right next door to a big city.

Indianapolis is only an hour's trolley ride away.

Yet this unusual store more than holds its own in the face of a big-city store competition, a fact that reflects its aggressive merchandising policy.

A Store Newspaper

Advertising, of course, has been a big factor in the store's success. Unlike most retail stores it has an advertising department of its own. Mr. DePrez explains how his investment here has always paid good dividends.

And he tells why it pays to get a monthly store newspaper that goes into the homes of 6500 farm families—a larger circulation than any local newspaper has.

Judging from the quick complaint that comes into the post office when some farmer fails to get his copy on time, the editor of this paper evidently knows what kind of news is most interesting to farmers and their families. Mr. DePrez tells the secret of that, too.

Monthly Sales—and Why

Why does this store find it profitable to run a feature sale once a month? It's interesting to note its experience in this direction—and to see how these sales are planned and carried out.

Mr. DePrez also explains how the cost of increased selling activity always pays its own way—and a profit—if it's handled wisely.

"Of course it costs more to sell more," he says. "But on the other hand it's *worth* more."

He tells also how they sell stoves. This is one of the departments in which they have hung up a real sales record. But most of the credit for this record, he says, goes to a new type of stove which, because it is a *merchandizable* product, has rejuvenated the stove business.

Send the Coupon

These are just a few hints at the rich record of this merchant's successful experience.

Get the whole story in FARM & FIRESIDE's latest successful-dealer interview—now published in a folder, a copy of which will be mailed free to any small-city retailer who sends in the attached coupon.

FARM & FIRESIDE'S Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE's series—which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-*personal* magazine—edited straight to the *individual* and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying FARM & FIRESIDE's interview with Albert De Prez, successful merchant of Shelbyville, Indiana.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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badges. They look so nice on your coat."

"Um. . . . Anythin' happen?"

"Nothing to speak of," said Lawton.

"Got to have that there badge tonight?"

"I'd like it."

"Come in and set. I'll see if I kin wake him on the telephone. Want to git swore as a deppity, eh?"

"That's all."

Scattergood worked the handle of the antique telephone instrument until he was answered. "Sheriff," he said, "I'm sendin' a young feller down to get deputized. He wants him a badge. Name of Stewart."

"I thought my name was Jones," said Lawton.

"Jest," said Scattergood, "fer special purposes!"

"Good night, and thank you," said Lawton.

"G'-by," said Scattergood.

The sheriff was awaiting Lawton's arrival and, after duly swearing him in as a deputy, handed him a shining nickeled badge. The young man pinned it ostentatiously upon his coat and, chuckling, drove away toward his construction camp, where he arrived well before daylight. All was quiet. Half Acre had had enough for the night.

The camp was awake at dawn.

"I wonder how Half Acre's feelin' this mornin'?" asked Fred Norton.

"They probably drowned their sorrows," said Lawton, "so they won't be very chipper today."

"And they'll be lame heads," said Fred.

"IN WHICH case," Lawton said, "there's no time for finishing up a job like the present. You men are now a *posse comitatus*."

"I know what a posse is; but what's the other thing?"

Lawton grinned. "It means a posse with peavey handles!" he said. "We're going at this as legally as a Philadelphia lawyer. See my badge? I'm a regular, honest-to-goodness deputy sheriff, with warrants and everything. Swore them out last night for all the men you fellows identified."

"Gosh!" said Fred, "you move spry."

"So," said Lawton, "I'm on my way to make a few arrests. Anybody who wants to go along is welcome."

In ten minutes the posse was on its way through the woods, with De Bar and Fred Norton thrown out ahead as scouts. Without misadventure they reached the hill above Half Acre and, from their concealment, looked down upon the squalid hamlet. Drab, unpainted, slatternly houses fronted each other irregularly along an unkempt road. Few signs of life were visible. A man passed along the road toward the building at the end, which Fred identified as the general store and village saloon.

"Bet they're mostly there gettin' a pick-me-up," he said.

"Anyhow," said Lawton, "they're not expecting a visit. Let's go down."

They started down the hill, keeping well under cover, and so approached Haddy's barroom, where were gathered no fewer than sixteen of the denizens of the place. Not a few of them wore bandages; one man carried an arm in a sling, and there was a general air of moroseness.

Pete Haddy sat upon the counter, scowling. "Somebody's goin' to git hurt fer this," he growled.

"And we got to git back Mike and the boys," said Tom Haddy.

"Give the boys another drink, and we'll git started," Haddy said.

But the refreshments were never served, for a voice from the door interrupted: "Do you mind if I join you?" asked Lawton Stewart.

The men in the room swung suddenly, saw him leaning against the jamb of the door and smiling upon them genially. They surged toward him; but he raised his hand.

"Now, boys," he said, "let's be sensible. I wouldn't be surprised if there were a thousand men outside. Maybe two or three thousand. So let's all be gentle. And you might look at my little star." He waggled the lapel of his coat, upon which was pinned his deputy's badge. "You boys have been naughty. You went and burned up valuable property last night; and you oughtn't to have done that."

"Rush him!" said Haddy, leaping the counter.

"Look at the window," said Lawton.

They looked. Smoke rolled upward, obscuring the view; flames leaped and crackled.

"You boys were so fond of fire," Lawton said, "we thought we would bring some along. . . . Now, stand easy. We've enough men on guard to keep you in here until you're as crisp as boarding-house steaks. It wouldn't be a bad idea. . . . And if one of you makes another step this way that's what'll happen!"

Again he smiled on them; saw panic come to birth on those bearded, evil faces. Man, in common with all animals, fears fire as he fears few other things in heaven or earth. Smoke and sparks were now drifting through the window, filling the room. Lawton had counted upon the effect of all this.

"You've a right to stay here and roast," he said. "Or you can step out one by one as I indicate you with my finger. We're kind and gentle and don't want to harm a hair of your heads; but we're sort of irritated too. Now, I'm going to count ten. If Pete Haddy isn't through the door before I finish, why, nobody goes through the door at all. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." Haddy hesitated. He scowled upon his men, but found no strength there, only a sudden terror, an animal fear. "Five . . . six . . ."

HADDY shouted a curse and strode toward the door. As he came abreast of Lawton that young man deftly stepped to one side, swiftly placed a hand between Pete's shoulders and pushed mightily. Haddy went headlong into the waiting arms outside.

"You next," said Lawton, pointing. "And you . . . and you." In ten minutes the room was empty of all save choking smoke. Lawton followed the last man, watched as he was securely bound, and then stepped to Pete Haddy's side.

"Pete," he said, "dry leaves make a fine fire, eh? You should have taken a closer look out of the window. Just a couple of bonfires, Pete—and they were half a dozen feet away. You don't think so quickly the morning after, do you?"

Pete growled profanity through his beard.

"I guess," said Lawton, "Half Acre'll have to go get itself a reputation. Letting thirteen men capture twenty-four of you in two tries. Why, Pete, I thought you were a hard, tough lot! . . . Hoist 'em up, boys. We'll walk 'em to camp."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he said, "I guess I've worked myself out of *this* job. Seems as though I might have strung it along a week or two more!"

SCATTERGOOD BAINES sat on the piazza of his hardware store entertaining a visitor—none other than Mr. Maclyn Stewart.

"This young man must be a go-getter," said Stewart. "To clean up Half Acre in two days, when it has been a fester in the landscape for a dozen years!"

"Calc'late he's perty good," said Scattergood. "Funny thing, though, the' was folks called him wuthless."

"It's remarkable how some men are unable to perceive real ability," said Mr. Stewart.

"Does beat all. But I notice, if you ram a square peg into a round hole nobody kin see any virtue in the peg. Now, this here young man wouldn't amount to shucks as a bank clerk. I bet you'd fire him in a week."

"But why should anyone want a man like that to wear a white collar? He belongs out in the air, doing things."

"Jest what I calc'lated," said Scattergood. "Now what d'ye calc'late we better do fer him?"

"I can tell that better when I see him. But offhand I'd say he is the sort of man I've been looking for these many years. A man I can trust with my lumber interests—to take care of my cutting operations and oversee the woods."

"Sich men is rare," said Scattergood dubiously.

"I think we've found one."

"W-al," said Scattergood, "you kin take a look at him. He's jest crossin' the bridge. . . . Name of Jones."

Maclyn Stewart looked, and shook his head. He looked again, and saw coming toward him a young man roughly dressed in such clothing as your lumberjack has found most suitable for his employment. He was not a big young man. But, somehow, he seemed big. There was a swing to his shoulders, a thrust to his stride, a sort of physical efficiency which made him impressive as a spectacle.

Mr. Stewart got to his feet. "He . . . he looks familiar!"

"Name of Jones," repeated Scattergood with a chuckle.

"Name of Jones nothing!" said Maclyn with sudden excitement. "Jones—huh!" He took the step at a leap. "Lawton, Lawton!" he called, and his voice broke, "it's Dad . . . it's your dad!"

"Well," said Lawton presently, "that's a heap better than being a father!"

"I resigned that job," Maclyn said jubilantly. And then, "Son, I never knew what pride was before."

"Um," said Scattergood, "the's another job you better resign."

"What's that?"

"Tryin' to make sow's ears out of silk purses!" said Mr. Baines.

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This stone lumber never wears out

Johns-Manville Transite, as easily handled as wood, is as lasting and fireproof as rock

TRANSITE is the solution of many building problems.

Transite Asbestos Lumber is made from asbestos fibres and Portland Cement combined under tremendous pressure into monolithic, unlaminated sheets of any desired size or thickness.

Transite is literally stone lumber. Enduring as stone, convenient to use as wood, this remarkable building material has furnished timeproof, fireproof walls and roofs for thousands of industrial structures. Applied to skeleton frame buildings Johns-Manville Transite produces walls and roofs that will actually outlast the framework itself. For such purposes Transite is generally used in corrugated form, although flat sheets are sometimes preferable.

Transite is impervious to most fumes and gases, while the effect of weather is to harden and strengthen it.

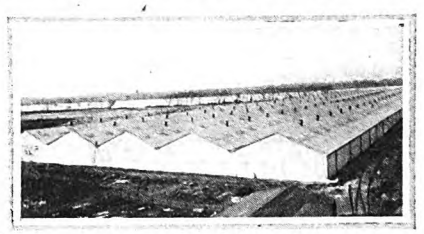
A Material of Many Uses

Transite, because of its strength, long life and other permanent qualities, is used for many purposes besides walls and roofs. Among these are interior ceilings and partitions, smoke flues and jacks, hoods for paper machines and housings for other industrial equipment, arc barriers in electric power stations, dry kiln construction, and scores of other special uses.

Wherever it is desired to have a material which will resist weather, smoke, fumes and heat, or which will not be burned by electric arcs or fire, Transite is the most satisfactory material.

Made by Experts

Transite is made by Johns-Manville, pioneer developer of the use of Asbestos. The experience of more than fifty years is behind this wonderful manufactured stone. And this experience is not alone with the making of asbestos products, but with the needs of industry in general. Johns-Manville engineers work with power station experts, with famous architects and builders all over the country, and with the leading engineers of industry. Transite, as is true of all Johns-Manville products, is made to meet the known demands of those who should use it. This is the reason for the success of Transite, since with the compounding of the asbestos and the cement goes this background of engineering skill and experience which is, first of all, practical.



13 acres under one roof. This huge storage shed of a world-famous industrial corporation has a roof area of 13 acres. Both roof and walls are of everlasting Transite.

New ways of taking advantage of the valuable properties of Transite are constantly being developed. Our engineers are glad at all times to discuss the use of Transite with anyone interested. *Address Johns-Manville Corporation at New York, Chicago, Cleveland or San Francisco.*

MASTER of ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville

TRANSITE

AN ASBESTOS AND CEMENT BUILDING MATERIAL

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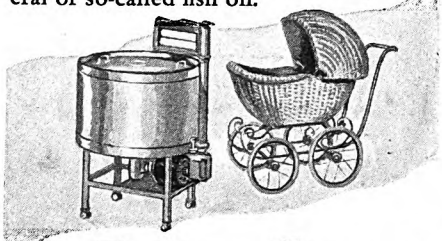
Which?

It's easy to choose between 3-in-One and just "any old oil" when you consider this: 3-in-One has been the outstanding packaged oil for thirty-four long years! Therefore, it *must* be good. And it is.

Several high quality oils are scientifically compounded to produce 3-in-One. That's why it is so much better than ordinary "machine oil" which is usually only a light mineral or so-called fish oil.



3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans & Polishes*

Use frequently and liberally on every light mechanism about the home—sewing machine, vacuum cleaner; the *motors* of washing machines, electric refrigerators, oil burners; also go-carts, roller skates, bicycles, scooters, locks, bolts, hinges. They will operate easier, last longer, require fewer repairs.

Sold everywhere in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans, 1-oz. "Oilright" Handy Cans and three size bottles by grocery, drug, notion, hardware and general stores. Ask for 3-in-One by name and look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

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LR071

THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

Should I Make My Children Pay Board?

WE HAD a pretty painful time at our house yesterday morning. I suppose I should come out plainly, and say that we had a family row. It started over a hat that my youngest daughter had brought home in triumph to me the night before.

At the breakfast table, Lou asked me if I were sure that I liked her gift. I had already expressed my thanks; but I knew that it would make the child happy for me to thank her all over again. I dutifully started in to do so, but I was interrupted by my only son, aged sixteen:

"You girls make me sick! Bringing home a little present to Mother now and then, and kidding yourselves that you are so big-hearted. You make a hundred dollars a month apiece. Together, you make as much as Dad does. *What you ought to do is pay board.* Then Mother would have money enough to buy things for herself, and not have to be forever thanking you two for things she doesn't want!"

This was the longest speech any of us had ever heard Junior make. It sort of struck us dumb for a second, and then it started me thinking. Was my policy in not having the girls pay board a mistaken kindness? I wondered. Was it something that might react to their detriment later on?

After the girls left for their jobs, I did a lot of thinking—and some telephoning, and the more I thought, the more convinced I became that Junior quite possibly was right. The girls really ought to pay board.

I REALIZED that my daughters haven't the faintest notion of the value of a dollar. Lou has been secretary to our leading lawyer for two years. Ellen has been teaching four years. Neither has ever saved a cent except what she put by for her summer trip to the mountains, or the seashore.

If their money gives out, they think nothing of asking for five or ten dollars to run them till next pay day. Then, if one of them buys new curtains for her room, or pays a weekly laundry bill, she feels that she has discharged her indebtedness. In mulling over these things, I realized for the first time that if my children were suddenly pushed out of the home nest they wouldn't know how to live on what they can earn. I saw that their standards of living were all wrong.

Worst of all, I saw that they were deceiving themselves. Aided and abetted by their father and me, they had somehow fooled themselves into thinking that they were self-supporting, just because they have jobs. They have even managed to convince themselves that they contribute their share to the upkeep of the house. Let one of them buy a pair of bath towels, and the other say, "Mother, I'll pay the telephone bill this month," and they feel self-righteous for weeks. I had smiled over this in the past; but I did not smile now. Indeed, the memory of it helped me make up my mind to explode my bomb that night.

I talked it over with my husband while I was dishing up supper. He gets off to work half an hour before the children have their breakfast, so he had missed the scene at the table.

WHEN we got to the dessert, I said, as casually as possible, "I've been thinking over that matter we were discussing at the breakfast table this morning, and I've decided that Junior is right. It isn't fair to you girls to let you think that food and shelter cost nothing, just because you get them at home.

"I called up Mrs. Nelson today and she tells me that she gets thirty dollars a month when two girls share a room. It's thirty-five when they have separate rooms. Now, you girls have separate rooms and a bath between you, but I'm going to charge you only thirty dollars. And, of course, you have the run of the house and the parlor to entertain your friends, while the girls down at Mrs. Nelson's have to share with fifteen or twenty others. You won't have to bother any more about housework, which you both hate," I finished. "I'm going to hire a good maid. That will make things a lot easier for me too."

The girls looked bewildered.

"All right, Mother," said Ellen, and Lou added, "Of course, Mother."

Junior looked at his plate.

Well, it was hard; but it had gone off all right. I was feeling fine about it until my sister dropped in this morning on her way back from the market.

"I saw Lou in the drug store," she said. "She tells me that you are going to make her and Ellen pay board. I think you're foolish, Nell. Look at my boy and girl, both working in the city. I don't see 'em once in three months. First thing you know, yours will be gone too. Mark my words, you'll regret it, Nell."

Maybe I *will* regret it. Maybe my sister is right, and Junior and I are wrong. I wish somebody would give me an answer to the riddle. MRS. N. G. M., GEORGIA.

Have You a Family's Problem in Your Home?

DO YOU have some family perplexity that you would care to submit to our readers for advice? Then why don't you write and tell us about it? If we print your letter we will pay you for it at our regular rates. Address Family's Problems Dept., THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

THE EDITOR.

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October, 1928

The American Magazine

MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION

ILLUSTRATED BY
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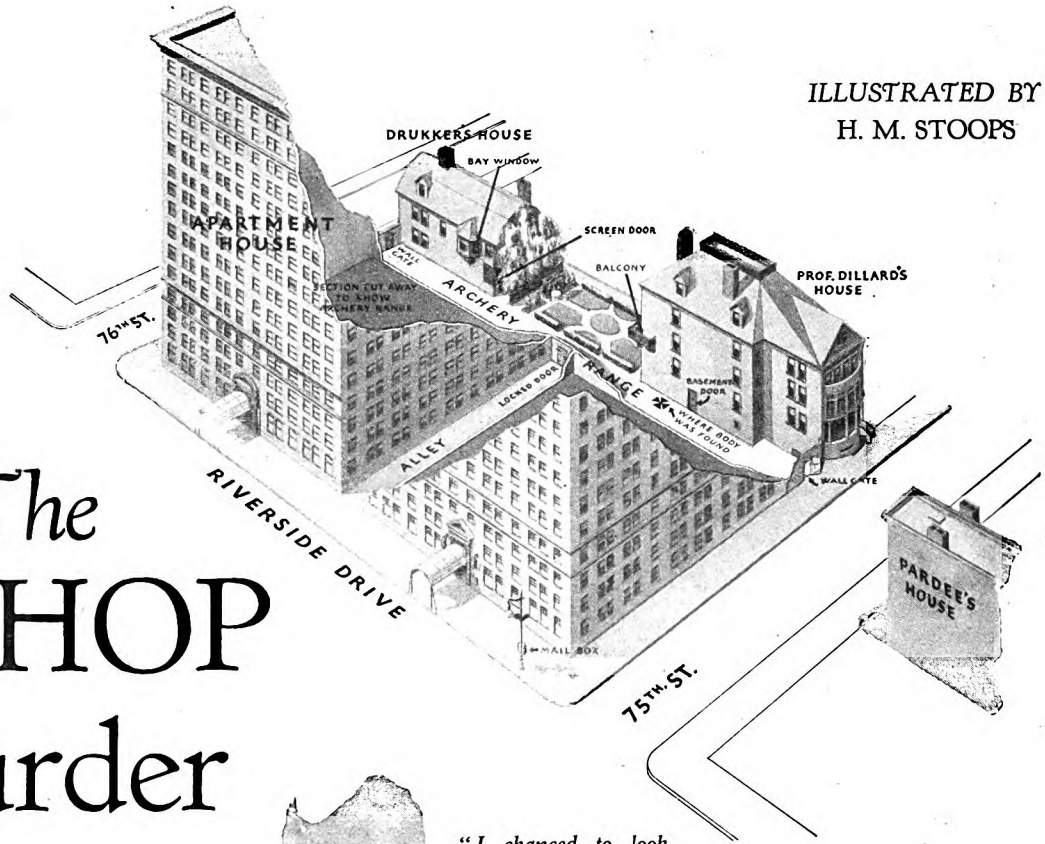

The BISHOP Murder Case

The new *PHILO VANCE* story by

S. S. VAN DINE

Author of the famous "Benson," "Canary," and "Greene" Murder Cases

"WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?"
(*Saturday, April 2d; noon.*)

OF ALL the criminal cases in which Philo Vance participated as an unofficial investigator, the most sinister, the most bizarre, the seemingly most incomprehensible, and certainly the most terrifying, was the one that followed the famous Greene murders.* The orgy of horror at the old Greene mansion had been brought to its astounding close in December; and after the Christmas holidays Vance had gone to Switzerland for the winter sports. Returning to New York at the end of February, he had thrown himself into some literary translations, and for over a month had devoted himself sedulously to this thankless task.

"I chanced to look down," said Professor Dillard, "and to my horrified amazement I saw Robin lying on his back with an arrow-shaft protruding from his breast"

Whether or not he would have completed the translations, even had his labors not been interrupted, I do not know; for Vance was a man of cultural ardencies, in whom the spirit of research and intellectual adventure was constantly at odds with the drudgery necessary to scholastic creation. I remember that only the preceding year he had begun writing a life of Xenophon—the result of an enthusiasm inherited from his university days when he had first read the "Anabasis" and the "Memorabilia"—and had lost interest in it at the point where Xenophon's historic march led the Ten Thousand back to the sea.

HOWEVER, the fact remains that Vance's translations were rudely interrupted in early April; and for weeks he became absorbed in a criminal mystery which threw the entire country into a state of gruesome excitement.

This new criminal investigation, in which he acted as a kind of *amicus curiæ* for John F.-X. Markham, the District Attorney of New York, at once became known as the Bishop murder case. The designation—the result of our journalistic instinct to attach labels to every

*"The Greene Murder Case" (Scribner's, 1928).

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cause célèbre—was, in a sense, a misnomer.

There was nothing ecclesiastical about that ghoulish saturnalia of crime which set an entire community to reading the "Mother Goose Melodies" with fearful apprehension;* and no one of the name of Bishop was, as far as I know, even remotely connected with the monstrous events which bore that appellation. But, withal, the word "Bishop" was appropriate, for it was an *alias* used by the murderer for the grimmest of purposes. Incidentally it was this name that eventually led Vance to the almost incredible truth, and ended one of the most ghastly multiple crimes in police history.

The series of uncanny and apparently unrelated events which constituted the Bishop murder case began on the morning of April 2d, less than five months after the double shooting of Julia and Ada Greene. It was one of those warm, luxurious spring days which sometimes bless New York in early April; and Vance was breakfasting in his little roof garden atop his apartment in East Thirty-eighth Street. It was nearly noon—for Vance worked or read until all hours, and was a late riser—and the sun, beating down from a clear blue sky, cast a mantle of introspective lethargy over the city. Vance sprawled in an easy chair, his breakfast on a low table beside him, gazing with cynical, regretful eyes down at the tree tops in the rear yard.

I knew what was in his mind. It was his custom each spring to go to France; and it had long since come to him to think, as it came to George Moore, that Paris and May were one. But the great trek of the post-war American *nouveaux riches* to Paris had spoiled his pleasure in this annual pilgrimage; and, only the day before, he had informed me that we were to remain in New York for the summer.

For years I had been Vance's friend and legal adviser—a kind of monetary steward and agent-companion. I had quitted my father's law firm of Van Dine, Davis and Van Dine to devote myself wholly to his interests—a post I found far more congenial than that of general attorney in a stuffy office—and though my own bachelor quarters were in a hotel on the West Side, I spent most of my time at Vance's apartment.

I HAD arrived early that morning, long before Vance was up, and, having gone over the first-of-the-month accounts, now sat smoking my pipe idly as he breakfasted.

"Y' know, Van," he said to me, in his emotionless drawl; "the prospect of spring and summer in New York is neither excitin' nor romantic. It's going to be a beastly bore. But it'll be less annoyin' than travelin' in Europe with the vulgar hordes of tourists jostlin' one at every turn. . . . It's very distressin'."

Little did he suspect what the next few weeks held in store for him. Had he known I doubt if even the prospect of an old pre-war spring in Paris would have taken him away; for his insatiable mind liked nothing better than a complicated problem; and even as he spoke to me that morning the gods that presided over his destiny were preparing for him a strange and fascinating enigma—one which was to stir the nation deeply and add a new and terrible chapter to the annals of crime.

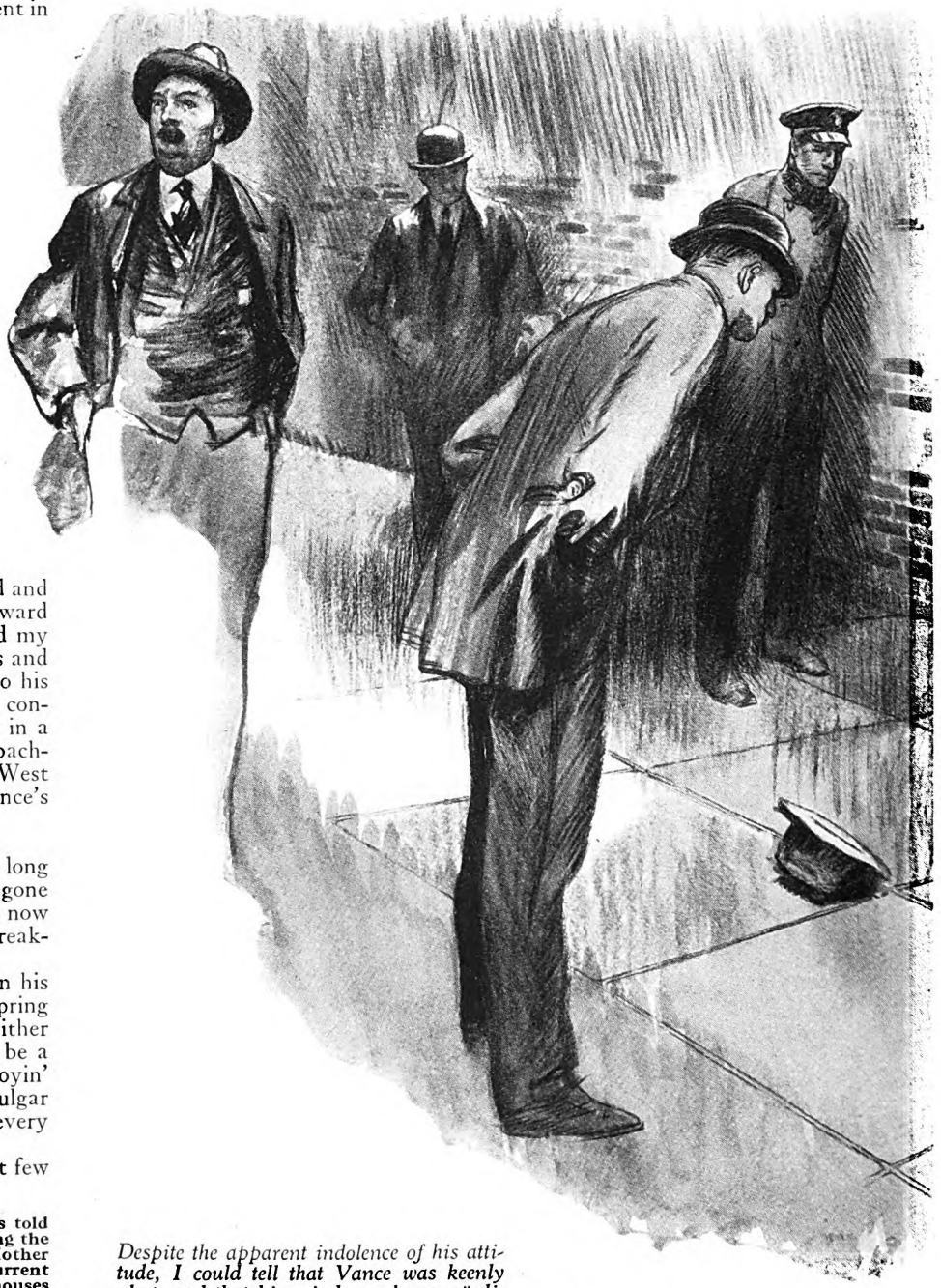
VANCE had scarcely poured his second cup of coffee when Currie, his old English butler and general factotum, appeared at the French doors bearing a portable telephone.

"It's Mr. Markham, sir," the old man said apologetically. "As he seemed rather urgent, I took the liberty of informing him you were in." He plugged the telephone into a baseboard switch, and set the instrument on the breakfast table.

"Quite right, Currie," Vance murmured, taking off the receiver. "Anything to break this deuced monotony." Then he spoke to Markham. "I say, old man, don't you ever sleep? I'm in the midst of an *omelette aux fines herbes*. Will you join me? Or do you merely crave the music of my voice—?"

He broke off abruptly, and the bantering look on his lean features disappeared. Vance was a marked Nordic type, with a long, sharply chiseled face; gray, wide-set eyes; a narrow aquiline nose; and a straight oval chin. His mouth, too, was firm and clean-cut, but it held a look of cynical cruelty which was more Mediterranean than Nordic. His face was strong and attractive, though not exactly handsome. It was the face of a thinker and recluse; and its very severity—at once studious and introspective—acted as a barrier between him and his fellows.

Though immobile by nature and sedulously schooled in the repression of his



Despite the apparent indolence of his attitude, I could tell that Vance was keenly alert, and that his mind was busy coördinating the factors of the scene before him

*Mr. Joseph A. Margolies of Brentano's told me that for a period of several weeks during the Bishop murder case more copies of "Mother Goose Melodies" were sold than of any current novel. And one of the smaller publishing houses reprinted and completely sold out an entire edition of those famous old nursery rhymes.

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emotions, I noticed that, as he listened to Markham on the 'phone that morning, he could not entirely disguise his eager interest in what was being told him. A slight frown ruffled his brow; and his eyes reflected his inner amazement. From time to time he gave vent to a murmured "Amazin'!" or "My word!" or "Most extr'ordin'ry!"—his favorite expletives—and when at the end of several minutes he spoke to Markham, a curious excitement marked his manner.

"Oh, by all means!" he said. "I couldn't miss it! . . . It sounds mad. . . . I'll don fitting raiment immediately. . . . *Au revoir.*"

REPLACING the receiver, he rang for Currie.

"My gray tweeds," he ordered. "A somber tie, and my black Homburg hat." Then he returned to his omelet with a preoccupied air.

After a few moments he turned, looking at me quizzically.

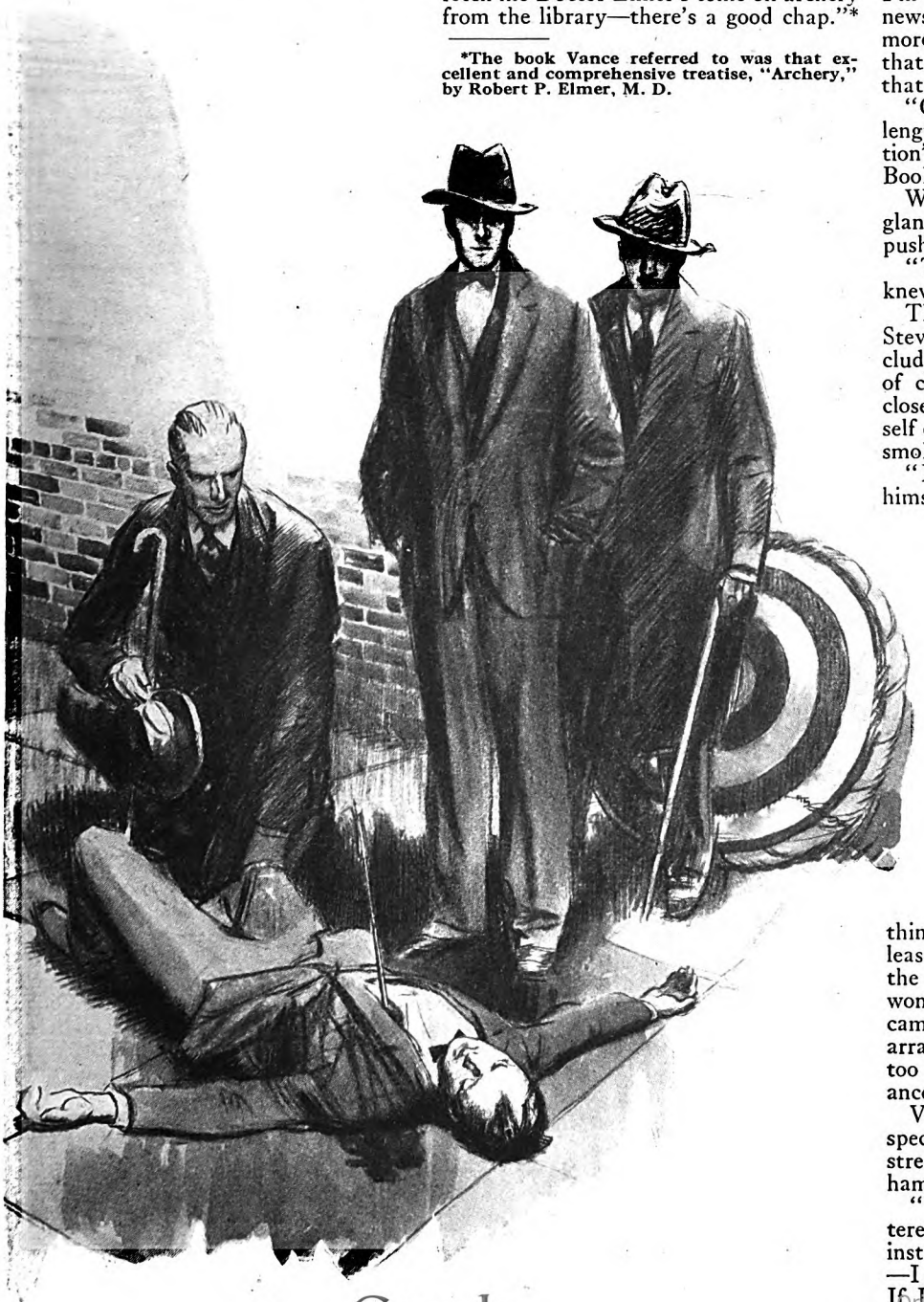
"What might you know of archery, Van?" he asked.

I knew nothing of archery, save that it consisted of shooting arrows at targets, and I confessed as much.

"You're not exactly revealin', don't y' know." He lighted one of his *Régie* cigarettes indolently. "However, we're in for a little flutter of toxophily, it seems. I'm no leading authority on the subject myself, but I did a bit of potting with the bow at Oxford. It's not a passionately excitin' pastime—much duller than golf and fully as complicated." He smoked a while dreamily. "I say, Van; fetch me Doctor Elmer's tome on archery from the library—there's a good chap."*

Pyne, the Dillard butler
Beedle, the cook

*The book Vance referred to was that excellent and comprehensive treatise, "Archery," by Robert P. Elmer, M. D.



I brought the book, and for nearly half an hour he dipped into it, tarrying over the chapters on archery associations, tournaments and matches, and scanning the long tabulation of the best American scores. At length he settled back in his chair. It was obvious he had found something that caused him troubled concern and set his sensitive mind to work.

"It's quite mad, Van," he remarked, his eyes on space. "A medieval tragedy in modern New York! We don't wear buskins and leathern doublets, and yet— *By Jove!*" He suddenly sat upright. "No—no! It's absurd. I'm letting the insanity of Markham's news affect me. . . ." He drank some more coffee, but his expression told me that he could not rid himself of the idea that had taken possession of him.

"One more favor, Van," he said at length. "Fetch me my German diction'ry and Burton E. Stevenson's 'Home Book of Verse'."

When I had brought the volumes, he glanced at one word in the dictionary, and pushed the book from him.

"That's that, unfortunately—though I knew it all the time."

Then he turned to the section in Stevenson's gigantic anthology which includes the rhymes of the nursery and of childhood. After several minutes he closed that book too, and, stretching himself out in his chair, blew a long ribbon of smoke toward the awning overhead.

"It can't be true," he protested, as if to himself. "It's too fantastic, too fiendish, too utterly distorted. A fairy tale in terms of blood—a world in anamorphosis—a perversion of all rationality. . . . It's unthinkable, senseless, like black magic and sorcery and thaumaturgy. It's downright demented."

HE GLANCED at his watch and, rising, went indoors, leaving me to speculate vaguely on the cause of his unwonted perturbation. A treatise on archery, a German dictionary, a collection of children's verses, and Vance's incomprehensible utterances regarding insanity and fantasy—what possible connection could these things have? I attempted to find a least common denominator but without the slightest success. And it was no wonder I failed. Even the truth, when it came out weeks later bolstered up by an array of incontestable evidence, seemed too incredible and too wicked for acceptance by the normal mind of man.

Vance shortly broke in on my futile speculations. He was dressed for the street, and appeared impatient at Markham's delay in arriving.

"Y' know, I wanted something to interest me—a nice fascinatin' crime, for instance," he remarked; "but—my word! —I wasn't exactly longin' for a nightmare. If I didn't know Markham so well I'd

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be tempted to suspect him of spoofing."

When Markham stepped into the roof garden a few minutes later it was only too plain that he had been in deadly earnest. His expression was somber and troubled, and his usual cordial greeting he reduced to the merest curt formality. Markham and Vance had been intimate friends for fifteen years. Though of antipodal natures—the one sternly aggressive, brusque, forthright and almost ponderously serious; the other whimsical, cynical, debonair, and aloof from the transient concerns of life—they found in each other that attraction of complementaries which so often forms the basis of an inseparable and enduring companionship.

During Markham's year and four months as District Attorney of New York he had often called Vance into conference on matters of grave importance, and in every instance Vance had justified the confidence placed in his judgments. Indeed, to Vance almost entirely belongs the credit for solving the large number of major crimes which occurred during Markham's four years' incumbency. His knowledge of human nature, his wide reading and cultural attainments, his shrewd sense of logic, and his *flair* for the hidden truth beneath misleading exteriors, all fitted him for the task of criminal investigator—a task which he fulfilled unofficially in connection with the cases which came under Markham's jurisdiction.

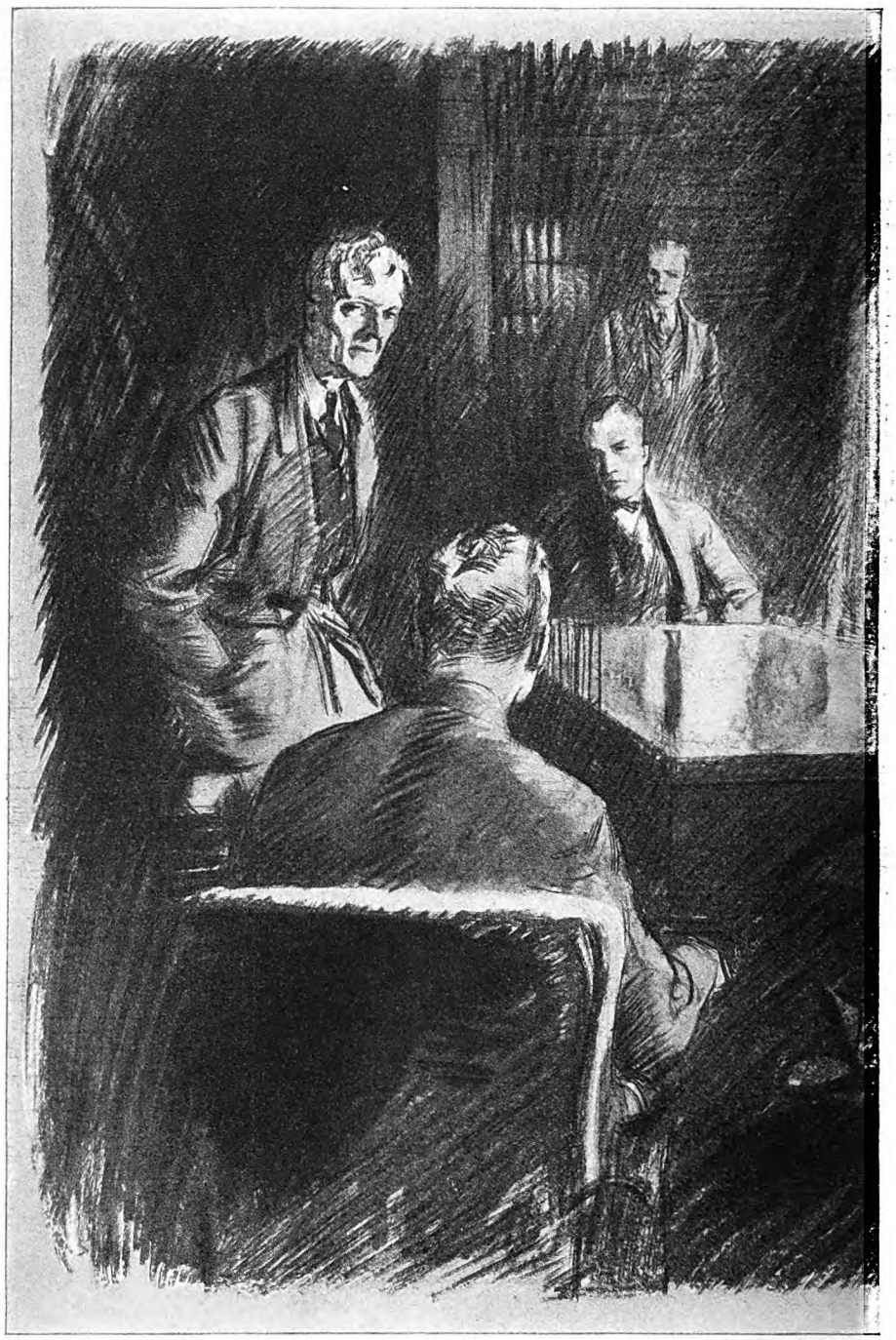
VANCE'S first case, it will be remembered, had to do with the murder of Alvin Benson;* and had it not been for his participation in that affair I doubt if the truth concerning it would ever have come to light. Then followed the notorious strangling of Margaret Odell† —a murder mystery in which the ordinary methods of police detection would inevitably have failed. And last year the astounding Greene murders (to which I have already referred) would undoubtedly have succeeded had not Vance been able to frustrate their final intent.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Markham should have turned to Vance at the very beginning of the Bishop murder case. More and more, I had noticed, he had come to rely on the other's help in his criminal investigations; and in the present instance it was particularly fortunate that he appealed to Vance, for only through an intimate knowledge of the abnormal psychological manifestations of the human mind, such as Vance possessed, could that black, insensate plot have been contravened and the perpetrator unearthed.

"This whole thing may be a mare's-nest," said Markham, without conviction.

"But in any case I thought that you might want to come along. . . ."

"Oh, quite!" Vance gave Markham a sardonic smile. "Sit down a moment and tell me the tale coherently. The corpse won't run away. And it's best to get our facts in some kind of order before we view the remains. Who are the parties of the first part, for instance? And why the projection of the District Attorney's office into a murder case within an hour of the deceased's passing? All that you've told me so far resolves itself into the utterest nonsense."



Arnesson sat down on the arm of a chair and extended his long legs. "What could be more ap-

Markham sat down gloomily on the edge of a chair and inspected the end of his cigar.

"Hang it, Vance! Don't start in with a "Mysteries of Udolpho" attitude. The crime—if it is a crime—seems clear-cut enough. It's an unusual method of murder, I'll admit; but it's certainly not senseless. Archery has become quite a fad of late. Bows and arrows are in use today in practically every city and college in America."

"Granted. But it's been a long time since they were used to kill persons named Robin."

Markham's eyes narrowed, and he looked at Vance searchingly.

"That idea occurred to you, too, did it?"

"Occurred to me? It leapt to my brain the moment you mentioned the victim's name." Vance puffed a moment on his cigarette. "'Who Killed Cock Robin?' And with a bow and arrow! . . . Queer how the doggerel learned in childhood clings to the memory.— By the by, what was the unfortunate Mr. Robin's first name?"

"Joseph, I believe."

"Neither edifyin' nor suggestive. . . . Any middle name?"

"See here, Vance!" Markham rose irritably. "What has the murdered man's middle name to do with the case?"

"I haven't the groggiest. Only, as long as we're going insane we might as well go the whole way. You know, Markham,

Bell

*"The Benson Murder Case" (Scribner's, 1926).
†"The 'Canary' Murder Case" (Scribner's, 1927).

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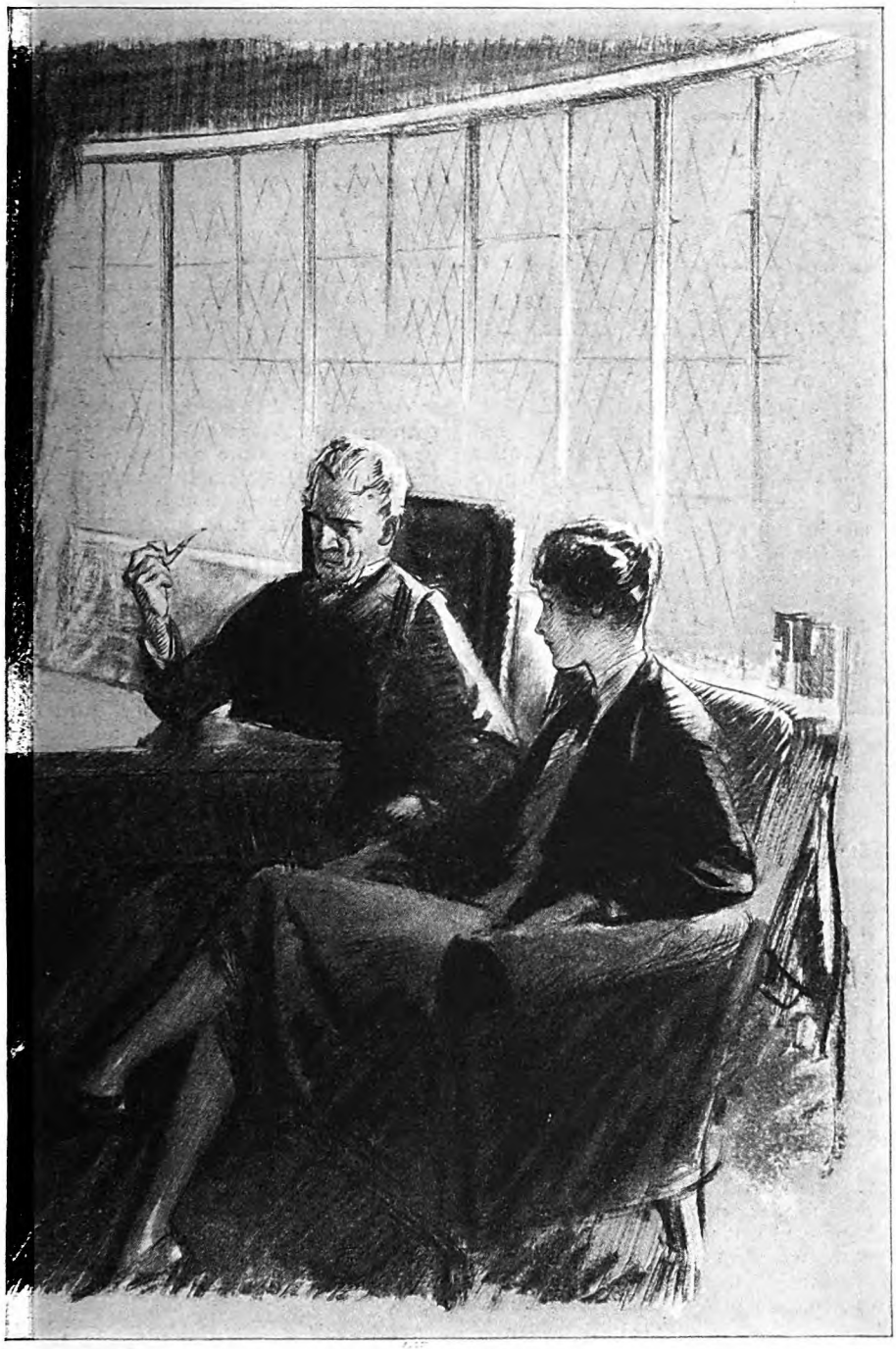

propriate," he exclaimed, "than that Cock Robin should die from an arrow shot from the bow of—"

that a mere shred of sanity is of no value."

He rang for Currie and sent him for the telephone directory. Markham protested, but Vance pretended not to hear; and when the directory arrived he thumbed its pages for several moments.

"Did the departed live on Riverside Drive?" he asked finally, holding his finger on a name he had found.

"I think he did."

"Well, well." Vance closed the book, and fixed a quizzically triumphant gaze on the District Attorney. "Markham," he said slowly, "there's only one Joseph Robin listed in the telephone direct'ry. He lives on Riverside Drive, and his middle name is—Cochrane!"

"What rot is this?" Markham's tone was almost ferocious. "Suppose his name *was* Cochrane: are you seriously suggesting that the fact had anything to do with his being murdered?"

"'Pon my word, old man, I'm suggesting nothing." Vance shrugged his shoulders slightly. "I'm merely jotting down, so to speak, a few facts in connection with the case. As the matter stands now: a Mr. Joseph Cochrane Robin—to wit: Cock Robin—has been killed by a bow and arrow. Doesn't that coincidence strike even your legal mind as deuced queer?"

"No!" Markham fairly spat the negative. "The name of the dead man is certainly common enough; and it's a wonder more people haven't been killed or injured with all this revival of archery throughout the country. Moreover, it's wholly possible that Robin's death was the result of an accident."

"Oh, my aunt!" Vance wagged his head reprovingly. "That fact, even were it true, wouldn't help the situation any. It would only make it queerer. Of the thousands of archery enthusiasts in these fair states, the one with the name of Cock Robin should be accidentally killed with an arrow! Such a supposition would lead us into spiritism and demonology and whatnot. Do you, by any chance, believe in Eblises and Azazels and jinns who go about playing Satanic jokes on mankind?"

"Must I be a Mohammedan mythologist to admit coincidences?" returned Markham tartly.

"MY DEAR fellow! The proverbial long arm of coincidence doesn't extend to infinity. There are after all, laws of probability, based on quite definite mathematical formulas. It would make me sad to think that such men as Laplace* and Czuber and von Kries had lived in vain. The present situation, however, is even more complicated than you suspect. For instance, you mentioned over the 'phone that the last person known to have been with Robin before his death is named Sperling."

"And what esoteric significance lies in that fact?"

"Perhaps you know what *Sperling* means in German," suggested Vance dulcetly.

"I've been to high school," retorted Markham. Then his eyes opened slightly, and his body became tense.

Vance pushed the German dictionary toward him.

"Well, anyway, look up the word. We might as well be thorough. I looked it up myself. I was afraid my imagination was playing tricks on me, and I had a yearnin' to see the word in black and white."

Markham opened the book in silence, and let his eye run down the page. After staring at the word for several moments he drew himself up resolutely, as if fighting off a spell. When he spoke his voice was defiantly belligerent.

"*Sperling* means 'sparrow.' Any schoolboy knows that. What of it?"

"Oh, to be sure." Vance lit another cigarette languidly. "And any schoolboy knows the old nursery rhyme entitled 'The Death and Burial of Cock Robin,' what?" He glanced tantalizingly at Markham, who stood immobile, staring out into the spring sunshine. "Since you pretend to be unfamiliar with that childhood classic, permit me to recite the first stanza:

"Who killed Cock Robin?
'I,' said the sparrow,
'With my bow and arrow.
I killed Cock Robin.'"

A chill, as of some unseen spectral presence, passed over me as Vance repeated the old familiar lines.

II

ON THE ARCHERY RANGE

(*Saturday, April 2d; 12:30 p. m.*)

SLOWLY Markham brought his eyes back to Vance.

"It's mad," he remarked, like a man (*Continued on page 69*)

Pardee

*Though Laplace is best known for his "Méchanique Céleste," Vance was here referring to his masterly work, "Théorie Analytique des Probabilités," which Herschel called "the ne plus ultra of mathematical skill and power."

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What Education Means *to* ME

By JOHN ERSKINE

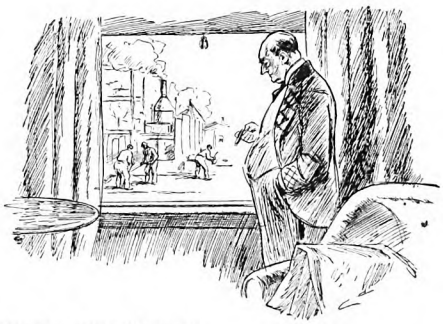
WE THINK of education as coming to us in successive stages. We went to the elementary school, we gradually reached high school, perhaps we got as far as college, or studied business, law, or medicine. If we failed of any of these opportunities, we think of ourselves as to that extent uneducated. Too few of us have the courage to use what education we have, unless someone has given us a diploma certifying our right to it.

A teacher learns to think of education in another way. His students, in school or college, are most of them intellectual children, often willing to be taught but sometimes unwilling. He hopes to get them to that point of maturity when they will begin to study of their own desire and for their own sake. Not because their elders wish it, but because knowledge, even knowledge taken from books, will give them power to live and make their way in the world. Whenever this maturity is reached, the teacher feels that the student has left his infancy behind, to become perhaps a scholar, yet in any case a man.

But even the teacher often forgets how much remains to be learned after we have succeeded in a bread-and-butter sense. In one way only does American education prepare for success—it tries to tell us how to reach it; but it rarely shows us what to do with it. When we have achieved even a little prosperity, a little leisure, do we know how to use it? If we don't, we haven't been educated for success.

Fortunately, if we have had the courage and the brains to succeed, we can teach ourselves how to enjoy our place in the sun. That is the kind of self-education I wish to discuss here. I write for people like myself, who are conscious of the rich possibilities of life and who are eager to miss none of them. No matter how much we learned at school, we now find our equipment inadequate for the prosperity which time has brought. We must either educate ourselves to enjoy new aspects of life, or else give up the opportunities, and to that extent admit ourselves a failure.

A man who applies himself to his business is likely to prosper before he is forty or fifty years old. He then has a reasonable prospect of several decades of health and increasing leisure. But if he has learned only what was necessary to get him on in his business, these years ahead of him will be full, not of opportunity but of embarrassment and disappointment. He will not be able to use his leisure, at least not to the best advantage. When the need of action is ending, and the man has time to think, he enters the society of his more thoughtful fellows. But to take his place among them he needs such a body of information, and such training as the activities of his youth may not have provided.



DRAWING BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

For a woman also there will be the same problem: If she marries fairly young and brings up children, she may find herself likewise, at the age of forty, or even earlier, with more leisure at her disposal than she can fill happily. With reasonable prosperity in the home, and with a reasonable degree of health in the family, she will have less and less to do. With modern inventions, the housework will be easier to manage, and she may either devote herself to unimportant or imaginary duties, or she may resign herself to essential idleness and deterioration. In former days, the esteem in which she would have been held as a successful mother, the tradition of reverence and gratitude which would have surrounded her, might have been enough to occupy her thoughts and insure her satisfaction; but now an active woman is hardly content to spend the second half of her life contemplating the virtues she exhibited during the first half.

WHEN men and women come to this point in their lives they often turn critics of the education they had in childhood. They say the school ought to prepare us from the very beginning to live properly in these mature years. Perhaps the school might do more for us than it at present does, but the criticism in general is essentially unjust. We could hardly store up so long in advance any preparation which would be entirely adequate now. We ought to remember, moreover, that the sort of education which successful middle age needs is a peculiarly difficult kind to impart; it is easier for us to give it to ourselves than to share it with others.

When we were passing from our infancy into that second stage of education in which we consciously sought the power to live and make our way in the world, we were drawing upon the strongest impulse in our nature, the impulse to act. We are so constituted that action is easier for us than thought. When any strong stimulus is applied to us from the outside—when we are badly frightened, for example, or suddenly made happy—it is easy for us to do something about it, but very difficult to think clearly, to appreciate our condition, or to describe our feelings.

Success and leisure bring us chiefly the opportunity to think and to understand. In this respect, leisure and success will always be embarrassing. If we do not employ them to the best advantage, it may be because our nature still impels us toward various forms of action, an idleness disguised, or masquerading as something else. We may turn to sports or to a restless unphilosophic kind of travel, in which the motion is the main thing. We may even turn to those aspects of good work, social and religious, which most resemble the active life or the business in which we have succeeded. We may even fill our moments by "going to" the theatre, or the moving pictures, as we say; but perhaps it is not the play nor the picture which interests us—it is the going and coming.

THE impulse in us to act rather than to think, is not, however, in my opinion, the chief obstacle to the proper development of our middle-aged selves. The chief obstacle is a lack of courage. Many of us have been assuming that our education was over when we left school or college, and that to resume our education in any way is to admit failure and retrace our steps.

Society is just beginning to realize the mistake in this point of view. The education of our youth was indeed a failure if after we are out of school we can learn no more. The phrase "adult education" means for too many of us a sort of rescue work for those unfortunates who missed adequate training in their youth. The fact is, however, that we did have adequate training. We forget that those men and women who amount to anything in this world never cease their education for a moment. We need only the courage to begin.

Just what we each need in order to enjoy the leisure our middle years have brought us is always a personal question, but it is fairly safe to guess that most of us need four main equipments: In the first place, we want to know something about the history of the human race. Not quite the sort of history we studied in school, perhaps—not simply a list of rulers, or dates, or battles. In our life work we have often wished we knew how such and such a thing came to exist in the particular form in which we met it. We have tried to

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explain to ourselves individuals, cities, or whole countries, and we found no explanation possible, unless we could find out what went before. On our way to success, in other words, we have learned this general principle: most things in this world can be explained in a large part by their origin, or by their antecedents. But just because this principle is so general, we don't know how to begin our studies. It seems hopeless to attempt the mastery of the entire past.

The point is that we ought not to begin with the past, but with the present. In short, our method should be precisely the method of the trained historian. We ought to start with the particular event which we wish to understand. We should read first the most obvious explanations of it, and afterward, as long as our interest lasts, the more detailed accounts.

At the moment, we may be talking about China, for example, and we wish we knew something precise and adequate about that vast country, that extraordinary people. Remembering that we had no course in school on Chinese history, we feel we are ill-equipped to understand the newspaper today. But we could easily go to any good encyclopedia and read the article on whatever era of history we are interested in. The brief treatment we find there will tell us in outline what has happened, and where and when.

At the end of the article there will be some important titles—the books or other documents on which the brief encyclopedia account is based. If we read these books, we shall find in them references to the sources from which, in turn, their information is drawn. If we then read these sources and continue to follow up the further references which they may contain, we shall come at last to the original documents and records from which the trained historian interprets the past. Now we are ready to tackle the present again, for there are always new books on the oldest topic.

ANYONE who follows this course of reading to the end will have at his command all that is known on the subject. Though he may not at first realize it, he will have mastered much more than he probably would have read in any formal course on the subject. Along the way, as it were, he will have had his curiosity aroused about other areas of history, and he will satisfy these curiosities by the same method—reading first in the brief superficial account, and gradually in the more detailed and fundamental records.

Few of us, of course, have the energy and the time to master even one phase of history with the thoroughness here suggested; but in principle this is the method, and it is available to anybody who can read.

Even if we stop with the encyclopedia articles, we shall have stored up a large amount of information. But we ought not to lose heart at the very beginning, or make up our minds in advance not to be thoroughly informed.

It is remarkable how much anyone can accomplish by the habit of steady reading. There are many business men in America today, who, in spite of the fact that their business and their other duties leave them only short intervals of leisure, have made themselves profoundly learned, often in rather large areas of history. Their secret is to use regularly the briefest intervals of the day. If they have ten minutes, they read; if only five, they still read. Perhaps they never had a stretch of uninterrupted hours such as most of us think necessary for the scholarly life.

The man who assumes that some day he will have plenty of time to improve his mind will probably go unimproved to the grave. Uninterrupted time does not offer itself in our modern world. But if we take from the public library the particular book we wish to study at the moment, and if we keep it where we can lay hands on it quickly, in the quarter of an hour before dinner, or the half-hours before we go to sleep at night, or even the few minutes we may have while waiting for breakfast, we shall be surprised at our progress.

The kind of curiosity we have about the past depends of course on our tastes and temperaments. Some of us are naturally antiquarian. For such readers, the flavor of the past as such is attractive. They try to put themselves back into the period in which they are reading, and history gives them a happy sort of outlet or escape from the contemporary world.

But for most men, the desire to know what has happened in the world connects itself closely with interest in the present. We are after an explanation of what we see before our eyes. For such readers it will not be the difference between one age and another that is attractive, but the resemblances. (*Continued on page 106*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY, N. Y.

John Erskine, distinguished educator, is also a novelist, poet, and musician

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ILLUSTRATED BY
GAYLE HOSKINS

She tried very hard to read his eyes in the darkness

In the age-old conflict between the call of high adventure and the call of love Dan obeys

The Stronger Voice

By
EDMUND
WARE

"I've been the toughest team hand on an old-time gradin' gang;
I've rode the rods and dared the gods and cussed and fought and sang;
I've followed big construction jobs and blowed a heap o' pay;
But fall is here and winter's near. Me for the South! Today!"

BLACK PADDY, leaning against a great steel beam, sang softly. In the dusk a mammoth steam shovel began to look shadowy and terrible. The air was damp with the smell of clay; a steam siphon gurgled in the bottom of the pit, and far-off lights blinked through the dark.

Near Paddy, his feet dangling over the edge of the beam, sat Alamo Dan. He was watching the river. At night the river made you think about things you'd never think of in the daytime. The lights on the Canadian shore made you wonder what was back of them, who had turned them on.

A shadow-shape moved slowly out on the current. There was a faint sound of engines churning and of water sweeping by. It was a big freight steamer. Maybe all the way from Duluth. You couldn't tell.

A wind came searching from across the river. It was growing cold. Well, Detroit *was* pretty far North for November—pretty far North. That was why Black Paddy had begun to sing. Dan had been expecting any day now to hear Black Paddy's voice. He had heard it every fall since they had teamed up on that flood dam job in Dayton, years ago, now.

Paddy sure had something in his voice that stirred you up, and made you want to be moving on toward some mysterious place. But this fall would be different, because there was a secret. What would Black Paddy say? What would he think?

Dan felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up. Paddy's dark head was thrown back. He seemed taller, bigger, finer than ever before. He was always that way when he was getting ready to travel, and Dan could tell by the feel of the hand on his shoulder, and by the way Black Paddy stared up and up into the dark, that something big was happening.

"Listen, Dan," he said. "*Listen!*"

"What is it? What *is* it?" Dan gazed into the blackness, trying to discover the cause of the remote rushing sound which came to him out of the sky. "What is it?" he whispered.

Black Paddy held up his hand, waiting until the sound had slipped away into silence before he answered, "Wild geese!"

"Say! The sound of their wings, Paddy! Makes a man feel kind of funny, don't it?"

"Sure does, son. I'll tell you why. It means the end of another season; means we're due to start South again, along with them. Ah! The rumble of iron wheels is in my ears, and the wings of the wild geese have got me!

"We're off for the South tomorrow, son. Is it N'Orleans? Florida? Or where?"

Dan's chin rested in his hands. For a long time he gazed at the strange reflections on the river.

"I'm not goin', Paddy. I'm not goin' this fall."

BLACK Paddy laughed. "What do you say? Not goin' South with old Black Paddy? You who have heard the rumble of iron wheels? You who have dug in rock and clay from coast to coast? You who have wandered spring and fall with Black Paddy and his wild geese? You're young, my son, and funny!"

"I'm not goin', Paddy. Honest!"

"Listen, Dan. I've heard men like us say that before. But they can't stay still. You can't. I can't. And what's the good of trying? Why, *think!* A week, ten days—and we'll hear the black men's voices singing on the levees. We'll sniff the air of N'Orleans. We'll meet old friends who've gone ahead, and hear their yarns of other camps. We'll see Long Jack and Walk-alone and Sunny North. We'll hear them tell of tunnels, of mines, and other jobs. Oh, you'll go, same as you have before—with old Black Paddy!"

"No. I can't hardly make you understand, 'cause I can't talk like you. But I'm not goin', honest, Paddy, I'm not. I just *can't.*"

"*Can't* go?"

"I've—got a girl."

Black Paddy sighed strangely. "I knew it! I *knew* it! Dan, you're a young fool!"

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"Aw—say! *Don't* talk like that, Paddy. She's different. I promise you she's not the reg'lar kind. She makes me wish—she makes me wish I hadn't done a lot of things."

Black Paddy came close. On each of Dan's arms he placed a hand. "I've watched you grow," he said, "from the gawkiest gay-cat in the bunch. I've shown you big adventures. I've worked with you. We've ripped the earth and blasted rock and swung a pick together. I've watched your young arms grow from flimpsy things to what they are. And—now you're usin' them to hold a girl!"

"She loves my arms, Paddy. She says they're—beautiful."

"'Course she does! She loves your arms. She loves the look of your eyes. You've been and seen and done. You've filled your life with adventure. *That's* what she loves, young Dan, not you!"

"She *says* she loves me. I think she does. I've got a feelin', Paddy."

"Come on, forget her. We've got our pay from this job. We'll go down the map and hear the black men sing. This talk is too soft for us. Women! Love! We're *men*, Dan. We *do* things! Tonight we'll go to Joe's by the river and drink to the wild geese. Come on!"

BLACK PADDY took his coat from where it hung upon a timber. Dan did not move, but stared quietly at the river lights. Paddy could sure talk. If only *he* could talk the way Black Paddy could. He'd make him understand. But it made you feel all twisted up to try and tell anyone about it. You could tell about a fight, or about seeing a man all smashed up in a cave-in; but when it came to telling about your girl, and how you loved her, and how wonderful she was, why—you just couldn't say anything at all.

"Let's be off, son," said Paddy, gesturing toward the river. "There's friends and warmth and whisky waiting for us."

"I ain't goin' to drink any more, Paddy."

"You—what?"

"I ain't goin' to drink tonight—or any other night ever again."

"Well, by the gods! You *do* love her, don't you?"

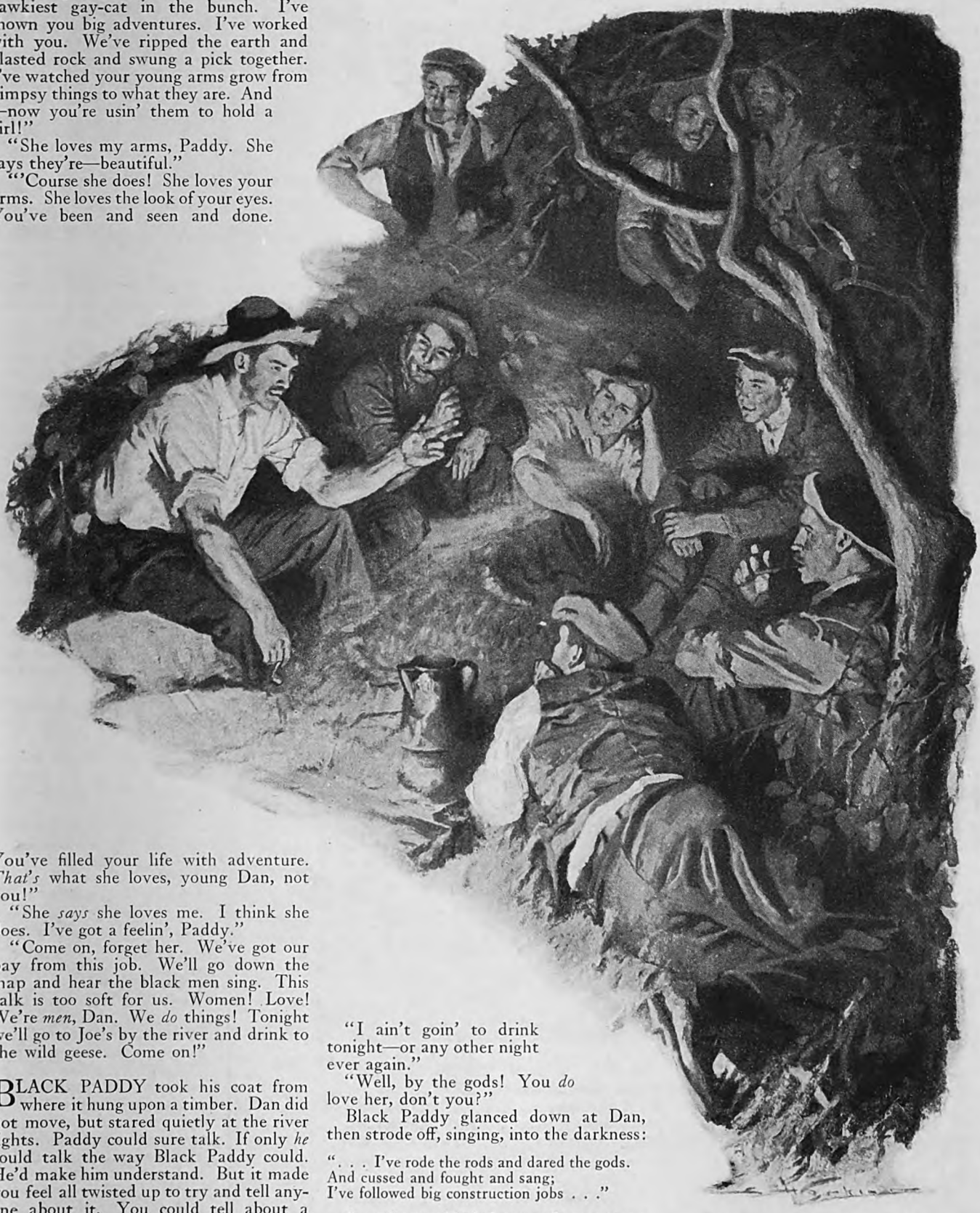
Black Paddy glanced down at Dan, then strode off, singing, into the darkness:

". . . I've rode the rods and dared the gods.
And cussed and fought and sang;
I've followed big construction jobs . . ."

A tugboat whistled somewhere out on the river. The echo died away, and Dan heard faintly through the river mist,

". . . Me for the South! Today!"

If he left Black Paddy, what then? Never again could he listen to the wild geese or to the rumble of iron wheels. He'd have to quit the bunch and stick on one job—but he'd have Ann. He'd have her to think about every day and every night. She sure was pretty fine. There



"We'll meet old friends who've gone ahead, and hear their yarns of other camps"

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wouldn't be any more of those unhappy, restless times a fellow had, because he'd just go and tell her about it.

And Black Paddy? *He'd* prob'ly team up with some other guy; all the time they'd roam and roam and see big things—rivers, mountains, rock and steam and steel!

Dan stood up, took a last look at the river, and walked down the crunchy cinder path to the workmen's shanty. He put on his other coat and his broad belt with the big silver buckle. He stepped out, closing the door behind him, walked across a vacant lot and down a long street to the tobacco shop where Ann worked. He leaned against the counter and watched her while she waited on the last customer.

She glanced up at him quickly, a glance of deep, sudden welcome. She noticed the trouble in his eyes. "I guess there's something on his mind," she thought. "I guess he's come because he needs to talk to me." It was good to think that she could help him.

The customer went out, and they stood looking very seriously into each other's eyes.

"Say, Ann. I got something to tell you."

She came nearer, looking at him anxiously. "All right, Dan. I'll be with you right away."

He helped her on with her coat, and stood behind her, watching while she put on her hat before the long mirror back of the cigar counter. She turned out the lights, and they left the shop and took a street car to the middle of the city. They transferred and rode out East Jefferson Avenue to the Palais Royal.

THERE were lights—a million of them, and music, and an awful stampede of people, dancing and dancing and dancing. You could see the big ferris wheel whirling slowly and dizzily. The people who were 'way up on the top always screamed, half in fear, half in excitement. Near by, the roller coaster roared horribly on its tracks, the sound rising, sinking, rising, sinking like iron waves on an iron shore.

"I don't want to tell you here, Ann. Everything's too loud and mixed up. Where can we go?"

"We can go over to Belle Isle, Danny. There won't be many there."

They took a bus across the lighted bridge to Belle Isle and walked to the open land along the river. It was very still.

They sat down on a bench and Dan took her in his arms and kissed her lips.

"Well—I had it out with Black Paddy."

"You did?" She turned quickly.

"Yes. He said a lot of things. Some I didn't understand. Paddy can talk wonderful, so you don't know what it's all about. You just get a feelin'."

She could see that he was disturbed, and she drew his arms more tightly around her and touched his face with her hand. "What do you mean, Danny? What kind of a feeling?" She felt him tremble.

"WHY, I don't know, Ann. I don't know. But I don't have it when I'm with you. I just want you—I want to be with you forever, and that makes it kind of easy to forget things."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you know we've traveled a pile, me an' Paddy. Winters we'd go South, and in the spring we'd come up North again and hear about some big job opening up, and we'd bust loose and go—everywheres.

"Nothing ever tied us down. Kind of a good way to live, Ann. We'd meet up with other guys in hang-outs we knew, and tell yarns about what we'd done and where we'd been. Kind of wander around all over—nomads, Black Paddy calls us. Him and me always stuck together.

"There's a lot of guys would give anything to be Black Paddy's side-kick. He's kind of famous, Paddy is. He can fight like the devil, and work! Say, Ann! He's been everywheres and done everything! We got to know each other pretty well, what with bein' together so much as we was. I *like* Paddy. Don't you see how it is?"

"Yes, Dan, I see. He wants you to go wandering forever with him. And you want to go. But you want to stay too."

She tried very hard to read his eyes in the darkness. "Well—are you going?"

"I don't know!"

The wind came whispering across the river. He took both of her hands and held them against his lips for a moment. "If you loved me enough—if you *really*—" Dan's face was close to hers. "Paddy said maybe you only loved my arms, loved me 'cause I was strong, and 'cause I'd been a lot of places. He said it wasn't really *me* you loved."

"Hush, Dan dear. *Don't* say things like that. Here—kiss me and see if you can feel how much I love you!"

"No. . . ."

Paddy had said women did things like that, couldn't help it, 'cause that was their nature. They just made men sacrifice everything. Why, what could Ann ever know of what he would give up to stay with her? What could she know about the sound of the wings of the wild geese, or the urge in Black Paddy's voice, or the feeling you got when the black men sang at night on Southern rivers?

He knew. He knew the great longing to be gone. And what would Ann be to him? What would she do for him? Could she be as much in his life as old Black Paddy and the endless road?

"Ann!"

She answered with a vague tightening of her fingers on his arm.

"Look—supposin' I got smashed up. Supposin' I got hurt bad on some job so I wouldn't look the same or feel the same any more. Would you still love me? Or would you go and love some other guy?"

"Dan, why ever do you talk like that?" She drew his head down to hers. He would have turned away, but she kissed his mouth, and his arms closed tight around her.

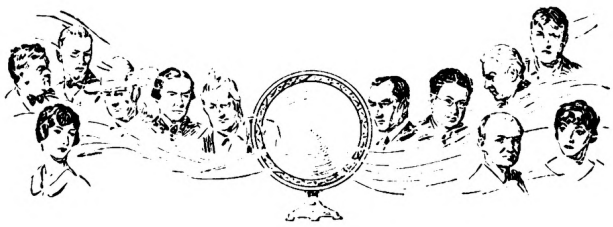
"I'll stay, Ann. I'll stay with you until I die!"

HE LEFT her at the doorway of her little room near the shop. He heard her whisper "Good night," heard her footstep in the dark hall. She was gone.

He walked down the street, blinking at the light from the arc lamps. An empty car thundered by. Late at night cars seemed to make more noise—all the other sounds were quiet.

He crossed a field back of a factory and came to the rooming house where he and Paddy slept. Black Paddy had not come in.

"He's still singing down at Joe's," Dan thought, "or maybe tellin' about the loggin' camps or the Truckee Dam job. He's sure been everywheres and done every-



The American Magazine Invites You to Listen In

BEGINNING on September 19th, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE *Radio Hour* will be presented regularly on the National Broadcasting Company's "Red" network of twenty radio stations. This hour will hold the air every second Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, Eastern Time. Here is the list of stations, as at present arranged:

WEAF, New York	WGR, Buffalo
WEEI, Boston	WCAE, Pittsburgh
WTIC, Hartford	WTAM, Cleveland
WJAR, Providence	WWJ, Detroit
WTAG, Worcester, Mass.	WEBH, Chicago
	WSAI, Cincinnati
WCSH, Portland, Me.	WOW, Omaha
WLIT, Philadelphia	KSD, St. Louis
WRC, Washington	WHO, Des Moines
WGY, Schenectady	WDAF, Kansas City

WOC, Davenport, Ia.

This hour is arranged for your entertainment

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Black Paddy held up his hand, waiting until the sound had slipped away into silence before he answered

thing. I wisht I'd been as many places as he has!"

He stretched out under the blankets and gave a long tired sigh. Somewhere a big clock struck. Kind of a mournful sound—kind of a drowsy sound. A dark wind came prowling through the window and made the curtain wave silently toward him. . . .

He heard Black Paddy's voice, and knew that it was morning. "Up with the larks, son! I have big news!" Paddy's hand tugged at his shoulder.

"Hullo, Paddy. What's the matter? Where was you all night, anyways?"

Paddy closed the window and turned, smiling. "Things happened in the night," he said. "I was with O'Neil at Joe's. He's the city inspector and a three-bottle man. He tells of a big sewer job just opening up 'way out Mack Avenue. Aldrich and Kane are going to lay ten thousand feet of twenty-four-inch pipe. They start the big machine tomorrow and want two men to lay the crock behind it."

"I thought you was goin' South, Paddy?"

"As sure as the wild geese, son. But I'll stick with you a while and see the old Bucyrus eat the clay. Just for a week I'll stay—just to hear the iron buckets gnaw, to watch the pipe-trench dug behind the steam." (*Continued on page 156*)

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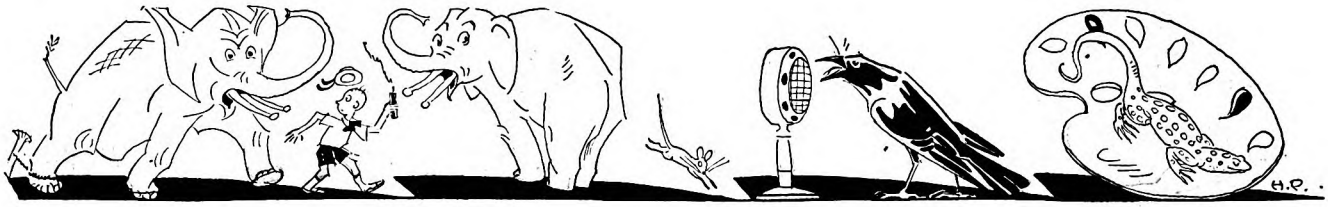

By
DR. W. REID BLAIR
Director New York Zoölogical Park

Popular Beliefs

Some are true; and this article tells

WHEN you were a youngster, you heard, and probably believed, that an elephant never forgets an injury and is afraid of mice; that if you were to split a crow's tongue, he would easily learn to talk; that chameleons change color; camels go for two weeks without water; and that a frightened ostrich buries its head in the sand. More than likely, you were told also that dragon flies would sew up your eyes, that snakes could throw poison and that they never die before sundown; that cows lose their cuds and that a cat has nine lives.

Some of these popular beliefs are true, or at least well enough founded to justify their existence. Others, of course, are ridiculous and false.

One of our male elephants, Gunda, once displayed violent anger when there appeared before his cage a boy who had some years before been in our employ and whom he had not seen in the interval. The boy had grown considerably, but there was no question but that Gunda recognized him, and hated him.

The puma's call is bloodcurdling. It sounds like the screaming of a human in distress

The story behind the incident is that the boy worked on the "pony walk," where our juvenile visitors enjoy their pony rides. The elephant carried passengers up and down the same path. Whenever Gunda passed it was the boy's habit to switch his hind legs with a pony whip. He managed to do this regularly without the elephant handler finding it out.

Naturally, after this had happened frequently over a long period of time the boy became fixed in the beast's memory. It was not surprising that later he recognized the youth, any more than it is surprising for an intelligent elephant to remember a former keeper, or for one to learn to know you if you make a habit of bringing him a piece of sugar every Sunday morning. An elephant, like other animals of the higher order of intelligence, knows and remembers persons seen habitually, and reacts to their presence according to the treatment experience has led it to expect. But to insist that an injury inflicted by one man in a crowd of people will be recalled by the animal twenty years later, should that individual reappear, is paying too high a tribute to the memory of even so perspicacious a creature as the elephant.

NOT long ago, Khartoum, our big African elephant, was observed by one of the keepers backed into a corner with his trunk held high and his great ears spread wide in the elephantine attitude of alarm. The object of his fear was a very small mouse. Strangely enough, the presence of a rat in the elephant house is regarded with complete indifference. Perhaps the fright over a mouse is inspired by the possibility that the tiny rodent might crawl into the end of the trunk, whose delicate inner membranes are most sensitive. A garter snake released in Khartoum's quarters once as an experiment, produced the same symptoms of excited fright.

That elephants regularly live to be one hundred and fifty or two hundred years of age is very commonly believed. We may be pretty positive that no elephant lives to be two hundred years old. Wherever men are familiar with the big beasts an elephant is considered to be growing until he is twenty-five, young at thirty-five to forty-five, fully mature at fifty-five, and old at from sixty to eighty years. Any elephant a hundred years old would be regarded as extremely old and very unusual.

Parrots have a great reputation for exceptional longevity, which the facts justify to a degree. We have fairly authentic information of parrots having lived one hundred years. One recently came to us at the Zoo that I knew to have been in a New Jersey family for thirty-seven years. A definite record exists of a gray parrot living ninety-three years, and another of a sulphur-crested cockatoo that survived for eighty-one years. The average age attained by birds in captivity is probably between two and four years.

The real patriarch among living creatures is the Galápagos tortoise, which very likely does attain an authentic span of two centuries of life. Scientists have estimated that certain specimens were four hundred years old; but I should feel safe in asserting that a tortoise three hundred years old was phenomenally aged. We have a Galápagos tortoise here that has been weighed and measured annually for twenty-six years. In

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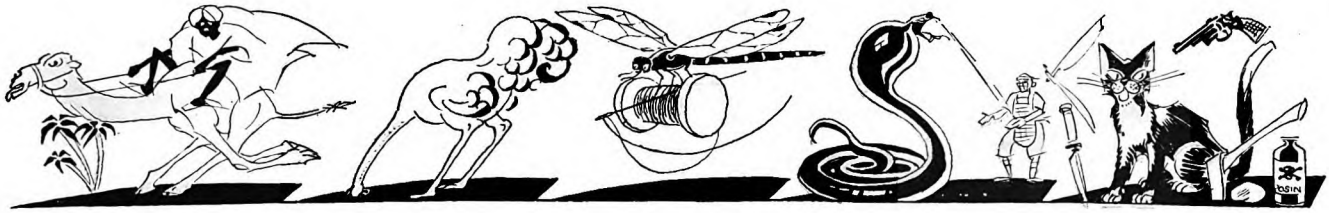


About Animals

Illustrated by
HERMAN PALMER

some are not, you which is which

that time his weight has increased from one hundred to two hundred and sixty pounds, or at an average of about six pounds a year. The growth of an animal in captivity, however, is no fair criterion for estimating his natural growth, for in the wild state meals and temperature are much less regular.

Instances are often reported of common land tortoises having been found with ancient dates carved on their shells. However, unless boy nature in other localities is quite different from that in the neighborhood where I grew up, one may suspect that young jackknife owners have not been over-scrupulous about presenting tortoises with a hundred or so extra birthdays.

The life span of an animal can be estimated with rough accuracy by multiplying by four or five the number of years required to reach maturity. Apply this rule to human beings, horses, dogs, or any animal whose growth and age you know about, and you will find it approximately correct.

Such beliefs as that bats have a propensity for getting in your hair, and that dragon flies are ambitious to sew up your eyelids, of course have no more basis in fact than the saying prevalent amongst negroes in certain sections of the South, that a frizzle-feathered chicken wears its feathers hindpart foremost because it made the unfortunate mistake of emerging from the shell backward. Almost in this class is the time-worn legend that the ostrich buries his head in the sand, and thereby feels himself made safe from approaching danger. If this were true, the capture of wild ostriches would be a far more simple undertaking than it is.

WHAT an ostrich really does when he becomes aware of danger, and thinks himself as yet unperceived, is not unlike the action of a hen or a quail under similar circumstances. He squats down close upon the earth. The long neck that would otherwise make him still conspicuous he stretches out flat along the ground. He does not bury his head; his eyes are open and alert to see whether he had better be running instead of trying to hide. In this position, he looks like just another hummock of the surface.

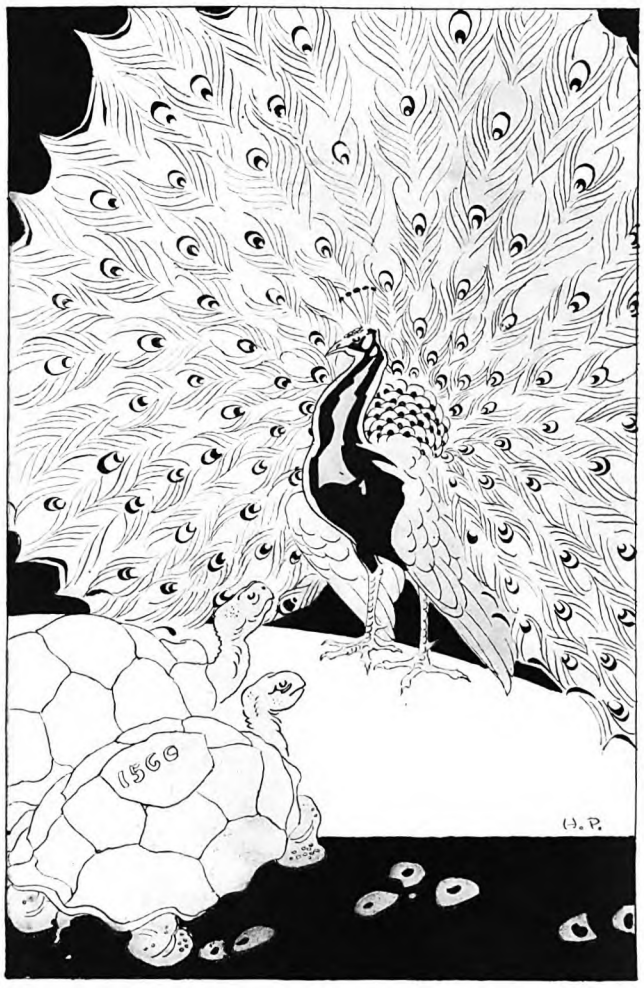
Whether the old story had its rise in the faulty observation of some explorer who thought the crouching ostrich had covered his head, we may never know. We know now that it is a fable, with which we must part rather regretfully since it affords so apt a comparison with the actions of some of our fellow humans.

However, you may continue to say "As vain as a peacock," with a perfect basis of fact. We have several dozen peafowl running at large over the one hundred and sixty acres of the Zoölogical Garden. My observation of them leaves me no doubt about the vanity of the male of that particular species. On a Sunday or a holiday when the grounds are crowded, a peacock that finds himself the center of an admiring group will continue to circle and strut, with every evidence of pleasure and pride for as many hours as he continues to attract attention. Ordinarily, the peacock's gorgeous display is obviously entirely for the pleasure of the peahen; but when a crowd of people is watching he will "strut his stuff" with no hen anywhere in sight.

A strange eccentric among our peacocks is one old fellow who seems to have decided to devote his career to bringing some color and pleasure into the quiet lives of the tortoises. As soon as they are turned into their pen in the morning, he may be expected to appear, spread his tail, and march about among them most of the day. Day after day, he spends with the tortoises, leaving only to be fed, even then to return immediately. The explanation? We have none.

Just *how* the chameleon changes color no one is absolutely certain, but it is a fact that he can do so at will. It is likely that his pigmentation is largely dependent upon the dilation and contraction of his blood vessels. Several species of fish possess this ability also. The little paradise fish from Asiatic tropical waters in the New York Aquarium has been observed to change color, from brown to blue to green, three times in three minutes.

It is true, too, that a lizard can lose his tail and grow a new appendage in its place. The common axolotyl, better known as the spotted newt or tiger salamander, can be bereft of a very large portion of his tail without permanent loss. Being composed entirely of muscular and connective (*Continued on page 193*)



This philanthropic peacock visits the tortoises daily and gives them a show worth looking at

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Drawn from Life
by WM. OBERHARDT

What *is* Happening *to the* American Family?

By
HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

A FAR-REACHING revolt is on against old-fashioned family life. Moreover, such a revolt was inevitable. With our inveterate tendency to believe in "good old times" and to see our present degeneracy against the fair background of an imagined past, we commonly glorify the old-fashioned home. But even conservatives who count their opinions on the family orthodox, and who are filled with indignation at the modern revolt, need only imagine themselves precipitated back a few centuries into the thick of the ancient customs to see how intolerable that old-fashioned family life would be.

Here is one item from the ancient English law dealing with the rights of a husband over his wife:

> He shall treat and govern the aforesaid A well and decently, and shall not inflict nor cause to be inflicted any injury upon the aforesaid A, except in so far as he may lawfully and reasonably do so in accordance with the right of a husband to correct and chastise his wife.

That was old-fashioned family life.

In the economic realm, all the English wife's property belonged to her husband. If she was a wage-earner all her earnings were his by law. If he brutally mistreated her and deserted her and she became self-supporting, he could return any time and take away every cent that she had gained. If he died first, he even could will away from her all her property and leave her destitute, save for her "necessary" clothes, her jewels, and ornaments of the person.

This actual incident is taken from the Westminster Review, in 1856:

> A lady whose husband had been unsuccessful in business established herself as a milliner in Manchester. After some years of toil she realized sufficient for the family to live upon comfortably, the husband having done nothing meanwhile. They lived for a time in easy circumstances after she gave up business and then the husband died, bequeathing all his wife's earnings to his own illegitimate children. At the age of sixty-two she was compelled, in order to gain her bread, to return to business.

That was old-fashioned family life.

As for divorce, only the man could hope to get it. In all English history no woman

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applied for divorce before 1801 and only three before 1841. No matter what a man did to his wife, she had to endure it.

Consider this utterance of a prominent Anglican clergyman in a Philadelphia pulpit in 1880:

> There is no crime which a man can commit which justifies his wife in leaving him or applying for that monstrous thing, divorce. It is her duty to subject herself to him always, and no crime that he can commit can justify her lack of obedience. If he be a bad or wicked man, she may gently remonstrate with him, but refuse him never.

THAT was old-fashioned family life. No wonder that for half a century the revolt has been persistent and vehement!

Moreover, not only have these positive evils stung our generation into rebellion, but the most characteristic factors of our new economic order have made it incredible that the dead hand of the past should rule the modern family. In particular, some eight and a half million women in the United States are in gainful occupations outside their homes. The consequences of this fact are far-reaching and deep. Freedom is a matter of economics; there is little use in claiming to be free if one is economically dependent.

Today increasing millions of women are economically independent; we train our daughters to that end as we train our sons. When, therefore, we read that a very large proportion of all divorces applied for are sought by women, the fact is not so discouraging as it might be. It does not necessarily mean that the estate of family life is in fact worse than it was a century ago. On the available evidence, I am strongly inclined to think it is better. What is clear is that modern women will not stand what their foremothers did, because they do not have to.

A vehement revolt, therefore, is on against old-fashioned family life. We may as well make up our minds that it is inevitable. If we are wise we shall see that it is desirable. The longer that some of the old legal and social taboos are retained, the more disastrous will be the breakage when they give way. The eminent churchman who summons the hosts of the Lord to "holy indignation" as the chief remedy he has to offer for our perilous experimentation with the family is wasting his whistle in the teeth of a rising gale.

THIS fact, however—that the present revolt is inevitable and that there are many elements in the old-fashioned family against which revolt is necessary—does not solve our problem. The real danger in our situation lies in the fact that so many people see clearly what they are revolting from and so few see at all what they are revolting to.

Every age of rebellion against obsolete modes of life and thought presents this crucial problem. Dislike of something old is easier than discovery of something new. As in the case of Russia, it is simpler to perceive the evils of capitalism and to run headlong from them than it is to perceive what you are running into when you take the road leading toward communism.

It has long been proverbially evident that getting precipitately out of the frying pan may be only a prelude to landing in the fire.

The dominant mood of every age of revolt is the passionate desire to get away from something. In this generation, when even our books bear titles like "The Revolt of Youth," this passion for escape is ardent. We wish to get away from old taboos, burdensome restrictions, moral conventions, cramping orthodoxies; and the resultant situation is often similar to the estate of a man who has fled from a wild-cat in the woods. He saw so clearly what he wanted to run from that he did not stop to think what he was running to, so that, having now paused to consider the matter, he is bewildered, lost, out in the woods, and not sure where.

Such is the situation in large areas of American family life today.

The spirit of revolt against old marital laws and customs, inevitable and justifiable though it is, has brought us to a pass not unlike that of Rastus fleeing from a bear, who, asked where he was going, cried as he fled past, "I ain't going nowhere; I'se coming from somewhere." The attention of many people for half a century has been largely concerned with the things in family life that the new generation wishes to flee from. It is high time that we began seriously and intelligently considering what we are fleeing to.

"Companionate marriage" is the term that increasingly is being used to sum up the probable end of the present revolt. This term was first employed by Doctor Knight of Barnard College in an article published in May, 1924. At its inception it signified simply the wedlock of two people who, for various reasons all the way from pleasure to health, wished to marry without facing, at least in the early years of their union, the responsibility of children.

That there are situations where such an arrangement is both innocent and desirable, must be obvious. Two people going to a difficult missionary field may be well advised not to have children. Conditions of individual health at home may make such an arrangement temporarily imperative. He would be hard-hearted as well as ill-advised who would insist that two professional students working, let us say, for higher degrees, might not marry until they were prepared to support a family.

TO BE sure, even in its simplest form, this modern variation from the historic family depends on methods of controlling birth; but that it is inevitable, that it is in wide-spread and constantly increasing use, that it is often absolutely necessary and generally innocent, most observers would at once agree.

From this early and simple meaning, however, the phrase "companionate marriage" has moved out to a much wider significance. Words gain associations, connotations, suggestions far beyond the power of their originators to guide or prevent, and the phrase "companionate marriage" now popularly represents a scheme of sexual experimentation, whereby two people go through the form of marriage in order to live with each other without assuming either the hope of permanency or the responsibility of children.

In a word, companionate marriage now has become generally synonymous with trial marriage. Try wedlock on, it says; if you do not make a success of it, try again; marriage is neither so sacred nor so emotionally delicate that you need to be afraid to experiment with it. It is like buying a pair of shoes. Of course you will try to secure a good fit the first time, since it is so bothersome a nuisance to change if you fail; but if the fit is poor no great damage is done. Get another pair.

THAT such trial marriage is not so much a modern deviation from as it is a modern cancellation of the historic family is clear. The one crucial point at issue in the present confused situation is to be found in the inquiry whether in our revolt against the old-fashioned family we are revolting to trial marriage. Is that our *terminus ad quem?*

The easiest thing in this world is to hate something. We have been indulging this facile faculty of anger against the obsolete laws and taboos which have governed the home. Our attitude of revolt has centered our attention on the process of escape from disliked inheritances of marital codes and customs. Now we begin to get a fairly clear view of the revolt's actual destination. It seems to be trial marriage. Is that really where we wish to end? If not, now is the (*Continued on page 96*)

We Don't Know Where We Are Going

But We're On Our Way

"THE real danger in our situation," says Doctor Fosdick, "lies in the fact that so many people see clearly what they are revolting from and so few see at all what they are revolting to. . . . It seems to be trial marriage. But is that really where we wish to end? If not, now is the time to face the question. At present we undoubtedly are headed in that direction."

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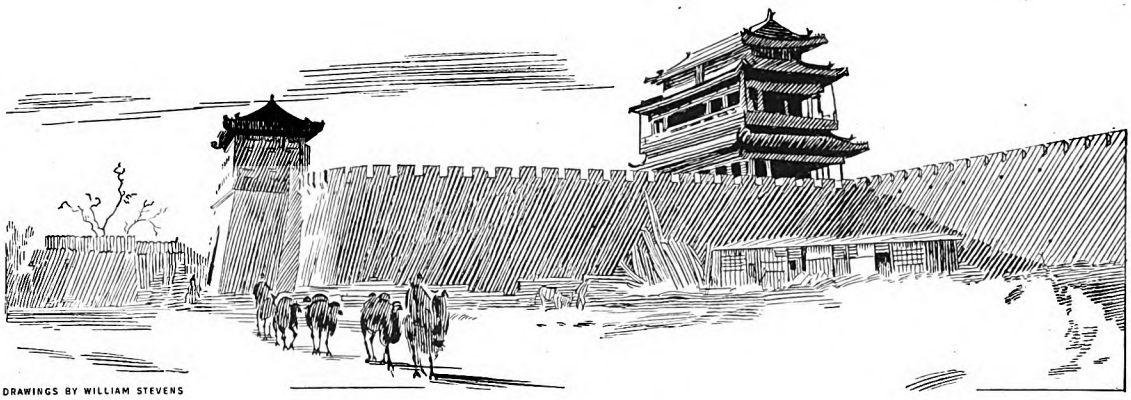


DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM STEVENS

Upton Close

The Man Who Cannot Stay Still

By MILDRED HARRINGTON

ALONE white man lay on the uneven brick platform which was the community bed of a half-ruined inn somewhere in a remote district of northwestern China. Here, a few weeks before, had occurred one of the most disastrous earthquakes of history.

With his back propped against the wall, he was painfully lettering on a piece of wrapping paper two lines from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Requiem." The words were these:

> Glad did I live, and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.

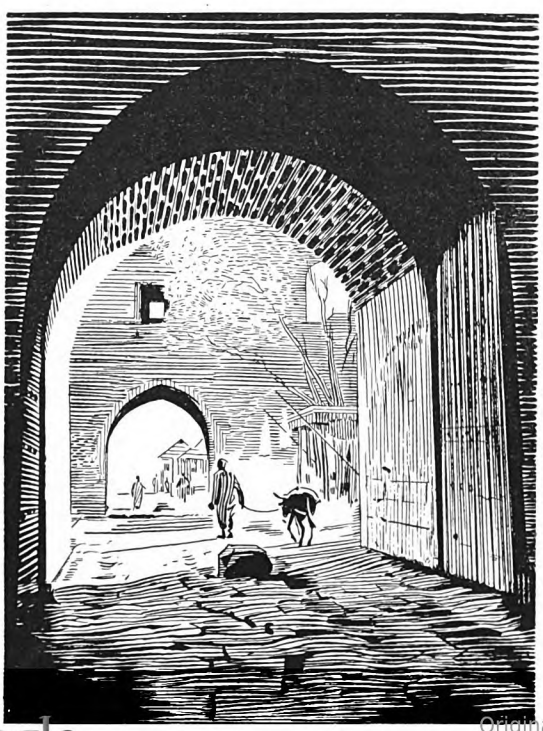
The white man was writing his own epitaph. A twisted little smile compounded of suffering and an incurable sense of humor played about his lips as he thought how faithfully each uncertain stroke of his quavering writing would be copied by some Chinese stonecutter who would not understand a letter that he chiseled. He smiled again, but a little sadly this time, as he pictured the rough stone slab that would stand on the alkali plain along the Yellow River as his last flaunt to fate!

That morning he had received his death sentence in the unmistakable symptoms of the supreme dread of the traveler in Asia—amœbic dysentery. Only one cure is known for this disease. It is a prolonged and elaborate treatment with a dangerous poison, and requires expert hospital attendance and medical supervision. It was a month's journey to a hospital over roads wiped out by landslides and broken by huge cracks in the earth. Progress could be made only by horseback. This mode of travel was impossible, for if the patient were jarred he might die of hemorrhages.

The name that the sick man signed to his impromptu epitaph was Upton Close. He was an American newspaper correspondent who had come out from Peking to investigate conditions in the devastated earthquake region. His companion on the journey was the Reverend John Hayes, head of a committee sent out by the International Relief Association.

Close had been half sick for several days, but he had kept going. On the morning that he realized the serious nature of his illness, he wrote his farewells to family and friends. Then, crouched over a tiny charcoal hand brazier while the icy winds of Central Asia whistled through the ruined walls of the inn, he made his plans:

It was three hundred miles to a hospital; sixty to the nearest telegraph station. Without remedies, he might reckon on three weeks to live. If he could get treatment in that time, there was hope. Hayes had already dispatched a coolie to the telegraph lines with a message to the nearest town. The answer came on the third day: By great good luck there was a native doctor visiting his family seventy miles to the north. Perhaps they could reach him before it was too late.



They made two attempts to start; on both occasions the sick man suffered so cruelly that Hayes brought him back. But let Upton Close himself take up the story here:

"I was growing weaker and weaker," he said, in recounting the experience to me, "and Hayes was greatly troubled. I finally pledged him and my Chinese servants to make no effort to carry my body back to Peking. I requested them to see that those intrepid lines of Stevenson's were put over my grave.

"I thought of my wife and two little boys. I had dreamed of the time when we would ride forth together in search of adventure. But now it seemed that I was headed for the Great Adventure, which all men must meet, alone.

"POOR Hayes was desperate. At last he decided to risk the trip to the native doctor's home. I was swung in a hammock which Hayes had rigged up under a great covered cart. Both the hammock and I were wrapped in oilskins for protection against the bitter wind, which was loaded with stinging sand and sleet.

"I know but little of that journey. At length Hayes found the doctor. I understand that the treatment consisted of large doses of opium and kerosene. How it happened, I'll never know, but when I had survived the remedy, the disease was gone.

"My recovery was as rapid as my seizure. In a few days I was fretting to be out of my hammock. When we came within sight of Ning-an-bu (Tranquil Peace Mart), I mounted (*Continued on page 133*)

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Photograph by Lucas-Kanarian

Upton Close

HIS REAL NAME, and the one under which he went to China, is Josef Washington Hall; but the name under which he came back and under which he now lives is Upton Close. A reckless adventurer whose delight it is to study at first hand the big events of the earth, is this young man of the strange *nom de plume*. But he got that curious name honestly enough. He was close to fighting in China, and he sent a despatch telling of the fight. The last two words were these: "Up close." Someone mistook them for a signature—Up Close. That didn't sound like a name, so they made it Upton Close; he liked the looks of it, so adopted it as his own.

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Drawing by B. J. Rosenmeyer

Wayman Adams

WAYMAN ADAMS, one of the greatest of portrait artists, earned his first five dollars by painting the picture of a neighbor's cow; his next five came for the picture of a faithful old horse owned by a country doctor. "You've got her!" exclaimed the doctor when he saw the picture on the gable of his barn. "That's Mary Belle, even to the spring in her knee! But remember, young feller, don't get lazy, don't get spendthrifty just because you can earn five dollars a day!" Mr. Adams was born in Muncie, Indiana, in 1883. His principal studio is now in New York City.

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"If you wish to know whether or not you really want a thing

Try Giving It Up" says WAYMAN ADAMS

By M. K. WISEHART

BACK in 1889, on a farm six miles from Muncie, Indiana, a boy going on seven sometimes surprised his father and mother by the things he could do with a pencil. An impulsive line—a little blurred stroke, a dot, a dash—and he had a kind of likeness! It might be a man in a hay field. His mother hanging out clothes! A dog, a horse, a goat! Childlike, immature, these pictures were, but about them was something arresting.

The father was a man of limited means, a stock-raiser on a small scale. Sometimes he went up into Canada, whence he brought back great draft animals, Clydesdales, or Percherons, for breeding purposes and for sale. Now, he not only gave these horses such names as "Solon," "Hercules," "Atlas," and "Eve," but he painted their pictures as well.

And these pictures had *point*. There were two barns on the place; and on each of the four sliding doors there was a picture, not of a typical horse but of a *particular* horse.

And the boy, admiring the painted mares and stallions as much as the animals inside the barn, marveled. He was filled with ambition, and he imitated his father's work. And somehow he too caught the difference between the typical and the particular.

By the time he was twelve, when the family had moved into the nearby town, Wayman Adams, using his father's materials, was painting pictures in oil. In Silverburg's drug store, in Muncie, there was an exhibition—some of the pictures by the father, some by the son. One by the boy was a spirited copy of "The Bombardment of Matanzas."

In Albany, Indiana, was a hotel proprietor, W. P. Bartlett, who owned the best herd of short-horn cattle in the state. Said the hotel man to the boy one day: "I got a cow I think a great deal of! Six years old! Worth two thousand dollars! If you painted her picture, what would it cost me?"

"Do it for nothing—you pay for the paint!"

"Didn't ask you to do it for nothing. Asked you what you'd charge?"

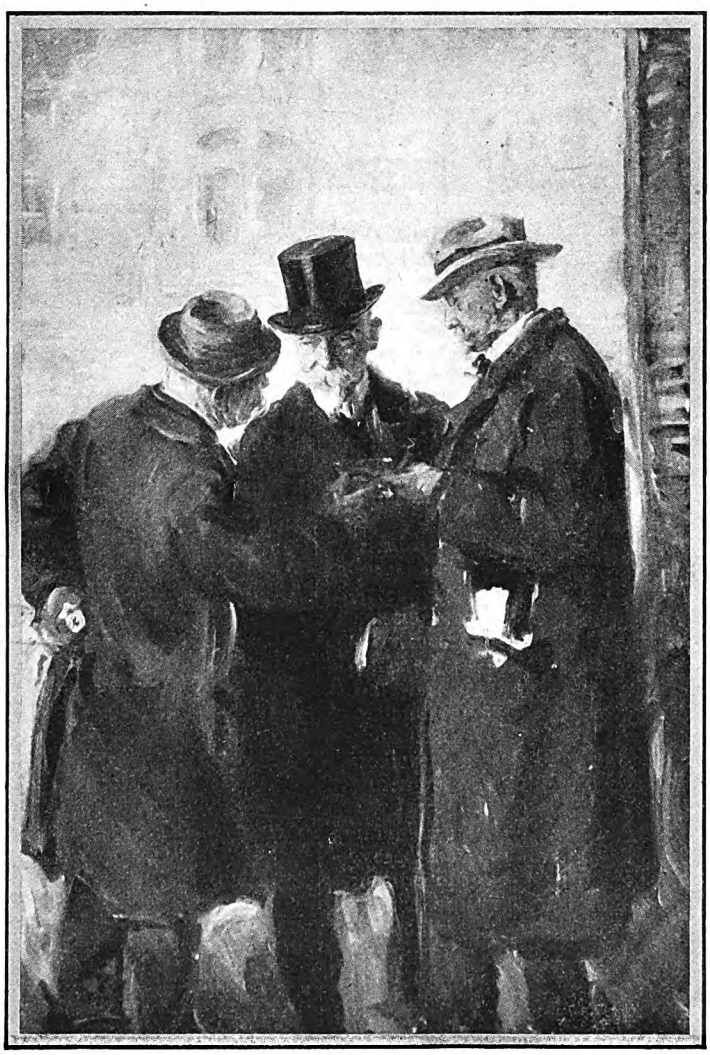
"Five dollars!" said the boy.

It was his first portrait. Exhibited in the corridor of the Hotel Bartlett, it created a sensation, and the Albany paper printed a front-page story with headlines in letters an inch high: "Gypsy Girl III Has Her Portrait Painted by Wayman Adams, a young lad of Muncie."

Not far from Muncie, in Yorktown, was an elderly doctor, a gruff, kindly man, who had a faithful horse that had served him well. Her name was Mary Belle. Said the doctor to the boy one day, "Been looking at that picture of yours in Mr. Bartlett's place. Do as well by my old mare and you can paint her on the gable of my barn."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the doctor when the job was done. "You've got her! That's Mary Belle to the life! I'd know her a mile away! Even to the spring in her knee! Well, well!"

Handing over five dollars and peering over his spectacles, the old doctor became stern, severe. "Done a pretty good job," he said, "but it didn't take you long! Five dollars is a lot of money for a boy to earn in one day! Now, don't get lazy! Don't get spendthrifty! If you'll attend to business, you'll never go hungry! Maybe you'll make your mark!"



"The Conspirators": Joseph Pennell, John McLure Hamilton, and Charles Burns, painted by Wayman Adams

BY NOW, the newspapers of Muncie, and other newspapers as far away as Springfield, were calling Wayman Adams "the boy artist." Some referred to him as a "prodigy." There were people who said that he had done so well because his father had helped him. Still others—the wiseacres—said: "Aw! He's what they call a precocious kid! You know how it is with them kids! They peter out! That kid ain't never goin' to set the world on fire!" Others were awed. They pondered the mystery. And some said: "Mark my word! That boy was born a genius!"

He *was* born a genius, as we shall see.

Twenty-eight years have passed since the Muncie boy painted Mr. Bartlett's cow. Today, at forty-five, he is one of the foremost portrait painters of America—famous wherever portrait art is known for his

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Portrait, "A Danish Woman," by Wayman Adams

gifted, brilliant, and colorful characterizations; for the sweep, daring, and skill of his brush; for the penetration of his vision; for his unique power and certainty in expressing that vision!

Recently, in the artist's studio in West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, I was looking at some of these portraits. Celebrities, noted musicians, authors, painters, scientists, and many public men have sat for him! And many others, whose fame consists in having been painted by him—striking characters from the by-ways of life! And besides these portraits brief, glowing epics of moods and moments in Florence, Madrid, New Orleans, San Francisco, New York!

HE WAS born a genius, and I wondered what meaning his story might have for the rest of us. *He* couldn't have known anything of those doubts and perplexities which beset the average boy when starting out on what he thinks of as his career. *He* must have known where he was going. For *him* the road was surely clear. . . .

But, at the moment, I said nothing of this. In the course of many discussions that followed, I got what I think is the real story. Presently you will see how its meaning touches us all. . . .

"I was sixteen when I had my first adventure," he said. "Just a boy's adventure, a first foray into the world. My family were in anything but prosperous circumstances. I wanted to get away, to *do* something and *be* somebody. It wasn't because I wanted to learn to paint; I could paint at home. Nobody was opposing me in that.

"With another boy I ran away, stealing into a freight car that was headed for Danville, Illinois. This car was loaded with iron pipe and in such a way that there was a space at one end. On a down-grade the pipe slipped. It came over on us. Things went black. The next I knew I was in a hospital. For a long while after that I was unable to walk. Home was a pretty good place.

"Father, it seems, was never very ambitious for me. He would have been satisfied to have had me remain forever in Muncie. But he felt that painting was a good thing. We kept at it, making copies of "The Franciscan Monks," "The French Minuet," and sketching the dogs and horses of our neighbors. These were sometimes exhibited in the local stores.

"FOUR years of this. I was twenty. Again I felt that I had to get away. This time I talked it over with Mother. 'Painting is no kind of a business at all,' she said. She didn't see how anybody could make a living at it.

"In Albany, there was a friend of the family, a Miss St. John, who had studied art in Cincinnati. We went to see her. She looked at some of my sketches. 'Why, yes,' she said to Mother, 'I think it would be a good thing to do. Send him to the John Herron Art School in Indianapolis, if you can!'

"But Mother couldn't send me. She let me have what she could, seventy-five dollars. With that as a beginning, I thought I could find out what chance there was.

"In a way, I knew that I could paint; but I didn't feel that I was *born* to paint. What I really wanted to find out was whether there was a chance to make it go. I didn't yet realize that if there was a chance, I'd have to *make* it."

That seventy-five dollars lasted about a month. Down-town was a dairy lunch-room, one of a great chain of such places operated by a company with headquarters in New York. During the noon-time period, the management employed extra help for carrying dishes from the service chairs to the counter. The boy from

Wayman Adams was busy with his brushes and paint long before he ever had a chance to study art. This shows him, at seventeen, with several copies he had made

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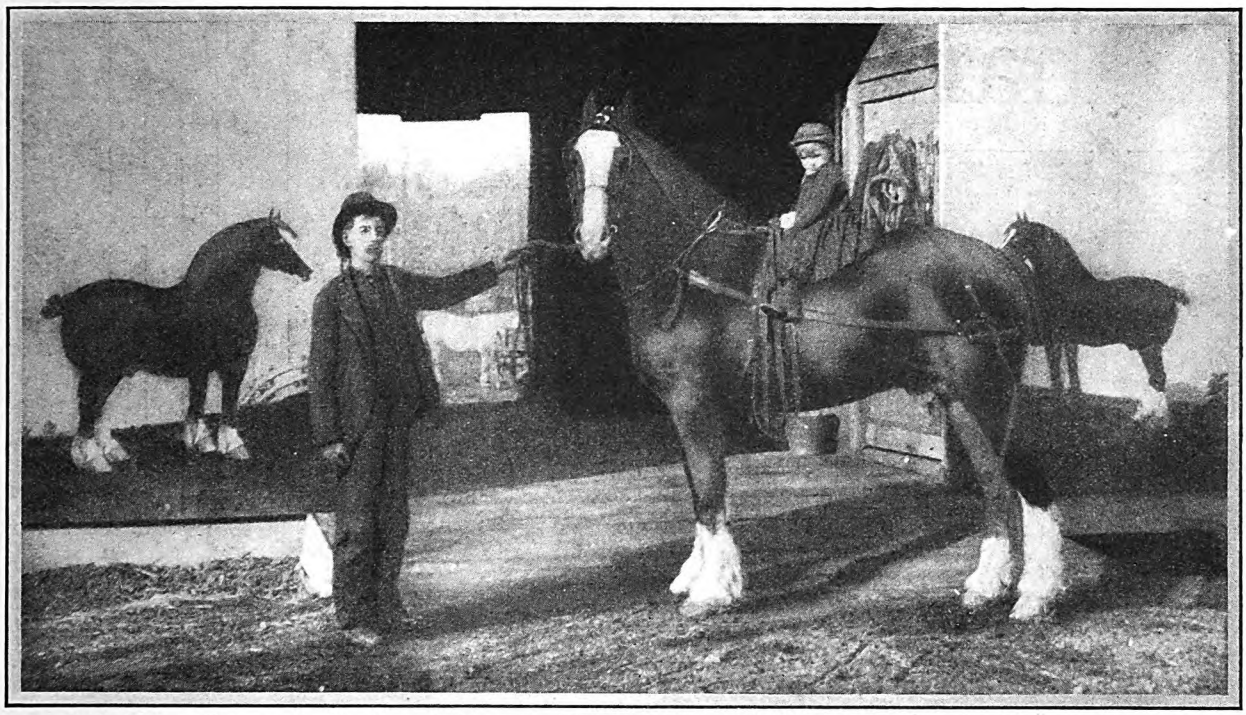

This photograph was taken in the early days near Muncie, Indiana. The little girl on the horse is Wayman Adams's sister; the man holding the horse is his father. The paintings on the barn doors were made by the elder Adams

Muncie got a job as one of the extras. A dollar a day and luncheon in addition! That helped out for a time. And his work at the school, though obviously lacking in any real training, attracted attention from the start, largely because of his ability to get a likeness.

And what he didn't know about paint! The putting on of paint! The brush! The magic implement! And brush strokes! There is a stroke for the starting surprise of an eyebrow, the flare of a nostril, the turn of an ear, the sweep of the hair. As one of his later masters said: There are all kinds of strokes. Dull, confused, doubtful strokes! Icy, cold, hard, brittle, timid, fearful, apologetic, pale, negative, smart, evasive, and glib strokes! The swing of the body into the stroke! Strokes which *laugh!* Strokes that are placid, the horizontal strokes, as in the evening scenes by Hiroshigi. Strokes that carry up, mount, rise, as in El Greco's pictures!

ANOTHER thing. For him, at this time, it was far easier to express the surface likeness than it was to *see*.

Easy enough to see when you don't see anything in particular! Easy enough to get some kind of likeness when you see the subject in the way that's handiest for what you are able to do. But to see the subject with some inner vision, and make that vision your subject—that's *hard!*

Vaguely he was coming to realize this, the true nature of his undertaking. And, meanwhile, both ends had to meet!

He gave up art school. On full time, twelve hours a night, he went to work in the dairy lunch-room. He stayed there for a year. Starting in the kitchen, he worked up until he was counter-man. Finally, he had charge of the store. He was still painting a little in the daytime. He would pick up an odd character in the street, or paint from memory some scene snatched up in passing. At times, his fellow workers in the store posed for him—"Daddy" Holland, "Red" Simmons, "Bowery" Broyles.

"The thought I had in quitting art school was this," he remarked: "'I'll work a year,' I told myself, 'and won't be late once. At the end of a year, maybe the manager will transfer me to Philadelphia, and I'll go to art school there.' At the end of the year they asked me to take charge of a new lunch-room in Louisville, Kentucky. There was a chance to work up in the business. That was made plain. The future for my art seemed very uncertain. But I had never worried about money much. Anyhow, I took the chance that opened. I gave up art. In a way I gave it up. I'm glad I did. But I stayed in Louisville only two and a half months."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER A. JULEY & SON, NEW YORK CITY

Booth Tarkington, by Wayman Adams

AT THE moment, we were standing near the great north light of Mr. Adams's studio, all around us the evidence of one of the most brilliant and rapidly successful careers that American art has known. It was the evening hour. From the street below came the fanfare of a great parade, a city homeward bound . . . the explosive sounds of buses . . . the horns of motor-cars.

"Why do you say you are glad you gave it up?" I asked.

"If you wish to know whether or not you really want a thing," was the quiet answer, "*try giving it up!* Try to fix your mind on (*Continued on page 179*)

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Champion White Water

Captain Sydney Barrington has made steamboat history in the North where rivers are swift and hazards are great

Drawings by Adolph Treidler

S-T-E-A-M-B-O-A-T! *S-t-e-a-m-b-o-a-t!"*

The spring-green hills of Dawson echoed to the shouts of men, women, and children stampeding joyously through the streets toward vantage points on the banks of the Yukon, on the roofs of buildings, on the arms of telephone poles. Tooting of sirens and howls of malemutes swelled the expectant chorus. An answering whistle, deep and prolonged, thrilled the watchers to further demonstrations:

"T-h-e-r-e she comes! S-t-e-a-m-b-o-a-t!"

Down around the "Louse-town" curve she swept, a devil-may-care little stern-wheeler belching smoke from her high black stack, tossing ice from her iron-sheathed prow, flinging white water from her churning wheel. All three decks were dark with hat-waving passengers whose combined shouts seemed but an accompaniment to those of a huge negro waving a banjo from the top of the capstan. On jackstaff, vergestaff, flagstaff, and spars new brooms shone yellow in the sunlight, proclaiming the greatest event of Dawson's year—the arrival from Whitehorse of the first boat, which meant summer, new faces, freight, mail, fresh fruit, and vegetables to the inland town that had been ice-bound for eight months. Those brooms also meant a "clean sweep" for the daring pilot who had not only kept his bow at the heels of the Yukon's break-up but who also had outwitted and outmaneuvered every other skipper of that river-fleet which each year contended for this hazardous victory.

It was for the pilot, the hero of the hour, that the crowd was cheering when the heaving line hit the dock, and the big negro, swelling with pride, swung his banjo to his hip and burst into a melodious roar:

"Steamboat Syd, on de mighty Yukon!
Steamboat Syd, he's de gamest of dem all!
Steamboat Syd, champion in de pilot-house!
He's surely got dem bested in de spring
and in de—"

"Hey, Splotus! Pipe down and get aft!"

SPLOTUS'S boss was leaning authoritatively from the pilot-house window. He was little more than a boy, tall, slim, and red-headed. The look of annoyance in his blue eyes gave way to a half-bashful grin as he acknowledged the plaudits of the crowd who, like the royal Splotus, delighted to do him honor. For he was Captain Sydney Barrington of the Barrington Navigation Company, the youngest captain on the Yukon, the champion white water skipper of the North, and the pilot who for six consecutive seasons had been the first to warp his steamer to the Dawson dock.

Such a reputation meant something in that time of heavy traffic on the upper Yukon, when competition between transportation companies was of the keenest, and navigation at times so beset with danger that every passenger had to sign an agreement to carry his own risk when he came aboard. The great river flowed fast between Whitehorse and Dawson. Its four hundred miles were spiked with sunken rocks, blocked with sandbars that shifted overnight, torn into fury by roaring rapids. In the late fall, and early spring when ice was running and the temperature dropped below zero, these dangers increased until every trip became a gamble with disaster. Only a man of nerve, judgment, and daring skill could win.

But young Captain Syd Barrington, in partnership with his two brothers, not only owned half a dozen river craft, but he managed the company, was head pilot of his own fleet, and was the only man who ever competed successfully with the mighty White Pass and Yukon Transportation Company, backed by millions of dollars.

Since those days, which were a decade after the gold rush, Captain Syd has continued to make steamboat history all over the North where the rivers are the highways to the wealth that lies in the hills—swift flowing, dangerous rivers that defy navigation. From the great whispering Yukon dumping its load of silt at the end of twenty-five hundred miles, to the glacier-born Susitna that rushes to meet the tidal bore of Cook's Inlet, he has answered the challenge of them all. He has conquered the rips and boil-holes of

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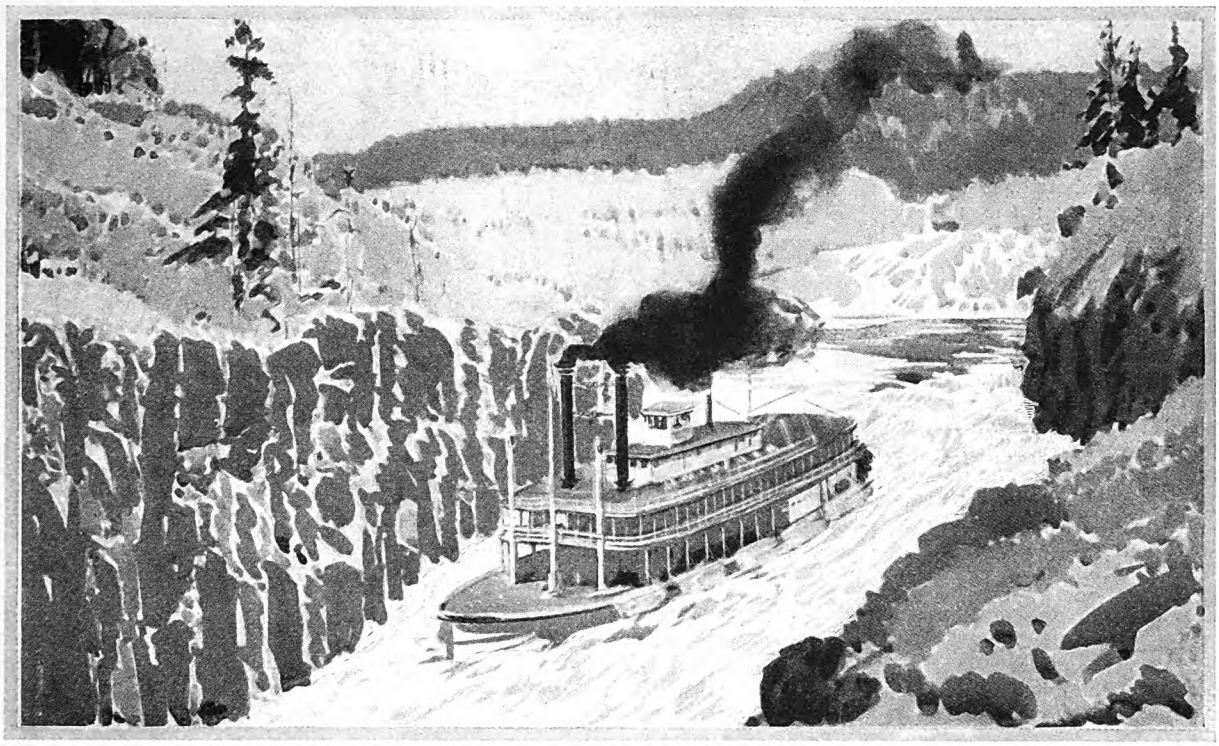
Pilot *of the* North

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY



"Runnin' Miles Canyon in a big boat," says an old Alaska waterman, "was like kissin' yourself good-by; but Cap'n Syd tied bales of hay around that steamer and with four of us aboard to help him, he swung her into the roarin' current and down she came!"

the rocky Porcupine; the avid whirlpools of the Pelly's Fishhook Bend; the foaming log-strewn freshets of the treacherous Koyukuk; and on many another river he has been the first, and sometimes the only one to venture with a steamer. The most successful, and certainly the most noted river transportation man in the North, he operates on the Stickine; which river, say those who know the Yukon, the Mackenzie, and the Peace, has no equal for beauty and danger and swiftness.

"YOU know," drawled Captain Syd one day, as I stood beside him in the pilot-house, "if it hadn't been for freckle-cream, I might be writing prescriptions now, instead of bucking white water here on the Stickine." He gave the engineer a jingle, leisurely "flanked" the steamer around a threatening rock in midstream, and continued: "My father was a deep-water captain, as were all the Barrington men as far back as we have any record; but after anchoring his ships in all the seaports of the world, he decided that none of his sons should follow in his wake.

"He determined to make a doctor out of me, so I was sent from our home on Whidby Island, Washington, to Seattle to go to school. After hours, I was delivery boy for a drug store; but I know I wasn't much of a success at this job because, no matter where my packages were directed, I always arranged my route to take in the water front.

"At fifteen, I was an ungainly red-headed kid, six feet tall and terribly bashful. There wasn't an inch of my face that wasn't freckled as a seagull egg. I hated those freckles worse than a sailor does a shark, and my only interest in medicine was to get rid of them. No one knew it, but I tried every cream for that purpose in the drug store, and never lost a single freckle. Then, convinced that I'd given the medical profession a fair chance and that it had failed me, I felt free to go down to the water front and get me a real job on a steamboat. I landed one as night watchman on a Puget Sound sternwheeler."

AT THE end of four years' steamboating—since there was no age limit then—the bashful Syd had his papers for coastwise navigation. He was a captain at nineteen.

He soon decided that salt water was too tame for him, salt water where channels always remain as they're marked on the chart. He was glad when the Klondike strike of '97 gave him an excuse to go to

"The Trail Eater"

LIKE a breath from her own bracing Arctic country is Barrett Willoughby's latest epic of Alaska. Those who read her "Rocking Moon" in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE will be eager for her new story, "The Trail Eater;" while to those others who have yet in prospect the thrill of first acquaintance with this writer we commend "The Trail Eater," which will appear in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, beginning in the December issue.

"In this story," says Barrett Willoughby, "I tell of the gold town Nome in the heyday of its glory—rich, reckless, luxurious, and ugly. Nome in evening clothes and on the trail. Nome, where the malemute was king and fortunes were lost and won on strings of racing dogs. I tell of the Sweepstakes Trail, and the daredevil drivers who risked their lives on that four-hundred-mile course, that is the longest, most hazardous, most cruel—and most fascinating—known to the world of sport."

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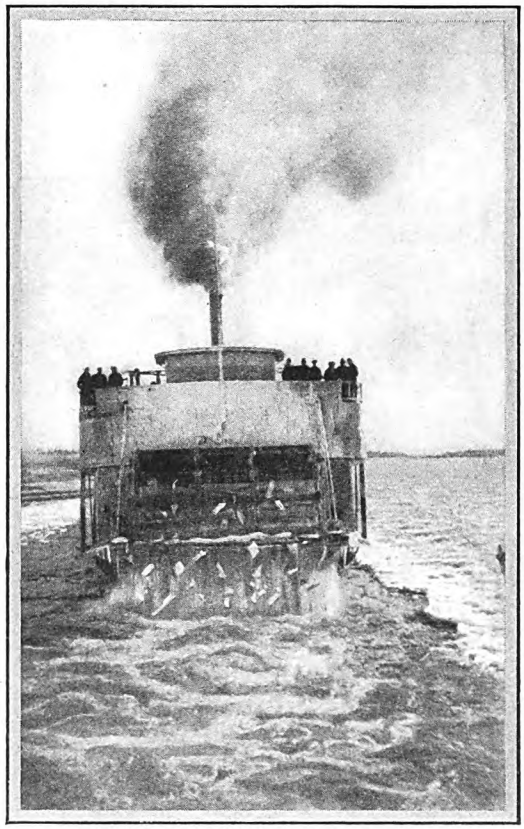
the Yukon. He and his two brothers were with the first gold seekers who staked promising claims in the new diggings, yet all the time that young Captain Syd's hands were busy with a shovel and a gold pan they ached for the jerk and the swing of a steering-wheel.

Unable to resist the lure of the river, Captain Syd one day traded his gold claim with its promise of fortune for an interest in the "Willie Irving," the most ramshackle-looking little sternwheeler that ever grounded on a river bar. His brothers joined him in the venture, and the three boys were among those who began the steamboat run on the upper Yukon.

Reckless, intoxicating pioneer days and a red-headed skipper unhampered by years, or fears, or wisdom! No wonder Captain Syd's performances with the "Willie" have become a proud tradition in the history of Northern transportation.

"Those were the times when we burned wood instead of oil," he remembered. "Since everyone in the country was digging for gold, there were no established woodyards along the river. We had to cut our own as we went along. Crew and passengers alike would pile out on the bank, some to chop down trees and others to pack the logs aboard. If any of the passengers were reluctant I'd say, 'Well, boys, we won't get to Whitehorse on time, unless you give us a hand.' They always did, for speed, rush, and scramble was the order of travel then.

"We had accommodations for about a hundred, but we generally carried twice that number. They slept in relays and the berths never had a chance to get cold."



The going isn't so good when the ice begins to close in on the Yukon

THE captain still speaks of the "Willie" with a pride akin to that of a father for his first-born. "She always tried to do what I wanted her to do," he declared. "I had the paddles on her wheel specially faced with steel. When we'd hit shallow water, and she couldn't go up bow on, I'd turn her stern up-stream and set her engines going full speed. Say, you should have seen her wheel spin as she'd dig into that gravel! Stones flew higher than the smoke stack and came down on the deck like hail. But the little rascal could nearly always make a channel over a bar and get into deep water.

"When we'd come to Five Finger Rapids—this was before steamers were lined through there with cables—she didn't have quite enough power to go up against that swift current. Then I'd have the engineer screw the safety-valve down until it couldn't pop off, and heave pitch knots and slabs of fat bacon into the furnace until we got up enough steam to buck the rapids. All the passengers on the bank—oh, yes, we had to unload them while we did it because the 'Willie' might have blown up any minute, you see—all the passengers would cheer and yell every time she gained a foot until they'd be hoarse as crows when we finally got through into quieter water where they could come aboard again.

"I don't know of anything that can give a fellow such a sense of power as running a steamboat on a river he has to fight all the time. My brothers and I were successful with the 'Willie' and it went to my head a little." The captain smiled apologetically. "When we finally sold her and I took my share of the profits—fifty thousand dollars—you would have thought I was the boy who had snatched the Yukon River from its source and flung it over the Arctic Circle into the Bering Sea! I decided to run down to Nome, which was booming then.

"Besides, I wanted to see the lower half of the Yukon. Other pilots had told me how she sweeps past Fossil Bluffs, where you can see mastodon skeletons sticking out of the bank; and how she rolls along through the bed of that prehistoric lake they call the Flats; and how she spreads herself wide and lonely over a hundred miles of yellow marsh where her mouth touches tidewater. So I took passage on one of the big steamers running from Dawson to St. Michael.

"I THOUGHT it would be a fine thing to sit in lordly passenger ease and watch the Indian pilot do all the worrying about snags and rocks and sandbars; but we hadn't gone more than two bends and a look before he ran her high and dry on a gravel bar. The captain was so disgusted he sent the Siwash ashore. When we got the steamer off, he asked me to take her down to St. Michael, which was about fifteen hundred miles west. I was really glad to do it because being a passenger grows mighty monotonous.

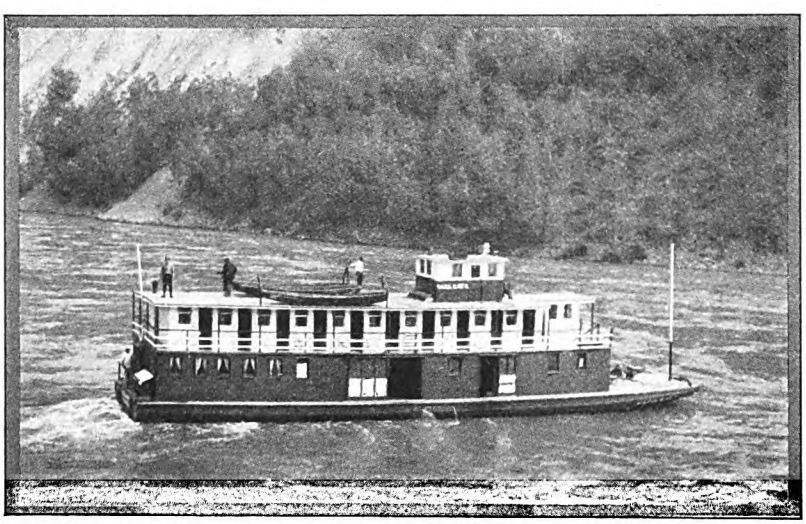
"At St. Michael I was just about to board a sea-going vessel that would take me across the hundred-mile stretch of Bering Sea to Nome when I saw a little sternwheeler lying close to the beach. I stayed there, hunted up the owner, and bought her and a barge for fifteen thousand dollars. Over in Nome they were taking out gold by the bucketful, and I knew I'd have all I could do with my boat if I could only get her there. Since she was not a sea-going craft, I loaded her on the barge and made arrangements with a tug-boat captain to tow the outfit over to the gold camp.

"About that time a storm blew up and as that hundred-mile stretch is bad in a gale, the captain refused to leave. I was in a hurry, so I found another captain who was willing to go if I paid him double the usual price. In the meantime, I'd met about a dozen fellows who were stranded in St. Michael, a dead camp. They were so up against it that I hadn't the heart to go off and leave them. I promised I'd see them to Nome.

"I thought I could pay the captain their fares and it would be all right, but when I mentioned it he had a fit. Refused point blank to carry any passengers. I couldn't argue with him because I was afraid he'd refuse to tow my steamer out. Still, I'd given my word to those poor devils who were depending on me, and I had to keep it some way. Finally, I told them to go aboard my own boat and stow themselves away below.

"When I went down to take them some grub for the journey I found that every busted guy

(*Continued on page 148*)



One of "Steamboat Syd's" specially built boats for navigation on the Stickine

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Dot *rushes in* Where Wisdom *fears to* Tread

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY
T. K. HANNA

IF ANYBODY had told me that Will and I would ever go interfering with other people's married life, I wouldn't have believed it. But at that, I wouldn't have been any more surprised than at the idea of Girlie Whittaker's ever having any married life to interfere with.

I don't think anything has caused as much talk in Montrose since Sam Porter ran for mayor as Girlie Whittaker and Sidney Hinkel getting married.

"How in the world," Mother Horton and her friends kept wondering, "Sidney Hinkel ever got a nice girl like Girlie Whittaker!"

And, "How in the world," our young bunch kept wondering, "Girlie Whittaker ever got a man like Sidney Hinkel!"

"I suppose," Mother Horton's friends decided, "she married him to reform him. It's an awful shame too, because everybody knows that that never works."

"Talk about going through the woods and picking up a crooked stick at last!" said Dulcie, who is always painfully frank. "Why, Sid has gone with some of the prettiest girls in Montrose!"

This was perfectly true, and Dulcie had been among them. As a matter of fact, Sid had taken practically all of us girls about some at one time or another. I remember Mother had a perfect fit when he started calling me up because he traveled for Butterfly Silks and had the reputation of being fast.

Will always stuck up for Sid and said it was perfect tommyrot about his being fast. He had been a wild boy, into all the mischief in town; but Will said he didn't do any worse things Hallowe'ens and so on than the rest of them, only Sid was unlucky. He was always the one to get caught. And then, when he grew up and went on the road, that just finished off his reputation. Will said it made him tired the way people always took it for granted that a traveling man must be a sport.

Sid's reputation, however, deserved or not, never did him any harm with us girls. We were all crazy about him. He dressed like a million dollars and was a dandy dancer and could play the piano like a fool.

But nobody thought Sid would ever get married. As Will said, he moved too fast. He was only home occasional week-ends and perhaps three weeks or so, during the dull season. He always rushed some girl while he was in town; but just as things were beginning to look serious, he'd be off on the road again. All our husbands joked about it a lot.

"When I think what one short, Middle-West trip at just the right time might have saved me from!" Howard Merton would groan, when all his four babies had bronchial colds at once and somebody happened to speak of Sid.

Or Roger Lane when Dulcie insisted on getting an over-stuffed divan before they'd got through paying on the Songola, or Frank Kirsted, when Mrs. Kirsted's cranky old-maid cousin came to visit them a week, and stayed all winter. When any of them were temporarily a little off matrimony.

"Sid's the lucky fellow," they'd say. "It's hard to pick off a bird on the wing."

IT WAS all joking, of course; but there was a certain amount of truth underneath it. More than once Sidney had left for the road when one more Sunday evening would probably have made him an engaged man.

"The boy," our husbands would say, with pretended envy, "leads a charmed life."

And then, after having led it for nearly thirty years, to fall for Girlie Whittaker, of all girls in the world! Girlie, who was plain as a kitchen plate and had never, so far as any of us knew, so much as had a beau in her life.

"Fall for her nothing!" said Dulcie bluntly. "You can't tell me that, after all the girls Sidney Hinkel has gone with, he ever fell for Girlie Whittaker. It was the psychological moment, and Girlie happened to be the girl that was on hand. Sid comes home for three weeks when his family's all gone to Los Angeles, the house shut up and bleak. He stops at the hotel, and it's dull and lonesome. We all take pity on him and invite him for dinners and so on. It's cozy and homey, and it suddenly begins to dawn on Sidney that he's nearly thirty years old, and that all the boys he grew up with are married and having families. He begins to feel kind of old and out of it and lonesome, and the first unmarried girl that his eyes light on is Girlie Whittaker. If it had happened to be any other girl in town, that girl would be Mrs. Sidney Hinkel this minute."

"I should think," said Rosie Merton, "that marrying Sid would be taking an awful chance. Of course he's perfectly dandy to go to a dance with, but to marry—"

"Oh," Mrs. Kirsted explained that easily, "Girlie didn't want to be an old maid, and she knew that it was Sid or nobody. Besides, she thinks of course she can reform him."

"Oh, Girlie may, at that," said Rosie Merton. "They say that Mr. Burris was a wild egg when he was a young man, and now look at him President of the bank!"

"Well," said Mrs Frank Kirsted, "it will be kind of fun to watch, anyway. See how Girlie goes about it."

To which we all agreed.

The older people had a sort of goody-goody hopelessness about it. Of course it couldn't be done, they mostly said, but it was very noble of Girlie to try it. The young men took a perfectly vindictive pleasure in it. In his comical way, Sid had been very high-hat during his bachelor days, when the other young men were getting married. I remember how, when Will got engaged to me, Sid shook his head sadly and said:

"Too bad! Another good man gone! That's right, Bill, grin. Keep a stiff upper lip. There's nothing like putting up a brave front when you're up against it."

WHEN our husbands were cutting out smoking, in order to save money for the living-room rug and spending their Saturday afternoons putting up a garage or mowing the lawn, Sid would blow into town with his golf clubs and his pockets full of money, and much talk about the new shows he'd seen in Chicago or the cute girl he'd met in Detroit. He was always trying to get up a friendly little poker game, or a bunch to drive out to the new road-house on the pike and dance for a while.

When the husbands would say they couldn't make it, he'd kid them about getting close and settled down and slow, and pretend he thought they'd got a life sentence in Joliet. It was all in fun, of course, and perfectly good-natured. Still, there was just enough truth back of it to make the boys awfully amused now at the prospect of watching Sid get broken to double harness.

The first thing was Sid's changing jobs. Sid, apparently, really believed that he decided to give up traveling on his own

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idea, little guessing that the whole town had decided before he and Girlie got back from the honeymoon that of course that would be Girlie's first move. Sid apparently, however, believed that he'd thought of it, himself.

"I've got a good chance to get the Todd and Todd agency for this whole corner of the state," he told Will, "and, believe me I'm going to snap it up. It's a dandy territory, and I'll be able to handle it with a car. Not have to be away from home overnight. That makes a hit with me, I'll tell you. I've seen enough of hotels to last me for life."

THEN, there was the duplex apartment. The first day they were back from their honeymoon Sid got Will to take him and Girlie around town to look at bungalows. Roger and Dulcie were at our house for supper that night, and Will was telling us about it.

"I think I've got them sold on the Parker place," Will said. "It's a good buy, and for all it looks so small it's got more room inside than you'd think. Sid was especially keen about the two bedrooms. 'That'll give us a guest-room,' he said. 'I'll be able to put up any of the fellows I knew on the road when they're covering Montrose and Verblen. They're a good live bunch, and I'd hate to lose touch with them just because I'm not traveling myself.'"

There was a little pause. Then:

"I wouldn't spend the commission on that sale yet, if I were you, Will," said Dulcie. "I've an idea you'll find that Girlie will prefer a house that hasn't any guest-room."

And, sure enough, when Will called up Sid a day or so later to ask him what he thought about the Parker place, Sid said:

"I'll tell you, Bill, I've changed my mind on that proposition. Girlie's located a slick duplex apartment we can rent, the upper floor of Birdsell's house, you know. We've decided it would be better for us just to rent for the first year or so, till we see where we're at. By that time, we may be in a position to build."

I happened to be sitting so close to the telephone that I could hear what he said. Recalling Dulcie's prophecy:

"Ask him," I whispered, "if the apartment's got two bedrooms."

"No," Sid answered, "that's the one drawback; but we're going to get a couch for the living-room that'll open up into a comfortable bed, and we can put up anybody there overnight."

And then Girlie found an over-stuffed couch at Wilson's Furniture Store that she just set her heart on. It was a beauty, down cushions and wool mohair of the smartest mulberry shade. It was marked way down, and toned in so perfectly with the rug the Whittakers had given Girlie for a wedding present that, as Sid said, they bought it before they realized that it was just too short for anyone to sleep on.

"It's tough luck," said Sid, "not to have a place to put anyone up overnight, but then you can't have everything, and we've got one peach of a little home here."

Sid, in fact, was such a good sport about everything that it really took all the fun out of watching him get reformed. The boys had expected him to put up more of a fight.

There was the bunch of men over in Verblen that he'd always played cards with whenever he was in town. He expected, of course, to go right on playing twice a week or so, now that he was married. But when he found that Girlie didn't want him to, he gave it up without a bit of complaint. And he was so nice about it. He was nice about everything, in fact.

"There, you see what I've always told you," Will would say triumphantly. "Haven't I always said Sid's reputation was a joke? Look at him—could you find an all-around decenter man in town than Sidney Hinkel? And he's a lot of fun besides. A man doesn't have to be a crape-hanger to be decent."

The whole town, too, was beginning to agree with Will about Sid. The only difference being that the rest were inclined to give Girlie all the credit. Inside of three months, the very older people who had sighed and said a girl ought never to marry a man to reform him were saying what a fine man Girlie was making out of Sid, as proudly as though the whole thing had been their own idea.

DURING all this time, while the town was deciding that the marriage seemed to be turning out all right after all, I was getting better acquainted with Girlie. I saw her more than any of the other girls because their duplex was only half a block from our new house, and we dropped back and forth quite a little daytimes while our husbands were at work. And Girlie was lovely about staying with the twins—she'd bring her sewing over any afternoon and watch them if I wanted to go out. Every mother who's closely tied with young children knows what a hit that makes. Both Jack and Jill were crazy about Girlie.

To tell the truth, I had never liked Girlie very well, myself. She was one of those tactless people who can be trusted to say just the wrong thing at every critical moment. But I don't seem to have much character that way; just as soon as I get well acquainted with anybody I dislike, I begin to stop disliking them. That was the way it worked with Girlie. I began to stop minding her tactlessness, because, as I got to know her better, I could see so plainly what had made her that way.

SHE was one plain girl in a family of beauties. People still talked about how pretty Mit Whittaker, Girlie's mother, had been as a girl, and both Girlie's sisters looked just like her. Then along came Girlie, looking just like her father, whose face is certainly not his fortune. It was a terrible blow to Mrs. Whittaker, who had never dreamed of having anything but belles in her family.

Both she and the two older sisters began when Girlie was still a little girl to try to nag her into being good-looking. It was, "Stand up straight, Girlie," and, "Fluff your hair out, Girlie; your face won't look quite so thin," and, "You ought to smile more, Girlie; at least you've got good-looking teeth." And when she got old enough to pick out her own clothes, "What on earth did you

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get a *tan* hat for? It makes you look sallower than ever."

When she got to the beau age, both her sisters who, of course, were well married by now, tried to show her how to be popular. Then it was, "You must jolly the boys along a little, Girlie; boys hate a stick-in-the-mud." And, "Well, why on earth did you say *that* to Corinne's brother?" They were always trying to rake up beaus for her, and fairly throwing them at her head, and then scolding her afterward because she didn't know how to "encourage" a man.

Good gracious, no wonder Girlie was kind of tactless! You can't be told that everything about your looks is wrong and that everything you do is wrong all your life, and wind up with very much ease or self-confidence. Of course Girlie didn't exactly tell me all this, but she told me enough, and dropped a lot more that she didn't realize she was telling. And I'm not one of those people who have to have everything worked out by x over y to get the answer.

LONG before Sid came along, the family had given up trying to do anything about Girlie; they'd just resigned themselves to her being an old maid.

"Did they approve of Sid?" I asked, one snowy afternoon when Girlie had brought some flat crêpe over and we were each cutting out a dress.

"They never had, before," said Girlie. "They always said he was fast. But they didn't oppose our getting married, any." She bent over the piece of flat crêpe as though engrossed with it. Without looking up, she said:

"I heard Mother tell Mildred"—Mildred was the oldest sister—"that she always said an unhappy marriage was better than no marriage at all. That, for her part, she'd rather be a grass widow than an old maid, any day of the week."

Girlie laughed as she said this, to let me see, of course, that it wasn't anything special of a confidence, that it was really quite a joke, and that she didn't mind in the least. A person who wants to get over that impression never ought to laugh. It's always a dead give-away. Girlie's laugh was queer and flat and brittle; it sounded almost as much like crying as laughing. And a miserable, shamed crimson crept up over her sallow cheek till it reddened the tip of her ear.

There's no doubt that I felt very sympathetic toward Girlie. It would be a pretty bitter thing to feel that your very own family thought you were lucky to get a man that was too fast for any other girl to marry. No wonder, I thought, Girlie was so crazy to make something of Sid. It would be a great triumph and satisfaction to have him turn out well.

And if Girlie had just had the good sense to stop when she'd done enough, all the town would have been sympathetic. Admiring, in fact. Sid was becoming both a respected and a popular figure in Montrose.

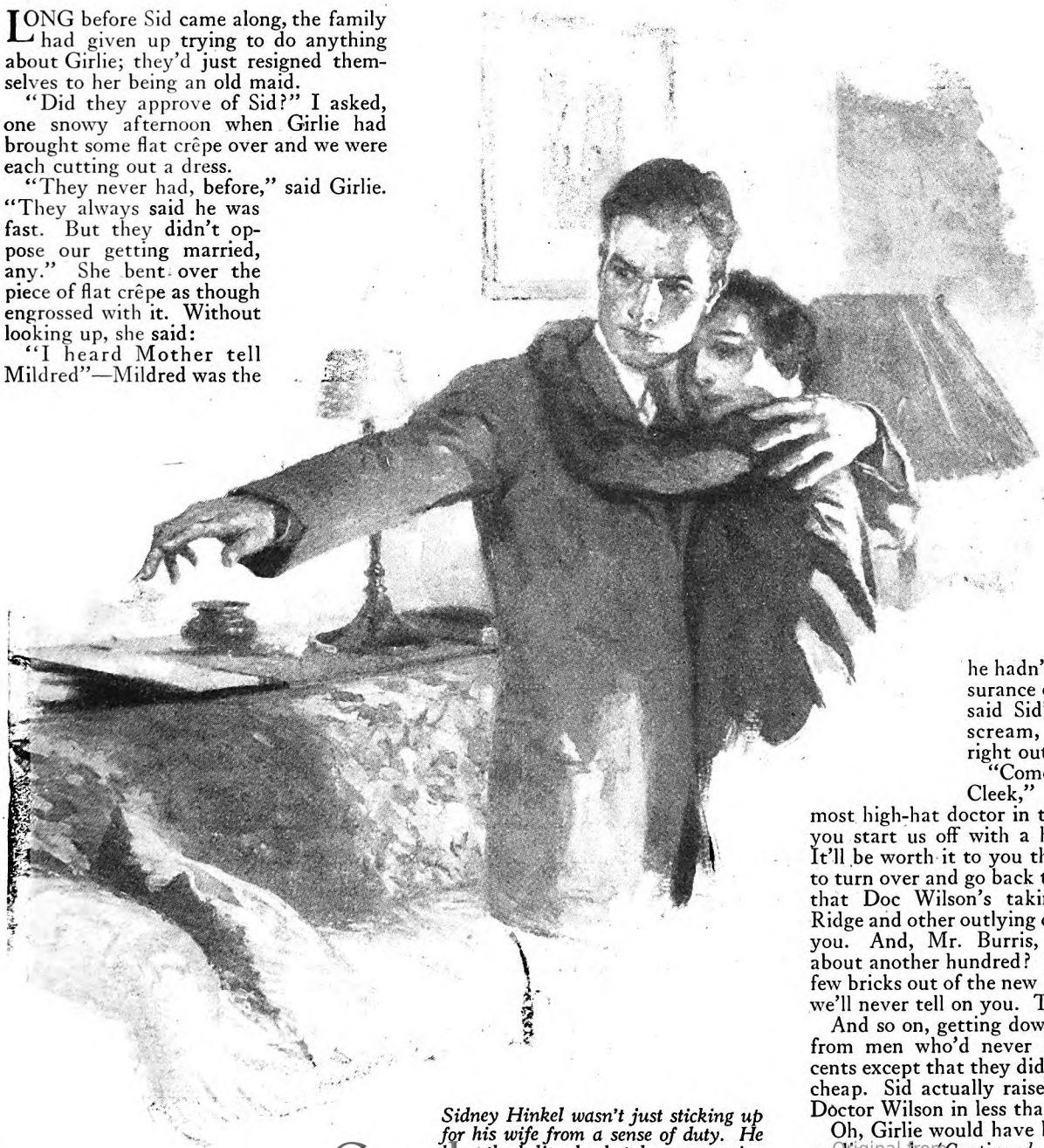
HE WAS a wonderful mixer and joiner, and Will said that every organization he belonged to, he was good for. He was always doing a good turn to somebody. Getting a job for old Mr. Wheeler, customers for Mr. Latchkey, boarders for Mrs. Perlie. When young Doctor Wilson had his car stolen, Sid climbed up on a little table after a Boost Montrose Club meeting, and made a speech about it.

Doctor Wilson was a young fellow just beginning practice, and he went out on all the hard country calls the older men wouldn't take any more. He was still pretty poor and scrimping along, so that he hadn't carried any insurance on the car. Will said Sid's speech was a scream, calling people right out by name:

"Come on, Doctor Van Cleek," he said to the most high-hat doctor in town, "come on; you start us off with a hundred dollars. It'll be worth it to you the next blizzard, to turn over and go back to sleep knowing that Doc Wilson's taking care of the Ridge and other outlying districts. Thank you. And, Mr. Burris, come on, how about another hundred? You can leave a few bricks out of the new Burris Building; we'll never tell on you. Thank you."

And so on, getting down to five dollars from men who'd never have given five cents except that they didn't want to look cheap. Sid actually raised a new car for Doctor Wilson in less than an hour.

Oh, Girlie would have had nothing but credit and (*Continued on page 117*)



Sidney Hinkel wasn't just sticking up for his wife from a sense of duty. He honestly believed what he was saying

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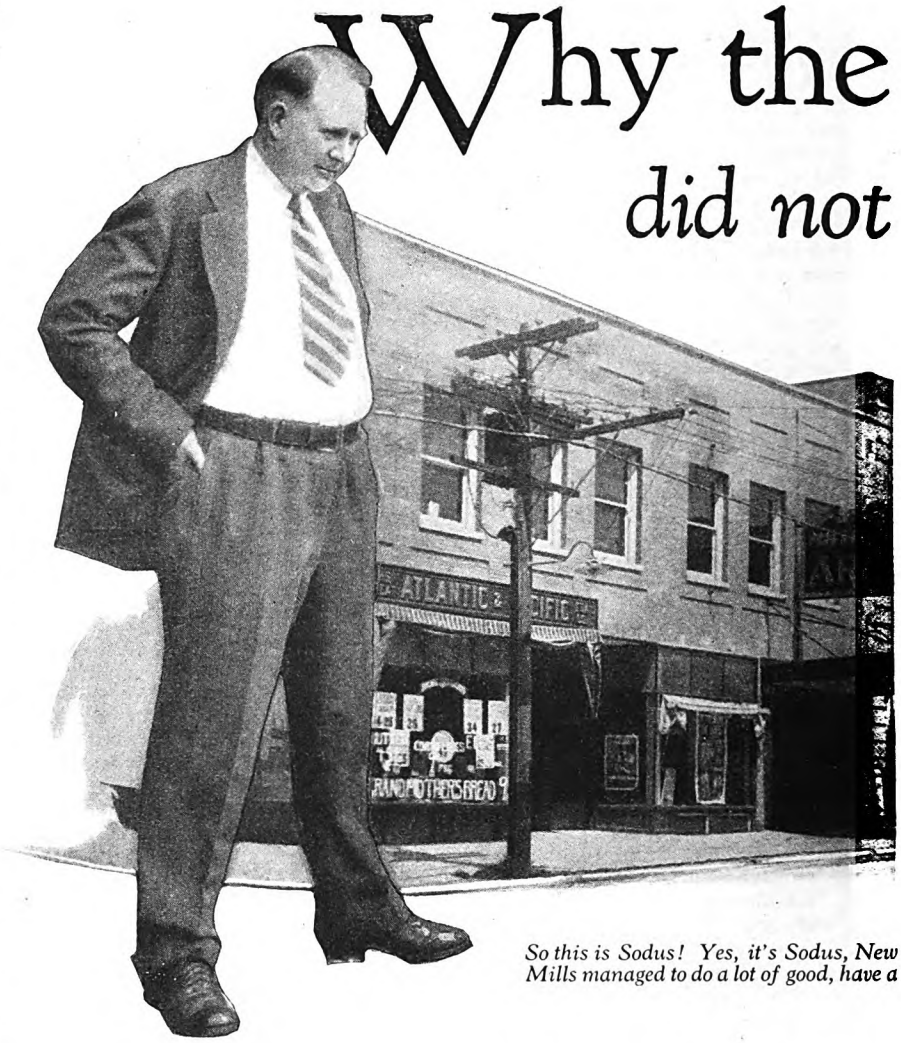
Why the did not

What has happened in this town might happen anywhere



So this is Sodus! Yes, it's Sodus, New Mills managed to do a lot of good, have a

IT'S a simple, plain tale, this story of the Mills brothers, of Sodus, New York, a little hamlet of less than fourteen hundred inhabitants. But it's a tale I like to tell to young men —and I meet many of them—who think their home towns aren't big enough; that they haven't a chance unless someone will help them; that the green pastures are on the other side of the hill.

The Mills brothers started a newspaper, the "Sodus Record," with less than five hundred dollars of money, mostly borrowed. Warner Mills, the editor, was twenty years old; Ray Mills, his brother and business manager, was eighteen. That was thirty-one years ago.

They still live in Sodus. Warner Mills is still editor of the "Record," Ray is still its business manager. They are now multi-millionaires; but their money hasn't changed them a mite; they are still small-town people, putting on no more "dog" because they are rich than they did when they were poor.

A libel suit, which they lost, put the young newspaper on its feet. But it took a bank robbery and a murder really to start them on the road to fortune. They haven't made their millions out of a small-town weekly, exclusively. But if it hadn't been for the newspaper they would not have taken the successive steps which made them millionaires; and while they may retire from some of their other activities, and probably will, they will always remain newspaper men.

WHEN the Mills brothers were born in Sodus, it was not much more than a wide place in a dirt road. It hadn't changed much when I came to know the town, about the time the young Millses were getting out the first issue of the "Record." Their elder brother, Ed, and I worked together on a Buffalo newspaper, and I used to go down to Sodus Point, fishing. I'm telling a story, you see, which I have seen developing for thirty years.

I'm not sure but that it was Warner Mills's enthusiasm for fishing which really laid the corner stone of their achievements. Fishing is a contemplative recreation. It gives a man time to think. And if he uses that time in thinking the right sort of thoughts, he'll get further as a country editor or an electric-power magnate, or anything else, than the man who never takes time off by himself to fish and think. What Warner Mills was thinking about in those youthful fishing days was what he and his brother Ray could do to make Sodus a better town to live in.

C. Ray Mills, with his little daughter Sylvia

Lying in the heart of the rich apple and peach orchard belt which runs for a hundred and fifty miles between the shore of Lake Ontario and the old Indian trail along the ridge from Lake Erie to the Mohawk Valley, Sodus was one of the best towns in the world to get away from, as Ray Mills expresses it. Off the beaten track—one had to take three different railroad lines with two changes of cars to get to the county seat—the people, like the town, were in a backwater. And the merchants competed for trade by methods invented by Noah, and advertised chiefly by threats and warnings.

"The social life of Sodus in those days consisted mainly of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church," said Ray Mills. There was no public library, no books available except the juveniles in the Sunday-school library. The one attempt at public entertainment, a roller-skating rink erected in the "eighties," had failed with the lapse of the skating craze. The nearest place where the people of Sodus could find relief from the monotony of a country village was Rochester, thirty-five miles westward as the crow flies, but half a day's journey by roundabout and infrequent trains.

BUT Sodus is no longer an unorganized crossroads hamlet. It is an incorporated village with a population of 1,361 by the state census of 1925, which is more than double what it was thirty years ago. The village has miles of paved sidewalks and concrete streets, a telephone system connecting with every farm in the nearby countryside, an electric lighting system which covers as wide a range as the telephone, a fire department, waterworks and sewers, a new high-school building which is one of the finest in the state, a splendid public library—even an up-to-date jail. A gas plant is just being installed.

And foremost in community importance is the theatre. Thousands of theatrical folks, including the big Broadway booking offices, know the Arcade theatre at Sodus

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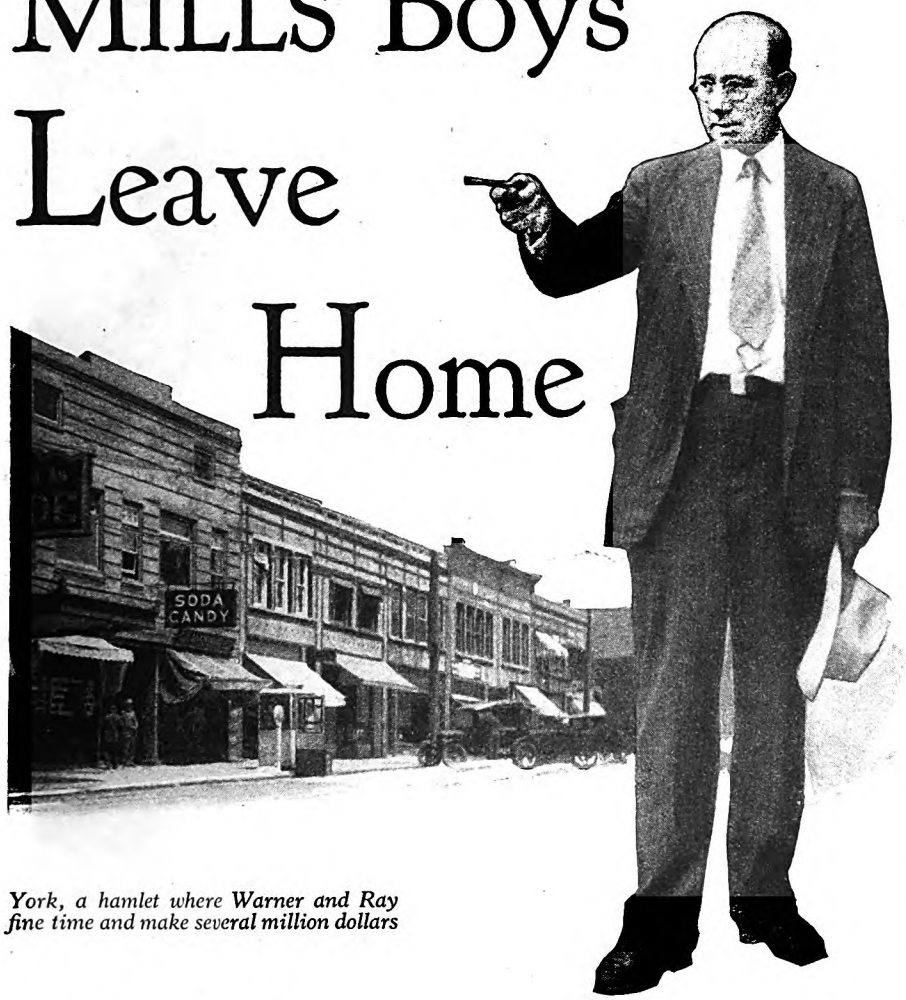
Mills Boys Leave Home

By FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE



York, a hamlet where Warner and Ray fine time and make several million dollars

as one of the best in the country. Sodus folk get something besides the movies; the very best "road" shows come to their town, because the Mills brothers have made it possible for them to do so.

"There hasn't been a business failure in Sodus in years," Ray Mills told me. "Sodus merchants have become progressive and modern in their business and advertising methods. Orchards of vast extent produce fruit for the canneries and cold-storage warehouses with which Sodus is surrounded, and such things as 'hard times' are unknown in the whole region tributary to our town."

JUST as an illustration of the friendly spirit which has replaced the old narrow conservation of Sodus business men, I noticed in a late issue of the "Record" the report of the way the creditors and friends of a farmer who had lost seventy-five thousand dollars on his celery crop were coming to his aid. No lawsuits, no judgments, no petition in bankruptcy filed against him, but all the creditors getting together with the farmer and working out a plan to keep him going in business, waiting for their money until he could clear off the debt.

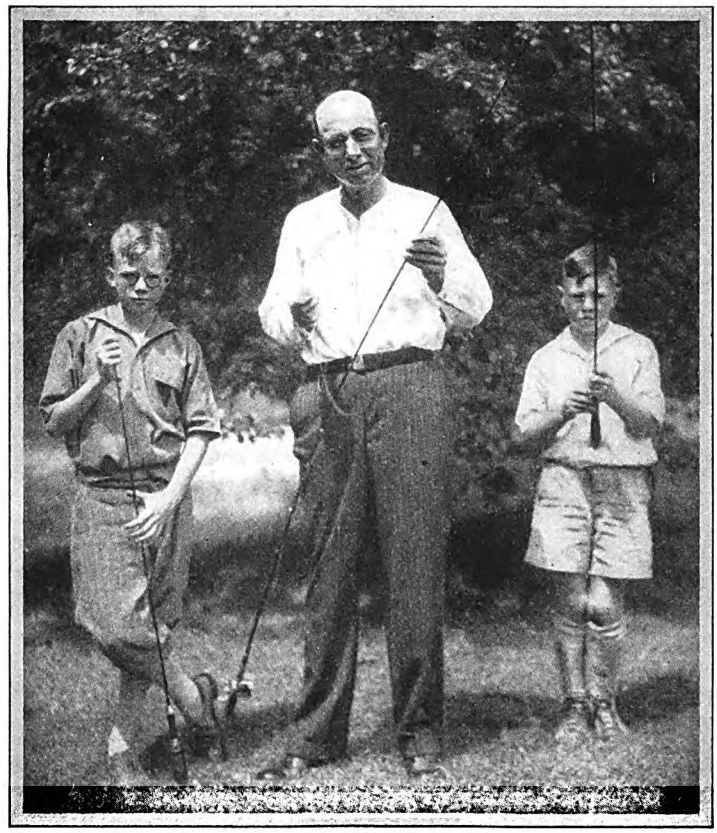
Sodus has changed spiritually as well as physically, and the Mills brothers have had a lot to do with the change in both directions. They will "boost" their town with voluble enthusiasm, but are modestly reticent in telling the part they have played in its development. If I hadn't known the Mills boys almost from knee-pants age, I couldn't tell their story in its correct perspective.

THE one clear idea they had in the beginning was that they wanted to be newspaper men. Their brother Ed had made good as a newspaper man in Buffalo, and both Warner and Ray, while still students at the old Sodus Academy, acted as correspondents for Rochester and Syracuse papers, reporting mainly the doings of the summer cottagers at Sodus Point, a few miles away—and the fishing news. Warner always got something about fishing into his reports. Then Warner Mills entered Syracuse University, where, besides attending classes and managing the university baseball team, he continued as a newspaper correspondent, sending college news to city papers.

"Warner was headed straight for a big city newspaper," said Ray Mills the other day, when telling me of their start. "There didn't seem to be much of a chance for his talents in a small town like ours. But I didn't want him to leave Sodus. Mother also was very much opposed to the idea, and Warner really felt the same way about it. Our mother was the best friend and the wisest adviser two boys ever had."

The idea of starting a second newspaper in a village of five or six hundred people seemed absurd at first glance; but Ray Mills believed it could be done, and Warner, home from college for the Christmas vacation of 1896, agreed with him. Their father wasn't so sure, but their mother believed in her boys. The old "Wayne County Alliance" had been running for fifty years.

Ray went around and talked to the business men of the town. Some of them just laughed at the idea of two boys of eighteen and twenty starting a new paper; but some of them agreed to give it a certain amount of advertising patronage if they (*Continued on page 188*)



C. W. Mills preparing, with his sons, for a fishing trip

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Some smart boys from the city try their game on Coldriver

SCATTERGOOD

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

YOUNG Mr. Clayton had come to Coldriver because it was quiet and because the air was salubrious. He was a thin young man and not at all ruddy; but ill health did not affect his affability. He loved, it seemed, to talk to people and was pitifully eager for human companionship.

On his second day in the village, he stopped before the hardware store, where Scattergood Baines sat in his strong chair on the piazza. His manner was diffident and ingratiating as he spoke hesitatingly.

"Good morning," he said, and halted.

"Mornin'," said Scattergood. "How be ye? Name's Clayton, hain't it? Come to git back your health, hain't ye? Look kind of peaked, seems as though."

"It's lonesome in a strange place," said young Mr. Clayton.

"It's lonesome any place," said Scattergood, "if ye got a tendency that way. More lonesomeness is inside of folks than outside. Folks is born lonesome or they hain't. Now, me, I don't call to mind ever bein' lonely."

"The doctor," said Clayton, "tells me I mustn't think of going back to work for a couple of months."

"Then," said Scattergood, "I wouldn't do it. What's your business when you're workin' at it?"

"I started out to be a lawyer; but I couldn't stand it indoors all the time, so I've been trying to be a real-estate salesman. I did pretty good too," he said eagerly. "You see, my folks left me a little money—not much—so I could do a bit of investing. And just before I came away I sold a business piece I had an option on and did pretty well. I haven't invested it yet, but when I do—with what I had before—I can get along for a while if I'm careful."

"You got the look of a money-maker," said Scattergood.

"This bank here is all right, isn't it?" asked Clayton; "because I've put the ten thousand I made in it, while I'm waiting to see what to invest it in."

"I calc'late your money's safe," said Scattergood. "If ye don't contrive to fool it away somehow."

"You bet I'm going to be careful," said the young man. "Bonds, or something like that."

Scattergood listened tolerantly. Mr. Clayton went on and on, disclosing his history, his ideals, his hopes, indeed everything he knew or suspected about himself in the most open and boyish way imaginable. At the end of an hour, he got up suddenly and in some embarrassment.

"Oh," he said, "I've bored you, I'm afraid, with all this talk about myself."

"Not to speak of," said Scattergood. "Folks never bores me. Some is jest more int'restin' than others."

AFTER that Clayton stopped almost every day, and when he was not talking to Scattergood he was chatting with the postmaster or Sam Kittleman or Elder Wentworth, or anybody with leisure and inclination to listen.

Gradually he became absorbed by Coldriver and merged into the scenery; still visible but no longer of especial interest to anyone. This condition was hastened by the arrival of Messrs. Pride and Goodwin. It was not easy to tell if these gentlemen had costumed themselves according to the ideas of some motion-picture director as to what a confidence man should look like, or if they were the actual proprietors of a medicine show. Inasmuch as they produced no wagon with gasolene torch, the better opinion had it they were sharpers.

Nevertheless, they conducted themselves in a manner which was so utterly harmless that Coldriver commenced to believe appearances might be against them. They went fishing—one of them in a silk hat—and came home with a basketful of chub, which they had mistaken for trout. They followed the tracks of Old

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Clayton's watchful eye saw Scattergood draw twenty thousand dollars in bills

Compounds a Felony

Illustrated by Paul Meylan

Man Hoover's sow through the black growth for a day in the belief that she was a deer. On the whole, said Coldriver, if these are sharpers we don't need to set an extra guard over the bank.

IT WAS on the third day that young Clayton encountered them, as if by chance, on the covered bridge over the East Branch.

"Well," demanded Goodwin, of the silk hat.

"It's a set-up," said Clayton. "This Baines has got more money than the Federal Reserve, and he's one of these smart ones. Everybody'll tell you how smart he is. The game I outlined in my letter is made to order. He'll fall for it like a chorine for a limousine. Thinks he invented brains—you know that kind of hick. Thinks he's the guardian angel of this neck of the woods. I've studied him inside and out. If it wasn't for doing a good, workmanlike job, I'd say we didn't even have to be smooth."

"No chance you got over-enthusiastic, is there?"

"I tell you I know this bird like the palm of my foot."

"Then," demanded Mr. Pride, "when do we give him the works?"

"The curtain goes up today. You smarts'll have to cultivate me a few days to make it look jake. Start in this afternoon. I've got the foundations in."

"How big is the purse?"

"It ought to run to twenty grand."

"Clayton," said Pride, "this was some idea of yours, going after the local wise guys instead of the boobs. They're easier; and when they're stung they're ashamed to yelp."

"Listen," said Clayton, "we can walk out of town with this in a basket with the cover off."

"On your way then," said Goodwin; "I crave action!"

CLAYTON stopped almost daily to chat with Scattergood.

"Have you," asked the young man, "met those gentlemen who came to the hotel a week ago?"

"The feller with the plug hat?" asked Scattergood.

"Yes. Mr. Pride and Mr. Goodwin. I see quite a little of them in the evening and they're interesting talkers, I can tell you. Yes, sir, they've seen a lot of things. I guess they're pretty big business men too. I'm learning a lot just listening to them."

"I warrant ye," said Scattergood noncommittally.

"I think they're up here on some kind of a deal," said Clayton, "though they don't say much about it. I kind of got the idea it's got something to do with water power."

"The's lots of water power around," said Scattergood. "Every time we git a rainy day the water power gits to be conspicuous-like, a body might say."

"I think all their fishing is just to cover up some investigations."

"It must," said Scattergood, "be fur suthin' besides ketchin' fish."

"I bet you," said young Mr. Clayton, "if they really set their minds to fish they'd clean out the streams. That's the kind they are—real go-getters."

"W-al," said Scattergood, "if ye find 'em educatin', stick to 'em. Educations is hard to come by. I dunno nothin' agin 'em outside of their looks, which is what I'd call a mite too ostentatious-like."

"Oh, that!" said Clayton. "I just set that down to eccentricity. Lots of big business men are eccentric."

"I never seen a fox advertisin' to a flock of hens he was a fox," said Scattergood. "I dunno but I'd regard sich a fox as kind of eccentric."

Young Clayton got up off the step and moved along to the hotel. It was not until three days had gone that he paused to speak to Scattergood again. This time he seemed excited and worried.

"Mr. Baines," he said, "I wonder if I could ask your advice."

"Ye kin ask it, and I'll give it. The

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question is, seems like, will you take it?"

"I've got to take somebody's advice," said Clayton. "Will you look at this?"

Scattergood looked at the paper the young man handed him. It was a ninety-day promissory note made by Pride and endorsed by Goodwin, payable to Clayton, and the sum mentioned was ten thousand dollars.

"I looked at it," said Scattergood.

"It's not a check, is it?"

"We gen'ally call 'em notes," said Scattergood.

"But it shouldn't be a note. It should be a check. It should be a check I could cash right away."

"Should-be's that *hain't*," said Scattergood, "has got lots of folks into trouble."

"LET me tell you about it: You see, these men are here on a water-power project, and they have to be pretty secret about it. The other day they took me into their confidence, because they needed a third party they could trust. And I was to be in on the profits—not a big share, but enough maybe to double my money."

"A hundred per cent," said Scattergood, "is allus a welcome profit."

"It looked good. All I had to do was to give my check for ten thousand dollars—drawn to cash. They didn't want their names to appear in a deal where they were taking an option on a site for a dam and power house. Well, the idea was, I was to give my check, and they were to give me back their check for the same amount. I wasn't taking any chances. They took me to the bank and showed me where they had more than that on deposit. All I had to do was to deposit their check right away, don't you see, and the bank would just switch the money back and forth.

"Well, they wrote out the check, all right, and I had it in my hand. I know it was a check. But when I got to the bank with it it wasn't a check, it was this note, and the bank wouldn't accept it for deposit."

"The bank wouldn't," said Scattergood. "Did you let this here check git out of your hands after they drawed it?"

"Why, I think not. Wait— Mr. Goodwin did ask to see it a second, because he thought maybe he'd made a mistake in the date. But he handed it right back."

"That," said Scattergood, "was where they switched it on ye."

"But I can't get my money now for ninety days."

"Seems as though."

"What can I do? Isn't there anything? I—I don't want to lose all that money. And it looks as if those men had done me a dirty trick. It looks as if they meant to gyp me."

"Has got that gen'al complexion," said Scattergood. "Of course they claim you lent 'em the money straight out?"

"Yes," said Clayton.

"And it's two to one sayin' so, and all the evidence you got is this here note, which bears out their story. I calc'late them men kin sit down peaceful for all the worryin' they got to do about you. Nothin' crim'nal. The wust kin happen to 'em is that you sue 'em after ninety days. You can't even make no move till the note's due. Then ye kin git a jedgment agin 'em; but that's all. Them men won't worry none about jedgments. No, young feller, I calc'late you've bought you ten thousand dollars' wuth of education."

"They're just brazen," said Clayton. "Why, they haven't even taken their money out of the bank here. Theirs and mine. It's there, and I can't touch it?"

"Not fur ninety days," said Scattergood.

"There must," said Clayton, "be some way of getting at that money in the bank."

"None as I kin see," said Scattergood.

"I may look like a fool, Mr. Baines, but I don't believe I'm a fool. What I'm going to do is go back to the hotel and think. If those sharpers could think up a scheme to get my money away from me, I can think up one to get it back. I'm going to be the sharper this time. I'm going to show those men I'm smarter than they are."

"Good luck to ye," said Scattergood.

That night Mr. Pride made his secret way to Clayton's room in the hotel.

"How's tricks?" he asked.

"Coming fine," said Clayton. "He won't be able to keep his finger out of the pie. If I've got him sized up right, and I know I have, he can't resist a chance to show how much smarter he is than anybody else. He's always butting into things. Made a kind of specialty of it—getting folks out of trouble and such-like. It's a habit. He's an addict. I'm just giving him a little rope, and then I'll shove him the works. He'll fall like a kid for a lollipop."

"He better," said Pride.

"He'll think," said Clayton, "he's going to be noble and get back my ten thousand, while he cleans up a little for himself. It's in the bag."

"Well, push it along. I'm fed up on this climate."

"Sit tight," admonished Mr. Clayton.

"I'll sit easy," said Mr. Pride, "when we've pouched the cash."

ON THE following day Mr. Clayton awaited an opportunity when Scattergood was alone on his piazza, and walked over briskly as one on important business.

"Mr. Baines," he said, "I told you I'd get an idea. I told you I could think up a way to get my money back from those crooks."

"Seems like I recall suthin' of that nature," said Scattergood. "How'd ye make out?"

"I've got it. It'll work. I can get back my money, and maybe some more if it works smooth. For anybody who'll go into it with me."

"The's a ketch in most things, I've noted," said Scattergood.

"Naturally," said Clayton. "These men would have no dealings with me. They'd smell a rat. I've got to work through a third party."

"Seems as though," said Scattergood.

"And, of course, I've practically no money. This is going to need some capital to swing it. For bait. I think we can sting the boys for an extra couple of thousand. But if we can't, I'd be willing to pay a couple of thousand for the use of the money for a few hours. Not even to handle it. Just to let it be seen."

"Um. . . . Sounds kind of attractive. How d'ye aim to contrive?"

"I got the idea the other day when I went up with the Elder to the Billings house. The one you're going to auction off the furniture and everything. You own the Billings property, don't you?"

"Give the widder a lump sum," said Scattergood; "and now I got it onto my hands. She wanted to up and traipse off to Californy to her daughter."

"There's quite a lot of old furniture and knickknacks and some pretty old books. A lot of books."

"Furniture hain't wuth much. Nothin' in the antique line. Don't calc'late the books is valuable."

"Nevertheless," said Clayton, "we can sell them to Pride and Company for ten or twelve thousand dollars."

"Mebbe," said Scattergood. "Mebbe not."

"Did you ever," asked Clayton, "hear of a gold brick?"

"Heard 'em mentioned. Hain't never bought any."

"MY IDEA is to turn the Billings stuff into a gold brick. That's where you come in. First, there's got to be some talk overheard by Pride and Goodwin, that Billings's estate was a lot short of what folks thought it would be. That's to prepare 'em."

"Fur what?"

"For finding," said Clayton, "twenty one-thousand-dollar bills inside Grant's Memoirs in the library."

"Be they a-goin' to do that?"

"I hope so. You will go to them, because they are city men and should know about such things, to ask them to give you an idea if the old books and furniture and things are worth money."

"Kind of consult 'em, like you might say?"

"Exactly. And ask them to look things over. Naturally, having no reason to refuse, they'll do it. They like nosing around, men like that. Never can tell where they'll run onto something useful."

"Calc'late so."

"And you ask 'em to look the books over careful. While they are examining them, you pretend not to watch. They will find twenty one-thousand-dollar bills put between the leaves of the general's memoirs."

"My money?" asked Scattergood.

"I hope you'll see it that way."

"Remains to be found out. And then what?"

"Why, naturally, they'll find out the books are valuable and want to buy them. Realizing, of course, no one suspects Billings's missing money is there. They'll go as high as ten or twelve thousand to get that twenty."

"Most folks would," said Scattergood.

"Then you get them away, do you see, or into another room, or anything. You can have someone you trust hide in the kitchen or a closet, and as soon as Pride and Company are out of sight, they must slip in and get the money and take it back to the bank for you. That makes you all safe."

"Looks so," said Scattergood.

"But Pride and Company won't know you are aware of the money, so they'll have no worries—except to get hold of it as soon as possible. You can dicker with them; they'll buy all the Billings stuff, and we've got their money. They can't complain. It will be their own proposition. They didn't buy money, but furniture and things. Of course they'll know they've been done; but what can they do about it?"

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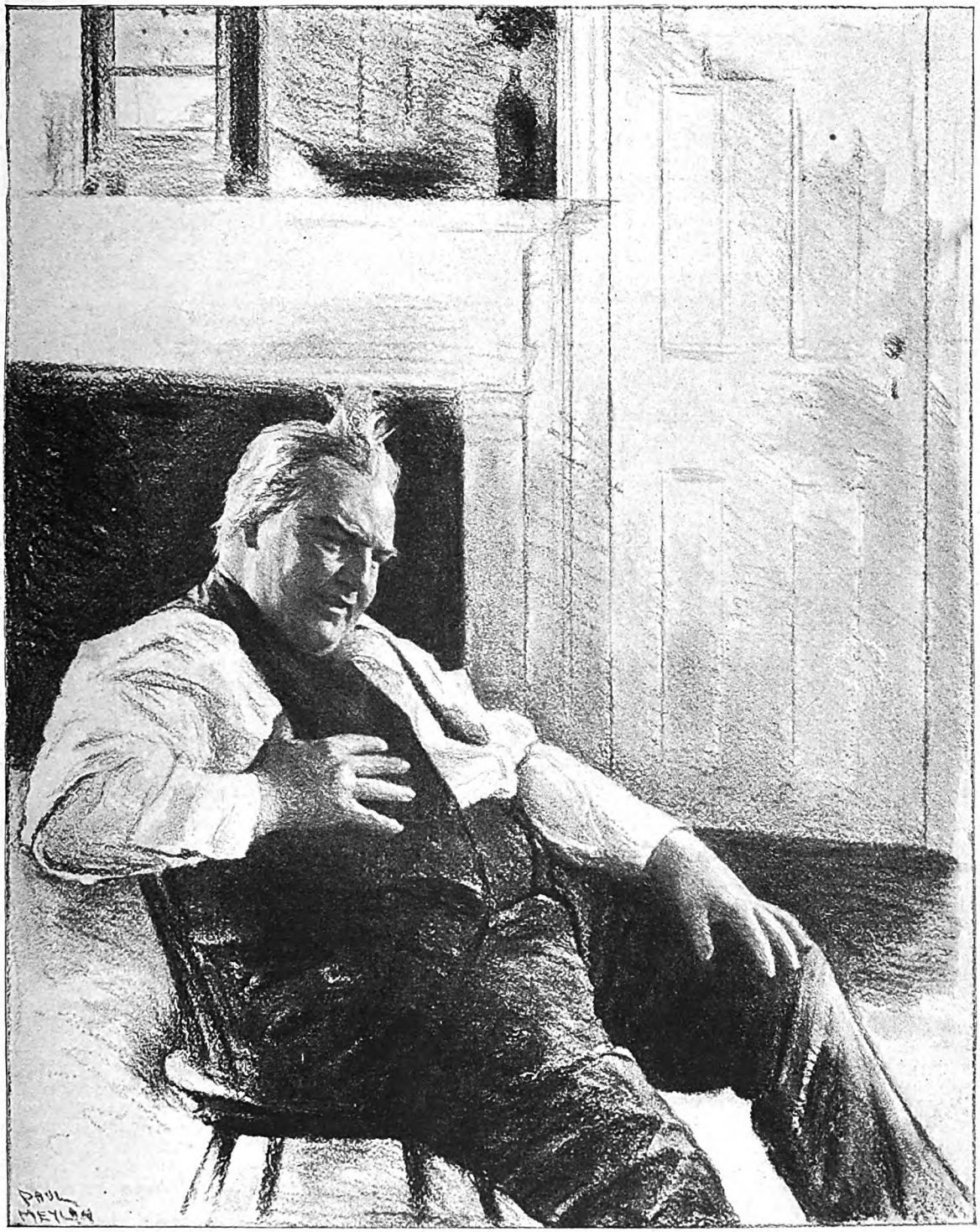

The gentlemen moved to the door, closed it after them and locked it softly . . . making Scattergood a prisoner

"Nothin', so fur's I kin see," said Scattergood. "Young feller, you got you up a perty slick scheme. Perty slick. I calc'late you're smarter'n what I took ye to be."

"It can't fail. Will you help me out? Will you do it?"

Scattergood considered. "I dunno how I kin pick up a couple thousand dollars easier," he said. "Calc'late we've made a bargain, you 'n' me."

"Then, when—when shall we work the game?"

"Lemme see? Um. . . . Can't be tomorrer. Got to be out of town fur the day. Say Thursday. Calc'late I kin be back and ready by then." He chuckled. "Be kind of int'restin' to see their faces, eh? Heap of satisfaction watchin' dishonest folks git their come-uppance. Young feller, this here's a heap slicker'n the old original gold-brick swindle."

"It sure has trimmings," admitted Clayton proudly.

"WE KIN lay the foundation fur it before I leave—about Billings dyin' with a heap less'n folks expected. We kin work that part of it tonight. Pliny Pickett 'n' me, we'll 'tend to that."

"Fine," said Clayton.

Scattergood was as good as his word. That evening, in the office of the hotel, in the presence of Pride and Goodwin, he and Pliny discussed at some length the inexplicable shrinkage in the estate of the late Mr. Billings, and even set the amount as approximately twenty thousand dollars.

Late that night Mr. Pride again made his cautious way to Clayton's room.

"Looks like he fell for it," he said.

"Swallowed it, hook, line, and sinker."

"What day?"

"Thursday."

"You have arrangements made. We want a car ready. Goodwin will draw our money out of the bank. We fetch this Baines up to this room to dicker for his furniture—so his man can't get at him and give the alarm—and we lock him in and crave distance in (*Continued on page 142*)

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De-Bunking the Glands

Dr. Lewellys F. Barker explodes some of the popular gland fallacies. Miraculous cures, amazing transformations of personality, and other sensational gland stories, he says, are misleading and dangerous

By Albert Edward Wiggam

GLANDS are enjoying a boom; they've been enjoying a boom for some time. And it is generally conceded that whenever there's a boom there is usually a great deal of bunk.

Only the other day, when I happened to be looking over the many clippings that I had collected on the subject of glands, I received another which told about a doctor in England who had rejuvenated and transformed the lives of one hundred women by the transplantation of glands "borrowed" from other women.

But some of the stories in my collection outrival this in doubtful veracity: In fact, the various and varied reports of the marvelous changes of personality effected by "monkeying" with the glands rival the miracles of the Bible.

If we are to believe all we hear and read about glands then "our destiny is in their hands," as one physician quaintly puts it. We are told that children are angelic or naughty according to their glands; that criminals are criminals because of glandular imbalance; that the ambition and bald-headedness of Cæsar, the dominating personality of Napoleon, the wisdom of Abraham Lincoln, were due to the possession of certain types of glands. Apparently, we have glands that make us happy and glands that make us sad; glands that make us lovely and glands that make us bad. In brief, think of any kind of human situation or behavior, and somewhere or other a glandular explanation of it will be forthcoming.

But the incident that helped to crystallize my opinion that a great deal of bunk has been written about glands occurred when I was passing a shop window. My attention was attracted to a large colored picture of a weazened, shriveled-up, anemic, washed-out, bald-headed man, standing by the side of a handsome, athletic-looking man with a fine head of hair. My sympathies immediately went out to the unfortunate member of this strangely assorted pair.

You can imagine my relief, however, when I discovered that I was merely gazing at two pictures of the *same man*, one "before" and the other "after" taking some "scientific compound" for the glands, which could be purchased inside the shop for only one dollar a box.

The discovery that the glands of internal secretion do in many ways influence growth and personality is so new to the public—even new to physicians—that it offers the opportunity to clothe quackery and immature knowledge with the dignity of medical degrees and diplomas from colleges of pharmacy. It also encourages unscrupulous manufacturers of medicinal products to mystify the public with chemical terms and scientific jargon—one of the surest ways of filching money from the pockets even of educated people.

I knew that some remarkable experiments were being carried on with frogs, lizards, and other lower animals. I had seen tadpoles, that had failed to become frogs owing to the removal of the thyroid glands, turn into frogs when thyroid extract was fed them. Tiny tadpoles had had their development speeded up so that in a short time they became frogs, although no bigger than flies; others, owing to some sort of treatment of their glands, had turned a beautiful golden hue.

But none of the men engaged in making these experiments suggested that golden-haired blondes could be produced by glandular treatment, or that the growth of children could be speeded up at will, or that imbeciles could be transformed into geniuses, or sinners into saints. It remained for the "bunk" artists to turn loose their vivid imaginations on such experiments, and the credulous public to believe them.

SO WITH the thought in mind of the large number of people who are being gulled and misinformed about glands, I decided to interview some physician of high standing in this field and ask him to tell us the main well-established facts about the glands. I conferred with a number of leading medical men in New York and elsewhere and, upon their advice, I asked Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, Professor Emeritus of Medicine of Johns Hopkins University, to tell The American Magazine readers just what they could rightly believe and what they should consider as bunk about glands.

Doctor Barker has not only been a student of the glands of internal secretion for many years, but he has also recently edited a four-volume encyclopedia devoted exclusively to the glands of internal secretion and metabolism, in association with Dr. Herman O. Mosenthal, of New York, and Dr. R. G. Hoskins, editor of the "Journal of Endocrinology." This journal is the official organ in America of the Association for the Study of Internal Secretions. Doctor Barker possesses a string of degrees that well-nigh exhausts the medical alphabet, but he assured me that he would prefer to be spoken of as just an emeritus "professor of medicine." "If a man has been really a good professor of medicine," he said to me, "I think that is as fine a title as he could desire."

"I quite agree with you," began Doctor Barker, "that glands are just now enjoying a boom. Far too big a boom in many respects. Particularly are the glands of internal secretion, known as the endocrine glands, overboomed with the public at large. It is, of course, a fascinating field, but in some quarters it is being sadly overworked. Even medical men have written articles and made claims about the glands that read more like fairy tales than sound science.

"BOTH the laity and the medical profession are in for a lot of disillusionment about this gland business. The public has a right to know the facts; and enough facts of first-rate importance have been discovered without the need of adding romance. But the public has been, I fear, led to expect far too much.

"As an illustration of this, scarcely a week passes that some woman does not apply to the group of doctors with whom I am associated, for help for her backward or defective child. The child, she will tell us, is not getting along as it should, perhaps not growing normally, not learning well at school, not behaving like other children, or some similar set of symptoms. And she is sure that 'some gland is responsible,' and that we ought to be able to put our finger on it and make the child normal. Only rarely is it possible to work such a transformation in children. Even in certain instances in which we are reasonably sure that glandular disorder is responsible for the child's condition, it is not always possible to correct that disorder.

"I would make the guess that, so far as our present knowledge goes, not more than a few cases in a hundred of the abnormal children and adults that we see can be greatly benefited by glandular therapy. The few happy successes that have been reported are unfortunately sometimes exploited by the press. As a consequence both the public and some doctors have gained the impression that it is a very common thing for people to be changed radically in intelligence and character by some kind of gland treatment. They are wrong. Such recoveries and apparent transformations are the exception rather than the rule."

I asked Doctor Barker what he thought about a statement I had seen that nearly one third of our criminals were not responsible for their acts; but were driven to their anti-social (*Continued on page 183*)

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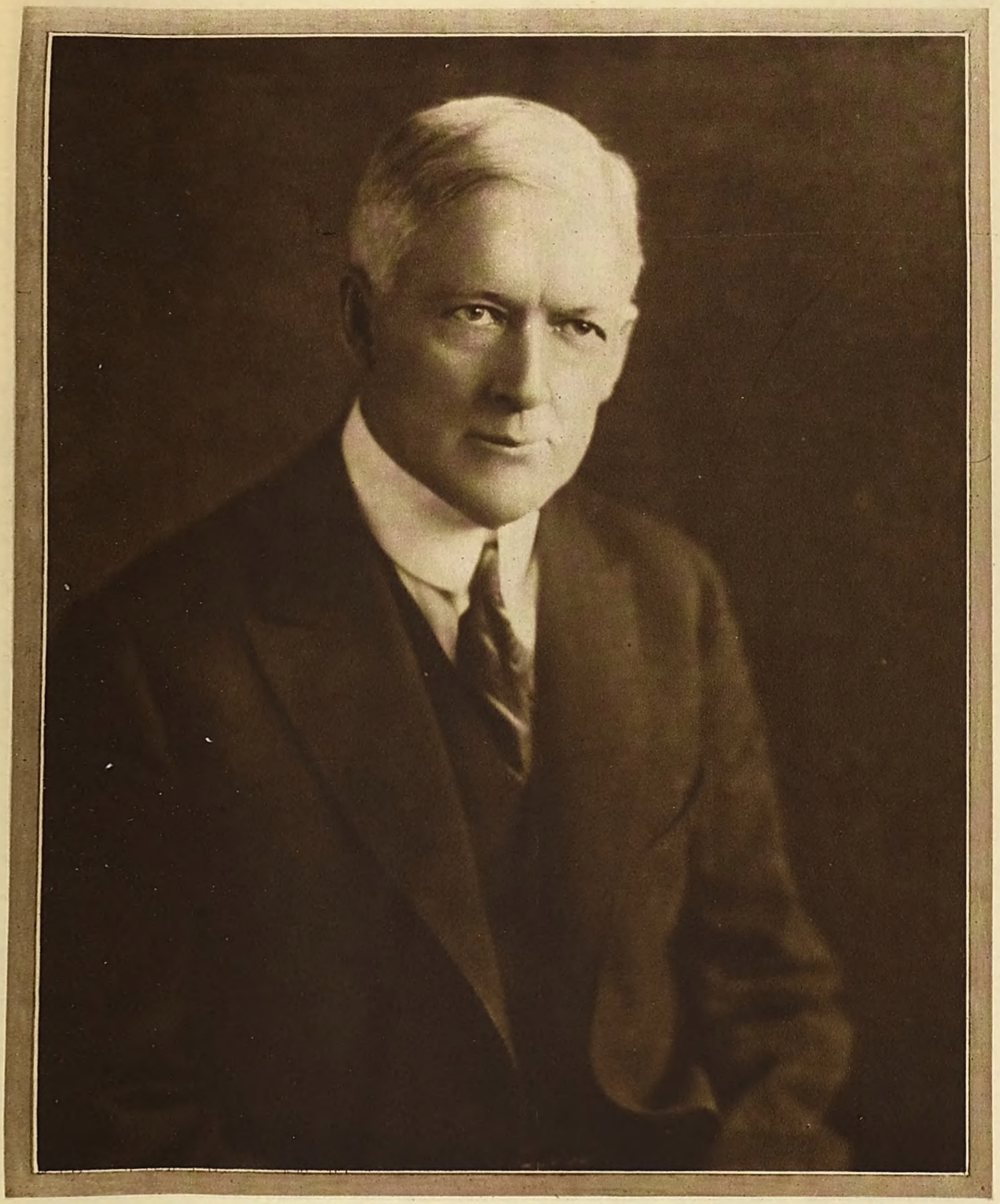

Photograph by Jeanne Bennett, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Lewellys Franklin Barker

DR. LEWELLYS FRANKLIN BARKER, professor emeritus of medicine of Johns Hopkins University, is one of the most distinguished physicians in the world. With the exception of five years, when he was head of the department of anatomy at the Rush Medical College, Chicago, he has been, since 1894, connected with Johns Hopkins University and Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. He was born in Ontario, Canada, in 1867. Before Mr. Wiggam wrote the accompanying article he canvassed a number of distinguished doctors, asking who was the best man in America to give a common sense, but scientifically correct interview on glands, and these physicians sent him to Doctor Barker.

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*Photograph by Morrall

Kate Gleason

KATE GLEASON is the busiest "retired" woman in the land. She is now engaged in developing a sea island off the South Atlantic Coast, in building houses at East Rochester, New York, for families with small incomes, and in erecting war memorials in France. Between times she has other projects to occupy her mind. She is, according to her own definition, "A lucky rover over the face of the earth"; but she earned the right to rove by years of brilliant salesmanship and management when she was actively connected with the famous Gleason Works of Rochester. She was one of the first women to go on the road as a traveling salesman, and the record she made is still fresh in the memory of her friends and her competitors.

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She wished she had been born a boy, so she decided to do a man's work—and this is the story of

Kate Gleason's Adventures in a Man's Job

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

SHE sat on the horse block and looked eagerly up and down the street. It was May and the trees were budding; lilacs waving above her head were about to burst into sweet-scented bloom. But the chubby short-skirted little figure on the horse block recked nothing of these. Her dimpled hands beat an impatient tattoo at her sides. Aha! Her plump body swelled out like a pouter pigeon's as she took a deep breath. A *boy* had come into sight, a rather tattered boy with many freckles and riotous red hair fraying out under a disreputable cap. She waited, palpitating, until he was exactly abreast, striding along unconscious of the fat little girl on the horse block.

"Hi," she yelled, "you don't dast fight my brother Tom!"

At the shrill challenge the red-headed boy turned, looked at the grinning, impertinent face as again she taunted:

"You don't dast fight my brother Tom!"

"Who says I don't?"

"I says so."

"Ah, you ain't got no brother Tom. You ain't—"

"Tom! *Tom!*" she screamed.

The boy started. In direct response there came from a shed in the back of the yard a tall, lanky boy, a boy as big as he was, whose fists were already doubled.

"You don't dast fight my brother Tom. Here's Tom! You don't dast fight my brother Tom, you—"

The red head swallowed, threw back his shoulders, clenched his own fists and sailed in. With a long "Ah" of pure enjoyment, the little girl settled herself on the block to watch.

It was a good fight. The whistling stranger was quick and vigilant. But in the end he picked himself out of the dust of the Rochester street and went his way. The victor dusted his hands and retired to the shed with a single sentence to his adorer:

"Good for you, Kate; get me another."

At once she settled down, looking right and left for the next victim. It was a pact. She was not yet four years old, but her big brother, Tom Gleason, had agreed to teach her to read, *if* she would sit on the horse block and challenge any boy passing to fight. Tom had paid his half. Already she knew her letters and was 'way in the First Reader. This morning she had come out under Tom's instructions to stop any boy as big as he or bigger, and she was paying her debt.

Thus, before she was four years old, Kate Gleason was managing a fourteen-year-old pugilist. At eleven she did her first half-day's work on the books at her father's tool shop. At twenty-five she was secretary and treasurer and sales manager of a rapidly growing gear factory that continued to grow into the now famous Gleason Works, of Rochester, New York. A little later she startled her countryside by developing a magnificent estate and living upon it, all alone, in an unusual and beautiful house modeled after the Spanish "Alhambra." In 1915 she resigned from her position in the Gleason Works, although she retained her financial interest, and since then she has been what she terms, "A lucky rover over the face of the earth."

THE roving has been accompanied by a bit of labor. She built, and a part of the time managed, eight factories in East Rochester. For three years she was president of the National Bank there. She designed and constructed over a hundred homes in that city, built a golf course, a clubhouse, and an apartment house. She went to California to complete her study of the architecture of small homes, purchased several hundred lots in Sausalito and built a number of houses there. In France she purchased two war-torn castles, and is reconstructing them, and has opened, as an A. E. F. Memorial, a library and motion picture theatre for the people of Septmont.

Last year she began the most extensive development she has as yet projected, in the sea islands at Beaufort, South Carolina. Near that town she has purchased land with twelve miles of ocean beach, including an entire island, which she purposes to use for the raising of turkeys.

Kate Gleason has the Midas touch. In every business operation, save one, she has made a profit, so that in addition to her record of achievement she has the distinction of being one of the world's multi-millionaires, with the credit of making every penny of her own fortune

You never heard of her? That's not surprising, unless you are an engineer or are interested in machine tools and gears. But in all probability the gears in your car were cut on a Gleason Gear Planer, and any man who has to use those little indispensables of modern machinery in his business knows the name "Gleason."

A few years ago the head of a well-known machine company was visiting the Ford Automobile Works at Detroit and was being taken about by Henry Ford.

In a room of gear planers Ford stopped.

"There," he said, pointing to them, "is the most remarkable machine work ever done by a woman. That machine is a marvel. And Kate Gleason invented it."

"I hate to spoil a good story," the visiting manager replied; "but it was William Gleason, Kate's father, who invented that machine, and her brothers James and Andrew and their associates who perfected it. Kate is a wonderful business woman, and she handled the financial and selling end of the plant."

"Is that so?" asked Ford. "Well, I always heard she did it all."

Two years later the same manager again visited the Ford plant and was again taken about by Mr. Ford. And when they approached the gear planers Ford stopped and said:

"There is the most remarkable work ever done by a woman—"

The visiting manager gave up. On his return to Rochester he called on Miss Gleason.

"I've done my best for you, Kate," he said. "But a good yarn is like the brook. It goes on forever."

AS WE sat before the great hearth in her lovely home at Clones and talked over this incident, Kate Gleason shook her head.

"All through business those yarns have been my greatest asset and my greatest peril," she said. "Before I began work I was often in the society of my mother's friends, who were ardent suffragists, and some of them warned me that men would be my business enemies. I went into a man's field, that of machine-tool making, but found the exact opposite. From the time I began to work men stretched forth helping hands to (*Continued on page 168*)

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Your Cousin Mehitabel

By DON MARQUIS

Illustrated by NORMAN PRICE

IT IS Cousin Mehitabel Whipple-Smythe who keeps Our Family reminded of blue blood, *noblesse oblige*, traditions, and all that sort of thing. And not only *our* family, into which she was born, but the Whipple-Smythe family, which she annexed by marriage. Cousin Mehitabel's maiden name was Dainter, and she can prove to you that it was D'Aisne-Terre, or something like that, 'way back in thirteen-hundred-and-starved-to-death, and for some strange reason she seems to take a great deal of satisfaction in that.

Cousin Mehitabel's ancestors have signed everything signable from Mount Sinai on down to synol soap testimonials, including Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, and the duller sort of diaries. They have landed from every important ship that ever made port, including William the Conqueror's outfit, the well-known Mayflower expedition, Leif Ericson's bunch of viking roughnecks on their See America First tour, Lord Baltimore's pioneers, and, undoubtedly, the Noah Family. No ark or argosy filled with blue blood ever went anywhere across blue brine but that some far-off connection of Mehitabel's had managed to conceal himself somewhere between crow's nest and scuttle-butt . . . if, indeed, he was not in command.

The rest of us aren't particularly aristocratic; at least, you can't tell it on us. We don't feel it; we don't look it. And, after all, we must be just about as nearly related to all these people as Cousin Mehitabel is. And, for that reason, we are the despair of Cousin Mehitabel. She thinks we ought to get all "het up" and excited every time she cross-hatches the family toga with another stripe of imperial purple; she is disgusted with our bourgeois and proletarian indifference to the noble and gentle past which she spreads before us for the sake of our future. We fail to rise to Mehitabel, and it grieves her. In fact, at times it maddens her. And this, in turn, maddens the rest of us, and we pretend to be a great deal more common and low-down and good-for-nothing and trashy in our derivations than we really are.

The truth is, we're just an average family, with the average number of horse thieves hanging from the limbs of our family tree, and kin to the average number of decent people who hanged them there.

IT IS Granddad who gets Mehitabel's goat worse than any of the rest of us.

"Hitty," he said one day—and if there's anything she hates worse than being called Hitty, it is being called Metty—"Hitty, your blue blood and royal ichor goes to your head too much. The gentry ought to learn to carry their ichor without staggering."

There are a lot of little blue veins in Cousin Mehitabel's nose, which lends credibility to the story of blue blood, when you come to think of it; and when she gets to feeling very important she elevates the nose just a trifle, and sticks her chin forward, and looks up toward the ceiling, and the veins swell a little. She's rather a good-looking woman at that, with quite an air; but when she gets that look and assumes that attitude, we all know that she has a new genealogical revelation to spring on the rest of us—something about which Dainter it was that married the third cousin of the particular Pierce who was connected with the Northumberland Percys.

Granddad pretends that the original name of the Whipple-Smythe family, which allied itself to her by matrimony, was Whiffle-Smith. And he goes further, and pretends to have discovered authentic and documentary proof that the name Whiffle-Smith was in itself derived from Whifflesnoot.

So, when she gets that rapt look upon her countenance, and gazes at the ceiling as if she were penetrating the past, with her nose and chin thrust out and up, Granddad remarks mildly:

"Hullo! I see Hitty's treed another Whifflesnoot!"

In fact, Grandfather almost broke up the match between Cousin Mehitabel and the Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Whipple-Smythe when he came a-courting her.

Dr. Jeremiah Whipple-Smythe is as keen on ancestry and genealogy as she is, and talks about it as much; it is an ideal union. She was living at our house at the time, and so was Grandfather.

I well remember the scene: Dr. Whipple-Smythe had dropped in to tea, and Granddad was sticking around, although he doesn't really like tea at all, making himself objectionable in a mild, sweet, polite, and patriarchal way. Mehitabel had said:

"Dr. Whipple-Smythe is related to the Joneses, you know, Grandfather—*the* Joneses, of Llynthycummyrtyll, in Wales, who came over to this

When Hitty gets that rapt look upon her countenance, Granddad is sure she's treed another Whifflesnoot!

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country first with one of the Wesleys!"

Granddad let that pass, although there was a twinkle in his eye, and he let four or five other genealogical cracks go by without an answer, but finally something aroused an internal sense of outrage in him, and he got really rough, in his gentle way. He began this way:

"Dr. Whipple-Smythe, what do you think of Adam?

"Why, sir," he said, hemming and flushing and clearing his throat, "in what way do you mean, sir?"

"Moral character, huh?" asked Granddad.

"I have no reason to believe otherwise," said Dr. Whipple-Smythe, getting a little redder.

"Ready to forgive him all his little transgressions—eatin' that apple and everything, huh?"

Dr. Whipple-Smythe may have thought at this juncture that some obscure attack was being made upon his clerical orthodoxy, for he said solemnly: "I believe, sir, he expiated that offense."

"Eve was a nice woman, likely, don't you think?" went on Granddad, while several other members of the family signaled him in vain to lay off his reprehensible line of conduct.

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly!" said Dr. Whipple-Smythe, a trifle tartly.

GRANDDAD paused for a moment, and took his glasses off and polished them with his handkerchief, and then permitted a genial smile to suffuse his countenance, as if he had been in great anxiety but was pleasantly relieved by Dr. Whipple-Smythe's answers.

"Glad you like 'em, glad you like 'em!" he said heartily, and set down his teacup and went over and shook hands with Dr. Whipple-Smythe. "Tickled to death you like Adam and Eve! They're the couple this family is descended from—and we ought to all get along fine together!"

And not until then did he glance at Cousin Mehitabel, whose veins were getting bluer and bluer. She is too much of a lady ever to hit an old gentleman on his saintly white head with a heavy teapot, but there was a thought of that sort in her maiden heart if I know how to read Mehitabel.

A warning (not to say a jolt) like that would have been enough for anybody in the world but Mehitabel—especially with Granddad still lingering about the living-room drinking tea. But Cousin Mehitabel is different; it is not so much that she *won't* lay off family trees—I really believe that the woman *can't*.

Within five minutes she was telling about the Three Brothers of the Dainter Family who came to Virginia in 1630. (I don't know why there should always be Three Brothers who came either to Virginia or Massachusetts, and started every American family; but such seems to be the case.)

"Those are the records of two families that we're somewhat ashamed of," said the old clerk

"And all the Dainters in America are descended from *them*," she concluded brightly. And Dr. Whipple-Smythe brightly responded with some more news of his own ancestral importance.

Thus goaded, Granddad coiled and struck—struck a foul blow.

He leaned back in his morris chair, and pushed his glasses up on his forehead, and joined the tips of his fingers, and began to reminisce. Or, rather, to lie. I hate to use that short and ugly word in connection with that mild and sweet old man, with his halo of white hair and his innocent blue eyes. But there is no other word.

"The Dainters," said Grandfather, "were pretty good people—as people went in this country in the early days. It was quite a step up in the world for my daughter when she married Mehitabel's father, who was a Dainter. And I felt it as such, and she felt it as such, and I ain't got any doubts that Hitty herself really feels it as such. For my own family—Hitty's mother's people, you know, Dr. Whipple-Smythe—never had much in the way of advantages.

"All the Dainters I ever knew lived in houses, even in the early days, and they et their vittles off of plates, even if they wasn't anything but tin plates, mostly, and quite a considerable number of 'em could read and write, and the only thing I ever heard of any of 'em going to jail for was makin' whisky without payin' any taxes to the Government—but the class of people the Dainters belonged to never considered *that* any crime, and don't yet!

"Yes, sir, it was quite a step up in life when a tribe like mine was able to marry in among as good people as the Dainters."

Here the white-haired, sweet old hellion smiled blandly at Mehitabel, and became deliberately ungrammatical:

"For my family ain't much, and we never was," he continued. "When I was a kid, we was never learned anything in school, because Pap never believed none in book learnin'. He couldn't read nor write himself—had to make his mark onto papers he signed, and all that—and he didn't believe in no book learnin' for we-uns, and he would of lambasted us if we'd of wanted to go to school, but we never wanted to."

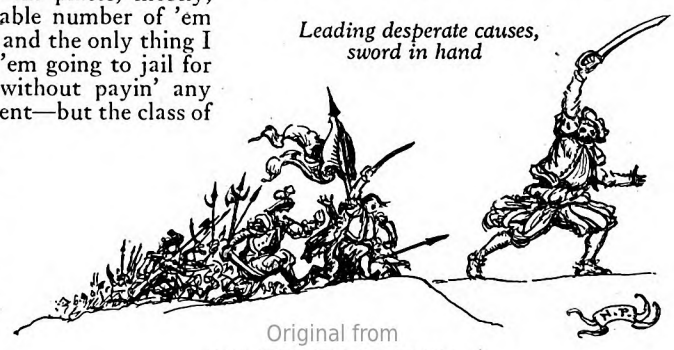
Grandfather (who is really a scholar, and can quote from the Latin poets without a stumble in his quantities) cut a sidelong look at Dr. Whipple-Smythe to see how that gentleman was taking it. He was taking it perspiringly.

"We lived in a log cabin, we did," continued the dear old limb of Satan, "and all the table we had was a log hollered out till it was like a trough, an' the corn-meal mush an' baked potatoes an' hog meat was all dumped into the trough, out'n the spiders an' kittles and we-uns et it out of jackknives an' wooden spoons. Yes, sir, we wasn't much to look at fur a fambly, we-uns wasn't! Up till we was fourteen years old we all dressed in one long linsey-woolsey slip like a nightshirt—and it *was* a nightshirt, too, an'—"

BUT at this point Cousin Mehitabel arose in blazing dignity, and left the room. Dr. Whipple-Smythe, crimson and uncertain, followed her. There wasn't any use saying anything to Granddad, and none of us did. He went to the bookshelf and got down his favorite volume of Addison's "Spectator" and was soon chuckling over it—or over something.

But, as I said, the incident almost broke up the marriage, for Dr. Whipple-Smythe was enough like Cousin Mehitabel to take a good deal of it to himself. And he and Granddad have never really got along very well since. I think maybe Granddad aggravated the (*Continued on page 112*)

Leading desperate causes, sword in hand



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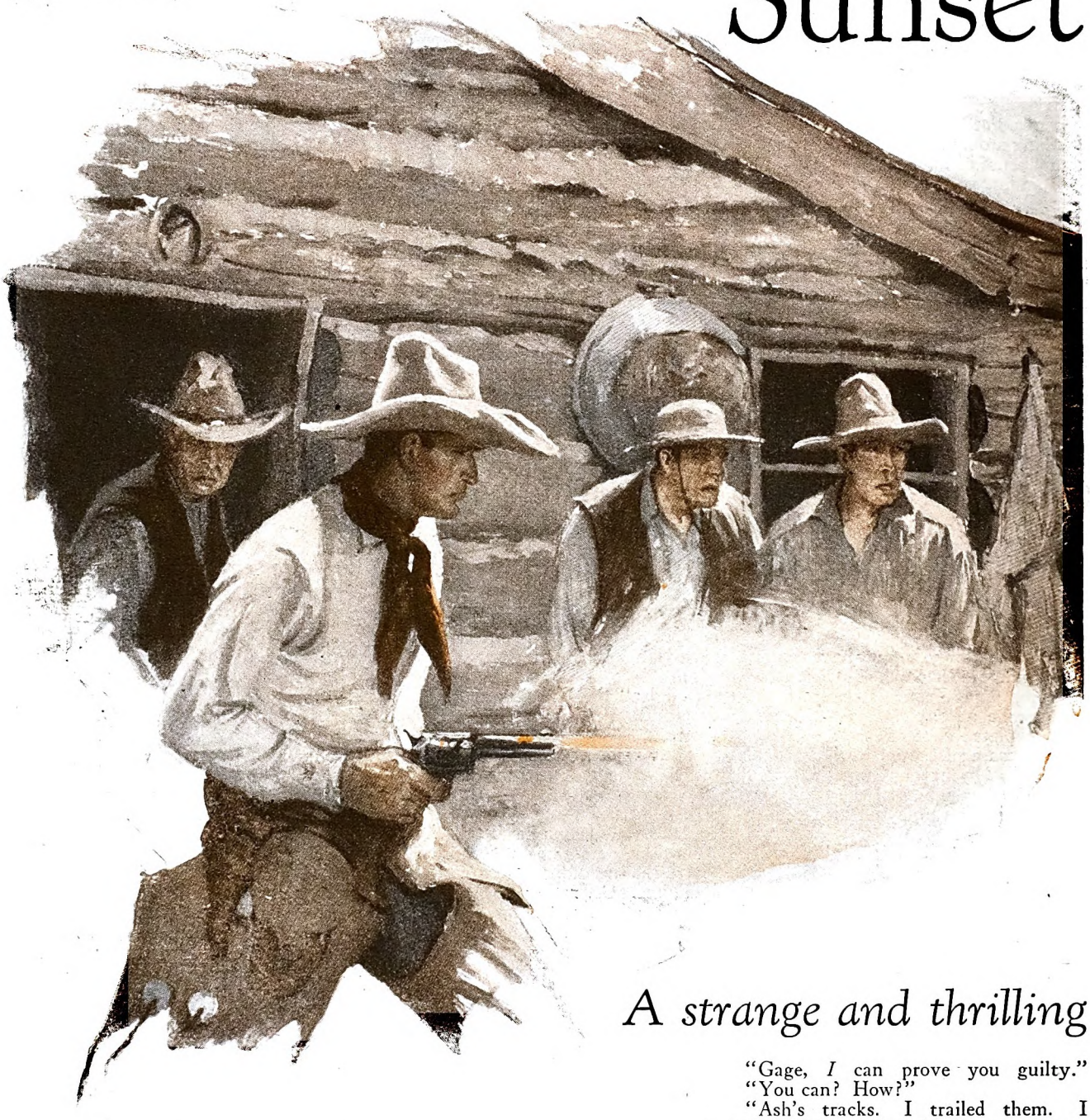
W. H. D. Koerner

Sunset



A strange and thrilling

Last Instalment

ROCK, you didn't break any laigs gettin' hyar with thet good news," growled Preston, as Rock entered.

"Reckon you won't be rarin' for me to hurry, after I start," replied Rock, closing the door, and facing the rancher with intent, unmasked gaze. "Preston, not a whisper of what I say must be heard by anyone but you."

"Come close then, an' talk low."

Whereupon, Rock drew a chair up to Preston's, and, eying him squarely, whispered, "Preston, the jig's up!"

"What do you mean?" hoarsely rejoined the rancher.

"You're found out."

"What's found out?"

"Your butcherin' stolen cattle. Slagle found Half Moon hides under that culvert above his place. He told John Dabb. Dabb told Tom Lincoln. Then me."

"My Gawd!" Preston's eyes set, and, as if to shut out from his mind the revealing light, he covered his face with nerveless hands.

Rock's first thrill came with the rancher's reception of this news. It augured well. But he let the revelation sink deep. He waited.

At length Preston lifted his haggard countenance:

"How can Slagle prove thet—on me?"

"He can't. The hides were there, and now they've been moved."

"Ahuh. Wal, then, I'll deny everythin', an' fight them."

"Gage, *I* can prove you guilty."

"You can? How?"

"Ash's tracks. I trailed them. I measured them. I got his boot track here in the corral. I saw that same track leadin' down to the culvert and under it. I compared them. I ripped open one of those burlap sacks. The Half Moon brand!"

THE big hands clenched, and then opened wide.

"Rock, you wouldn't ruin me?"

"No."

"An' you shore couldn't break Thiry's heart?"

"Do you need to ask?"

"Does anyone else have the proofs on me—like you?"

"No, not yet. But I'm not the only trailer on this range. Somebody will trail your sons, as I did Ash. *If you don't stop them!*"

"Does anybody else suspect—besides the four you named?"

"Hesbitt's outfits are scourin' the

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t Pass

BY ZANE GREY

Ash's muscles seemed to ripple. Rock could catch gleams of blue fire under the wide black brim of his hat

drama of frontier days

range. They suspect. But they don't know. Reckon sooner or later they'll hit on somethin'. Old sign. It might not convict, but it'd ruin you, just the same. And any fresh sign—Preston, you'll all go to jail!"

"Rock, are you comin' in with me—an' Ash—an' Thiry?"

"I'm in with you and Thiry now. Not Ash. . . . But—clean and honest, Preston. I've laid my cards before Dabb and Lincoln. They know me. I couldn't be crooked now—not to save your life and Thiry's happiness."

"Ahuh! . . . What's the deal?"

"Listen," whispered Rock, bursting with his message. "I've shut Slagle's mouth. I've bought his silence. He's leavin' the range."

"Lord Almighty! . . . How'd you do it? What'd you give him?"

"Twenty-five hundred dollars."

Preston whistled low. "Of all the fellars I ever seen, you—Rock, I'm goin' to square thet with you."

"Sure you are. You're goin' to square it *all*. . . . Listen: Come to town with me. I've got it all fixed. Dabb will call a meetin' of the Cattle Association council. That means him, Lincoln, and Hesbitt. To keep this out of court, you will agree to pay Hesbitt for his Half Moon stock. Dabb and Lincoln have promised me they'll handle Hesbitt. It will all be done in secret. Then you and your sons who were in this deal must leave the country. We all believe Ash roped you into this butcherin' stolen cattle."

"HE SHORE did. He was killin' stolen steers long before I ever knew. Then it was too late to stop him. An' I drifted in myself. All so easy! Only a few head of stock at a time! Nobody could ever guess! An' now—Rock, I'd almost as lief croak as face thet council. They might let me off, but they'd tell. It'd leak out."

"Preston, you're not thinkin' clear. You don't see this right. Straight out, you've fallen to worse than rustlin'. If you don't take this chance, for the sake of your women-folk—you'll ruin them. And you'll be as bad as Ash. You're no fool. I'd say, if it weren't for your wife and daughters, you should *quit* this crooked work, and fight the whole range. If you met up with a bullet, well and good. . . . But you're not alone. You've got a wife to think of—daughters, innocent boys. . . . By heaven, Preston, I can't let you ruin Thiry!"

"Wal, Rock, I'll think your idee over good an' hard. My not acceptin' it pronto doesn't mean I don't appreciate your wonderful offer an' all thet prompts you. I shore do. It may be the best way to save

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them. But the wife—Thiry, Allie, Lucy—they'd have to know, an' I'd almost shore rather die in my boots than tell them."

"Man, we don't have to tell. No one but Thiry will ever know."

"All right. Thet's much in its favor. I'll think it over. . . . Meanwhile, I'll stop Ash if I have to hawg-tie him. An' you better take the boys an' go off in the woods somewhere. They deserve a vacation. But no goin' in to town. Take them huntin'. It's 'most turkey season. An' let me know where you go."

WELL as Trueman Rock knew that country, it was his fortune to be taken by the Preston boys to high hunting grounds which he had never visited or heard spoken of on the range.

It was up in the mountains back of the Pass, about a day's climb on horseback, eight thousand feet above the low country. Up there, early fall had set in and the foliage was one gorgeous array of color. The camp, which was where they threw their bed rolls and built their fire, lay in a mountain meadow, at the edge of a magnificent grove of quaking aspens. Behind, on a gentler slope, stood scattered silver spruces and yellow pines, growing larger as they climbed, until on the ridge above they massed in the deep timber line, which like a green-black belt circled the mountain under the gray, grisly, weathered and splintered peaks.

A golden glamour seemed to float over that grove, and to enrich all objects under the aspens, the fallen poles, the rocks and grass, the camp equipment, and the men themselves. It was cast by the golden sunlight falling through the dense aspen foliage, not a quivering leaf of which did not burn pure gold. Even when there was no wind the leaves fluttered, as if endowed with life that was trembling, dying.

Rock fell in love with this place, more than with any other he had ever dropped a saddle in. How poignantly he needed the beauty, the color, the solitude! He had come up there on the ragged edge of utter desperation. But scarcely were the boys out of sight and the horses grazing along the green-bordered brown stream, still and deep, before he began to feel something at work on his restless, seeking, striving mind.

The hour was along toward sunset, and the brothers had gone off to hunt a little before the day ended. Rock felt grateful to Preston for this respite up under the peaks. Like scales, he cast off the outer and worn vestments of his mental strife.

The days passed until Rock had no idea how long he had been absent from the Pass. Nearly a fortnight, he guessed. Then came Indian summer, that enchanting brief period of smoky, warm, still days, and floating amber and purple haze in the air.

Al Preston left to go down home for supplies. This threw Rock into a fever of uncertainty. What news would he fetch back? What message from Preston? Would Thiry write? The day was long, the night interminable, the second day unbearable. Rock wandered in the open forest across from camp, wanting always to be in sight of the trail that came up from below. Mid-afternoon ought to see Al ride in. That would allow ample time for the slow pack horse. He sat on a pine log in the open forest above the oak grove. The smoky haze, the purple veils, the warm, swimming air, so full of fragrance and dreamy languor, the riotous mosaic of autumn colors, the melancholy birds, the dim sun still high and red above the slope of the mountain—these held Rock in strong grip, making it possible for him to wait.

Then a gray-laden pack horse emerged from the green wall across the meadow. Rock suffered both thrill and pang. Next came a dark horse holding a slight rider that could not be Al Preston. Who could it be? Not the youngest Preston lad. Perhaps it was some boy Al had brought or sent. For Al was not in sight. Another pack horse cleft the dark green gap where the trail emerged. And after it was Al on his big bay. The foremost rider waved to the boys in camp. How they yelled! Rock watched with eyes starting and expanding. What was there strangely familiar about that rider? Yet he knew he had never seen him before. Rock never forgot a mounted rider. Suddenly he leaped up madly. Thiry!

He ran. He leaped the brook. He made the camp in bounds.

"Howdy, Trueman." Her smile was strained and she scarcely met his eager gaze. He had never seen her in rider's garb. Could that make such a difference? She wore a tan blouse, with blue scarf, fringed gauntlets, overalls, and high boots. She looked like a boy until she dismounted. Rock had a wild desire to snatch her in his arms.

"Boys, throw my pack and unroll my bed," she said. And while the boys obeyed with unified alacrity, she led the stunned Rock away from camp, under the golden aspens, into the forest.

"Glad to see me?" she asked, looking ahead at the windfalls and the splashes of brilliant hues.

"Glad!" he echoed, as if words were inadequate.

"You don't show it."

"Thiry! . . . I'm loco."

SHE still held his hand, which she had taken openly before her brothers Rock could not shake off his trance. Still, it did not seem the Thiry he knew. She halted beside a great fallen spruce with rugged seamed bark.

"Lift me up," she said. And when he had complied, she held him with strange hands, and looked into his eyes as she had never before.

A black squirrel squalled from a silver spruce that towered over them. All around the forest enclosed them: standing and fallen timber, sapling pines and sturdy junipers, patches of aspen, white-stemmed with dead-gold foliage, quaking as with a tremor of their roots. The thick tang of pine filled the air.

"Kiss me," this unknown Thiry said, not shyly, nor yet boldly, but somehow unnaturally for her. When Rock obeyed, restraining himself in his bewilderment, she put her arms around him and her face against his neck.

"Bad news, Trueman dear," she said, as if forced.

"Sure, I could have guessed it. But it's welcome, since it fetched you."

"Ash made a killing of Half Moon steers and shipped the beef from Wagontongue," went on Thiry, talking by rote.

Rock's frame jerked with the hot gush of blood through his veins, but he did not voice his anger and dismay. And he remained mute. Her monotone, the absence of any feeling, the abnormal something about her, fortified him to hear catastrophe which would dwarf what she had already told.

"Dad wants you to come in with us—share our fortunes, our troubles, our sins. . . . Help us fight these enemy outfits. . . . If we—"

"We?" he interrupted, in bitter heat.

"Yes, we: Ash and Dad and I—and my three brothers—and you."

"I! . . . And what do *I* get for spillin' blood for thieves? Ah, that is Preston's game. He wants me to kill, to spread terror among those Wyomin' outfits. . . . And my reward will be—"

"Me," she said, without emotion.

"With Ash Preston's consent?" demanded Rock, angered to probe to the depths of this proposition.

"Dad claims, when you become one of us—Ash will have to consent."

"THIRY PRESTON! You ask me to do this thing? You ask me to be a thief—a killer—to save your rotten brother, your weak and crooked father?"

"I—ask—you."

In violence, almost with brutal force, Rock shook her, as if to awaken her out of a torpor.

"No! No, you poor driven girl!" he cried. "I would die for *you;* but I'll never let you ruin your soul by such dishonor. They have blinded you, preyed on your love. Your brother is mad. Your father desperate. They would sacrifice you. Ash would agree to this, meanin' to shoot me in the back. . . . No, Thiry!"

"You . . . will not?" she sobbed.

"Never. Not even to have you."

Suddenly then, he had a wild, weeping creature in his arms, whose cries were incoherent, whose beating hands and shaking body wrought havoc to the iron of his mood. "Oh, thank God, you won't!" she wept, lifting streaming eyes and working face. "I prayed you'd—refuse. I told Dad you'd never, never do it. I told Ash he lied—he'd never let you have me. But they made me—they drove me—all night they nagged me—until I gave in. . . . Trueman darling, say you forgive. I was weak. I loved him so—and I'm almost broken. But you lift me from the depths. I love you more—a thousand times. Let come what will. I can face it now!"

Hours later, Rock kept vigil over a sleeping camp, where near him lay Thiry in deep slumber, her fair, sweet face, sad in repose, upturned to the watching stars. Beyond, her brothers were stretched in a row, likewise with dark faces still and calm in the starlight.

Rock's heart was full to aching. The night was exquisite, clear and cold, with blue velvet sky lighted by trains of stars, white sparks of fire across the zenith. The night wind sighed through the aspens, soughed in the pines, and roared low up on the mountain slope. Coyotes barked and wolves mourned. Whatever might betide on the morrow, or thereafter, this night was his in all the fullness of requited love, of protective possession. He had forgotten the prayers of his youth, yet it was certain that he prayed. There seemed infinite strength in the grand dark

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mountain above, and a mystery all about him in the ceaseless voice of dying insects, in the murmur of wild nature.

In the rose light of dawn, while the Preston boys whistled and shouted at their camp tasks, Rock and Thiry again wandered under the silver spruces, the golden aspens, the scarlet maples, back to that bit of primal forest land.

"Don't go back to the Pass," Thiry was pleading.

"I must. I'll go alone."

"But I'm afraid. If you meet him—

A dark horse holding a slight rider came into view. . . . Rock watched with eyes starting and expanding. What was there strangely familiar about that rider?

Oh—you will—Trueman, I couldn't hate you. Once I thought I might. Oh, don't go!"

She wound her arms around his neck and clung to him with all her might.

"Take me away—far away across the mountains," she begged, her lips parting from his to implore mercy, and then seeking them again. "It's the only way. I am yours, body and soul. I ask nothing more of life but that you spare him—and take me. . . . The boys will let us have a pack. We can cross the mountains. It is not yet winter. Then somewhere we two will live for each other. I will forget him, and all this horror. And you—will never—kill another man."

"Thiry girl, hush, you are breakin' me," he cried, spent with the might of agonized will that denied her kisses, her clinging arms. "That would be the worst for us both. It would brand me with their guilt, and drag you down. . . . No. I shall go alone—make one last stand to save your father."

ROCK rode the zigzag descending trail down to the Pass in four hours, another splendid performance of his sure-footed, tireless horse.

There did not appear to be any untoward condition at the ranch that obviously affected the women-folk. Preston had ridden off early that morning to a general round-up out on the range, at a place called Clay Hill. Ash Preston and his three brothers were off somewhere, probably also at the round-up, on their return from Wagontongue. No; they had not driven the beef wagons to town this time.

"Reckon I'll ride over to Clay Hill," muttered Rock.

Clay Hill was a famous old round-up ground. The gray bare knob of clay rising over a grassy level had given it its name. There were several cabins near the springs that gushed from the base of the hill.

Rock's keen eye snapped at the old-time scene. Dust and color and action! Herds of cattle, fields of horses! Not until he rounded the southern corner of Clay Hill, where the trail ran, and came abruptly upon the first cabin, horses, wagons, men, did he grasp that something was amiss. What could check a general round-up in the middle of the afternoon? No cowboys on guard! No cutting or branding! No movement, except a gradual straggling of the herds! The men he saw were in groups, and their postures were not expressive of the lazy, lounging, careless leisure attendant upon meal hours or cessation of work.

Rock had permitted himself no anticipations. But he divined the hour he had long dreaded; and, instead of halting, as if momentarily checked by an invisible blow in the sinister air, he spurred his horse and rode down upon the men, scattering dust and gravel all over them.

He was off, throwing down bridle, gloves, and in two swift jerks he got out of his chaps.

"What's up?" he demanded of the six or eight cowmen who backed away. In his first sweeping glance he did not recognize one of them.

"Fight busted (*Continued on page 196*)

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All my life I have been hoping for a little leisure, my goal until my boy grew up; now he has

My Last Hope for Freedom has

By W. O. SAUNDERS

PHOTO BY HAMBLIN SUFFOLK, VA.

"MY BOY is proceeding about the business of living his own life," says Mr. Saunders. "It isn't that he doesn't give a darn for Dad any more; but he wants to explore and decide some things for himself. And I shall not upbraid him, or interfere, because he is following in my footsteps, after all. If we but understood the laws of heredity we might say with certainty that he is what he is because of what his father was. But this I know: I have lost my boy, and he must find himself in the maze of life's perplexities and illusions through which I, before him, had to pass."

FOLKS, I have lost a son. And he is the only son I had or ever hope to have. I guess millions of other fathers have lost their sons in the same way: the sons of fathers probably have gone the way of my son for millions of years, and will go. But even in much company misery is not robbed of all its pangs.

He was seventeen years old when I took him in my arms that night and bade him good-by. All of a sudden, I realized that he wasn't the same boy I had known for seventeen years. It was another and entirely different boy, and this was no casual good-by or an *au revoir;* in a moment the night train would roll out of the station, and that boy would be gone out of my intimate life forever. My boy has gone to college.

"He'll be back for holidays; he'll be with you all this summer." That's what everybody says; and I know otherwise. Oh, yes, he will come back for a day or two at a time, hang around the house a little while this summer, write home now and then, be nice to the old man and mother; but that boy is gone, gone. He is on his own manhood now, facing a world away from home, looking onward toward the place that he hopes to make in the world, and Daddy is now just Dad; just Dad, and nothing more.

And I had made so many plans for that boy. I was seventeen years old when I went out from under my own parental roof to find my own way in the world. I didn't go to college; my folks were poor and had not quite succeeded in putting me through high school. I got an early start in the business of shifting for myself, married early, had a family before I was really grown up.

Having started out so early and under handicaps, life has seemed sort o' long to me. It has been a long, hard drag most of the time. I paid entirely out of the Building and Loan Association only a few months ago, and I never owned a Tuxedo suit until yesterday.

I say it's been a long, hard drag bringing up the family, acquiring a home, and building up a weekly newspaper property in a little town.

But that boy was growing up; and when he got up into his first long trousers and they made him editor of the school paper, I began to bank on that boy. Keith—that's his name—would soon be big enough to be helpful in the business; he had shown an aptitude for writing and for the printing craft. Only a few years now, and he would be old enough and responsible enough to take over the business and let the old man play a bit.

It's good to dream; I guess we spend a great deal of our lives dreaming things as we would like them to be, only to see our dreams fade out before the projection of life's realities. But dreams carry us over hard places, like the stimulant of much coffee in the night we sat up with someone's dead.

I entertained myself with a lot of pleasant dreams about that boy. Although only in my early forties, I can't work as hard and fast as I once did. I used to think nothing of doing the work of two or three men. But even in the thirties I found myself slowing down, and I tire now after a day's work; and that phantom thing called Freedom has cozened me right much.

I HAVE been pursuing that bird Freedom all my life, and have been, oh, so reluctant to admit that you just can't put salt on its tail. But Freedom ever eludes me. My first dream of freedom came when I was but two or three years old, when I became cognizant of the fact that I was wearing gingham dresses, like a little girl, and should be in pants to attain to a boy's estate. I thought that when I got my first pair of pants I would be free from Mother's apron strings and the petting of numerous aunties.

But I got my first little pants, and found that freedom from one set of vexations only got me into other difficulties, with more responsibilities and more life problems to solve. The first day I strutted my first pair of pants, I got my nose punched by another boy who had been wearing pants a few months longer than I had.

And then I discovered that everybody expected more of a kid when he put on pants; he wasn't a baby any more, to be coddled and forgiven for every misstep. I went to school and found a discipline in the schoolroom to which I had to submit, that seemed more irksome and galling than any discipline I had known at home.

I yearned then for the freedom that would come with long pants. When I got my first pair of long pants with suspenders to them I would know what freedom was. The first thing I would do would be to lick the teacher.

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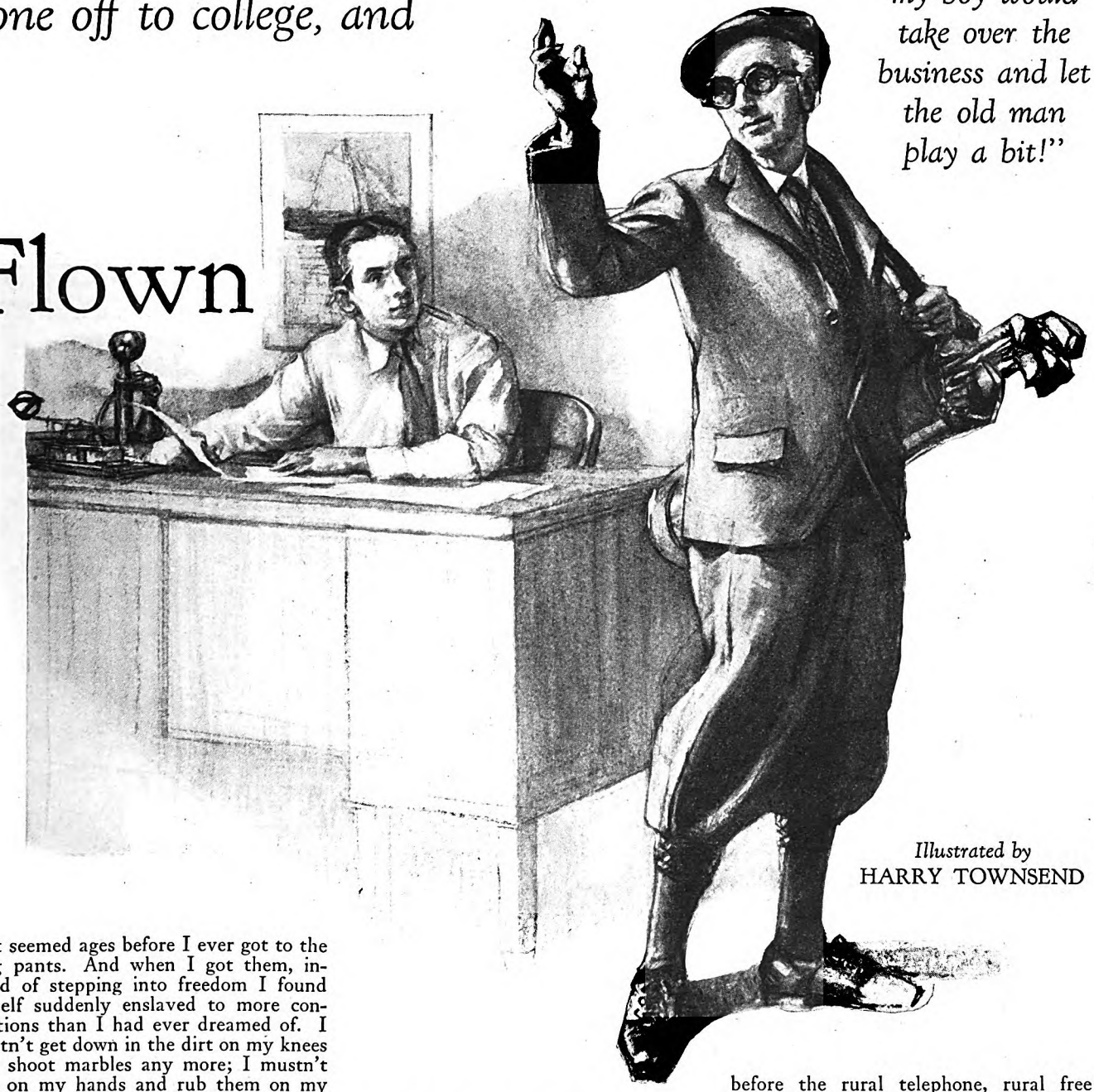
but never got near gone off to college, and

"I had thought my boy would take over the business and let the old man play a bit!"

Flown



Illustrated by
HARRY TOWNSEND

It seemed ages before I ever got to the long pants. And when I got them, instead of stepping into freedom I found myself suddenly enslaved to more conventions than I had ever dreamed of. I mustn't get down in the dirt on my knees and shoot marbles any more; I mustn't spit on my hands and rub them on my trousers to get the dirt off; I must tip my hat to every pert little miss and every fussy old woman, whether I liked them or not. The world was so full of don'ts that I seemed hardly to have room to turn around in. I mustn't even laugh hilariously and vociferously any more. I must be a young gentleman. Good lord! My heart sank within me.

But I would yet be free: I would break away from home, where I was expected to be in at a ten-o'clock bedtime, be punctiliously at meals, and do a thousand chores. I would be my own boss, fix my own hours, choose my own company, go and come as I please and not have to get up Sunday morning, when the sleeping was so good, and go to church to sit through a long and doleful sermon uttered by an aged pastor with a quavering voice. Silly dreams of freedom! I left home and got the freedom I had sought in small things only to find myself more enslaved than ever: a slave to a job with steady hours; slave to a dingy boarding-house; slave to more and more conventions. But, thought I, surely marriage and a home of my own would give me freedom. Another silly dream!

I MARRIED, and freed myself from the drabness and loneliness of an attic room in a lodging-house, only to find myself enslaved to a new world of conventions and responsibilities. Looking back on it all now, I don't know how one of my rebellious spirit managed through it without kicking out before I had lost my kick. After secretly and sullenly squirming and fretting under the yoke of matrimony for several years, I finally settled down to it and put aside my fool's dreams of freedom, for a time.

But that boy had started me off on another dream of freedom. Publishing a weekly newspaper in a small town is no sinecure these days. It was different before the rural telephone, rural free delivery, good roads, automobiles and radio came. And all these things have come with such amazing rapidity within a mere decade or so!

The life of the country editor was once one of infinite leisure. The daily papers from the cities were sometimes a week old before they got into the country. There was little telephone communication; some farmers came to town once a week, most of them but twice a year. The automobile hadn't come into popular use; radio wasn't dreamed of. The country editor had his own little world all to himself.

All has changed. Over ribbons of concrete come fast motor-trucks bearing the morning and afternoon editions of Norfolk, Virginia, newspapers into Elizabeth City hot from the presses. A daily paper in my own town sends its flivvers out on the rural highways carrying press reports to the farmer the same day. That means work for (*Continued on page 164*)

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Don't Short Change *in the* Little Things *of* Life

By

EDGAR A. GUEST

I WAS wandering through the Detroit Art Museum one day several years ago when I was joined by a friend whose knowledge of art would qualify him as an expert. An unusually rare collection of the old Dutch masters was on exhibition.

I knew that those few pictures were immensely valuable. They were all heavily insured. Two or three of them were pointed out to me as having cost their present owners more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars each.

I confess that in my ignorance of art I was puzzled. Some of those pictures didn't interest me at all. Elsewhere in the museum hung any number of canvases that appealed to me more. Yet these few old masters were being exhibited and studied and praised and admired by people who supposedly knew what it was all about.

I had sense enough to know that it takes more than age to make a masterpiece. So, standing before what to me was the least impressive of those rare pictures, I said to my art-loving friend:

"Why is that particular canvas so valuable? What makes it a masterpiece?"

He looked at me rather sorrowfully. Finally he said: "Well, for one thing, it is a great work of art. Look at the marvelous coloring, which many years have not dimmed. Notice how beautifully the picture is composed so that this part balances that. But over and beyond all these things, the artist who painted it proved his right to mastership by an exquisite handling of the minutest details."

Then he began to point out to me, one by one, little things which my untrained eye had entirely missed. Now I saw that the veins in the old man's hands looked as though the blood was still pulsing through them; that the sunbeam coming through the window fell upon a mug on the table in such a way as perfectly to illumine the design on the old drinking piece; that the old man's hat was beautifully done. Why, a singing bird in a cage was a picture in itself!

Said my friend: "Only a fine artist does the little things with such fidelity."

I thought then, and I think now, that pictures and folks grow to greatness in much the same way. It is largely the little things which make a masterpiece of art; it is the little things which make men and women truly fine.

Human masterpieces are built by patience and thoughtfulness and unselfishness; by courtesy, good manners, kindliness, and understanding. The lives of the

great characters we all know and love are filled with tiny details exquisitely done.

The importance of little things is vividly emphasized in something that a woman said to me the other day. "My husband would die for me," she told me with a little grimace, "but he always forgets to pass me the salt at the table. Probably he'll never have the chance to die for me, but I need the salt three times a day!"

And there you are! We all need the salt of human thoughtfulness and kindness many times every day. It is only once in a lifetime, perhaps, that we call on our friends, or are called on by them, to make a big sacrifice.

MOST of us meet the great trials of life well enough; we are much more likely to fall down miserably in the little tests. Even in the matter of politeness we are often careless. Because a clerk thought it not worth his while to be courteous to a shabbily dressed man, one of the leading stores in Detroit lost a lifetime customer. A citizen of great means, who refuses either to dress or act the part, walked into a high-class haberdashery shop one morning and said to the clerk at the counter:

"I want to look at some socks, if you please."

"I can show you some very nice *hose*," replied the clerk with an edge of rebuke in his voice.

"Never mind going to the trouble," replied my friend. "I came to buy socks, and since you don't keep socks I'll go to a store that does. I'm sorry I made the mistake." With that he was on his way. He has never since been back to that shop.

It is by little things that battles are lost or won.

Norval Hawkins, one of the best known sales managers in the country, was sitting in his office one morning when a beautifully engraved card was brought in to him by his secretary. The card belonged to a salesman for a high-class automobile company. When the young man entered, Mr. Hawkins was still holding his card.

"I have called, Mr. Hawkins," said he, "to see if I can interest you in one of our cars."

"No, you can't," said Mr. Hawkins, who had been looking the young man over from head to foot. "I'm not interested in your automobile; but I am just a little interested in salesmanship and in you. Now, if you care to listen, I'll take a few minutes of my time and tell you something about yourself."

"I'd be very glad to hear it," said the young fellow, not dreaming what was coming.

"All right," said Hawkins. "Sit down. This card of yours is engraved. It's an expensive card, and the company you are representing is selling an expensive automobile."

"That's true," the youngster admitted.

"You didn't shave this morning," snapped Hawkins. "You've not had your shoes shined in a week. That's the same collar you had on yesterday. You've still got your hat on your head, although you're sitting in my office, and you've taken at least a dozen puffs at that half-smoked cigar which you brought in with you. I'm going at you rough-shod because I want to teach you something. Tell me honestly, do you think, as a salesman, you measure up to the quality of this engraved card, or to the automobile you are trying to sell?"

The young man admitted his carelessness.

"You may think," said Hawkins, "that I'm finding fault with you about little things, but it's the little things which are important. If I weren't interested in all salesmen, I wouldn't bother with you. I'm finishing my job and you're just beginning yours. I can't resist the chance to pass on some of the things that experience has taught me. That morning shave is important. That half-smoked cigar is important. Don't carry it into a gentleman's office when you are making a business call. Always represent your company at your best; not at your worst."

"Mr. Hawkins," said the youngster, "I am glad I came in here. I had never thought of these things."

"I knew *that* the minute you came into this room," said Hawkins. "That's why I decided to give you a jolt. I thought you'd be sensible enough to take it the right way."

I PLAY golf during the summer months. I play with many men, yet there are some I like to play with better than others; and there are a few I avoid as though they were my enemies—which they are not.

I shun them because I am not happy when I am with them. They irritate me.

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They are big in a big way, but they are petty about trifles. They quarrel with their caddies and abuse them; they seem always to be seeking for themselves some small advantage; they violate not the letter but the spirit of the rules; they are indifferent to the little courtesies of the game. In short, they are not true sportsmen.

The difference lies not in big things but in tiny details. One man adds comradeship and thoughtfulness and good nature to his game; the other makes it merely a self-centered struggle for victory.

After all, it is our *attitude* toward life which counts. We shape in the main our own characteristics. We advertise ourselves daily by our conduct in small affairs.

There once lived on our street an old man who had more friends than anyone else I have ever known. Perhaps this was because he did more nice little things than anyone else I have ever known. To me, he was an outstanding masterpiece of gentleness and kindness. He had a little garden where he grew old-fashioned flowers. It seemed to me that I never saw him walking down the street without a bouquet in his hand.

"To whom are you always carrying flowers?" I asked.

"Oh," he said with a little smile, "these are for a little girl in the next block, who is ill. I'll just stop in on my way to the street car and leave them for her."

"Has she been ill long?" I asked.

"No. Just a few days."

"But you seem always to be carrying flowers."

"Yes," he answered. "I think there is never a day when everybody we know is well and happy, and wouldn't be just a little comforted to be remembered. I can't do very much for people, so when the garden's in bloom I take a few flowers to let them know I am thinking of them. Sometimes I leave a bunch on certain desks in the office. It isn't much."

What an exquisite little detail that fine old man worked into his life's picture! There was no great outstanding feature to his career, but wherever he moved beauty went with him and love remained. The day he was buried there were more flowers sent to his door than his little home could accommodate. I see that tender, thoughtful, big-hearted old man over and over again in memory; particularly when I myself have failed to do the little thing which I might so easily have done, had I only thought.

Results are not all that count. It is important to know how those results are gained.

Business is the excuse of the churl and the grouch, but there is plenty of time for the little deeds of courtesy and kindness if we have the will to do them. It isn't the time, but the thought that is lacking. A man can grow rich, and still play the friend along the way. He can still be gentle in his relations to his fellows.

I THINK all gardeners are humble men. They seem to learn from the flowers something which many of us miss. Old John, at the Detroit Golf Club, fascinates me. He is one of the most lovable characters I have ever met. All his life has been spent on the soil, and he knows and loves everything that grows in our climate.

One day last spring, as he was bending over a bed of forget-me-nots, I went up to him and said:

"John, you seem to love all the flowers!"

"Oh, yah!" he answered with a smile of tenderness.

"But, John," I said, "some are prettier than others. Some are more fragrant than others. Do you give the big plants and the showy blooms more attention than you give the little ones?"

"Oh, no," he said, shaking his head. "No; I treat them all alike. You know they are all flowers."

Lincoln was a human masterpiece, and I think that was Lincoln's attitude to his fellow men. He recognized the varying degrees of genius and ability; the shades of honor and conduct, and strength and weakness. But he saw also that the crying need of all men is for kindness and sympathy and understanding and friendship. I think he poured as much of his heart and his love and his thought into the letter which he penned to the widowed mother who had given five sons to die on the field of battle, as he did in penning the speech at Gettysburg. His life was filled with exquisite details.

I know a number of men who have been successful in business, but who have failed everywhere else.

To this day, one of them finds it difficult to keep good workmen about him. He never for one minute lets them forget that they are working *for* him. The idea that they might be working *with* him is foreign to him. Giving orders is his specialty. He can snap out "Do this!" with more (*Continued on page 124*)

If You Ask Me:

Don't Keep Your Glad Hand for Special Occasions

A BIG testimonial dinner was given to David Belasco several years ago. Among the speakers was Channing Pollock, the famous playwright.

"One of the tragedies of life," he observed dryly, "is the fact that no one ever gives us a dinner until we don't need one."

Mr. Pollock spoke from experience. In the days when he was sweating as a dockhand on the New York water front and binding his bloody hands with rags, he would have welcomed an invitation to a square meal—or a light lunch, as far as that goes. In the past twenty years, since his plays began to bring him fame and fortune, I suppose there are few men in the theatrical world who have been entertained more often in public.

It's easy enough to trail along with the noted. If a daring explorer, a literary "lion," or even a mere congressman comes to town, the good ladies of the Literary Society or the Social Guild will run around in circles to get his famous feet under their groaning board. But how often in the course of a year does one of them give herself the thrill of inviting someone to her table to whom a company meal, with all its "fixings," would be an unexpected treat, and sometimes even a life-saver!

Usually, you are ready to give three rousing cheers for the man who has made his mark; but how often do you go out of your way to give a cheering word to the man who shows plainly that he is having a tough time in the battle of life? I mean the man who's discouraged, who has had too many knocks for his strength and has lost his grip on things. I can't help thinking it might be a good thing if more often you would let the heroes of the hour stew in the juice of their own greatness, and give a "glad hand" to one who really needs it.

You may not be entertaining an angel unawares or adding to your "social standing," but at least you'll be bringing a little bit of heaven into two human hearts—yours and his.

Merle Crowell

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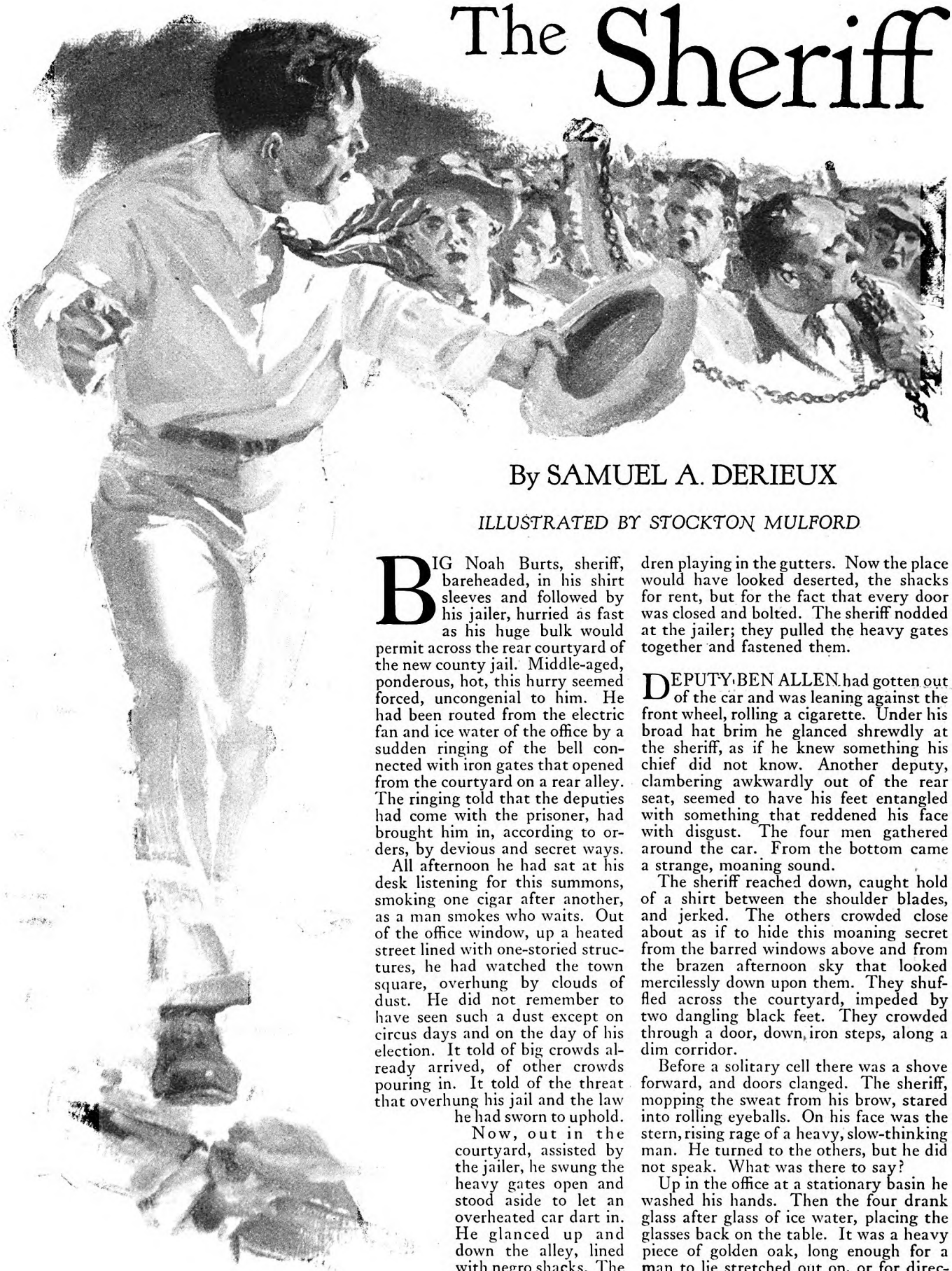
The Sheriff



The mob halted . . . all but one. . . . "Come on!" he yelled. "The door's next!"

By SAMUEL A. DERIEUX

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

BIG Noah Burts, sheriff, bareheaded, in his shirt sleeves and followed by his jailer, hurried as fast as his huge bulk would permit across the rear courtyard of the new county jail. Middle-aged, ponderous, hot, this hurry seemed forced, uncongenial to him. He had been routed from the electric fan and ice water of the office by a sudden ringing of the bell connected with iron gates that opened from the courtyard on a rear alley. The ringing told that the deputies had come with the prisoner, had brought him in, according to orders, by devious and secret ways.

All afternoon he had sat at his desk listening for this summons, smoking one cigar after another, as a man smokes who waits. Out of the office window, up a heated street lined with one-storied structures, he had watched the town square, overhung by clouds of dust. He did not remember to have seen such a dust except on circus days and on the day of his election. It told of big crowds already arrived, of other crowds pouring in. It told of the threat that overhung his jail and the law he had sworn to uphold.

Now, out in the courtyard, assisted by the jailer, he swung the heavy gates open and stood aside to let an overheated car dart in. He glanced up and down the alley, lined with negro shacks. The huge afternoon shadow of the castlelike jail fell across them. Usually, their denizens were lounging on the porches, their ragamuffin children playing in the gutters. Now the place would have looked deserted, the shacks for rent, but for the fact that every door was closed and bolted. The sheriff nodded at the jailer; they pulled the heavy gates together and fastened them.

DEPUTY BEN ALLEN had gotten out of the car and was leaning against the front wheel, rolling a cigarette. Under his broad hat brim he glanced shrewdly at the sheriff, as if he knew something his chief did not know. Another deputy, clambering awkwardly out of the rear seat, seemed to have his feet entangled with something that reddened his face with disgust. The four men gathered around the car. From the bottom came a strange, moaning sound.

The sheriff reached down, caught hold of a shirt between the shoulder blades, and jerked. The others crowded close about as if to hide this moaning secret from the barred windows above and from the brazen afternoon sky that looked mercilessly down upon them. They shuffled across the courtyard, impeded by two dangling black feet. They crowded through a door, down iron steps, along a dim corridor.

Before a solitary cell there was a shove forward, and doors clanged. The sheriff, mopping the sweat from his brow, stared into rolling eyeballs. On his face was the stern, rising rage of a heavy, slow-thinking man. He turned to the others, but he did not speak. What was there to say?

Up in the office at a stationary basin he washed his hands. Then the four drank glass after glass of ice water, placing the glasses back on the table. It was a heavy piece of golden oak, long enough for a man to lie stretched out on, or for directors to sit around at a meeting.

They did not look at one another nor speak. The secret under their feet seemed to make them avoid each other's eyes. The big electric fan—that symbol of the complete equipment of the new jail—

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The powerful story of a man who rose higher than the crowd could understand

hummed on the table, filling the room with the sound of machinery, and swung its slowly revolving face from one to another, as if in question.

The sheriff sank into his swivel chair and picked up from the desk the cigar he had laid aside. Occasionally through the window came the distant honk of a car or the bray of a mule. Between these sounds was a heavy silence, a treacherous similitude of August peace brooding over the heated town. The sun, a swollen ball of fire, peered through the dust clouds into the room. Even care-free, cynical Ben Allen cleared his throat before he spoke, and leaned forward toward the sheriff, his eyes still shrewd.

"GUESS who seen us, Sheriff," he asked, "after we had got inside town and thought we had got away with it?"

The sheriff wheeled around, facing him.

"Who, Ben?"

"That brother of yours, Joe Burts—that's who!"

A shade of anxiety, like a passing cloud, crossed the massive, heavy-jowled face.

"Did he see what you had, Ben?"

"Did he? Looked right down betwixt the seats. Him and four others in his new car. Drove off toward town looking back. That was the time the nigger started groaning."

The jailer had risen and was leaning across the table toward Ben.

"Why didn't Joe Burts jump you there?" he demanded, as if he were incredulous of the whole story. "What hindered him, I'd like to know. Joe Burts ain't the man to hold back!"

"Didn't I say," retorted Ben, "that there wasn't but four besides him? The grand jury might indict that many—might be ashamed not to. Joe Burts ain't no fool!"

The jailer straightened up, his eyes anxious.

"Everybody knows we got him now," he said. "Everybody!"

He took a sudden step toward the sheriff.

"What you goin' to do, Noah?"

There was a momentary appeal for sympathy in the big fellow's eyes as he looked up at his excited lieutenant. What *could* he do? His hands were tied.

"We'll just wait an' see, boys," he said.

THE election of big Noah Burts to the office of sheriff had been a joke to all but the law-abiding elements. He had been picked up from his country store and hustled about the county on a whirlwind campaign in which his floundering speeches had been jokes, like his candidacy. Joe Burts and Joe Burts s friends had brought him to the speaking places, surrounded him while he spoke, then hurried him away, as if they were secret service men in charge of some high dignitary.

The law-and-order league, the preachers, the forces of decency in general had united against him. "Boys," their candidate had cried on the stump, "next time a circus comes to town, look at the elephant. A man sits on his neck and guides him with a prod. The elephant in this show is Noah Burts, the prodder's Joe Burts. Don't blame the elephant, boys, but don't vote for him!"

The boys had laughed, but they had crowded over one another voting for him. They liked him, sitting up there red of face among his nimbler opponents. He was no high-brow candidate; he was one of themselves. Then, Joe Burts knew how to slap them on the back, pull them confidentially aside and talk straight into their eyes. Besides, the up-stairs room over Joe's garage was the only oasis left in an encroaching desert of prohibition and moral reform, and the boys were thirsty.

Thus Noah Burts was sworn in High Sheriff of Francis County; and Joe Burts still moved among men with the good-natured arrogance of a political boss for whom the world is going right; and from the up-stairs room over the garage men continued to stumble with red faces and thick tongues. Big Noah Burts was not the man to bite the hand that fed him, expecially when that hand was his brother's.

He did listen with gravity to a committee from the law-and-order league that called upon him. They recited numerous abuses, which he promised to look into. But when they came to the inevitable garage, his eyes grew hard. Memory of his boyhood on a poverty-stricken farm, with a ragged little brother trotting always at his heels, was behind that hardness in his eyes. "Look out for Joe, Noah," his mother had whispered that night when the charity doctor had come for the last time—and turned away from the bed.

The sheriff brought the conference to a sudden close with a sternness that made the members of the committee reach for their hats. But that night he sent for Joe, and they talked till midnight. "When did you turn saint, Noah?" Joe grinned finally, and the subject was dropped. But after Joe was gone, the sheriff sat for a long time very solid in his chair, and smoked one cigar after another.

AND now, in his office in the jail, the ponderous and very human sheriff was thinking of that dust out there above the town, in terms of his job. The chances were that most of the men in that crowd had voted for him. He could not remember a sheriff who had not held the office several terms. He had his pride, like another man.

He must see Joe at once. That crowd must be sent about its business, and Joe was the man to send them. He wheeled

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around to the desk and picked up the 'phone.

The garage was on the outskirts of the town, out of the jurisdiction of the town police. He did not have to consult the telephone book for the number, so intimate was the connection between the jail and the blind tiger. A loud voice shouted in his ear:

"No—he ain't here! Who's that talkin' anyhow? That you, Noah?"

THE sheriff hung up the receiver quickly, his face flushing with anger. The man at the other end he had recognized—a farmer who had supported him as vehemently as he now yelled at him. During the brief interchange he had heard in that distant room the mumbling voices of plotting men. Some idea of putting on his hat and going to them, of appealing to them in person, he put aside. If he would not bite the hand that fed him, neither would he lick it.

Likewise, he dismissed the momentary impulse to call the police. The chief was his political enemy; he belonged to the law-and-order crowd; he was one of the "high-brows." Besides, it wouldn't be fair to Joe and the boys to show suspicion before anything happened. He turned to Ben Allen, who sat tilted against the table, cynically smoking a cigarette. Ben had worked in the garage until at Joe's suggestion he had been appointed deputy. Ben was, so to speak, the attaché of the garage in the office of the sheriff. Ben knew how to keep his eyes open and his mouth shut.

"Ben,"—the sheriff spat into the cuspidor between his feet—"suppose you step out and take a look around. And, Ben," he added when the deputy reached the door, "tell Joe I want to see him. Right away. Bring him with you, Ben."

He sat smoking in silence after Ben had gone. The jailer and the other deputy left him—to see about supper for the prisoners, they said, and he nodded. The restless afternoon wore away. The swollen sun dropped over the town. The silhouette of church spires, the contour of trees, were outlined against the angry afterglow. Over it all hung the pall of undiminished heat, and the threat of that strangely patient crowd.

A leaden weight of lonely foreboding pressed down upon Noah Burts, heavy as the breathless heat out there. He rose and walked up and down the office, his hands clasped behind him. What if Joe did not come? What if the mob came instead? He had known sheriffs who surrendered prisoners such as this after a framed-up resistance. He had not blamed them; they were men before they were sheriffs. Still, something in him recoiled. His oath of office kept coming into his mind, the dignity of the courts. He sat down and mopped his face.

He wheeled quickly to face the window when at last the front gate opened. He stared with disappointed eyes into the dusk of the courtyard. Ben Allen was closing the gates—alone. He did not speak when the young deputy came into the office and softly closed the door. But his heart beat faster than usual in his enormous chest, and his face, raised to the deputy's, was reddened by more than the fading glow that came in through the window.

"Lord!" gasped Ben. "What a crowd!"

He gulped down a glass of water, and sat down close to the sheriff, leaning forward.

"They mean business," he went on. "Take it from me. Over there in the drug store"—he indicated with his thumb the street corner hidden from sight by the jail wall—"there's fifty if there's a man. They're not in there after dopes and milk shakes, either! Out in the rear alley, they're there, too. Not lookin' for houses to rent, either, you can bet on that. A little later and I'd never have got in, Joe's password or not. They ain't takin' no chances, them boys."

He rolled a cigarette, looking boldly over the process at the sheriff, the fan on the table flapping his shirt and cravat.

"I seen Joe, like you told me. There's open reception up-stairs over the garage. If it hadn't been for Joe, they'd have held me. The fewer men in the jail, the less the trouble if it come—see? But Joe cussed 'em out; 'Noah was a man before he was a sheriff,' he said. Then he pulled me aside.

"'Tell Noah,' he says, 'now's his chance to make himself solid with the boys. Now's his chance to clinch the job till his hair's white; keep the boys glued to him an' make friends with the high-brows to boot.'"

THE messenger leaned forward, a confidential hand on the sheriff's broad knee.

"At nine o'clock," he whispered huskily, "the bell to the front gate rings. You go out to the gate, bunch of keys and all. You take your gun along. They'll be waitin' along the outside of the wall, out of sight. The main crowd'll be held back, y'understand; there won't be but four at the gate. You open—they jump you—you shoot, in the air. Desperate resistance, see? Sheriff overpowered. You know—the old game!"

The sheriff leaned suddenly forward.

"Ben, I told you to bring Joe Burts. Now, go get him!"

"Go where? I tell you, I won't get back! If you don't believe it, step to the gate. Take a look. Then, if you say go, I'll go. It don't make no difference to me. This ain't my funeral!"

Crimson of face, the sheriff rose and reached for his hat. Ben sprang up and faced him.

"At nine o'clock," the messenger whispered huskily, "the bell to the front gate rings. You go out to the gate . . . and take your gun along"

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Through the fog of his grief, a light was flickering in the soul of Noah Burts

"You want to let 'em in now?" he demanded. "Well, all you got to do is open the gate!"

The sheriff looked down at the deputy, then sank back into his chair. There was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in Ben's eyes. The thing had happened while he sat waiting for Joe to come to him. The jail was surrounded; they had taken no chances.

He turned around to the desk 'phone, leaning bulkily over the papers, his feet tucked under his chair. He jerked the receiver up and down. But in the instrument there was no popping of life. From Central came no response. He threw the useless thing aside, and turned to face the darkening room, in which he was bottled up, a prisoner by his friends. They had him trapped; he had acquiesced in smaller things, he would acquiesce in this. His mind tried to justify such acquiescence. If he were not sheriff this night, he would be out there with Joe in the midst of the mob. The accounts he had heard that morning of the crime recurred to his mind, and the (*Continued on page 175*)

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The vigilant eye of his

AUTUMN

By

ILLUSTRATED BY

ONE of my first really graphic impressions of autumn was not half so dramatically impressed upon me as it was upon the negro with me, old Cæsar Moultrie, who, when I was a plantation boy, used to be frequently commissioned to accompany me on some of my expeditions into the forest wilds. He was a good comrade, was tolerant of my boyish views, was wise in an ancient nature-taught way, and left me many a happy memory.

That day in late September we were sitting together under a big hickory-nut tree, a few resplendent leaves from which glided to the placid waters of the creek before us, and rested there, sumptuously, royal barges for the Cleopatras of the fairy world. The utterly peaceful reverie that comes over fishermen who are good companions and are having no especial luck was upon us.

Old Cæsar had laid his battered cap on the grass beside him. His bald head glistened amiably. I was half asleep. The universe seemed to be in a joyous trance. When I heard a slight sound in the hickory tree overhead, I just thought that another big gold leaf had started down. But this was no drifter. In a second, with a resounding crack, a heavy hickory nut landed squarely on the top of Cæsar's head. The nut, clipped from its twig by a foraging gray squirrel, was still in its outer green shell, and therefore doubly heavy. The blow was enough to knock out an ordinary man. But Cæsar, after an initial blink at the moment of contact, reached over, picked up the nut, looked at me, and chuckled.

"De fall o' de year done come," he said.

THE fall of the year! It is a magic expression, ancestral, poetic, universal. It is like nightfall, like dayspring, like evenfall. The year ripens like an indolent misty peach—and falls. Sundown is the fall of the sun—his gorgeous foundering in the blazing vortex of the west. Those critics of language who insist that we always say "autumn" overlook the appropriateness and the beauty of connotation of "fall." The fact that diction-

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wife kept him at his task

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

THOMAS FOGARTY

aries do not always give it is perhaps one reason why it should be treasured.

I recall another incident of the declining year which perhaps well illustrates one of the elements of this fascinating season's character. We generally associate autumn with the ripeness and the richness of age, with life's promises fulfilled, with the infallible wisdom that comes like the growth of a mighty oak out of the very heart of nature—out of the soil and the sun, the starlight and the rain, with the beautiful slow passage of the years.

This old wisdom is almost cosmic in its sagacity, having in it the human spirit's fathomless far reach to the heart of God. I came upon this example of it in this way: I was talking with old Anthony Lee about the little negro church that he and the other negroes on the plantation had started to build, and I was lamenting the fact that the steeple of the humble edifice had never been completed. Anthony listened to me kindly enough, but I could tell from the light deep in his brooding eyes that he had reservations to make to my criticism. When I was through, he said gently, touching his ragged shirt over his heart:

"Cap'n, here de Temple."

Was there ever a sermon more eloquent? Was there ever a keener rebuke of worldliness in religion? Anthony was thinking of the only true altar, the shrine of the heart, builded by the Almighty, and visited by Him. And this humble negro was telling me that God cares only for the offerings upon that sacred altar, for the music welling from the virtuous soul, for the unfeigned worship of the human spirit.

CHILDREN are usually, I think, far wiser about many essential things than we are. They know instinctively that all of us live in a world made sacred by the very wonder of it. Spiritually aware of the mystery of existence, they see a million miracles, and they have the grace of heart to acknowledge their true character. Children have an artless and disarming honesty of soul that we are always in danger of outgrowing. Naïve to the point of indiscretion, their thoughts, their celestial reflections, their talk—all these seem to be spiritually extemporaneous. Often they converse truly like Children of Light. The supposed errors they make are commonly to be laid to their fortunate ignorance of our complex, dubious, and disingenuous civilization.

Christ, who understood everything, said that Heaven is made of children; that is, of people as refreshing, as native, and

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as fragrant-hearted as children. Now, in this festal season of autumn, all of us take a childlike joy in the winey air, in the resplendent colors, in the beauty and abundance in garden, field, and orchard. It is then that all of us rake leaves together, talk honestly, abandon our cumbrous dignity, love one another, and are as serenely happy as little children.

Here a great maple is softly burning like a vast yellow primrose. The water-oak by the winding creek is some mysterious jewel, glimmering with dewy flames of topaz, amethyst, and rose. The old sassafras tree on top of the pasture ridge looks like a miniature sunset, all saffron and ruby. About all this beauty there is something communicable. All of us feel it; and we have to see as much of it as we possibly can. Yet we do not like our neighbors to imagine that we can afford not to be busy. We therefore pretend to rake leaves; but in reality we are steeping our very souls in the glory of autumn, ruddy autumn, fruitful, fragrant, generous, and gorgeously fading.

When the leaves begin to fall, we slip back into happy childhood; and literally from sea to sea every man, woman or child who has a rake, and who has a yard to rake, is now busily raking leaves. What pastime is more harmless, childish, delightful, and futile? It would be far better for our lawns if the leaves were left where they fell, for they are nature's blanket for the winter. But Molly is out in her yard raking leaves; and Annie is sweeping them from her tiny pavement; and the Taylor boys are carrying great baskets of red and yellow leaves from the lawn to the chicken yard. People rake leaves as they do everything else—characteristically.

Now the good housewife is down on her knees to get that sly leaf that has hidden under the hedge. She'll not have it said that she sweeps dust under her carpets! Now the village Rip Van Winkle, who really ought to be hunting in the hills, is raking leaves as a sportsman does who wants to be after the real business of his existence; but the vigilant eye of his wife, and her tongue, the tone of which seems somehow to lack the general mellowness of the season, keep him at his task. Yet with Rip raking, leaves have a chance.

THERE is something universal about this spirit of raking leaves. All of us have a lingering ancestral feeling that we must be getting ready for winter. Doubtless the cave man gathered leaves for his bedding in his dusky cavern. Then in the autumn we are alert to Nature's changes. Life becomes more of a game. Every move that Nature makes we interpret as a signal to us to bestir ourselves. She scatters her leaves, and we rake them up. It is a tremendous racial gesture that we are aware of the coming of our annual fight with winter.

Besides, when we rake leaves we have a very soothing feeling of respectability. There is a real community interest in this activity. I may not have a cent in the bank, but if people see me going after leaves energetically they feel that I am in the common cause, and that I am a man of thrifty ways. It is an innocent outdoor sport, this raking of leaves. It brings millions of people out to do the same thing; and all of them draw close to the ancient hearthstone, to the humble yet matchless beauty of earth. Autumn and the raking of leaves draw us close in some immemorial democracy. I believe we think long thoughts when we rake leaves. For one thing, it is very easy then for us to see that, while all our lives we strive and struggle to produce beauty (occasionally achieving a somewhat sorry imitation), the creation of beauty is natural, is spontaneous with God.

And when we think of Him, we think of each other kindly; for all of us are in His big back yard raking leaves.

Beautifully the leaves are falling, with an impartiality directed by a justice divine, radiantly on the lovers strolling in the twilight, brightly under the dancing feet of little children, gently upon the old, tenderly on the hallowed graves in the village churchyard.

THERE is about autumn the golden glamour of a memorable farewell; but if it is sad, its sadness is visionary. In reality, the parting is happy. It is not permanent. The voyage is not one into blank space. It is a circumnavigation. All this beauty is fading, not so much because it is dying as because it is going on a journey. Other lands shall see her loveliness and rejoice in her charms, and soon she will be with us again. The ancients with their mythology really did very little intellectual clowning; they usually had things right. In autumn, they said, Persephone has to go back to Hades to visit her husband; but within a few months she will once more return to the old home where Mother Ceres lives.

That idea is a beautiful one, and more just than Bryant's, that:

> The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year. . . .

Though a great poet, he there suffered a spiritual backsliding. Trivially viewed, autumn may be sad; but in a broad and general sense it is the most gorgeous, the most opulent, the most enamoring of all seasons. The time of harvest, of mellow fruitfulness, of strangely renewed vigor and strength, of the sumptuous funeral of foliage old, of the splendor of the mighty southward migration of the birds, of the smoke from burning leaves and from cleared gardens, of Indian Summer, of matchless days when the earth seems hardly to breathe under her canopy of golden mist, of piles of yellow corn, of rows of corn-shocks like Indian wigwams, of heaps of ruddy apples, of bubbling cider presses, of aromatic odors from the fields, the woods, the roadside—such is autumn.

Nature has yielded her all; she is a little tired, but triumphant, fading but beautiful. She is the proud mother. Her beauty has the noble effulgence of maturity. The fragile flowering of maidenly spring has at last borne its fruits and its grains.

Autumn is Nature's joyous wistful pause to look with benignant smiles upon her handiwork and upon her happy children. Autumn is the long afterglow of summer, a time in which the heart may well rejoice, reflect, be calm, be radiantly grateful to God. It used to be called St. Martin's Summer, and it was a favorite season with lovers. Beloved also of artists, of it many a masterpiece has been painted. Yet the originals of these masterpieces are ours, for nothing; and the artist is the Almighty. Paintings are copies. All the originals of all pictures of nature belong to the lover of nature. Nature's beauty, autumn's loveliness, these belong forever to the hearts that delight and rejoice in them.

I remember how autumn came to me one day when I was fishing for bass. Most people imagine that fishing consists in catching fish; but the name of the sport describes the effort. Much fishing is a fine gesture toward being busy when the soul languishes to loaf. It is one of those harmless human deceits which help to keep our appearance respectable. To make the bluff complete (as all wives know) a man's preparations for fishing are artificially elaborate; it is as if he had discovered that he had been trifling long enough, and must now get down to the real work of life. Moreover, a certain solemnity attends the preparations.

But when the genial and beloved hypocrite is once planted by his favorite pool, he becomes so enamored of his peaceful surroundings, so secure in the delusion that his wife imagines him laboring hard for her throughout the livelong day, perhaps braving perils for her dear sake, toiling in deep waters that she may enjoy the fruits of her hero's efforts, that he drowses blissfully; he grows careless of life and of time; careless of fish and the supposed vital object of his coming to this remote bank overhanging the lonely, placid creek.

He puts in the day loafing incessantly, vigilantly, virtuously; and when at sundown he takes home a few infant chubs instead of a dozen five-pound bass, his wife manifests both her mental and her spiritual superiority by praising with charming innocence his extraordinary ability as a sportsman. Light is by no means the swiftest thing in the universe: the swiftest thing is the way in which a wife gets onto the curves of a fishing husband. Fishing is one of my favorite vices.

THAT day in late September I was at a famous stretch of bass water of one of the tributaries of the Potomac. From shore to shore the wide creek lay dreaming. The silvery sycamores, the massive white oaks, the plumed and graceful elms, the stalwart shagbarks—all these lay mirrored in the silent water. They seemed like music, and the images like its echoes. Down the still tide floated gaudy leaves, many of them curled into tiny crafts, little Pintas and Santa Marias voyaging adventurously.

In the very center of the stream a belated dragonfly dipped his wide wings to the water, starting faint ripples as he performed some aërial stunts. In a patch of reedy marsh bordering the stream a flock of redwing blackbirds called incessantly. Far overhead I heard the faint "spink-spank" of migrating bobolinks. On the limb of a sycamore an imperious blue jay with an acorn in his bill was hammering it softly. I could see in the water every move he made. Of all bright-plumaged birds, none is more energetic than he.

Looking down the creek, I became aware of another fisherman. He was sitting on a rock that jutted into the

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stream; and rock and fisherman were dappled with sunlight. Setting my line, I strolled down to have a chat with him.

He proved to be an old farmer with gnarled hands, ruddy honest face, and piercing blue eyes. We fell easily into conversation, as fishermen and other idlers generally will. I asked him if he knew the stream well, and if fishing were what it used to be.

"I was born in that house on the bank over yonder," he said, pointing to an ancient stone structure overlooking the creek. "Sixty years ago, to this very day, I was sitting here on this same rock."

This, thought I, was the preliminary of an entirely new kind of fish story.

"The fall of the year was just beginning," he went on, "just like it is now, without a body's hardly knowing it. I was a little boy then, and I had played hooky from school. I was sitting right here when, away off yonder to the south, I heard what I thought was thunder. But it kept up too steady, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. My conscience made me think that the devil was getting ready to come after a boy who'd stayed away from school. The thunder got worse and worse—just growlin' at me. At last I couldn't stand it any longer. I set my line and headed for the schoolhouse. I got there late, but in plenty of time to hear more than I could take in."

"BUT how about the thunder?" I asked, seeing him fall suddenly day-dreaming about that ancient time.

"Those were the guns of the battle of Antietam," he said, "the guns of the opening day's fight—about twenty miles to the south of us here. And this creek looks today just like it looked that day; these same red leaves floating down, these same restless birds calling and heading to their winter home. And sixty years from now," he added, "things along this creek will not have changed much. Nature never does change much, does it?"

When I went home at twilight on that autumnal day, I had but the proverbial three small fishes; but I had acquired a quaint little chapter out of real history and out of the history of human nature. Beautiful it is to me to think that with each succeeding autumn the rolling guns of Antietam sound dimmer and farther away, hushed out of existence by the positive virtues of love and purposeful forgetting. Year after year the hatreds pass, having in them the seed of death; and love grows from more to more. Autumn is a time of memory, but of reconcilement. We then look toward the past, but see it only, as Timrod beautifully says, as

A shadowy land where joy and sorrow kiss,
  Each unto each corrective and relief;
Where dim delights are brightened into bliss,
  And nothing wholly perishes but grief;

Ah, me, not dies! No more than Spirit dies,
  But in a change like death is clothed with wings;
A serious angel with entranced eyes,
  Looking to far-off and celestial things.

Autumn has always had for me a radiant charm. Well can I recall, even at this distant day, how autumn used to come to me in the little Carolina seacoast village where I was born. As a barefoot lad, trudging a mile to school up a bush-bordered village lane, I used completely to forget the importance of a classroom education in studying the things in creation's vast and fascinating schoolhouse, especially alluring on a fragrant morning in the early fall.

I felt the certain glamour of the season though I never tried to define it; but it compelled me to stay outdoors as long as possible. A migrated catbird lurking fussily in a clump of pokeberry bushes, slyly and ravenously devouring the succulent black fruit, would hold me like an enchantment. I loved to listen to the telltale rustle and the soft sunny whistling of the white-throated sparrows under the wild hedges. Thrilling to me were the mellow human flutings of the long-billed curlews as they wheeled in the golden haze of the tranced autumn sky, or streamed in long lines gracefully toward the lonely seabeaches.

IN THOSE far early years the strange beauty of autumn haunted me like a passion; and I have never lost a certain romantic unrestrained rapture over it—an emotion that is native, I think, to our whole race. I remember the radiant bronzing of the water-oaks; and the shining buckeyes that we used to gather; and the glistening black live-oak acorns.

In the great pine forest just across the tidal creek near where the schoolhouse stood, there was, at the wane of the year, a glimmering world of tawny wild beauty; and one of my very clearest recollections of boyhood is of my inability to get to school on time because I had to pass through a world that the season had turned into a sumptuous daffodil field. And now, when I see children lagging their way wistfully on an autumn morning, eagerly and joyously delaying, I know how they feel. Their sensitive and reflective hearts cannot resist the fabulous splendor of the year's gorgeous pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Despite the glamour of the fall, there are those who find the autumn depressing, because, discovering in it what they believe to be the (*Continued on page 129*)

The fragile flowering of maidenly spring had at last borne its fruits

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Clifton Robert Sparks, Jr., will some day control the destinies of the famous three ring tent show that bears the family name. Cliffie's playmates are a pair of baby tigers

This Circus Baby Wants *to be a* Clown

IN THE natural course of events, Clifton Robert Sparks, Jr., fourth generation of showmen, will one day inherit a three-ring circus, but just now this blond and chubby baby of three and a half years wants to be a clown.

He knows what the life of a circus clown means, too, just as he knows what the life of a circus owner means, for "Cliffie" has been trouping with the circus which bears his surname since he was nine weeks old. He has lived in a circus tent in every state in the Union and in most parts of Canada. He has covered the United States four times, from north to south, from east to west, visiting almost every town of three thousand or more inhabitants where tented shows are welcome.

I first met Cliffie more than three years ago. He was then just three months old. With pink bonnet strings tied under his chin and pink silk quilt tucked tidily about him, he was sleeping blissfully in his carriage beside the popcorn stand in the menagerie tent. Lions roared and monkeys chattered, and throngs of circus patrons surged through the tent or fed peanuts to the elephants, but Cliffie was undisturbed. He was undisturbed by circus sounds and smells because he has three generations of circus ancestry behind him: his grandfather, John H. Sparks, founder of the family circus; his uncle, Charles Sparks, present owner; and his father, Clifton Sparks, Senior, who is next in line for circus ownership.

All that was of little interest to Cliffie as he slept in his wicker carriage. It is still of little interest to him after three and a half years of trouping. When he comes of age, Clifton Robert Sparks, Junior, will become a circus "governor," but he would rather be a clown. He told me about it last summer when I met him at Troy, New York.

"I'm going to be a clown like Paul Wenzel," he informed me. "Paul Wenzel is the best clown on this circus. Paul Wenzel is the best clown in the world. I am going to be a clown like Paul Wenzel and play a trombone."

I had motored a hundred miles to see the young heir to the circus, and I found him at a tent marked "Private," but there was nothing exclusive about Cliffie. He was hammering away at a tent stake with a small but effective mallet, helping Tommy, the colored boy, get his tent in place.

"Look what I'm doing!" he called out gleefully as I approached and as the hammer drove the stake into the ground.

He wore a musician's cap at a rakish angle over his short-cropped golden curls. His brown eyes were rimmed with black lashes. His diminutive tan rompers were drawn up over a fresh blue blouse. His chubby legs were bare above his blue half socks. His small feet, shod in elk-hide shoes, were spread sturdily apart, as he whanged away at the tent stake, in imitation of the negro stake drivers who were putting up the big top near by.

While Cliffie was pounding stakes, there came the boom of tom-toms from an adjacent side show. Clifton, Junior, dropped his hammer and strode out for a better view of the Hawaiian troupe, clad in leis and hempen skirts, dancing on the platform. He watched the tom-tom drummer for a few minutes, then, seized with a bright idea, he called out excitedly:

"Tommy! Tommy! Get my drum!"

The colored boy did as he was bidden, and Cliffie gave attention to his drum for a while. It was a young drum, but it showed the effects of a hard life and its head was battered to ribbons.

We were dining in the cookhouse, or circus dining tent—Cliffie in his folding high chair on one side of the red-checkered tablecloth and I on a plank at the other. He paused frequently while eating toast and asparagus soup from his little blue bowl, and greeted his fellow troupers. He knew them all by name and they were all

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his friends, for he had lived among them ever since the day he was born.

Taking a baby of nine weeks on tour was not the simplest thing in the world, as Vera Sparks, his mother, will tell you. But babies have trouped with circuses since first the world began, and obstacles can be overcome where a baby's welfare is concerned.

"Of course everything had to be made over," Mrs. Sparks told me. "The stateroom of our private car had to be remodeled to include Baby's bed. Wherever possible all the equipment was collapsible. His bed at night became a 'coop' by day. He had a folding bathtub, his trunk was cut to specifications, for space is an important item in the circus world.

"As for his life in the circus, he never was a 'hush baby'," his mother explained. "We never had to say, 'Hush! Baby's asleep!' He went to sleep at night to the tune of the radio on the car if the others wanted the radio. He napped in the daytime to the circus sounds. The roar of the lion, the trumpet call of the elephant, the calls of the sideshow barker and the ice-cream vender ballyhooing their wares are no more disturbing to a circus baby than are street sounds to a city child. Of course in a private car and a private tent he gets away from much of the general noise; but circus babies live out of doors; their nerves are steady and they are usually very happy children."

I sat beside him one day while he took his afternoon nap in the private tent. The music from the big top and the side shows floated through his dreams, the faithful Tommy kept guard, and Cliffie slept peacefully. When his nap was ended, it was playtime again, and he came for me.

He took me by the hand and showed me about the grounds, as familiar with his tented world as if the scene were not shifted every twenty-four hours. The tents are not always all located alike, but the same general scheme prevails. One enters the menagerie tent by way of the front door, which is always opposite the ticket wagon; one passes from the menagerie to the big top, or main tent; from the main tent to the "back yard."

In the menagerie tent Cliffie showed me Myrtle, the elephant on whose head he often takes a ride. Myrtle flapped her ears and swayed happily in recognition. He showed me the tiger cubs which have been his playmates since they were taken from their sick mother and fed on a bottle.

"Some day you will own this circus," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "but I'm going to be a clown. A clown with a trombone like Paul Wenzel."

And nothing I could say had any weight with Cliffie.

STELLA BURKE MAY

Ethel Christoffersen made an auto service station pay where a man had failed. Her skill in changing tires and draining crank cases has brought her custom from miles around

She Changes Tires and Drains Crank Cases Like an Expert

A SHINY sedan swung into the drive of a gray stucco oil station at Hamlin, Iowa. The driver blinked his eyes in surprise, then smiled broadly at the girl in blue and white striped coveralls who came out to meet him.

"Do you run this station?" he asked.

"I do," she said promptly. Her brown eyes were unusually large and bright. "How can I serve you?"

"Well, er—" He hesitated. "The fact is," he went on awkwardly, "I wanted my oil changed; but I don't suppose—"

"Certainly," she assured him. "How about gas?" She lifted the hood of the engine.

"Yes; I want the tank filled too."

The girl went into the station and in a moment returned with a grease-spattered bucket. She lifted a wooden cover from over the pit in the floor. "Can you push your car a little farther ahead?" she asked. She had put a cap over her light brown hair.

He released the brake of the car and slowly pushed it ahead on the gently sloping drive.

"There!" she called. "Thanks a lot."

Then she disappeared under the car, going down the cement steps of the pit. The man pushed his hat back on his head, took it off, ran his fingers through his hair, and chuckled quietly to himself.

In a few moments she was back. Expertly she readjusted the lid and set the bucket behind the gas pump. Her movements were quick and easy. She jerked the hose from its hook on the pump and adjusted the nozzle into the tank at the back of the machine.

"How much?" she asked.

"Fill 'er up!" he answered.

The handle of the pump squeaked a little as she turned it slowly, and the colorless fluid in the reservoir descended with bubbles gurgling.

"You're the first girl I've seen running an oil station, and I've traveled from one end of the country to the other."

"Well, it's lots of fun, and a good business." Her mouth was rather wide and her smile, he found, was infectious.

"Darned if I won't tell the fellows to stop here and have their crank cases drained," he said, adding humorously, "if they want to see the oil queen." Then they both laughed.

Ethel Christoffersen is eighteen years old. She has been in charge of the gas and oil station since her graduation from high school, a year ago. The building was owned by a neighbor who had been running the station for several months and had given it up as a failure. He wanted to lease the building, and the oil company with which he had had a contract began to seek a man to take over the business. After a futile search in the small village of one hundred and fifty souls, the village postmaster suggested that the agent interview Ethel Christoffersen.

Ethel's father had died a short time before and her plans for going to college had to be abandoned. She could not teach a country school for a year, and the idea of remaining idle in the village for several months was irksome to the ambitious girl.

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Then came the agent for the oil company and presented his idea of running the oil station.

It seemed preposterous at first for so young a girl to undertake such a venture. Her mother viewed the idea with disapproval. But it was evident that the station could be made to pay, since it was located on the main intersection of two cross-country federal highways. Furthermore, it would allow her to remain at home and yet enable her to help with the family finances. After a prolonged family consultation, it was decided that Ethel should lease the building for the three summer months, during which time the oil company would advance supplies on credit. Within a short time business began to flourish and Ethel's station to create considerable comment throughout the countryside. The young people in particular were quick to patronize it.

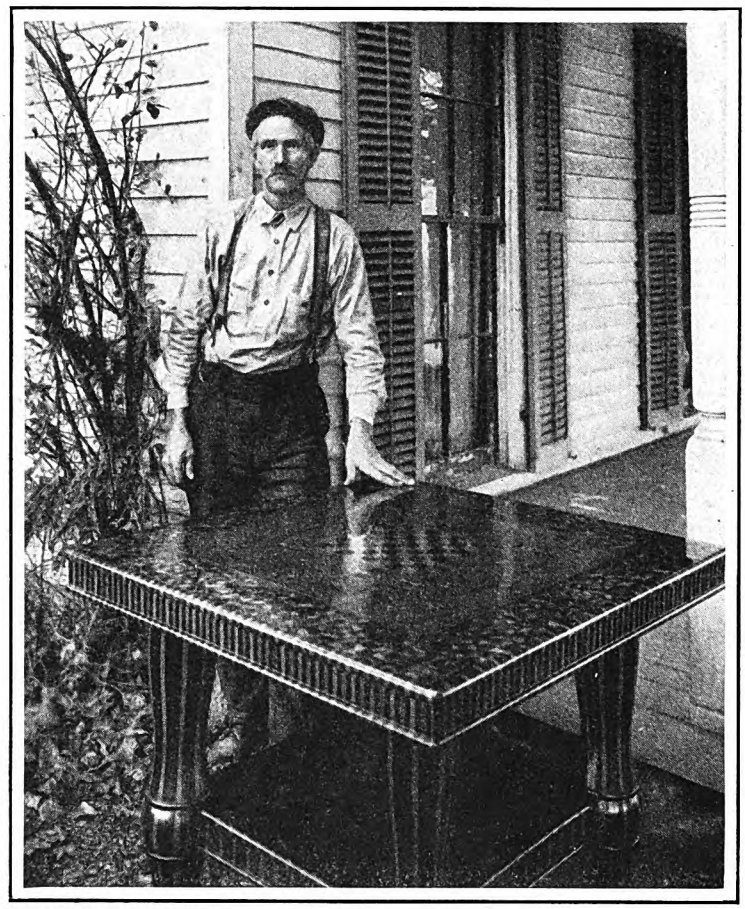
Her friendliness and pleasing personality have made her station the meeting point of the young people from the surrounding farms and nearby towns. Weather and mud do not stop them from driving their cars, and business is open during the entire year, although, of course, more prosperous in the summer time.

Traveling salesmen pass the word on to their fellows of the genial, plucky girl and her station. They are amused to see her drain crank cases and change tires; but it is all a part of the day's work to her.

Thus by the perseverance of this young rather slight girl a paying business has been made of a proposition that appeared to be a failure.

H. D. CHRISTOFFERSEN

Charlie Ulrich Spent Ten Years Making This Table



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

For more than ten years, Charlie Ulrich of Orchard Park, New York, has devoted all of his spare time to making this unique table, in which there are 15,000 pieces of inlaid wood. His wife's cooking utensils furnished some of the designs

BACK in the hill country of western New York, some twenty miles south from Buffalo, is a small village named Orchard Park. Here Charlie Ulrich has lived for over fifty years, doing his job as a carpenter. Born in West Seneca, only a few miles away, he has lived in the same corner of the world always. Even his farthest trips on carpentering jobs did not take him more than fifty miles from the spot where he was born.

One day recently I chanced to pass by his farm. Seeing an elderly man chopping wood out by the barn I hailed him and asked if I might get something to drink. He offered me a great bowl of milk and led the way, when I had finished, into his parlor. It was the typical country "best room," with shades half drawn and a few straight-back chairs.

I sat down and after my eyes had grown accustomed to the dim light, I realized that before me and filling the center of the room was a massive table of inlaid woods. It was a thing of superb workmanship, such as one would seldom see outside of a museum. He must have read the question in my eyes, for, with a chuckle and a proud smile, he said:

"I made that there table."

Then, slowly and with infinite pride, he told me the story of its creation.

"One day," he said, "come some eleven years ago this spring, the boss gave me a mighty fine piece of wood. I brought it home and thought I'd try experimentin' with it by putting a stripe around her, guess mebbe I thought it 'ud do fer a table top then.

"The stripe looked purty good, so I tried inlayin' another. Looked better still, so I jest kept on a-settin' things in her. Whenever I'd be chipping away at some wood on a job and a chunk fell off that looked good, I'd jest put it in my dinner pail and take it along home with me; and then when I had the time I fiddled at it a bit with my penknife until I had something nice; then I set it in her.

"See that checkerboard in the middle? There's twenty-seven hundred pieces of wood in that there alone," he said proudly.

"How long did it take you?" I asked, examining its polished surface.

"Eleven years nearly, and that was workin' in my spare time nights and holidays and Sundays. The wife used to joke me about it, and the young 'uns used to laugh at me and run away with my tools; but I jest kept a-goin' and told 'em to mind their own business, that this was my job. I kinda thought she'd turn out purty good, and I guess mebbe I got purty sweet on doing her, too. Used to work till three or so in the morning, sometimes. Why, see those flags in the corner? It took me a month steady to do each one of 'em."

"Have you any idea how many pieces you've put in it in all?" I queried.

"Reckon there's fifteen thousand if they was all counted up. Used about twelve kinds of wood. There's black walnut and red cedar, white wood and pine, of course. Then there's cherry and maple and beech and oak and jest a bit of cucumber wood."

"You've got some interesting things in it," I said, after scrutinizing its intricate patterns.

"Well, I jest put in what I knowed about. I've got all my carpentering tools set in her; and say, but that saw took me a long time to cut out and lay in! Then I put my wife's cookin' utensils in—potato masher, rollin' pin and all that. Card emblems seemed to be purty much thought of, so I stuck 'em in along with a few clover leaves and peach leaves and a set of dominoes. There's a crescent moon and some wheels and an old shoe—jest the things I saw and knew about."

That was the triumph! Charlie Ulrich has been nowhere; he had no standards of beauty, so all he could do was use the homely things of everyday life about him—and what infinite wisdom he had shown in this.

As I took my leave of him my mind was busy with thoughts of what I had seen. Here indeed was a vision of beauty, a desire for perfection, with no hope of reward other than the pure love of achievement.

BRETT YATES

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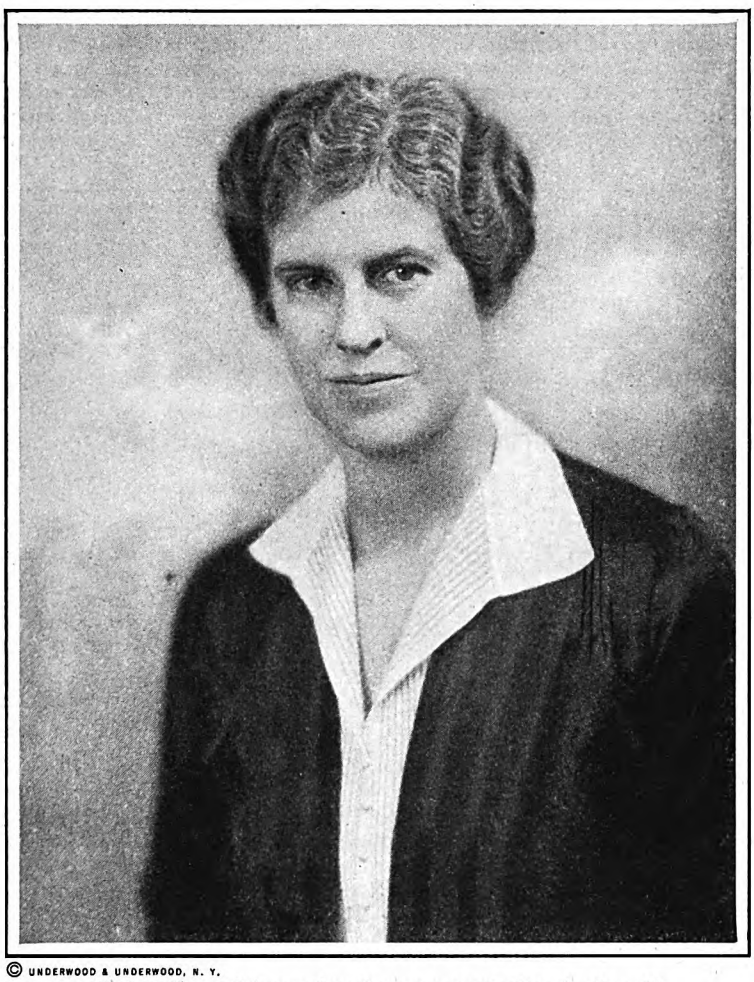

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Gladys Chase Gilmore found a new occupation for herself, when she arranged to teach department-store salesgirls how to serve the public so the public would want to come back

Gladys Gilmore's Unique Job Makes Shopping a Pleasure

IF YOU should walk into your favorite department store and find that the sales force serves you intelligently, with a genuine interest in you and your problems, it is possible that this attitude on their part may have been caused by Gladys Chase Gilmore. For she is the invisible personality that faces you across a thousand department-store counters.

Ten years ago, Gladys Gilmore was teaching a country school at a salary of six hundred dollars a year. Out of this sum she was paying back money borrowed to complete her last two years at Smith College. Today, this same girl earns six hundred dollars a fortnight in the job she created as the first retail store-training consultant in the United States.

Now that high-sounding title means simply that this clear-eyed young woman teaches sales folks how to serve you the way you want to be served. Or, in other words, it's her job to show executives and employees of department stores how to sell merchandise that doesn't come back, and to customers that do.

Miss Gilmore doesn't confine her training work solely to the big shops that line Fifth Avenue; nor, in fact, to the great department stores in any large city. These organizations in most cases have their own training departments. But since their experts are tied up within their own stores, and cannot share their time and experience with the stores on Main Street, Gladys Gilmore conceived the idea of starting out as a free-lance training consultant, to travel over the country and give advice and organization assistance to any store—large or small—which recognized the importance of a trained, informed sales staff.

"Conditions in the merchandising world have changed sharply within the past few years," the expert explains. "Today you buy service, not merchandise. You can get almost the same kind of merchandise in any two competing stores. But you go back to a certain shop not so much because you like their special goods, but because you like the kind of service some particular girl or man clerk gave you."

With this service ideal in mind, Miss Gilmore, for five years Director of Training at Abraham and Straus, and before that Assistant Training Director at Jordan Marsh in Boston and Marshall Field in Chicago, started on her own. It was just at this time, too, that the National Retail Dry Goods Association realized the need of having an expert to train stores to train themselves. Because of their knowledge of Miss Gilmore's work, they took her under their auspices, and it was at their headquarters that the free-lance consultant established her central office. From this point she now travels all over the United States, and in each store she remains a week, or longer, studying its specific needs, and laying out and installing a complete service training unit.

Miss Gilmore was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. After two years at Smith she found herself suddenly thrown upon her own resources. Refusing to leave the university without a degree, she borrowed money from a relative and completed her course. Following her graduation, she began teaching in a small country school; but because of her small salary and the desire to pay back promptly the sum loaned her Miss Gilmore was forced to increase her earning capacity.

"As I looked around me at the other teachers," Miss Gilmore said, "I soon discovered that those who specialized in some branch were more vital, more arresting than the other instructors. The specialists, too, received much higher salaries than the others. So I felt I should like to take some specific training which would fit me for a better position.

"Before I decided what branch to study, I went to work during the Christmas rush at Jordan Marsh's in Boston, as Section Floor Manager.

"Here, it seemed to me, was an opportunity to meet and help people and at the same time earn my living at something I liked to do. I made up my mind to specialize in salesmanship."

Toward this end, Miss Gilmore entered a School of Education for Store Service, and upon her graduation the schoolroom saw her no more. She at once went into the merchandising world, where she has been ever since.

When the training consultant was asked to outline how she solved the important service question for different department stores, she replied:

"The first thing I do when creating or reorganizing a retail-store training department is to spend a half-day in that store, shopping in every department before any of the employees know me, so that I may determine just what kind of service a customer would receive.

"After the personnel of a particular store has been sized up," the expert continued, "I know the weak points of the organization and what specific training it requires. A meeting of the executives is then called, where I point out what has been discovered, how these weaknesses can be remedied and how the whole tone of the store can be raised by an efficient training department.

"The important thing in instituting anything of this kind is to make the employees want such a department, and appreciate what they will get out of it themselves. They must feel that this is an opportunity—not something that is being forced on them."

After Miss Gilmore has broken this preliminary ground, she sits down and

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works out a special course of training that answers all the needs of that particular store. Then she installs it. In addition, she furnishes and equips the new department, starts a library or locates her training unit accessible to an already existing one, and, last of all, arranges for the advertising department to circulate a store paper among the employees so that this reading matter may afford a channel for training.

When she leaves that store, a training department is launched and well under way. And this training department carries on smoothly without her actual presence, because she leaves complete written instructions behind her.

ROSA STRIDER REILLY

When Guy Hunter "brought down the house" at Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre in New York City, he decided that blindness never could stop his singing in public. Now his songs are heard regularly over the radio where he broadcasts his own announcements

"Amateur's Night" Gave This Blind Radio Singer His Chance

IN THE fall of 1891, a little boy with golden curls was registered at the Kindergarten for the Blind at Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts. Although but five years old and away from home for the first time in his short life, he was a manly, self-reliant little chap, taking the hard knocks and bruises which are invariably the lot of blind children with laughter instead of the usual tears.

Later on, when he had outgrown Jamaica Plains, he attended the Perkins Institute for the Blind, at South Boston. There, in addition to a fine general education, he was taught to tune and repair pianos, as well as to play them.

The possibility of his becoming a professional performer seemed very remote to Guy Hunter at the time. He was not content with a trade, however, and so, early in 1910, he made his first appearance on any stage at an amateur night at Miner's old Eighth Avenue Theatre in New York.

This procedure of booking was simple. One merely called on the stage manager, of a fine, bright Friday morning and registered for the evening's show. Guy's début occurred at the end of a particularly riotous evening when the audience was entertained, after the regular burlesque performance, by the efforts of eight or ten perspiring tyros who sang, danced, or declaimed, as the spirit moved them, until a long, cruel hook shot out from the wings and dragged them to oblivion accompanied by a bedlam of derisive applause.

There was no piano on the stage at Miner's in those days, but Guy had inveigled a dealer into renting him a piano and stool for three dollars for the evening.

His turn came after the audience had almost exhausted itself over the efforts of the preceding amateurs. Calmly and confidently he sang several popular ballads, playing his own accompaniments. The applause was deafening. He concluded with "Where the River Shannon Flows," in a perfect deluge of small change, hurled at him from all parts of the house by the enthusiastic audience, some of whom, it may be remarked, were sharpshooters with their ammunition.

A derby hat full of coins, picked up for him by the stage hands, amounted to something over twenty dollars, and this princely sum, added to the prize of five dollars given by the house for the best amateur performance, made the evening memorable for Guy Hunter.

"Dear old Miner's," he often remarks in reminiscent mood. "It was a rough but kindly Alma Mater! I still feel the sting of some of those quarters and dimes, and I still recall the fuss the piano man made about the dents in the piano."

The performance at Miner's brought Guy Hunter to the attention of Joseph M. Schenck, at that time booking manager for the Marcus Loew vaudeville circuit and, after a professional try-out at the Majestic Theatre in New York, he was booked for a ten-week tour of the Loew theatres. Following that engagement, there ensued several years of vaudeville—long road tours through the East and South, with only a boy for companion and valet.

Guy Hunter never travels alone, as many blind men do. Feeling one's way about with a cane is too slow, he says, for a man who has to keep engagements. He always has a boy who is not too large, as attendant, and it is of interest to know that he has placed many of these boys in good positions when they outgrew their period of usefulness with him.

Some idea of the number of songs that Guy Hunter has been obliged to learn, entirely by ear, and memorize, may be gleaned from the fact that he has had to carry his entire repertory in his mind for thirty years. This astounding mental library now contains more than seven hundred vocal and instrumental numbers, all filed for instant use. He has sung illustrated songs in the early days of the nickelodeon, played organ accompaniments to many miles of motion pictures, with his boy sitting beside him at the console, "telling him the picture," as it unfolded upon the screen. And he never missed a cue.

FREDERICK A. JACOBSON

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A soup that's full of health and goodness!

Tomatoes are famous for healthfulness. And in Campbell's Tomato Soup you enjoy all the rich goodness of red-ripe, sun-sweetened tomatoes.

The tonic juices. The luscious tomato "meat". In a smooth puree, blended with nourishing golden butter. Every spoonful refreshes and invigorates.

A real treat — Cream of Tomato prepared with Campbell's, according to the easy directions on the label. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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Yes, sir, yours. Made to your very order, you'll swear, the minute you lay eyes on your first Muffet!

Muffin size and shape, it fits your cereal dish exactly. Browned, top and bottom, the way you like your toast. Sides the natural color of yellow-ripe grain, just to let you see what Muffets are made of. Whole wheat! Cooked, drawn to a lacy ribbon thin as flakes from the fluffiest shortcake. Wound, layer upon layer. Baked. Toasted.

Light as a patty shell. Crisp as potato chips. Crunchy! Crumbles in your mouth.

Serve whole or broken up for convenience. Add sugar and cream. Fruit, too, if you like, berries or sliced, fresh, stewed or preserved.

You get calories, bran, an abundance of body-building minerals, easy digestibility.

And something particularly good to eat. Your dish—Muffets! Why not order now for tomorrow morning?

The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; Peterborough, Canada.

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The Bishop Murder Case

(*Continued from page 11*)

confronted with something at once inexplicable and terrifying.

"Tut, tut!" Vance waved his hand airily. "That's plagiarism. I said it first." (He was striving to overcome his own sense of perplexity by a lightness of attitude.) "And now there really should be an *inamorata* to bewail Mr. Robin's passing. You recall, perhaps, the stanza:

"Who'll be chief mourner?
'I,' said the dove,
'I mourn my lost love;
I'll be chief mourner.'"

Markham's head jerked slightly, and his fingers beat a nervous tattoo on the table.

"Good heavens, Vance! There *is* a girl in the case. And there's a possibility that jealousy lies at the bottom of this thing."

"Fancy that, now. I'm afraid the affair is going to develop into a kind of *tableau-vivant* for grown-up kindergartners, what? But that'll make our task easier. All we'll have to do is to find the fly."

"The fly?"

"The *Musca domestica*, to speak pedantically. . . . My dear Markham, have you forgotten?—

"Who saw him die?
'I,' said the fly,
'With my little eye;
I saw him die.'"

"Come down to earth!" Markham spoke with acerbity. "This isn't a child's game. It's serious business."

Vance nodded abstractedly.

"A CHILD'S game is sometimes the most serious business in life." His words held a curious, far-away tone. "I don't like this thing—I don't at all like it. There's too much of the child in it—the child born old and with a diseased mind. It's like some hideous perversion." He took a deep inhalation on his cigarette, and made a slight gesture of repugnance. "Give me the details. Let's find out where we stand in this topsy-turvy land."

Markham again seated himself.

"I haven't many details. I told you practically everything I know of the case over the 'phone. Old Professor Dillard called me shortly before I communicated with you—"

"Dillard? By any chance, Professor Bertrand Dillard?"

"Yes. The tragedy took place at his house.— You know him?"

"Not personally. I know him only as the world of science knows him—as one of the greatest living mathematical physicists. I have most of his books.— How did he happen to call you?"

"I've known him for nearly twenty years. I had mathematics under him at Columbia, and later did some legal work for him. When Robin's body was found he 'phoned me at once—about half past eleven. I called up Sergeant Heath at the Homicide Bureau and turned the case over to him—although I told him I'd come along personally later on. Then I 'phoned you. The Sergeant and his men are waiting for me now at the Dillard home."

"What's the domestic situation there?"

"The professor, as you probably know, resigned his chair some ten years ago. Since then he's been living in West Seventy-fifth Street, near the Drive. He took his brother's child—a girl of fifteen—to live with him. She's around twenty-five now. Then there's his protégé, Sigurd Arnesson, who was a classmate of mine at college. The professor adopted him during his junior year. Arnesson is now about forty, an instructor in mathematics at Columbia. He came to this country from Norway when he was three, and was left an orphan five years later. He's something of a mathematical genius, and Dillard evidently saw the makings of a great physicist in him and adopted him."

"I'VE heard of Arnesson," nodded Vance. "He recently published some modifications of Mie's theory on the electrodynamics of moving bodies. . . . And do these three—Dillard, Arnesson, and the girl—live alone?"

"With two servants. Dillard appears to have a very comfortable income. They're not very much alone, however. The house is a kind of shrine for mathematicians, and quite a *cénacle* has developed. Moreover, the girl, who has always gone in for outdoor sports has her own little social set. I've been at the house several times, and there have always been visitors about—either a serious student or two of the abstract sciences up-stairs in the library, or some noisy young people in the drawing-room below."

"And Robin?"

"He belonged to Belle Dillard's set—an oldish young society man who held several archery records. . . ."

"Yes, I know. I just looked up the name in this book on archery. A Mr. J. C. Robin seems to have made the high scores in several recent championship meets. And I noted, too, that a Mr. Sperling has been the runner-up in a few large archery tournaments.— Is Miss Dillard an archer as well?"

"Yes, quite an enthusiast. In fact she organized the Riverside Archery Club. Its permanent ranges are at Sperling's home in Scarsdale; but Miss Dillard has rigged up a practice range in the side yard of the professor's Seventy-fifth Street house. It was on this range that Robin was killed."

"Ah! And, as you say, the last person known to have been with him was Sperling. Where is our sparrow now?"

"I don't know. He was with Robin shortly before the tragedy; but when the body was found he had disappeared. I imagine Heath will have news on that point."

"And wherein lies the possible motive of jealousy you referred to?" Vance's eyelids had drooped lazily, and he smoked with leisurely but precise deliberation—a sign of his intense interest in what was being told him.

"Professor Dillard mentioned an attachment between his niece and Robin; and when I asked him who Sperling was and what his status was at the Dillard house, he intimated that Sperling was also a suitor for the girl's hand. I didn't go into the situation over the 'phone, but the impression I got was that Robin and Sperling were rivals, and that Robin had the better of it."

"And so the sparrow killed Cock Robin." Vance shook his head dubiously. "It won't do. It's too dashed simple; and it doesn't account for the fiendishly perfect reconstruction of the Cock-Robin rhyme. There's something deeper—something darker and more horrible—in this grotesque business.— Who, by the by, found Robin?"

"Dillard himself. He had stepped out on the little balcony at the rear of the house, and saw Robin lying below on the practice range, with an arrow through his heart. He went down-stairs immediately—with considerable difficulty, for the old man suffers abominably from gout—and, seeing that the man was dead, 'phoned me.— That's all the advance information I have."

"Not what you'd call a blindin' illumination, but still a bit suggestive." Vance got up. "Markham, old dear, prepare for something rather bizarre—and damnable. We can rule out accidents and coincidence. Ordin'ry target arrows, for instance—which are made of soft wood and fitted with little beveled piles—would never penetrate a person's clothing and chest-wall and pierce the heart. And the fact that a man named 'Sparrow' shou'd kill a man named Cochrane Robin, *with a bow and arrow*, precludes any haphazard concatenation of circumstances. Indeed, this incredible set of events proves conclusively that there has been a subtle, diabolical intent beneath the whole affair." He moved toward the door. "Come, let us find out something more about it at what the Austrian police officials eruditely call the *situs criminis*."

We left the house at once and drove up-town in Markham's car. Entering Central Park at Fifth Avenue we emerged through the Seventy-second Street gate. and a few minutes later were turning off of West End Avenue into Seventy-fifth Street. The Dillard house—No. 391—was on our right, far down the block toward the river. Between it and the Drive, occupying the entire corner, was a large fifteen story apartment house. The professor's home seemed to nestle, as if for protection, in the shadow of this huge structure.

THE Dillard house was of gray, weather-darkened limestone, and belonged to the days when homes were built for permanency and comfort. The lot on which it stood had a thirty-five-foot frontage, and the house itself was fully twenty-five feet across. The other ten feet of the lot, which formed an areaway separating the house from the apartment structure, was shut off from the street by a ten-foot stone wall with a large iron door in the center.

The house was of modified Colonial architecture. A short flight of shallow steps led from the street to a narrow brick-

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lined porch adorned with four white Corinthian pillars. On the second floor a series of casement windows, paned with rectangular leaded glass, extended across the entire width of the house. (These, I learned later, were the windows of the library.) There was something restful and distinctly old-fashioned about the place: it appeared like anything but the scene of a gruesome murder.

Two police cars were parked near the entrance when we drove up, and a dozen or so curious onlookers had gathered in the street. A patrolman lounged against one of the fluted columns of the porch, gazing at the crowd before him with bored disdain.

An old butler admitted us and led us into the drawing-room on the left of the entrance hall, where we found Sergeant Ernest Heath and two other men from the Homicide Bureau. The Sergeant, who was standing beside the center-table smoking, his thumbs hooked in the armholes of his waistcoat, came forward and extended his hand in a friendly greeting to Markham.

"I'm glad you got here, sir," he said; and the worried look in his cold blue eyes seemed to relax a bit. "I've been waiting for you. There's something fishy about this case."

HE CAUGHT sight of Vance, who had paused in the background, and his broad pugnacious features crinkled in a good-natured grin.

"Howdy, Mr. Vance. I had a sneaking idea you'd be lured into this case. What you been up to these many moons?" I could not help comparing this genuine friendliness of the Sergeant's attitude with the hostility of his first meeting with Vance at the time of the Benson case. But much water had run under the bridge since that first encounter in the murdered Alvin's garish living-room; and between Heath and Vance there had grown up a warm attachment, based on a mutual respect and a frank admiration for each other's capabilities.

Vance held out his hand, and a smile played about the corners of his mouth.

"The truth is, Sergeant, I've been endeavorin' to discover the lost glories of an Athenian named Menander, a dramatic rival of Philemon's. Silly, what?"

Heath grunted disdainfully.

"Well, anyhow, if you're as good at it as you are at discovering crooks, you'll probably get a conviction." It was the first compliment I had ever heard pass his lips, and it attested not only to his deep-seated admiration for Vance, but also to his own troubled and uncertain state of mind.

Markham sensed the Sergeant's mental insecurity, and asked somewhat abruptly: "Just what seems to be the difficulty in the present case?"

"I didn't say there was any difficulty, sir," Heath replied. "It looks as though we had the bird who did it dead to rights. But I ain't satisfied, and—oh, hell! Mr. Markham, . . . it ain't natural; it don't make sense."

"I think I understand what you mean." Markham regarded the Sergeant appraisingly. "You're inclined to think that Sperling's guilty?"

"Sure, he's guilty," declared Heath with over-emphasis. "But that's not what's worrying me. To tell you the truth, I don't like the name of this guy who was croaked—especially as he was croaked with a bow and arrow. . . ." He hesitated, a bit shamefaced. "Don't it strike you as peculiar, sir?"

Markham nodded perplexedly.

"I see that you, too, remember your nursery rhymes," he said, and turned away.

Vance fixed a waggish look on Heath.

"You referred to Mr. Sperling just now as a 'bird,' Sergeant. The designation was most apt. *Sperling*, d' ye see, means 'sparrow' in German. And it was a sparrow, you recall, who killed Cock Robin with an arrow. . . . A fascinatin' situation—eh, what?"

THE Sergeant's eyes bulged slightly, and his lips fell apart. He stared at Vance with almost ludicrous bewilderment.

"I said this here business was fishy!"

"I'd say, rather, it was avian, don't y' know."

"You *would* call it something nobody'd understand," Heath retorted truculently. It was his wont to become bellicose when confronted with the inexplicable.

Markham intervened diplomatically.

"Let's have the details of the case, Sergeant. I take it you've questioned the occupants of the house."

"Only in a general way, sir." Heath flung one leg over the corner of the center-table and relit his dead cigar. "I've been waiting for you to show up. I knew you were acquainted with the old gentleman up-stairs; so I just did the routine things. I put a man out in the alley to see that nobody touches the body till Doc Doremus arrives,*—he'll be here when he finishes lunch.—I 'phoned the finger-print men before I left the office, and they oughta be on the job any minute now; though I don't see what good they can do. . . ."

"What about the bow that fired the arrow?" put in Vance.

"That was our one best bet; but old Mr. Dillard said he picked it up from the alley and brought it in the house. He probably gummed up any prints it mighta had."

"What have you done about Sperling?" asked Markham.

"I got his address—he lives in a country house up Westchester way—and sent a coupla men to bring him here as soon as they could lay hands on him. Then I talked to the two servants—the old fellow that let you in, and his daughter, a middle-aged woman who does the cooking. But neither of 'em seemed to know anything, or else they're acting dumb.—After that I tried to question the young lady of the house." The Sergeant raised his hands in a gesture of irritated despair. "But she was all broke up and crying; so I thought I'd let *you* have the pleasure of interviewing her.— Snitkin and Burke"—he jerked his thumb toward the two detectives by the front window—"went over the basement and the alley and back yard trying to pick up something; but drew a blank.— And that's all I know so far. As soon as Doremus and the finger-print men get here, and after I've had a heart-to-heart talk with Sperling, then I'll get the ball to rolling and clean up the works."

*Heath was referring to Doctor Emanuel Doremus, the Chief Medical Examiner of New York.

Vance heaved an audible sigh.

"You're so sanguine, Sergeant! Don't be disappointed if your ball turns out to be a parallelepiped that won't roll. There's something deuced oddish about this nursery extravaganza; and, unless all the omens deceive me, you'll be playing blind-man's-buff for a long time to come."

"Yeh?" Heath gave Vance a look of despondent shrewdness. It was evident he was more or less of the same opinion.

"Don't let Mr. Vance dishearten you, Sergeant," Markham rallied him. "He's permitting his imagination to run away with him." Then with an impatient gesture he turned toward the door. "Let's look over the ground before the others arrive. Later I'll have a talk with Professor Dillard and the other members of the household. And, by the way, Sergeant, you didn't mention Mr. Arnesson. Isn't he at home?"

"He's at the university; but he's expected to return soon."

Markham nodded and followed the Sergeant into the main hall. As we passed down the heavily-carpeted passage to the rear, there was a sound on the staircase, and a clear but somewhat tremulous woman's voice spoke from the semi-darkness above:

"Is that you, Mr. Markham? Uncle thought he recognized your voice. He's waiting for you in the library."

"I'll join your uncle in a very few minutes, Miss Dillard." Markham's tone was paternal and sympathetic. "And please wait with him, for I want to see you, too."

With a murmured acquiescence, the girl disappeared round the head of the stairs.

We moved on to the rear door of the lower hall. Beyond was a narrow passageway terminating in a flight of wooden steps which led to the basement. At the foot of these steps we came into a large, low-ceilinged room with a door giving directly upon the areaway at the west side of the house. This door was slightly ajar, and in the opening stood the man from the Homicide Bureau whom Heath had set to guard the body.

THE room had obviously once been a basement storage; but it had been altered and redecorated, and now served as a sort of club-room. The cement floor was covered with fiber rugs, and one entire wall was painted with a panorama of archers throughout the ages. In an oblong panel on the left was a huge illustrated reproduction of an archery range labeled "Ayme for Finsburie Archers—London 1594," showing Bloody House Ridge in one corner, Westminster Hall in the center, and Welsh Hall in the foreground.

There were a piano and a phonograph in the room; numerous comfortable wicker chairs; a vari-colored divan; and an enormous wicker center-table littered with all manner of sports magazines; and a small bookcase filled with works on archery. Several tripod targets rested in one corner, their gold disks and concentric chromatic rings making brilliant splashes of color in the sunlight which flooded in from the two rear windows. One wall space near the door was hung with long bows of varying sizes and weights; and near them was a large old-fashioned tool chest. Above it was suspended a small cupboard, or ascham, strewn with various

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odds and ends of tackle, such as bracers, fingerguards, piles, and arrow clamps. A large oak panel between the door and the west window contained a display of one of the most interesting and varied collections of arrows I had ever seen.

This panel attracted Vance particularly, and adjusting his monocle carefully, he strolled over to it.

"Hunting and war arrows," he remarked. "Most inveiglin'. . . . *Ah!* One of the trophies seems to have disappeared. Taken down with considerable haste, too. The little brass brad that held it in place is shockingly bent."

On the floor stood several quivers filled with target and flight arrows. He leaned over and, withdrawing one, extended it to Markham.

"You see what little chance this frail shaft would have of penetrating the human breast and producing death. Whoever killed Mr. Robin did it willfully, I fear. One doesn't use hunting arrows for target practice. It isn't done."

Markham frowned and compressed his lips; and I realized that he had been clinging to the forlorn hope that the tragedy might have been an accident. He tossed the arrow hopelessly on a chair, and walked toward the outer door.

"Let's take a look at the body and the lie of the land," he said gruffly.

AS WE emerged into the warm spring sunlight a sense of isolation came over me. The narrow paved areaway in which we stood seemed like a canyon between steep stone walls. It was four or five feet below the street level, which was reached by a short flight of steps leading to the gate in the wall. The blank, windowless rear wall of the apartment house opposite extended upward for a hundred and fifty feet; and the Dillard house itself, though only four stories high, was the equivalent of six stories gauged by the architectural measurements of today. Though we were standing out of doors in the heart of New York, no one could see us except from the few side windows of the Dillard house and from a single bay window of the house on Seventy-sixth Street, whose rear yard adjoined that of the Dillard grounds.

This other house, we were soon to learn, was owned by a Mrs. Drukker; and it was destined to play a vital and tragic part in the solution of Robin's murder. Several tall weeping-willow trees acted as a mask to its rear windows; and only the bay window at the side of the house had an unobstructed view of that part of the areaway in which we stood.

I noticed that Vance had his eye on this bay window, and as he studied it I saw a flicker of interest cross his face. It was not until much later that afternoon that I was able to guess what had caught and held his attention.

The archery range extended from the wall of the Dillard lot on Seventy-fifth Street all the way to a similar street wall of the Drukker lot on Seventy-sixth Street. The distance between the two walls was two hundred feet, which, as I learned later, made possible a sixty-yard range, thus permitting target practice for all the standard archery events, with the one exception of the Double York Round for men.

The Dillard lot was 135 feet deep, the depth of the Drukker lot, therefore, being 65 feet. A section of the tall ironwork fence that separated the two rear yards had been removed where it had once transected the space now used for the archery range. At the farther end of the range, backing against the western line of the Drukker property, was another tall apartment house occupying the corner of Seventy-sixth Street and Riverside Drive. Between these two gigantic bu ldings ran a narrow alleyway, the range end of which was closed with a high board fence in which had been set a small door with a lock.

FOR purposes of clarity I am incorporating in this record a pictorial diagram of the entire scene (it appears on the opening page), for the arrangement of the various topographical and architectural details had a very important bearing on the solution of the crime. I would call attention particularly to the following points: first, to the little second-story balcony at the rear of the Dillard house, which projects slightly over the archery range; secondly, to the bay window (on the second floor) of the Drukker house, whose southern angle has a view of the entire archery range toward Seventy-fifth Street; and, thirdly, to the alleyway between the two apartment houses, which leads from Riverside Drive into the Dillard rear yard.

The body of Robin lay almost directly outside of the archery-room door. It was on its back, the arms extended, the legs slightly drawn up, the head pointing toward the Seventy-sixth Street end of the range. Robin had been a man of perhaps thirty-five, of medium height, and with an incipient corpulency. There was a rotund puffiness to his face, which was smooth-shaven except for a narrow blond mustache. He was clothed in a two-piece sport suit of light gray flannel, a pale-blue silk shirt, and tan Oxfords with thick rubber soles. His hat—a pearl-colored felt fedora—was lying near his feet.

Beside the body was a large pool of coagulated blood which had formed in the shape of a huge pointing hand. But the thing which held us all in a spell of fascinated horror was the slender shaft that extended vertically from the left side of the dead man's breast. The arrow protruded perhaps twenty inches, and where it had entered the body there was the large dark stain of the hemorrhage. What made this strange murder seem even more incongruous was the beautifully fletched feathers on the arrow. They had been dyed a bright red; and about the shaft-ment were two stripes of turquoise blue—giving the arrow a gala appearance. I had a feeling of unreality about the tragedy, as though I were witnessing a scene in a sylvan play for children.

Vance stood looking down at the body with half-closed eyes, his hands in his coat pockets. Despite the apparent indolence of his attitude I could tell that he was keenly alert, and that his mind was busy coördinating the factors of the scene before him.

"Dashed queer, that arrow," he commented. "Looks Polynesian; . . . undoubtedly belongs to that archæological exhibit we just saw. And a clean hit—directly into the vital spot, between the ribs and without the slightest deflection. Extr'ordin'ry! . . . I say, Markham, such marksmanship isn't human. A chance shot might have done it; but the slayer of this johnny wasn't leaving anything to chance. That powerful hunting arrow, which was obviously wrenched from the panel inside, shows premeditation and design—" Suddenly he bent over the body. "Ah! Very interestin'. The nock of the arrow is broken down,—I doubt if it would even hold a taut string." He turned to Heath. "Tell me, Sergeant: where did Professor Dillard find the bow? —not far from that club-room window, what?"

Heath gave a start.

"Right outside the window in fact, Mr. Vance. It's in on the piano now, waiting for the finger-print men."

"The professor's sign-manual is all they'll find, I'm afraid." Vance opened his case and selected another cigarette. "And I'm rather inclined to believe that the arrow itself is innocent of prints."

Heath was scrutinizing Vance inquisitively.

"What made you think the bow was found near the window, Mr. Vance?" he asked.

"It seemed the logical place for it, in view of the position of Mr. Robin's body, don't y' know."

"Shot from close range, you mean?"

Vance shook his head.

"No, Sergeant. I was referring to the fact that the deceased's feet are pointing toward the basement door, and that, though his arms are extended, his legs are drawn up. Is that the way you'd say a man would fall who'd been shot through the heart?"

Heath considered the point.

"No-o," he admitted. "He'd likely be more crumpled up; or, if he did fall over back, his legs would be straight out and his arms drawn in."

"Quite.— And regard his hat. If he had fallen backward it would be behind him, not at his feet."

"See here, Vance," Markham demanded sharply; "what's in your mind?"

"Oh, numberless things. But they all boil down to the wholly irrational notion that this defunct gentleman wasn't shot with a bow and arrow at all."

"Then why, in—"

"Exactly! Why the utter insanity of the elaborate stage-setting?— My word, Markham! This business is ghastly."

AS VANCE spoke, the basement door opened, and Doctor Doremus, shepherded by Detective Burke, stepped jauntily into the areaway. He greeted us breezily and shook hands all round. Then he fixed a fretful eye on Heath.

"By gad, Sergeant!" he complained, pulling his hat down to an even more rakish angle. "I only spend three hours out of the twenty-four eating my meals; and you invariably choose those three hours to worry me with your confounded bodies. You're ruining my digestion." He looked about him petulantly and, on seeing Robin, whistled softly. "For gad's sake! A nice fancy murder you picked out for me this time!"

He knelt down and began running his practiced fingers over the body.

Markham stood for a moment looking on, but presently he turned to Heath.

"While the doctor's busy with his examination, Sergeant, I'll go up-stairs and

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have a chat with Professor Dillard." Then he addressed himself to Doremus: "Let me see you before you go, Doctor."

"Oh, sure." Doremus did not so much as look up. He had turned the body on one side, and was feeling the base of the skull.

III

A PROPHECY RECALLED

(*Saturday, April 2d; 1:30 p. m.*)

WHEN we reached the main hall Captain Dubois and Detective Bellamy, the fingerprint experts from Headquarters, were just arriving. Detective Snitkin, who had evidently been watching for them, led them at once toward the basement stairs, and Markham, Vance, and I went up to the second floor.

The library was a large, luxurious room at least twenty feet deep, occupying the entire width of the building. Two sides of it were lined to the ceiling with great embayed bookcases; and in the center of the west wall rose a massive bronze Empire fireplace. By the door stood an elaborate Jacobean sideboard, and opposite, near the windows which faced on Seventy-fifth Street, was an enormous carved table-desk, strewn with papers and pamphlets. There were many interesting *objets-d'art* in the room; and two diagrammatic Dürers looked down on us from the tapestried panels beside the mantel. All the chairs were spacious and covered with dark leather.

Professor Dillard sat before the desk, one foot resting on a small tufted ottoman; and in a corner near the windows, huddled in a sprawling arm chair, was his niece, a vigorous, severely tailored girl with strong, chiseled features of classic cast. The old professor did not rise to greet us, and made no apology for the omission. He appeared to take it for granted that we were aware of his disability. The introductions were perfunctory, though Markham gave a brief explanation of Vance's and my presence there.

"I regret, Markham," the professor said, when we had settled ourselves, "that a tragedy should be the reason for this meeting; but it's always good to see you. —I suppose you will want to cross-examine Belle and me. Well, ask anything you care to."

PROFESSOR BERTRAND DILLARD was a man in his sixties, slightly stooped from a sedentary studious life; clean-shaven, and with a marked brachycephalic head surmounted with thick white hair combed pompadour. His eyes, though small, were remarkably intense and penetrating; and the wrinkles about his mouth held that grim pursed expression which often comes with years of concentration on difficult problems. His features were those of the dreamer and scientist; and, as the world knows, this man's wild dreams of space and time and motion had been actualized into a new foundation of scientific fact. Even now his face reflected an introspective abstraction, as if the death of Robin were but an intrusion upon the inner drama of his thoughts.

Markham hesitated a moment before answering. Then he said with marked deference:

"Suppose, sir, you tell me just what you know of the tragedy. Then I'll put whatever questions I deem essential."

Professor Dillard reached for an old meerschaum pipe on the stand beside him. When he had filled and lighted it, he shifted himself more comfortably in his chair.

"I told you practically everything I know over the telephone. Robin and Sperling called this morning about ten o'clock to see Belle. But she had gone to the courts to play tennis, so they waited in the drawing-room down-stairs. I heard them talking there together for half an hour or so before they went to the basement club-room. I remained here reading for perhaps an hour, and then, as the sunshine looked so pleasant, I decided to step out on the balcony at the rear of the house. I had been there but five minutes, I should say, when I chanced to look down on the archery range; and to my horrified amazement I saw Robin lying on his back with an arrow-shaft protruding from his breast. I hastened down as quickly as my gout would permit, but I could see at once that the poor fellow was dead; so I immediately telephoned to you. There was no one in the house at the time but old Pyne—the butler—and myself. The cook had gone marketing; Arnesson had left for the university at nine o'clock; and Belle was still out playing tennis. I sent Pyne to look for Sperling, but he was nowhere about; and I came back to the library here to wait for you. Belle returned shortly before your men arrived, and the cook came in a little later. Arnesson won't be back until after two."

"THERE was no one else here this morning—no strangers or visitors?"

The professor shook his head.

"Only Drukker,—I believe you met him here once. He lives in the house at our rear. He often drops in—mostly, however, to see Arnesson: they have much in common. He's written a book on 'World Lines in Multidimensional Continua.' The man's quite a genius in his way; has the true scientific mind. . . . But when he found that Arnesson was out he sat for a while with me discussing the Brazilian expedition of the Royal Astronomical Society. Then he went home."

"What time was this?"

"About half past nine. Drukker had gone when Robin and Sperling called."

"Was it unusual, Professor Dillard," asked Vance, "for Mr. Arnesson to be away on Saturday mornings?"

The old professor looked up sharply, and there was a brief hesitation before he answered:

"Not unusual, exactly; although he's generally here on Saturdays. But this morning he had some important research work to do for me in the faculty library. . . . Arnesson," he added, "is working with me on my next book."*

There was a short silence; then Markham spoke:

"You said this morning that both Robin and Sperling were suitors for Miss Dillard's hand. . . ."

*The book referred to by Professor Dillard was the great work which appeared two years later, "The Atomic Structure of Radiant Energy," a mathematical emendation of Planck's quantum theory refuting the classical axiom of the continuity of all physical processes, as contained in Maximus Tyrius' Οὐδὲ ἐνταῦθα ἡ φύσις μεταπηδᾷ ἀθρόως.

"Uncle!" The girl sat upright in her chair and turned angry, reproachful eyes upon the old professor. "That wasn't fair."

"But it was true, my dear." His voice was noticeably tender.

"It was true—in a way," she admitted. "But there was no need of mentioning it. You know, as well as they did, how I regarded them. We were good friends—that was all. Only last night, when they were here together, I told them—quite plainly—that I wouldn't listen to any more silly talk of marriage from either of them. They were only boys . . . and now one of them's gone. . . . Poor Cock Robin!" She strove bravely to stifle her emotion.

Vance raised his eyebrows and leaned forward.

"'Cock Robin'?"

"Oh, we all called him that. We did it to tease him, because he didn't like the nickname."

"The sobriquet was inevitable," Vance observed sympathetically. "And it was rather a nice nickname, don't y' know. The original Cock Robin was loved by 'all the birds of the air,' and they all mourned his passing." He watched the girl closely as he spoke.

"I know," she nodded. "I told him that once.— And everyone liked Joseph, too. You couldn't help liking him. He was so—so good-hearted and kind."

Vance again settled back in his chair; and Markham continued his questioning.

"YOU mentioned, Professor, that you heard Robin and Sperling talking in the drawing-room. Could you hear any of their conversation?"

The old man shot a sidelong glance at his niece.

"Does that question really matter, Markham?" he asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"It may have some very vital bearing on the situation."

"Perhaps." The professor drew on his pipe thoughtfully. "On the other hand, if I answer it I may give an erroneous impression, and do a grave injustice to the living."

"Can you not trust me to judge that point?" Markham's voice had become at once grave and urgent.

There was another short silence, broken by the girl.

"Why don't you tell Mr. Markham what you heard, Uncle? What harm can it do?"

"I was thinking of you, Belle," the professor answered softly. "But perhaps you are right." He looked up reluctantly. "The fact is, Markham, Robin and Sperling were having some angry words over Belle. I heard only a little, but I gathered that each regarded the other as being guilty of playing unfair—of standing in each other's way. . . ."

"Oh! They didn't mean it," Miss Dillard interpolated vehemently. "They were always ragging each other. There *was* a little jealousy between them; but I wasn't the real cause of it. It was their archery records. You see, Raymond—Mr. Sperling—used to be the better shot; but this last year Joseph beat him at several meets, and at our last annual tournament he became the Club's Champion Archer."

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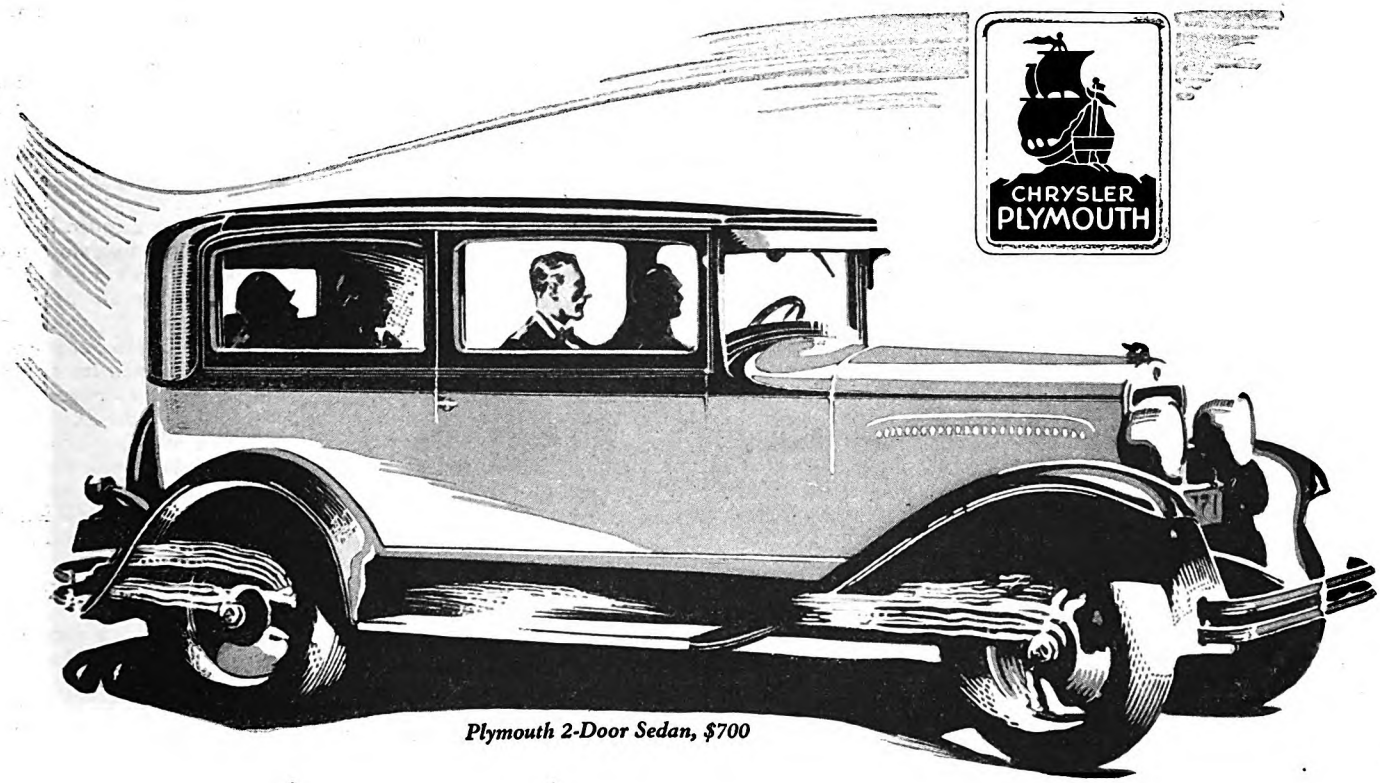

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"And Sperling thought, perhaps," added Markham, "that he had correspondingly fallen in your estimation."

"That's absurd!" the girl retorted hotly.

"I think, my dear, we can leave the matter safely in Mr. Markham's hands," Professor Dillard said mollifyingly. Then to Markham: "Were there any other questions you cared to ask?"

"I'd like to know anything you can tell me about Robin and Sperling—who they are, their associations, and how long you have known them."

"I think that Belle can enlighten you better than I. Both boys belonged to her set. I saw them only occasionally."

MARKHAM turned inquiringly to the girl.

"I've known both of them for years," she said promptly. "Joseph was eight or ten years older than Raymond, and lived in England up to five years ago, when his father and mother both died. He came to America, and took bachelor quarters on the Drive. He had considerable money, and lived idly, devoting himself to fishing and hunting and other outdoor sports. He went about in society a little, and was a nice, comfortable friend who'd always fill in at a dinner or make a fourth hand at bridge. There was nothing really much to him—in an intellectual way, you understand. . . ."

She paused, as if her remarks were in some way disloyal to the dead, and Markham, sensing her feelings, asked simply:

"And Sperling?"

"He's the son of a wealthy manufacturer of something or other—retired now. They live in Scarsdale in a beautiful country home,—our archery club has its regular ranges there,—and Raymond is a consulting engineer for some firm downtown; though I imagine he works only to placate his father, for he doesn't go to the office but two or three days a week. He's a graduate of Boston Tech, and I met him when he was a sophomore, home on vacation. Raymond will never set the world afire, Mr. Markham; but he's really an awfully fine type of American young man—sincere, jolly, a little bashful, and perfectly straight."

It was easy to picture both Robin and Sperling from the girl's brief descriptions; and it was correspondingly difficult to connect either of them with the sinister tragedy that had brought us to the house.

Markham sat frowning for a while. Finally, he lifted his head and looked straight at the girl:

"Tell me, Miss Dillard: have you any theory or explanation that might, in any way, account for the death of Mr. Robin?"

"No!" The word fairly burst from her. "Who could want to kill Cock Robin? He hadn't an enemy in the world. The whole thing is incredible. I couldn't believe it had happened until I went and—saw for myself. Even then it didn't seem real."

"Still, my dear child," put in Professor Dillard, "the man was killed; so there must have been something in his life that you didn't know or suspect. We're constantly finding new stars that the classical astronomers didn't believe could exist in certain orbits."

"I can't believe Joseph had an enemy," she retorted. "I won't believe it. It's too utterly absurd."

"You think then," asked Markham, "that it's unlikely Sperling was in any way responsible for Robin's death?"

"Unlikely?" The girl's eyes flashed. "It's impossible!"

"And yet, y' know, Miss Dillard,"—it was Vance who now spoke in his lazy, casual tone—"*Sperling* means 'sparrow'."

The girl sat immobile. Her face had gone deathly pale, and her hands tightened over the arms of the chair. Then slowly, and as if with great difficulty, she nodded, and her breast began to rise and fall with her labored breathing. Suddenly she shuddered and pressed her handkerchief to her face.

"I'm afraid!" she whispered.

Vance rose and, going to her, touched her comfortingly on the shoulder.

"Why are you afraid?"

She looked up and met his eyes. They seemed to reassure her, for she forced a pitiful smile.

"Only the other day," she said, in a strained voice, "we were all on the archery range down-stairs; and Raymond was just preparing to shoot a Double American Round, when Joseph opened the basement door and stepped out on the range. There really wasn't any danger, but Sigurd—Mr. Arnesson, you know—was sitting on the little rear balcony watching us; and when I cried 'He! He!' jokingly to Joseph, Sigurd leaned over and said: 'You don't know what a chance you're running, young man. You're a Cock Robin, and that archer's a sparrow; and you remember what happened to your namesake when a Mr. Sparrow wielded the bow and arrow'—or something like that. No one paid much attention to it at the time. But now! . . ." Her voice trailed off into an awed murmur.

"Come, Belle; don't be morbid." Professor Dillard spoke consolingly, but not without impatience. "It was merely one of Sigurd's ill-timed witticisms. You know he's continually sneering and jesting at realities: it's about the only outlet he has from his constant application to abstractions."

"I suppose so," the girl answered. "Of course, it was only a joke. But now it seems like some terrible prophecy.—Only," she hastened to add, "Raymond *couldn't* have done it."

AS SHE spoke the library door opened suddenly, and a tall gaunt figure appeared on the threshold.

"Sigurd!" Belle Dillard's startled exclamation held an undeniable note of relief.

Sigurd Arnesson, Professor Dillard's protégé and adopted son, was a man of striking appearance—over six feet tall, wiry and erect, with a head which, at first view, appeared too large for his body. His almost yellow hair was unkempt, like a schoolboy's; his nose was aquiline; and his jowls were lean and muscular. Though he could not have been over forty, there was a network of lines in his face. His expression was sardonically puckish; but the intense intellectual passion that lighted his blue-gray eyes belied any superficiality of nature. My initial reaction to his personality was one of liking and respect. There were depths in the man—powerful potentialities and high capabilities.

As he entered the room that afternoon, his searching eyes took us all in with a swift, inquisitive glance. He nodded jerkily to Miss Dillard, and then fixed the old professor with a look of dry amusement.

"What, pray, has happened in this three-dimensional house? Wagons and populace without: a guardian at the portals . . . and when I finally overcame the Cerberus and was admitted by Pyne, two plain-clothes men hustled me up here without ceremony or explanation. Very amusing, but disconcerting. . . . Ah! I seem to recognize the District Attorney. Good morning—or, rather, afternoon—Mr. Markham."

Before Markham could return this belated greeting Belle Dillard spoke:

"Sigurd, please be serious.—Mr. Robin has been killed."

"'Cock Robin,' you mean. Well, well! With such a name what could the beggar expect?" He appeared wholly unmoved by the news. "Who, or what, returned him to the elements?"

"As to who it was, we don't know." It was Markham who answered, in a tone of reproach for the other's levity. "But Mr. Robin was killed with an arrow through the heart."

"Most fitting." Arnesson sat down on the arm of a chair and extended his long legs. "What could be more appropriate than that Cock Robin should die from an arrow shot from the bow of—"

"Sigurd!" Belle Dillard cut him short. "Haven't you joked enough about that? You *know* that Raymond didn't do it."

"Of course, sis." The man looked at her somewhat wistfully. "I was thinking of Mr. Robin's ornithological progenitor." He turned slowly to Markham. "So it's a real murder mystery, is it—with a corpse, and clues, and all the trappings? May I be entrusted with the tale?"

MARKHAM gave him a brief outline of the situation, to which he listened with rapt interest. When the account was ended he asked:

"Was there no bow found on the range?"

"Ah!" Vance, for the first time since the man's arrival, roused himself from seeming lethargy, and answered for Markham: "A most pertinent question, Mr. Arnesson.— Yes, a bow was found just outside of the basement window, barely ten feet from the body."

"That of course simplifies matters," said Arnesson, with a note of disappointment. "It's only a question now of taking the finger-prints."

"Unfortunately, the bow has been handled," explained Markham. "Professor Dillard picked it up and brought it into the house."

Arnesson turned to the older man curiously.

"What impulse, sir, directed you to do that?"

Professor Dillard was disconcerted by the question.

"Impulse? My dear Sigurd, I didn't analyze my emotions. But it struck me that the bow was a vital piece of evidence, and I placed it in the basement as a precautionary measure until the police arrived."

Arnesson made a wry face, and cocked one eye humorously.

"That sounds like what our psychoan-

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SOME FUTURE motorists in Japan. They are all familiar with the Mobiloil sign.

MEETING of the Mobiloil board of automotive engineers: These experts meet every year to study every car manufactured. When you follow their recommendations in the Mobiloil Chart you are sure of getting all the power your car was built to give.
Photo by Underwood & Underwood

RAPID TRANSIT in the Canary Islands. But even in this easy-going land the motorists prefer Mobiloil.

How wrong oil steals power from your automobile

The main reasons why the full power in your engine never reaches the rear wheels are three: Friction—blow-by of power—oil-drag.

1—Friction will always be with us. To eliminate the most friction, you must use an oil of such high lubricating value that all moving parts are carefully cushioned against metal-to-metal contact. Such an oil saves power.

2—Blow-by of power results when your oil is too light in body to seal the pistons. Then some of the power may escape past the piston rings instead of exerting its force on the piston heads.

3—Oil-drag results when your oil is too heavy in body and so resists the push of the pistons. It's like rowing a boat through molasses. Power is lost.

That is why sound engineering advice is needed to determine what is correct lubrication.

The grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil recommended for your car will give you full power.

Along with full power, Mobiloil gives you exceptional freedom from carbon. Its *correct body* enables it to reach every moving part. Its lubricating *quality* then assures all the protection against heat and friction that *any* oil can give.

Get power—by all means. But not at the expense of added wear or carbon. You are always sure of full power with Mobiloil—the world's quality oil.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine		1925 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Flint	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	LB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland *all models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige *all models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless 90, 70, 72	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Reo *all models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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That Stubborn Beard No Problem Now!

Whiskers come off quick and smooth when small bubbles soak them soft. No drag, no sting or smart. It's a new method of shaving that's very easy to prove by test . . . see our "no cost" offer in coupon below.

"My, that's smooth!" she'll surely say.

YOU'LL see the difference the minute you try it. A closer shave. An easier, quicker shave. You've never known such comfort in all your shaving days.

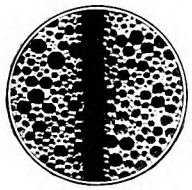
That's why we're offering a seven-day trial tube free to you and every other reader of this magazine. You'll find the details in coupon below.

"We always carry it on the boat, sir. Seems as though men all over the world use small-bubble lather."

Small Bubbles did it!

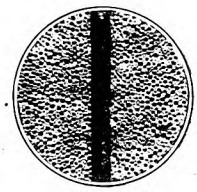
No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results. It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard. A glance at the photographs in the circles proves this better than words.

Note the closely knit, moisture-laden Colgate bubbles. Now contrast that with the large, air-filled bubbles of ordinary lather.



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

Good-by, Razor-Pull!

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

In a moment your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base.

Test it Free, for 7 days

Just jot your name and address on the coupon . . . and leave the rest to us.

As an extra dividend we'll send a generous bottle of "After Shave," too. It's a brand new shaving lotion that's winning men by thousands!

Colgate & Co., *Dept. 501-J*, 595 Fifth Ave., New York **FREE OFFER, *MEN!***
Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's After Shave.

Name_____

Address_____

alytic friends would call a suppression-censor explanation. Now, I wonder what submerged idea was actually in your mind. . . ."

There was a knock at the door, and Burke put his head inside.

"Doc Doremus is waiting for you down-stairs, Chief. He's finished his examination."

Markham rose and excused himself.

"I sha'n't bother you people any more just at present. There's considerable preliminary routine work to be done. But I must ask you to remain up-stairs for the time being. I'll see you again before I go."

Doremus was teetering impatiently on his toes when we joined him in the drawing-room.

"NOTHING complicated about it," he began, before Markham had a chance to speak. "Our sporty friend was killed by an arrow with a mighty sharp point entering his heart through the fourth intercostal space. Lot of force behind it. Plenty of hemorrhage inside and out. He's been dead about two hours, I should say, making the time of his death around half past eleven. That's only guesswork, however. No signs of a struggle—no marks on his clothes or abrasions on his hands. Death supervened most likely without his knowing what it was all about. He got a nasty bump, though, where his head hit the rough cement when he fell. . . ."

"Now, that's very interestin'." Vance's drawling voice cut in on the Medical Examiner's staccato report. "How serious a 'bump' was it, Doctor?"

Doremus blinked and eyed Vance with some astonishment.

"Bad enough to fracture the skull. I couldn't feel it, of course; but there was a large hæmatoma over the occipital region, and other evidences indicating a fracture of the vault. I'll know more about it after the autopsy." He turned back to the District Attorney. "Anything else?"

"I think not, Doctor. Only let us have your *post-mortem* report as soon as possible."

"You'll have it tonight. The Sergeant's already 'phoned for the wagon." And shaking hands with all of us, he hurried away.

Heath had stood glowering in the background.

"Well, that don't get us anywheres, sir," he complained, chewing viciously on his cigar.

"Don't be downhearted, Sergeant," Vance chided him. "That blow on the back of the head is worthy of your profoundest consideration. I'm of the opinion it wasn't entirely due to the fall, don't y' know."

The Sergeant was unimpressed by this.

"What's more, Mr. Markham," he went on, "there wasn't any finger-prints on either the bow or the arrow. Dubois says they looked as though they'd both been wiped clean. There were a few smears on the end of the bow where the old gentleman picked it up; but not another sign of a print."

Markham smoked a while in gloomy silence.

"What about the handle on the gate leading to the street? And the knob on the door to the alley between the apartment houses?"

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"He's a Great Boss!"

"He's been planning for you and the children as well as for me. He wants you to be protected in case anything happens to me. He's a great boss!"

© 1928 M. L. I. Co.

WHEN you hear a man refer to his employer as "the boss," or "the chief," study the expression of the speaker's face. If the corners of his mouth turn up a bit and a happier expression comes into his eyes, you may be sure that his boss is kind and considerate.

In some businesses it is the boss's privilege and personal pleasure to know by sight, and usually by name or nickname, everyone who works for him. Some of the great bosses in America, while they do not have the satisfaction of personal acquaintance, have earned the trust and affection of thousands of workers who have never seen them.

Perhaps there are still some employers who study ways and means to squeeze pay-rolls to the limit and who consider individuals on the pay-rolls merely as money-making units. But they will be replaced, sooner or later, by bosses who have a better understanding of changing industrial conditions today.

Men cannot work collectively without leadership. They expect it and want it, but it must be intelligent and above all—fair. Then follows a mutual interest in the job to be done. When you hear a man in the ranks say "*we* sold more goods last month than in any previous one" he counts himself not as an individual but part of *his* organization.

Wise leaders, realizing that men cannot do their best if they are worried about family affairs, are glad to plan with them for the comfort and safety of their homes.

Cooperation of leaders and workers stretches the buying power of their joint dollars. In many cases it enables employees of an organization to get life insurance protection at much less than it would cost to buy the same protection individually. Employees who have learned that the boss, buying for their entire group, can get better rates are glad to let him do their buying. He saves them time, worry and money.

In this way, hundreds of thousands of families have already secured protection against possible financial disaster—at low cost. There will be more next year and more the year after.

The efforts of employers to provide protection for the families of their employees are bringing a new spirit of good will into industrial relations.

Ten thousand employers of labor in the United States and Canada have set up programs whereby their employees may secure insurance under most favorable terms. The necessity of medical examination is eliminated; family history becomes immaterial; so also the occupation of the individual; and cost to employees in each group is equalized.

Not only that, but when these Group Insurance programs are set up, employees are able to get their insurance at prices much below those available to individuals in the open market.

Employers and employees interested in Group protection plans are invited to send for free information on Group contracts to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Dept. 108-A, Madison Avenue, New York City.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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The Jolly Jester and his vegetable dolls make instant appeal to children

The clown whose secret many mothers now use

"Mothers can get marvelous results with children right at home if they'll just make use of the child's love of fun to establish sound habits," says the Jolly Jester, in private life Wallace Mackay, an authority on children's food habits.

Shrieks and gasps of laughter greet him when he clatters onto the school stage—this jolly clown with his load of vegetable dolls. In city after city Wallace Mackay, the Jolly Jester, sends children home with health lessons happily learned. Thousands of mothers are now sharing his secret. They are appealing to the love of play, deep in every child's heart, to build fundamental habits.

That vitally important habit, for instance, of eating the right sort of breakfast. Nation-wide tests have shown that a child who comes to school without a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast is handicapped in lessons and in games. That is why this rule hangs in 70,000 class rooms:

"*Every boy and girl needs a* hot *cereal breakfast*"

Knowing this, mothers are sometimes over-zealous in urging children to eat Cream of Wheat or other *hot, cooked* cereal.

Then there's a scene most parents recognize. Told that the nice bowl of cereal is good for them, children's first instinct is to say, "But I don't like my Cream of Wheat," or "I don't like oatmeal." They'd probably react the same way to a picnic, offered with a moral!

But, just as the Jolly Jester makes a fascinating game of vegetables, so the new methods of child guidance come to your rescue for the *hot, cooked* cereal habit. The minute children can make a game of the right breakfast they'll pass their bowls for more Cream of Wheat.

Now they *can* make it a game, through a children's Club called the H. C. B.

FREE — *mothers say this plan works wonders*

This fascinating H. C. B. Club plan arouses children's enthusiasm for a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. Badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts! All material free, sent direct to your children with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. They'll work it out for themselves. 90,000 mothers are finding it such an *easy* way to be sure their children get the *hot, cooked* cereal they need so much. Send the coupon in today.

Recommended by authorities for 32 years

Here are some of the reasons why specialists have long considered Cream of Wheat an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

1. Because it is so rich in both physical and mental energy. It is all real food.
2. Because, with every harsh indigestible part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy to digest.
3. Because its creamy goodness is so easily varied by adding prunes, figs, or dates while cooking.

Give your children the chance to do their best, every day. Start them off regularly with Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

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CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY DEPT. P-16
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name.....
First Name *Last Name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

"Nothing!" Heath snorted with disgust. "Both of rough, rusty iron that wouldn't take a print."

"I say, Markham," observed Vance; "you're going at this thing the wrong way. Naturally, there'd be no finger-prints. Really, y' know, one doesn't carefully produce a playlet and then leave all the stage props in full view of the audience. What we've got to learn is why this particular impresario decided to indulge in silly theatricals."

"It ain't as easy as all that, Mr. Vance," submitted Heath bitterly.

"Did I intimate it was easy? No, Sergeant; it's deucedly difficult. And it's worse than difficult: it's subtle and obscure and . . . fiendish."

IV

A MYSTERIOUS NOTE
(*Saturday, April 2d; 2 p. m.*)

MARKHAM sat down resolutely before the center-table "Suppose, Sergeant, we overhaul the two servants now."

Heath stepped into the hall and gave an order to one of his men. A few moments later a tall, somber, disjointed man entered and stood at respectful attention.

"This is the butler, sir," explained the Sergeant. "Named Pyne."

Markham studied the man appraisingly. He was perhaps sixty years old. His features were markedly acromegalic; and this distortion extended to his entire figure. His hands were large, and his feet broad and misshapen. His clothes, though neatly pressed, fitted him badly; and his high clerical collar was several sizes too large for him. His eyes, beneath gray, bushy eyebrows, were pale and watery, and his mouth was a mere slit in an unhealthily puffy face. Despite his utter lack of physical prepossession, however, he gave one the impression of shrewd competency.

"So you are the Dillard butler," mused Markham. "How long have you been with the family, Pyne?"

"Going on ten years, sir."

"You came, then, just after Professor Dillard resigned his chair at the university?"

"I believe so, sir." The man's voice was deep and rumbling.

"What do you know of the tragedy that occurred here this morning?"

Though Markham put the question suddenly, in the hope, I imagine, of surprising some admission, Pyne received it with the utmost stoicism.

"Nothing whatever, sir. I was unaware that anything had happened until Professor Dillard called to me from the library and asked me to look for Mr. Sperling."

"He told you of the tragedy then?"

"He said: 'Mr. Robin has been murdered, and I wish you'd find Mr. Sperling for me.'— That was all, sir."

"You're sure he said 'murdered,' Pyne?" interjected Vance.

For the first time the butler hesitated; an added astuteness crept into his look.

"Yes, sir—I'm sure he did. 'Murdered' is what he said."

"And did you see the body of Mr. Robin when you pushed your search?" pursued Vance, his eyes idly tracing a design on the wall.

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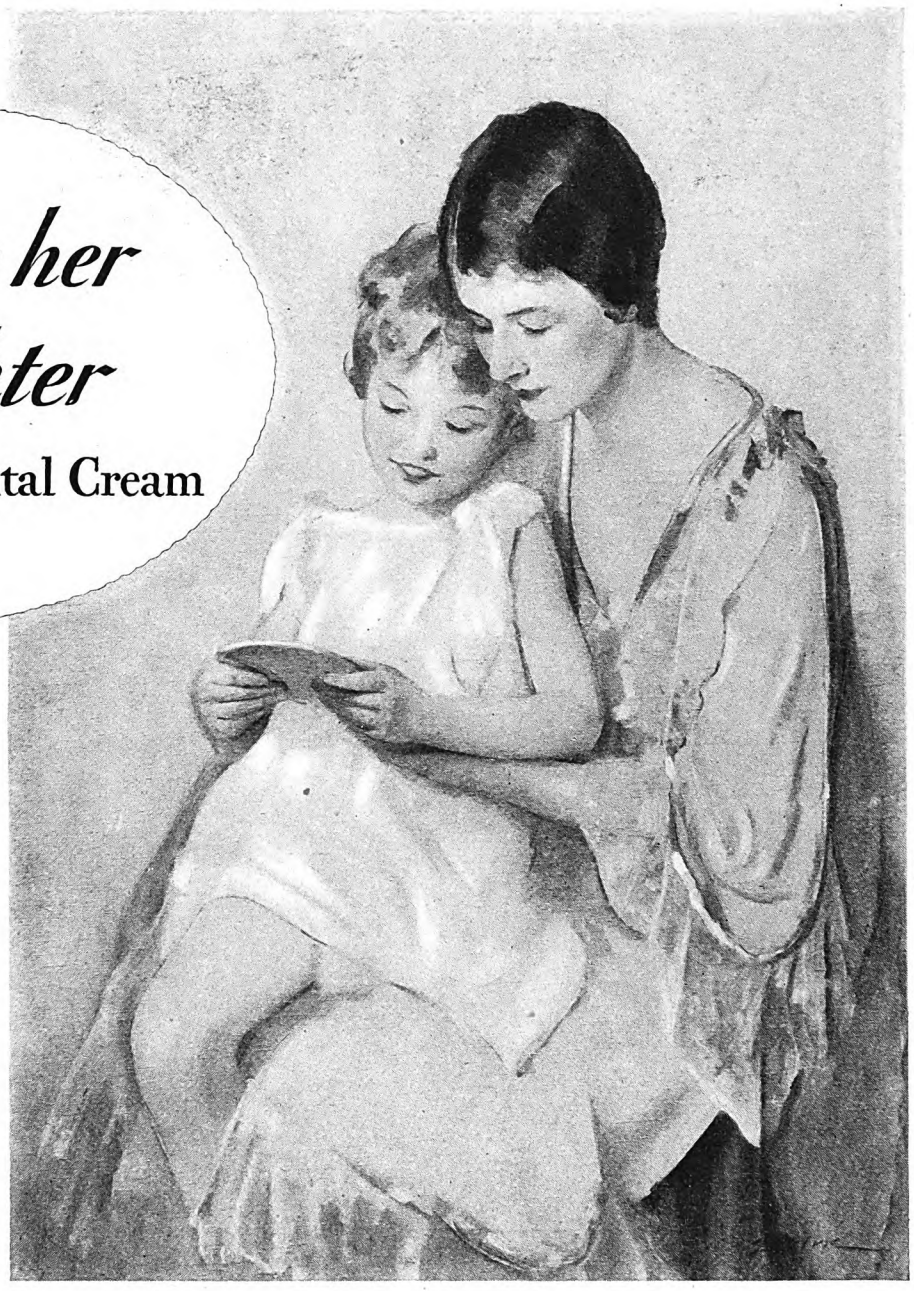
...and now her Daughter

uses the same Dental Cream



Mrs. I. E. Brooks as a girl . . . when she started using Colgate's

BACK in 1908, exactly twenty years ago, Mrs. I. E. Brooks bought her first tube of Colgate's.

Today Mrs. Brooks is considered a beautiful woman . . . and her flashing white teeth deserve much of the credit. For what has more charm than a lovely smile?

Is it any wonder, then, that Mrs. Brooks buys Colgate's for her little daughter? Certainly she is anxious to give those sturdy little teeth the same proven protection her own have had for years.

Others, too, know the way

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands of men and women like Mrs. Brooks. Because they began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, their teeth are exceptionally sound and beautiful today.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily and quickly do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

With Colgate's, cleaning is not a side issue, or an added feature . . . it is the main thing.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

At your druggist's

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice that you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So, for lovely teeth, just ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, let us send you a sample to try.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 201J, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

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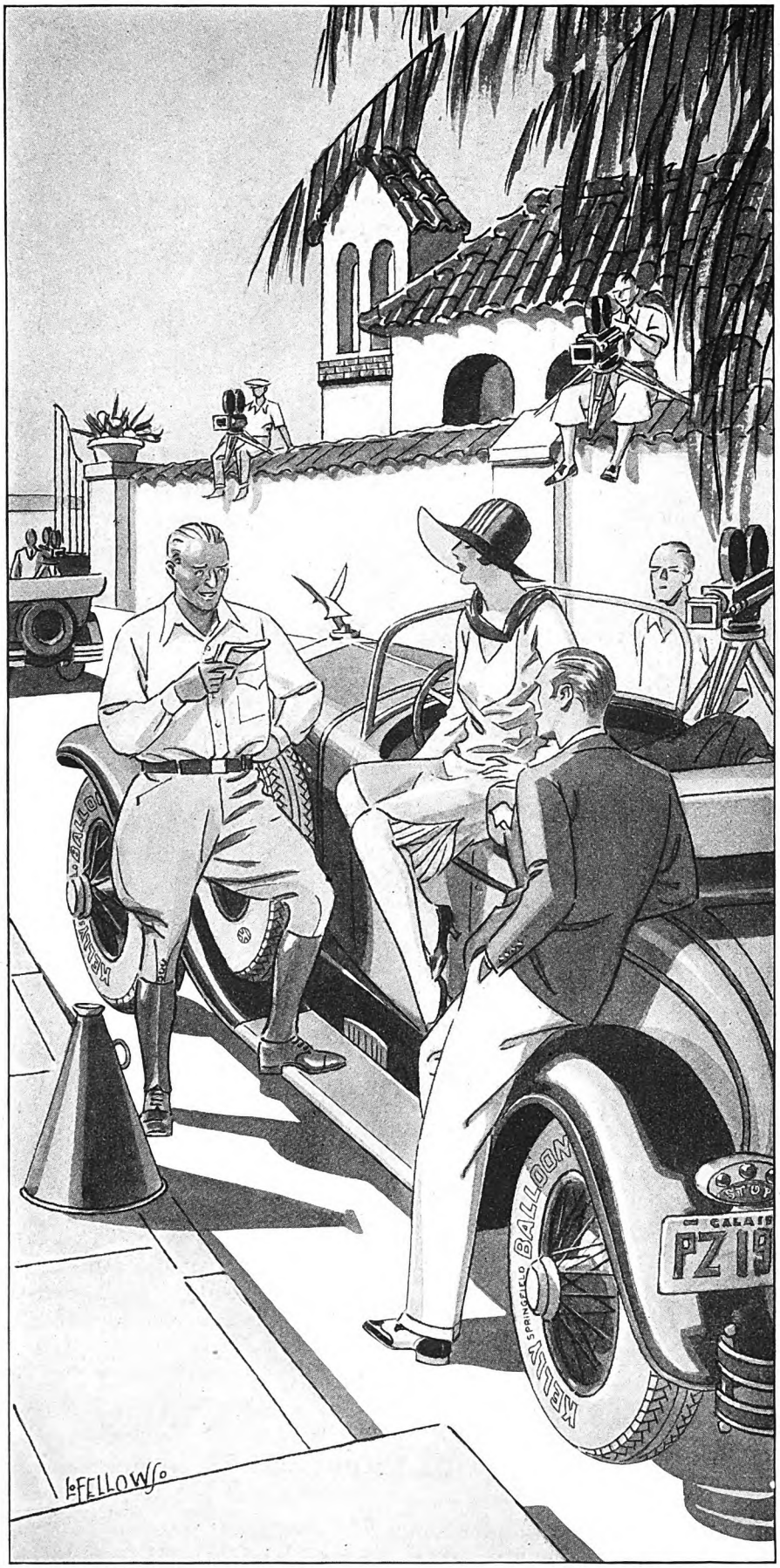

"In this next scene you are escaping from the villain when one of your tires blows out."

"Then I ought not to use this car—you want to make the thing look reasonable."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, this car has Kelly-Springfield tires all around."

Again there was a brief hesitation.

"Yes, sir. I opened the basement door to look out on the archery range, and there I saw the poor young gentleman. . . ."

"A great shock it must have given you, Pyne," Vance observed dryly. "Did you, by any hap, touch the poor young gentleman's body?—or the arrow, perhaps?—or the bow?"

Pyne's watery eyes glistened for a moment.

"No—of course not, sir. . . . Why should I, sir?"

"Why, indeed?" Vance sighed wearily. "But you saw the bow?"

The man squinted, as if for purposes of mental visualization.

"I couldn't say, sir. Perhaps yes; perhaps no. I don't recall."

Vance seemed to lose all interest in him; and Markham resumed the interrogation:

"I understand, Pyne, that Mr. Drukker called here this morning about half past nine. Did you see him?"

"Yes, sir. He always uses the basement door; and he said good morning to me as he passed the butler's pantry at the head of the steps."

"He returned the same way he came?"

"I suppose so, sir—though I was upstairs when he went. He lives in the house at the rear—"

"I know." Markham leaned forward. "I presume that it was you who admitted Mr. Robin and Mr. Sperling this morning."

"Yes, sir. At about ten o'clock."

"Did you see them again, or overhear any of their remarks while they waited here in the drawing-room?"

"No, sir. I was busy in Mr. Arnesson's quarters most of the morning."

"Ah!" Vance turned his eyes on the man. "That would be on the second floor rear, wouldn't it?—the room with the balcony?"

"Yes, sir."

"Most interestin'. . . . And it was from that balcony that Professor Dillard first saw Mr. Robin's body.— How could he have entered the room without your knowing it? You said, I believe, that your first intimation of the tragedy was when the professor called you from the library and told you to seek Mr. Sperling."

THE butler's face turned a pasty white, and I noticed that his fingers twitched nervously.

"I might have stepped out of Mr. Arnesson's room for a moment," he explained, with effort. "Yes—it's quite likely. In fact, sir, I recall going to the linen-closet. . . ."

"Oh, to be sure." Vance lapsed into lethargy.

Markham smoked a while, his gaze concentrated on the table top.

"Did anyone else call at the house this morning, Pyne?" he asked presently.

"No one, sir."

"And you can suggest no explanation for what happened here?"

The man shook his head heavily, his watery eyes in space.

"No, sir. Mr. Robin seemed a pleasant, well-liked young man. He wasn't the kind to inspire murder—if you understand what I mean."

Vance looked up.

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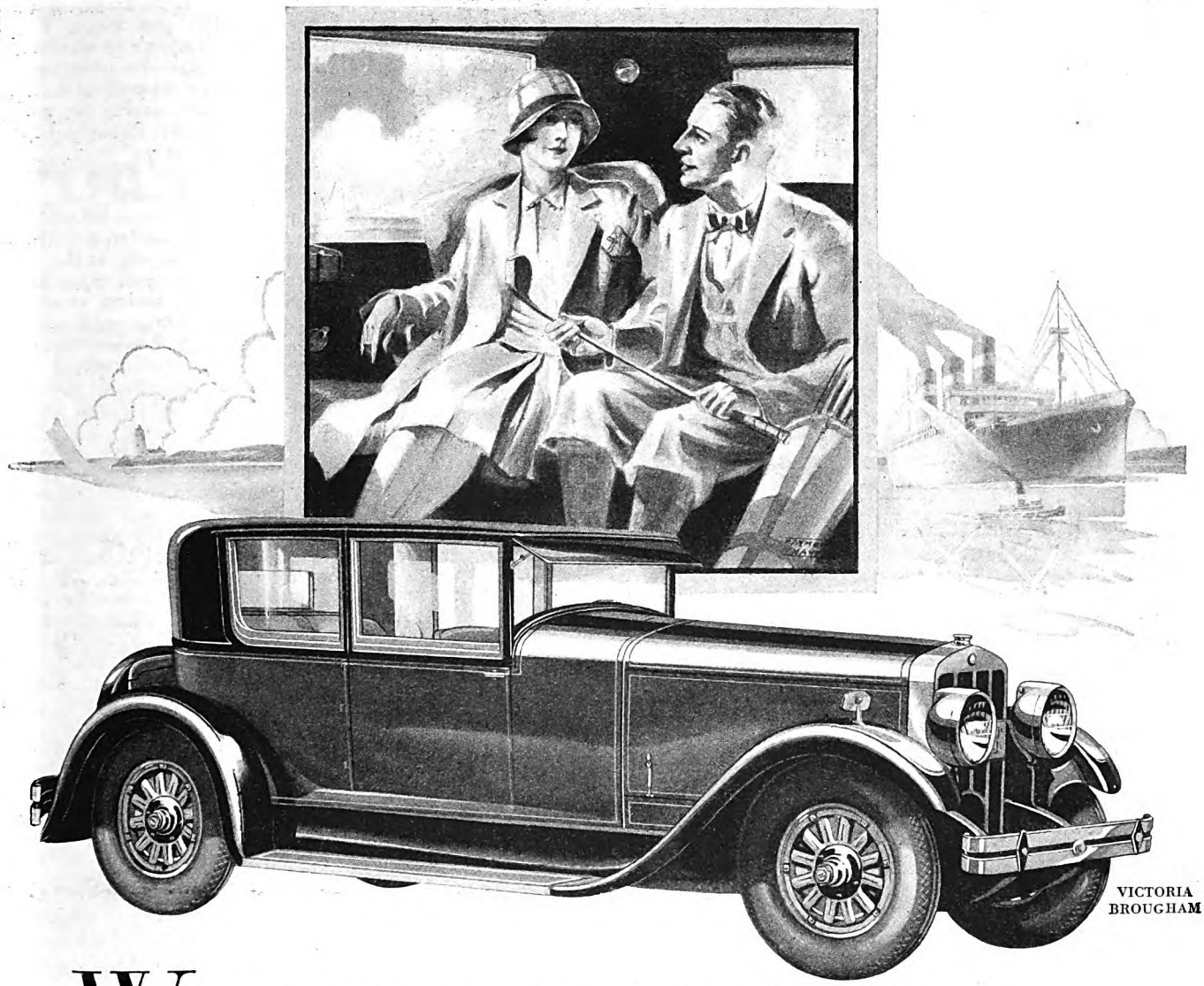

World's Fastest Road Car

now sets new styles in Interior Luxury and Design

THE Airman Limited is years ahead! Here is *new elegance* such as motorists have never known before. In the newly designed interiors are infinitely finer upholstery—artistic new appointments—and colorings which introduce a new note in interior beauty—delightful blues, maroons, harmonious mixtures of green and gray and brown. The complete ensemble achieves new luxury—comparable only to exquisite, modern drawing rooms.

The new Airman Limited sets the *style* and sets the *pace*. In a recent demonstration, Cannon Ball Baker drove a stock Franklin sedan from Los Angeles to New York and return—6,692 miles—in 6½ days! Proving conclusively that Franklin's speed, comfort, ease of control, ruggedness and air-cooling combine to produce the *world's fastest road car.*

Franklin holds the key to speed-with-comfort. Now, with sumptuous interiors and a new completeness of comfort features, the Airman Limited offers Luxurious Fast Travel. You can expect to be *surprised* when you see the Airman Limited—you can expect to be *thrilled* when you drive it—no other car is like the new Airman Limited . . . Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.

THE NEW FRANKLIN

AIRMAN LIMITED

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The *New* MENNEN Shave

Dermutized lather now better than ever . . . . . Menthol-iced, too!

HERE'S news and good news. By a new process of blending we have developed in Mennen Shaving Cream an even quicker, richer lather, a denser, moister lather in which the exclusive Mennen beard-softening principle of *dermutation* completes its all-necessary function that much sooner and more completely. Not only that—but we have also included a dash of menthol which adds a brisk, tingling coolness to the lather at once reviving and refreshing.

To introduce to you the new Mennen "Menthol-iced" shave we are supplying your dealer a special value package—a full-size tube of the new Mennen Shaving Cream without menthol, and a big, free tube of the new cream "Menthol-iced"—both for the price of a single tube. *You owe it to your own comfort to get this special package and try out this even better Mennen shave to your own good satisfaction—today. 50c at your dealer.*

Dermutation instantly wilts the beard so the razor cuts the hairs off clean without painful razor-pull. *Dermutation* relaxes and levels the skin mounds around the hairs so the razor slides through without nicking or scraping. No rawness. No soreness. No free caustic to burn. Works in any water. Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather freshen and tone up the skin, increasing its fitness with every shave.

YOUR SHAVE IS ONLY AS GOOD AS YOUR LATHER

MENNEN

The Dermutized Shave

MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN

A sprinkle of Mennen Talcum for Men adds a finishing touch that rounds out the comfort of the perfect shave. Tones down face-shine. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. 25c a tin. Also in stick form—50c.

"I can't say that I, personally, understand exactly what you mean, Pyne. How do you know it wasn't an accident?"

"I don't, sir," was the unperturbed answer. "But I know a bit about archery—if you'll pardon my saying so—and I saw right away that Mr. Robin had been killed by a hunting arrow."

"You're very observin', Pyne," nodded Vance. "And quite correct."

It was plain that no direct information was to be got from the butler, and Markham dismissed him abruptly, at the same time ordering Heath to send in the cook.

When she entered I noticed at once a resemblance between father and daughter. She was a slatternly woman of about forty, also tall and angular, with a thin, elongated face and large hands and feet. Hyperpituitarism evidently ran in the Pyne family.

A FEW preliminary questions brought out the information that she was a widow, named Beedle, and had, at the death of her husband, five years before, come to Professor Dillard as the result of Pyne's recommendation.

"What time did you leave the house this morning, Beedle?" Markham asked her.

"Right after half past ten." She seemed uneasy and on the alert, and her voice was defensively belligerent.

"And what time did you return?"

"About half past twelve. That man let me in"—she looked viciously at Heath—"and treated me like I'd been a criminal."

Heath grinned. "The time's O. K., Mr. Markham. She got sore because I wouldn't let her go down-stairs."

Markham nodded noncommittally.

"Do you know anything of what took place here this morning?" he went on, studying the woman closely.

"How should I know? I was at Jefferson Market."

"Did you see either Mr. Robin or Mr. Sperling?"

"They went down-stairs to the archery-room past the kitchen a little while before I went out."

"Did you overhear anything they said?"

"I don't listen at keyholes."

Markham set his jaw angrily and was about to speak when Vance addressed the woman suavely:

"The District Attorney thought that perhaps the door was open, and that you might have overheard some of their conversation despite your commendable effort not to listen."

"The door might've been open, but I didn't hear anything," she answered sullenly.

"Then you couldn't tell us if there was anyone else in the archery-room?"

Beedle narrowed her eyes and gave Vance a calculating look.

"Maybe there was someone else," she said slowly. "In fact, I thought I heard Mr. Drukker." A note of venom came into her voice, and the shadow of a hard smile passed over her thin lips. "He was here to call on Mr. Arnesson early this morning."

"Oh, was he, now?" Vance appeared surprised at this news. "You saw him perhaps?"

"I saw him come in, but I didn't see him go out—anyway, I didn't notice.

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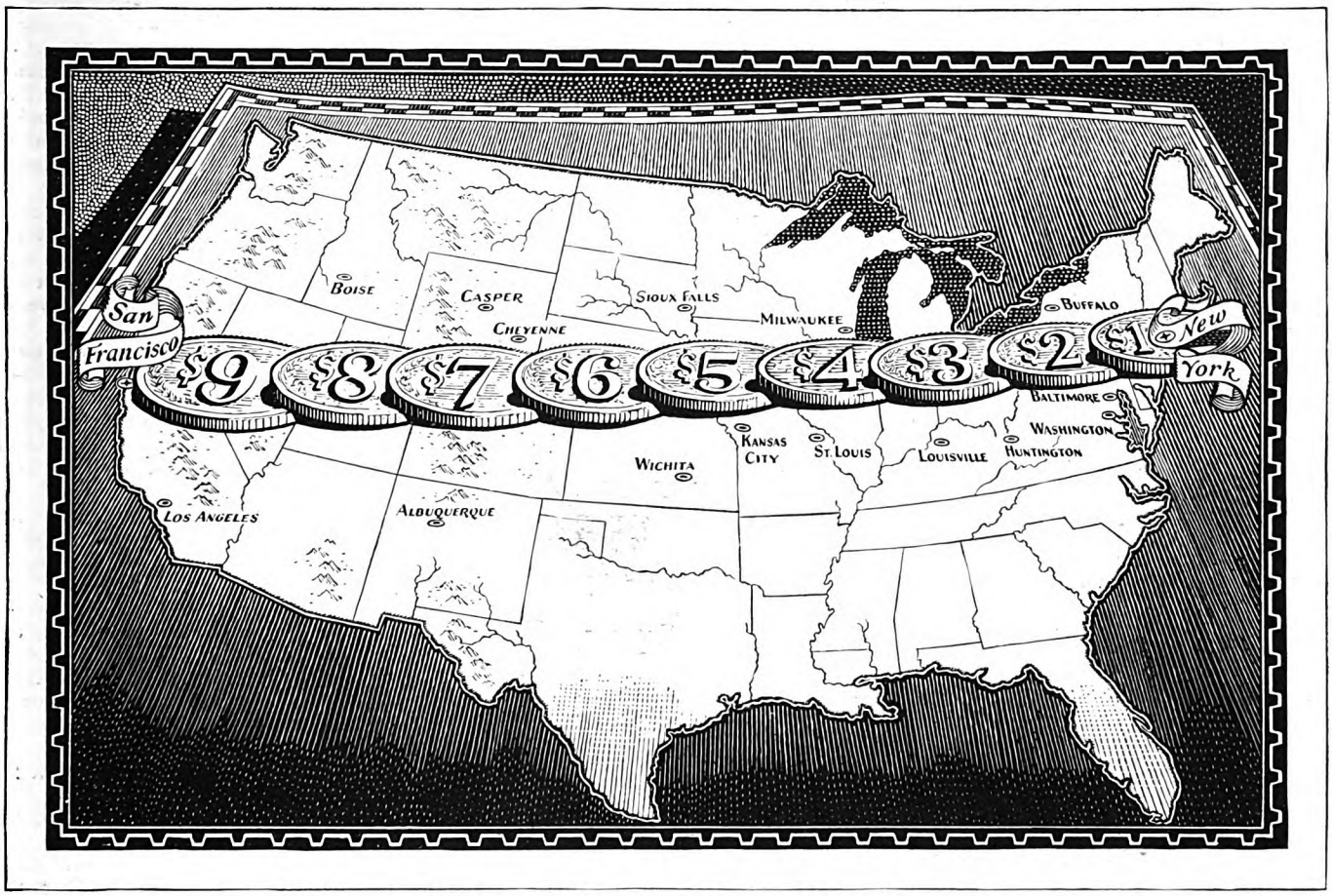
How Cheaply you can "Travel" by Telephone



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

UNDER the latest station to station day rates, you can now "travel" the thousands of miles to a point across the continent and return by telephone for only $9.00. From Dallas to New Orleans and return for only $2.20. From Detroit to Chicago and back for only $1.35. From San Diego to Mexico City and return for only $10.50.

A Chicago business man recently had to endeavor to close negotiations with 30 concerns in 12 cities. Preliminary work had been done, but personal contact was necessary. In one day, he saved 5000 miles of physical travel and at least ten days' time from his office. He made four long distance calls to New York. Two to Buffalo. One to Syracuse. One to Covington, Va. Six to Pittsburgh. Five to Cleveland. One to Louisville. Two to St. Louis. Two to Kansas City. Two to St. Paul. Three to Milwaukee and one to New Orleans.

His negotiations were successful in 60% of the calls. "In many cases," says this man, "the long distance telephone call is actually superior to a personal call. It gets an immediate audience."

The president of a large Philadelphia rubber company has each one of his salesmen call him at the end of the day. Often large sales that a man is about to give up as hopeless are saved by the suggestions received from his president by Long Distance.

What distant trips could you profitably make today by telephone? . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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A Sweeping Verdict against FORGETFULNESS

The Greatest Crime of Cold-Weather Motoring

A VERDICT has been handed down by the highest courts in the motor car industry. *A verdict against forgetfulness. Automatic motor protection is now standard on these fine cars.*

The car manufacturer had his choice of two ways. The one—a method that leaves this vital operation to memory and guesswork. The other—one that works positively, dependably, automatically and with scientific precision.

They chose the latter. And in their choice lies the biggest reason why you, too, must choose automatic motor protection—if you want to avoid the damage of cold.

Automatic Motor Protection on These Cars Dictates Automatic Motor Protection for Your Car

PIERCE-ARROW

LINCOLN

CHRYSLER 75 and 80

DODGE SENIOR SIX

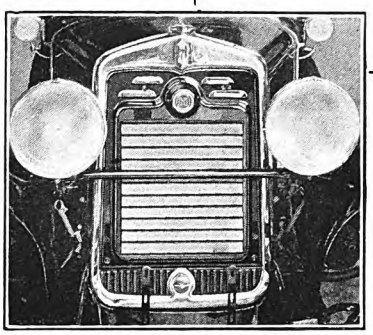
HUPMOBILE 8

LA SALLE

CADILLAC

Equip at the first sign of cold weather

You get the warning signal in coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting. You reach for the "choke"—and instantly a flood of raw gasoline hits ice-cold metal. Oil is washed away from glass-like surfaces. Metal grinds against metal at a terrific speed, producing friction no motor can stand. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. This is the damage you pay for in the spring. *Damage that can now be totally avoided.*



Illustrating the Hupmobile 6 equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

Pines Winterfront stops the damage of cold

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator, and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically,* allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

When you park your car, Winterfront closes completely while your motor is still hot. You cannot walk away and forget it. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

Motor Protection Must Be Automatic

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. The "choke" habit disappears. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. Your car is warm inside—your motor runs with summer smoothness and flexibility.

Winterfront is easily installed

Your dealer will equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront in ten minutes. Moderately priced, it will pay for itself many times over, and will give you years of service. Thermostats are guaranteed. Accept no substitute. Pines Winterfront is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. Pines Winterfront Company, 404 No. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

247

PINES WINTERFRONT — *It's Automatic*

He sneaks in and out at all hours."

"Sneaks, eh? Fancy that! . . . By the by, which door did you use when you went a-marketing?"

"The front door. Since Miss Belle made a club-room out of the basement, I always use the front door."

"Then you didn't enter the archery-room this morning?"

"No."

Vance raised himself in his chair.

"Thanks for your help, Beedle. We won't need you any more now."

When the woman had left us Vance rose and walked to the window.

"WE'RE expending too much zeal in irrelevant channels, Markham," he said. "We'll never get anywhere by ballyragging servants and questioning members of the household. There's a psychological wall to be battered down before we can begin storming the enemy's trenches. Everybody in this ménage has some pet privacy that he's afraid will leak out. Each person so far has told us either less or more than he knows. Disheartenin', but true. Nothing that we've learned dovetails with anything else; and when chronological events don't fit together, you may rest assured that the serrated points of contact have been deliberately distorted. I haven't found one clean joinder in all the tales that have been poured into our ears."

"It's more likely the connections are missing," Markham argued; "and we'll never find them if we don't pursue our questionings."

"You're much too trustin'." Vance walked back to the center-table. "The more questions we ask the farther afield we'll be taken. Even Professor Dillard didn't give us a wholly honest account. There's something he's keeping back—some suspicion he won't voice. Why did he bring that bow indoors? Arnesson put his finger on a vital spot when he asked the same question. Shrewd fella, Arnesson.— Then there's our athletic young lady with the muscular calves. She's entangled in various amat'ry meshes, and is endeavoring to extricate herself and her whole coterie without leaving a blemish on anyone. A praiseworthy aim, but not one conducive to the unadulterated truth. — Pyne has ideas, too. That flabby facial mask of his curtains many an entrancin' thought. But we'll never probe his cortex by chivyin' him with questions. Somethin' rum, too, about his matutinal labors. He says he was in Arnesson's room all morning; but he obviously didn't know that the professor took a sunnin' on Arnesson's veranda. And that linen-closet alibi—much too specious.— Also, Markham, let your mind flutter about the widowed Beedle's tale. She doesn't like the over-sociable Mr. Drukker; and when she saw a chance to involve him, she did so. She 'thought' she heard his voice in the archery-room. But did she? Who knows? True, he might have tarried among the slings and javelins on his way home and been joined later by Robin and Sperling. . . . Yes, it's a point we must investigate. In fact, a bit of polite converse with Mr. Drukker is strongly indicated. . . ."

Footsteps were heard descending the front stairs, and Arnesson appeared in the archway of the living-room.

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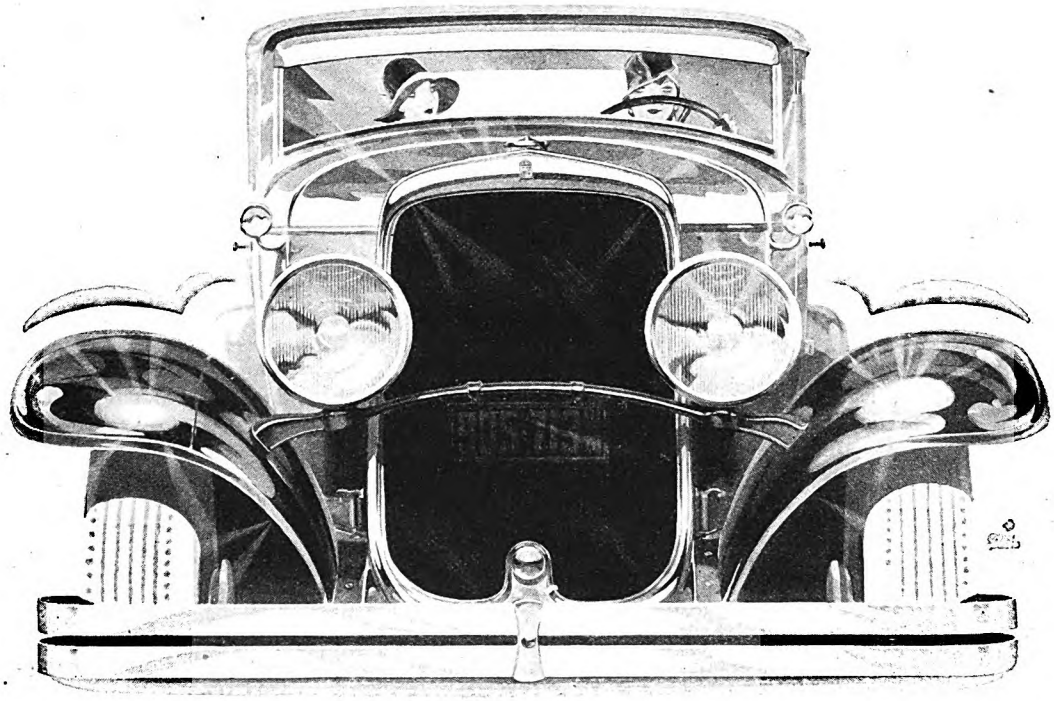
DE SOTO SIX



AGAIN CHRYSLER ENGINEERING TRIUMPHS—

Walter P. Chrysler and his engineers who created the De Soto Six invite you to confirm for yourself their belief that **nothing like the De Soto Six in beauty, performance and quality has ever been offered at anywhere near its price.**

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION *(Division of Chrysler Corporation), Detroit, Michigan*

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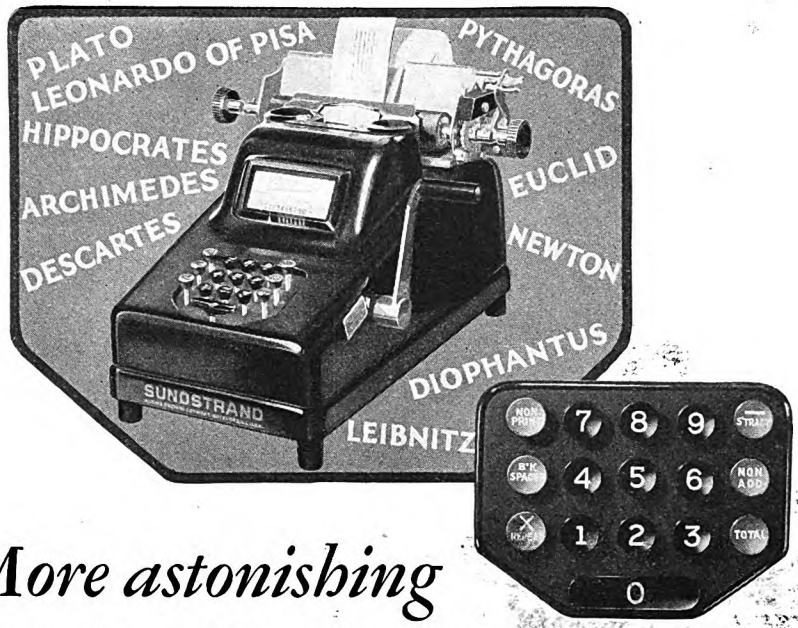

More astonishing

than the minds of master mathematicians

Faster than any known method of making business calculations

AN adding, subtracting, figuring machine with only ten numeral keys. One of the simplest machines ever made, yet one of the most amazing. With the Sundstrand, calculations can be made at a speed that would defy the most celebrated minds in mathematics.

The Sundstrand *carries in its head* the most involved transactions and quickly gives you the result with uncanny accuracy. With this machine at your right hand and customers' ledger account at the left . . . without taking your eyes from the book . . . you can add debits and subtract credits in the same column of figures without any intermediate totals. The figures are carried in the machine until you reach the end of the account, when a single operation gives you the balance. This is just one of many applications where the Sundstrand puts incredible speed into business figuring.

The marvelously simple keyboard . . . only ten numeral keys . . . makes it easy to develop the touch system quickly. No multiple banks and columns to watch. You keep your eyes on the work . . . not on the keys. You touch the keys just as you would write down the figures with a pencil, and the machine automatically places them in the right columns. Direct subtraction and multiplication are just as easy. And the Sundstrand Credit Balance Feature enables you to subtract credits in excess of debits and get the answer—directly.

The Sundstrand sells for as little as $100, and its speed and accuracy soon pay its cost. Let us send you full information. The coupon below will bring you our illustrated descriptive folder showing the complete line of adding, figuring and bookkeeping machines and cash registers.

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"Well, who killed Cock Robin?" he asked, with a satyr-like grin.

Markham rose, annoyed, and was about to protest at the intrusion; but Arnesson held up his hand.

"One moment, please. I'm here to offer my exalted services in the noble cause of justice—mundane justice, I would have you understand. Philosophically, of course, there's no such thing as justice. If there really were justice we'd all be in for a shingling in the cosmic woodshed." He sat down facing Markham, and chuckled cynically. "The fact is, the sad and precipitate departure of Mr. Robin appeals to my scientific nature. It makes a nice, orderly problem. It has a decidedly mathematical flavor—no undistributed terms, you understand; clear-cut integers with certain unknown quantities to be determined.— Well, I'm the genius to solve it."

"What would be your solution, Arnesson?" Markham knew and respected the man's intelligence, and seemed at once to sense a serious purpose beneath his attitude of sneering flippancy.

"Ah! As yet I haven't tackled the equation." Arnesson drew out an old briar pipe and fingered it affectionately. "But I've always wanted to do a little detective work on a purely earthly plane—the insatiable curiosity and natural inquisitiveness of the physicist, you understand. And I've long had a theory that the science of mathematics can be advantageously applied to the trivialities of our life on this unimportant planet. There's nothing but law in the universe—unless Eddington is right and there's no law at all—and I see no sufficient reason why the identity and position of a criminal can't be determined just as Leverrier calculated the mass and ephemeris of Neptune from the observed deviations in the orbit of Uranus. You remember how, after his computations, he told Galle, the Berlin astronomer, to look for the planet in a specified longitude of the ecliptic."

Arnesson paused and filled his pipe.

"NOW, Mr. Markham," he went on; and I tried to decide whether or not the man was in earnest, "I'd like the opportunity of applying to this absurd muddle the purely rational means used by Leverrier in discovering Neptune. But I've got to have the data on the perturbations of Uranus's orbit, so to speak—that is, I must know all the varying factors in the equation. The favor I've come here to ask is that you take me into your confidence and tell me all the facts. A sort of intellectual partnership. I'll figure out this problem for you along scientific lines. It'll be bully sport; and incidentally I'd like to prove my theory that mathematics is the basis of all truth however far removed from scholastic abstractions." He at last got his pipe going, and sank back in his chair. "Is it a bargain?"

"I'll be glad to tell you whatever we know, Arnesson," Markham replied after a brief pause. "But I can't promise to reveal everything that may arise from now on. It might work against the ends of justice and embarrass our investigation."

Vance had sat with half-closed eyes, apparently bored by Arnesson's astonishing request; but now he turned to Markham with a show of animation.

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* for brushing clothes

* for cleaning piano interiors

* for cleaning mattresses

* to clean door *and* window frames

* for books *and* book shelves

* to remove dust from lamp shades

* for aerating pillows

* for upholstered furniture

* to clean stair risers

* for dusting auto interiors

* for cleaning draperies

* to dust out radiators

* for dusting fireplaces

Makes your housecleaning easier . . . . *and your house* cleaner

POSITIVE AGITATION

WHAT a delight it is, when housecleaning is over, to see *everything* beautifully clean!

What a satisfaction it is, to know that dust is banished from furnishings, and that even to the bottommost depths of the rugs, the whole house is spotless.

And how essential it is, in creating this cleanliness, to have the aid of a Hoover.

There's not a corner or a crevice into which the searching Dusting Tools of The Hoover can not go. There's not a bit of upholstery, a drapery or lamp, a mattress or pillow that won't be the cleaner for their use.

Every rug and carpet will be fresher and lovelier for Hoover cleaning. For "Positive Agitation"—the exclusive cleaning principle of The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute*.

And it removes all types of dirt—the deeply-embedded, destructive grit against which other cleaning methods are ineffective as well as the surface dust and lint. In this dirt removal the rug nap is lifted and straightened and the rug colors brightened.

Now The Hoover offers a *new* helpfulness, in its motor-driven Floor Polishing Attachment. This new housekeeping-aid polishes quickly and brilliantly.

Why not have a demonstration in your home of The Hoover, its Dusting Tools and Floor Polishing Attachment? It will enable you to see for yourself, what repeated tests have proved, that The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute*. Because d. p. m. represents the real gauge of electric cleaner efficiency, you should have this test, before buying *any* cleaner. Telephone your local Hoover Dealer.

Cash prices: Model 700 Hoover, **$75.** *Model 543,* **$59.50.** *Dusting tools, $12.50. Model 972, $135.00; Dusting Tools, $15.00. Floor polishing attachment adaptable to models built in the last five years, $7.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.*

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, O.

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners . . . The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS.... a more as it Cleans

d.p.m.
DIRT PER MINUTE
The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is dirt per minute

TUNE IN
On The Air—Every Thursday, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, The Hoover Sentinels, through the N. B. C. Red Net-work. Tune in!

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Do you really want bigger Earning Power—Larger Success?

PAUL F. BOURSCHEIDT
Assistant Secretary, Peoria Life Insurance Co.

There's only one sure way to get it, and here's the "secret formula"—

Do you know that in four words you can sum up every success in business—and do you know that this simple formula is just as sure to work for you as for any other man who ever lived?

Here is the formula, then—in just four words—and if you'll try it even for so short a period as six months, you'll be amazed at the things it will do for you! The formula is—DEFINITE OBJECTIVES, SYSTEMATICALLY FOLLOWED!

To put the formula another way—it's knowing what you want and preparing steadily to get it!

In Peoria there lives a man named Paul F. Bourscheidt, who a number of years ago began to apply this formula.

At this time Mr. Bourscheidt was Assistant Actuary of the Peoria Life Insurance Company, one of the outstanding insurance companies of the Middle West. He wanted to broaden his knowledge of business, so as to fit himself for larger responsibilities. That was his DEFINITE OBJECTIVE. So he enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Business Management.

Eleven months later he had completed the training; and if you were in business in 1922, you will remember what troublous times they were—profits shrinking, payrolls slashed, and only the fittest able to stand the gaff.

"As a result of my training," wrote Mr. Bourscheidt at that time, "I notice a big improvement in my work and my ability to cope with difficult situations. Already I can report a promotion and an increase of 30 per cent, which in these days is no small item."

* * *

Since that date, men have come and gone in the Peoria Life Insurance Company, but still Mr. Bourscheidt has held to that simple formula of DEFINITE OBJECTIVES.

Realizing the importance of legal knowledge in business, he enrolled again with LaSalle—this time for home-study training in Law. He set as his goal the Illinois Bar examinations, which he passed successfully in the fall of 1924.

Was it merely by chance, do you think, that in October of that year Mr. Bourscheidt was made Assistant Secretary and Office Manager of this great company, or that today he is being entrusted with greater and greater responsibilities?

Significant of the worth of this plan—in the eyes of Mr. Bourscheidt's associates—is the fact that 23 other people in the Peoria Life Insurance Company have enrolled with LaSalle for home-study business training. These other executives—both men and women—are out to compel larger success through the speeding up of practical experience.

Set Your Goal—Then Start Today

Why not pursue this plan of DEFINITE OBJECTIVES—try it out, at least, in the next few months?

In what field do you hope to gain success? Study the coupon below—then check the training that most clearly meets your needs, enter your name, address and present position, and mail the coupon to LaSalle.

It will bring you promptly—and without obligation—an interesting book descriptive of that field, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the inspiring story that has set thousands of men on the shorter route to greater earning power.

Are you dreaming—drifting—or do you work toward DEFINITE OBJECTIVES?

Answer that question with pen or pencil—on the coupon NOW.

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- ☐ Commercial Law.
- ☐ Commercial Spanish.
- ☐ Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial.

free! mail coupon now

Name ..... Present Position ..... Address .....

"I say, y' know; there's really no reason why we shouldn't give Mr. Arnesson a chance to translate this crime into the realm of pure mathematics. I'm sure he'd be discreet and use our information only for scientific purposes. And—one never knows, does one?—we may need his highly trained assistance before we're through with this fascinatin' affair."

Markham knew Vance well enough to realize that his suggestion had not been made thoughtlessly; and I was in no wise astonished when he faced Arnesson and said:

"Very well, then. We'll give you whatever data you need to work out your mathematical formula. Anything special you want to know now?"

"Oh, no. I know the details thus far as well as you; and I'll strip Beedle and old Pyne of their contributions when you've gone. But if I solve this problem and determine the exact position of the criminal, don't pigeonhole my findings, as Sir George Airy did those of poor Adams when he submitted his Neptunean calculations prior to Leverrier's. . . ."

AT THIS moment the front door opened, and the uniformed officer stationed on the porch came in, followed by a stranger.

"This gent here says he wants to see the professor," he announced with radiating suspicion; and turning to the man he indicated Markham with a gesture of the head. "That's the District Attorney. Tell him your troubles."

The newcomer seemed somewhat embarrassed. He was a slender, well-groomed man with an unmistakable air of refinement. His age, I should say, was fifty, though his face held a perennially youthful look. His hair was thin and graying, his nose a trifle sharp, and his chin small but in no way weak. His eyes, surmounted by a high, broad forehead, were his most striking characteristic. They were the eyes of a disappointed and disillusioned dreamer—half sad, half resentful, as if life had tricked him and left him unhappy and bitter.

He was about to address Markham when he caught sight of Arnesson.

"Oh, good-morning, Arnesson," he said, in a quiet, well-modulated voice. "I hope there's nothing seriously wrong."

"A mere death, Pardee," the other replied carelessly. "The proverbial tempest in a teapot."

Markham was annoyed at the interruption.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.

"I trust I am not intruding," the man apologized. "I am a friend of the family,—I live just across the street; and I perceived that something unusual had happened here. It occurred to me I might be of some service."

Arnesson chuckled. "My dear Pardee! Why clothe your natural curiosity in the habiliments of rhetoric?"

Pardee blushed.

"I assure you, Arnesson—" he began; but Vance interrupted him.

"You say you live opposite, Mr. Pardee. You have perhaps been observing this house during the forenoon?"

"Hardly that, sir. My study, however, overlooks Seventy-fifth Street, and it's true I was sitting at the window most of the morning. But I was busy writing.

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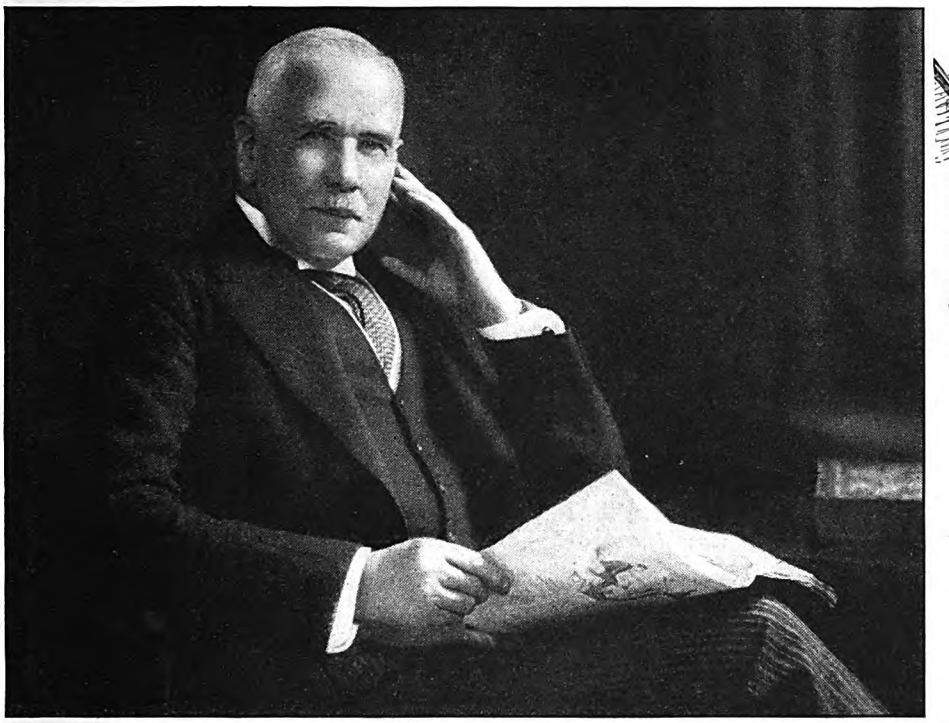
"Civilization's curse can be conquered," says England's Great Surgeon

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, *Bart., C. B.*



Famous Guy's Hospital, London

Three years ago Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane *founded, with other prominent Britons, the now famous New Health Society, which is teaching millions how to lead healthier lives. Baronet, Companion of the Bath and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Sir Arbuthnot has won the following distinctions in his field: Fellow, Royal College of Surgeons; President, Fellowship of Medicine; Consulting Surgeon Guy's Hospital and Hospital for Sick Children; creator of modern methods of surgery copied throughout the world.*

"Constipation is civilization's curse. A shortage of Vitamin B is responsible for this complaint. Fresh yeast is particularly rich in Vitamin B. It stimulates intestinal action and has a most important effect on constipation and its related digestive troubles. The shortage of Vitamin B in the usual diet is most readily made up by fresh yeast."

W Arbuthnot Lane

When Sir William Arbuthnot Lane speaks the world listens!

Long famous as a brilliant surgeon, Sir Arbuthnot is today recognized as one of the greatest exponents of preventive medicine, health education and dietetic reform that England has ever known. He has devoted his life to the study of the intestinal tract.

In a recent interview Sir Arbuthnot made the characteristically forceful statement that constipation is "civilization's greatest curse." In his opinion constipation can be overcome through the important corrective food—fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is as fresh as any garden vegetable. Unlike dangerous cathartic drugs, which "scour out" only the lower intestine, yeast keeps the entire digestive tract naturally clean, active—healthy.

In a recent survey covering every state in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed this remarkable food for health.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a cake before each meal or between meals. To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Sold wherever food is sold.

Throat, stomach, intestines form one continuous tube. When the colon is clogged poisons spread quickly throughout the system. Colds, headaches, skin and stomach disorders develop. To be radiantly well and happy keep the entire intestinal tract *clean, active* and *healthy* with Fleischmann's Yeast.

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GASOLINE + ETHYL = *high compression performance*

YOU are hearing much about "high compression"..."high compression engines"...."high compression fuel"..."high compression performance."

"What," a great many car owners are asking, "does 'high compression' mean to me?" Here is a simple explanation:

Each cylinder of your engine may be likened to a muzzle-loading gun. The cylinder is the gun; the piston is the bullet; and the mixture of gasoline and air is the powder charge.

The tighter you pack the powder charge in the gun before firing, the greater the force to the bullet. Similarly, the tighter you squeeze—or compress—gas vapor and air in the combustion chamber before ignition, the greater the force of the piston's stroke. In other words, the higher the compression the greater the power.

Higher compression in a gasoline engine is obtained by decreasing the size of the combustion chamber—either by mechanical design or by carbon formation.

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That is why General Motors Research Laboratories developed ETHYL fluid, a compound which controls the combustion rate of gasoline so that as engine compression is raised the "knock" is eliminated. And that is why oil companies are mixing ETHYL fluid with gasoline to form *Ethyl Gasoline*—the standard high compression fuel.

Within the last year, car manufacturers have been able to produce new models of higher compression and greater power. *But the most immediate benefits of Ethyl Gasoline are found among the millions of owners of cars of ordinary compression, because with its use in such cars carbon becomes an asset.*

Ride with ETHYL. See what a great difference it makes on hills and in traffic. No "knocking." Less shifting. Faster pickup. Stop at an ETHYL pump today—it bears the emblem shown at the left.

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Knocks out that knock

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When I returned to my work from lunch I noticed the crowd and the police cars and also the officer in uniform at the door."

Vance had been studying him from the corner of his eye.

"Did you happen to see anyone enter or leave this house this morning, Mr. Pardee?" he asked.

The man shook his head slowly.

"No one in particular. I noticed two young men—friends of Miss Dillard—call about ten o'clock; and I saw Beedle go out with her market basket. But that's all I recall."

"Did you see either of these young men depart?"

"I don't remember." Pardee knit his brows. "And yet it seems to me one of them left by the range gate. But it's only an impression."

"What time would that have been?"

"Really, I couldn't say. Perhaps an hour or so after his arrival. I wouldn't care to be more specific."

"YOU recall no other person whatever either coming or going from the house this morning?"

"I saw Miss Dillard return from the tennis courts about half past twelve, just as I was called to lunch. In fact, she waved her racket to me."

"And no one else?"

"I'm afraid not." There was unmistakable regret in his quiet response.

"One of the young men you saw enter here has been killed," Vance told him.

"Mr. Robin—*alias* Cock Robin," supplemented Arnesson, with a comic grimace which affected me unpleasantly.

"Good heavens! How unfortunate!" Pardee appeared genuinely shocked. "Robin? Wasn't he the Champion Archer of Belle's club?"

"His one claim to immortality.—That's the chap."

"Poor Belle!" Something in the man's manner caused Vance to regard him sharply. "I hope she's not too greatly upset by the tragedy."

"She's dramatizing it, naturally," Arnesson returned. "So are the police, for that matter. Awful pother about nothing in particular. The earth is covered with 'small crawling masses of impure carbohydrates' like Robin—referred to in the aggregate as humanity."

Pardee smiled with tolerant sadness,—he was obviously familiar with Arnesson's cynicisms. Then he appealed to Markham.

"May I be permitted to see Miss Dillard and her uncle?"

"Oh, by all means." It was Vance who answered before Markham could reach a decision. "You'll find them in the library, Mr. Pardee."

The man left the room with a polite murmur of thanks.

"Queer fellow," commented Arnesson, when Pardee was out of hearing. "Cursed with money. Leads an indolent life. His one passion is solving chess problems. . . ."

"Chess?" Vance looked up with interest. "Is he, by any chance, John Pardee, the inventor of the famous Pardee gambit?"

"The same." Arnesson's face crinkled humorously. "Spent twenty years developing a cast-iron offensive that was to add new decimal points to the game. Wrote a book about it. Then went forth proselytizing like a crusader before the

"There's the new Ned Tyson
He's making big money *now*"

"SEE that man behind me—at the table on my right? That's Ned Tyson—sales manager for Brooks & Watson.

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For spare-time study is that vital something which makes one man succeed where one hundred fail—that lifts a man out of the rut and makes him a trained worker instead of just a "hand."

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Even scientists do not fully understand its health-giving property

A DISCOVERY of deep interest to countless men and women! A new, simple safeguard that may help many protect themselves against common maladies!

The full importance of it is not yet known—even to scientists. But much is clear. A precious food element, entirely absent from the most of the foods we eat, has been found in familiar Japan green tea.

Thousands are now believed to be missing the happiness of perfect health for lack of this one element —Vitamin C.

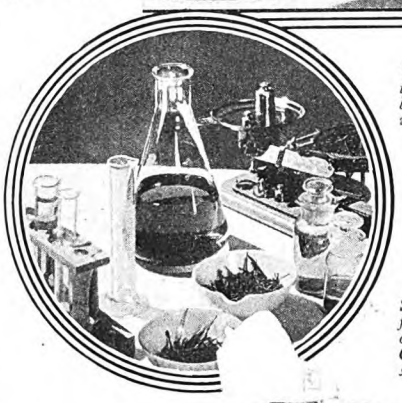
"It now appears," writes one eminent scientist, "that this condition is rather common among grown people. Ill health characterized by certain symptoms may be looked for in those who habitually take too little Vitamin C. These symptoms are: *loss of energy, a muddy complexion, fleeting pains often mistaken for rheumatism.*"

Today it is known to have a remarkable health-building value—old familiar Japan green tea

A simple precaution

What trials and hardships loss of energy may bring in its train: needless fatigue, poor appetite, sleeplessness, lethargy, nervousness! For those who tire easily, who are "run down", the day is often spoiled before it has fairly begun.

How many there are, too, whose skin is lifeless and sallow! How many who are troubled with so-called rheumatic pains.



Scientists have found a rich source of precious Vitamin C in the leaves of simple Japan green tea

Of the men and women who suffer from these ailments, some can probably be helped by this simple precaution. Old familiar Japan green tea is certainly no cure-all. But in it there is now known to be a safeguard—a health-giving abundance of Vitamin C.

If you feel below par, try this easy, pleasant plan: Drink flavor-laden cups of Japan green tea *regularly*. Probably you will feel and look more vigorous—more joyously alive in a few weeks. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

Japan green tea has been for years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in the country. It comes in several grades—in packages under various brand names and in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

gates of Damascus. He's always been a great patron of chess, contributing to tournaments, and scurrying round the world to attend the various chess jousting-bouts. Consequently was able to get his gambit tested. It made a great stir among the infra-champions of the Manhattan Chess Club. Then poor Pardee organized a series of Masters Tournaments. Paid all the expenses himself. Cost him a fortune, by the way. And of course he stipulated that the Pardee gambit be played exclusively. Well, well, it was very sad. When men like Doctor Lasker and Capablanca and Rubinstein and Finn got to combating it, it went to pieces. Almost every player who used it lost. It was disqualified—even worse than the ill-famed Rice gambit. Terrible blow for Pardee. It put snow in his hair, and took all the rubber out of his muscles. Aged him, in short. He's a broken man."

"I know the history of the gambit," murmured Vance, his eyes resting pensively on the ceiling. "I've used it myself. Edward Lasker* taught it to me. . . ."

THE uniformed officer again appeared in the archway and beckoned to Heath. The Sergeant rose with alacrity—the ramifications of chess obviously bored him—and went into the hall. A moment later he returned bearing a small sheet of paper.

"Here's a funny one, sir," he said, handing it to Markham. "The officer outside saw it sticking out a the mail box just now, and thought he'd take a peep at it.— What do you make of it, sir?"

Markham studied it with puzzled amazement, and then without a word handed it to Vance. I rose and looked over his shoulder. The paper was of the conventional typewriter size, and had been folded to fit into the mail box. It contained several lines of typing done on a machine with élite characters and a faded blue ribbon.

The first line read:

Joseph Cochrane Robin is dead.

The second line asked:

Who Killed Cock Robin?

Underneath was typed:

Sperling means sparrow.

And in the lower right-hand corner—the place of the signature—were the two words, in capitals:

THE BISHOP.

(*To be continued*)

*The American chess master—sometimes confused with Dr. Emanuel Lasker, the former world chess champion.

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, Dixie Willson, William Dudley Pelley, Chester Crowell, and Edith Barnard Delano are the authors of five exceptionally interesting short stories in next month's magazine. One is the story of a father who would give more than his life for his son; another shows that a good home isn't good unless the heart is there; the third is the dramatic struggle of a man under heavy adversity; the fourth relates the strange and high revenge of a boy against a cruel old man, and the fifth is the story of a woman who never told her great secret. Strong tales, all of them!

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IN the past twelve years, more Frigidaires have been manufactured, sold, and installed than all other electric refrigerators combined.

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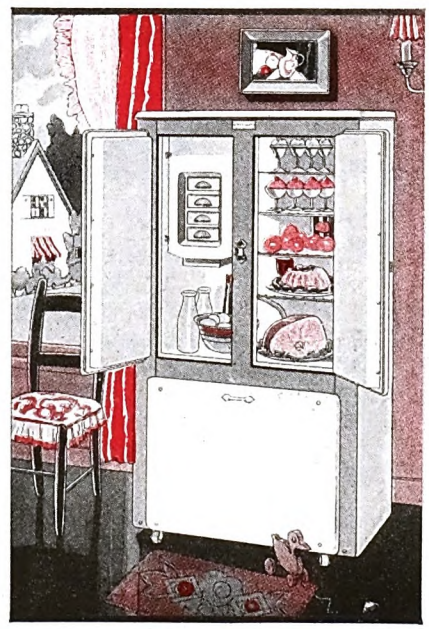
The New Frigidaire is now on display at Frigidaire show rooms in every part of the country. See these features for yourself . . . today. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.



The New Frigidaire, incredibly quiet and powerful, has a wide variety of new models of every size, capacity and price. This beautiful Tu-Tone model, the AP-9, is finished in white and glacier gray porcelain enamel.

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LIQUID GRANITE
FLOOR VARNISH

Make this famous million-step test in your own home

See for yourself that Liquid Granite outwears ordinary floor varnishes

ARE there bare and unsightly worn spots on your floors—places where foot traffic is a bit heavier than elsewhere about the home? Select one of these shabby points—or several—and apply Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite Floor Varnish.

You will find by actual comparison that on stairs, floors between adjoining rooms and similar spots, Liquid Granite will retain its beauty and protect the surface when ordinary varnishes have long worn through.

Naturally, you'll wish to use throughout your home a varnish so good that it withstands even the grinding wear on most-used floors. The flintlike surface of floors finished in Liquid Granite is *so* much easier to keep clean. Too, Liquid Granite will not turn white, water will not harm it, nor will it chip or flake.

Liquid Granite is produced by the manufacturer of Berry's Brushing Lacquer, Lionoil Floor Enamel, Luxeberry Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berryloid and other wear-resisting finishes.

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What is Happening to the American Family?

(*Continued from page 21*)

time to face the question. At present, we undoubtedly are headed in that direction.

The proponents of companionate marriage constantly press to the front certain details of legal change which they desire. In particular, they say that two alterations in our laws are necessary:

First, they wish motherhood to be voluntary, and to that end they wish legal restrictions removed from the dissemination of information about methods of controlling birth. Very well, many of us would answer, let the shackles be removed from the physicians and let them be given discretion in the matter. This will certainly be done eventually; it may as well be done now. Let the physicians, who are the proper custodians, be legally empowered to give it or withhold it as they see fit. Ought not children to be wanted when they come? God pity the children that come when they are not wanted!

Second, the proponents of companionate marriage insist that divorce by mutual consent should be possible. They make a telling point against the hypocrisy entailed by our present legal requirements. When two married people hate each other, cannot abide living together, and, in consequence, have made a hell instead of a home out of their relationship, they cannot be divorced because they so hate each other but must go through the legal farce of a mutual agreement by which one brings charges against the other.

To this accusation that the present legal situation is hypocritical many of us would agree. Let divorce by mutual consent come—with one qualification: At least let us have it on the Scandinavian model, in accordance with which a whole year must elapse between the application for and the granting of the divorce. That would prevent cheap separations for temporary quarrels.

SUCH legal changes as these, however, are not the gist of our present problem. What is happening is much more serious than the advocacy of such changes can seriously affect. The entire perspective is awry when one supposes that changing birth control laws and extracting the hypocrisy from divorce laws will solve the problem precipitated by our revolt against the ancient family codes. For the pith of that problem lies in one question: Whether in rebelling against old marital ideals and customs we really intend to rebel into the ideals and customs of trial marriage.

When, at the beginning of this paper, we described the old-fashioned family we left something out. Here it is in a letter written in 1637 by John Winthrop, a Puritan. He had been married twenty years when he addressed this letter to his wife:

SWEETHEART:—I was unwillingly hindered from coming to thee, nor am I likely to see thee before the last day of this week: therefore I shall want a band or two: and cuffs. I pray thee also send me six or seven leaves of tobacco dried and powdered. Have care of thyself this cold

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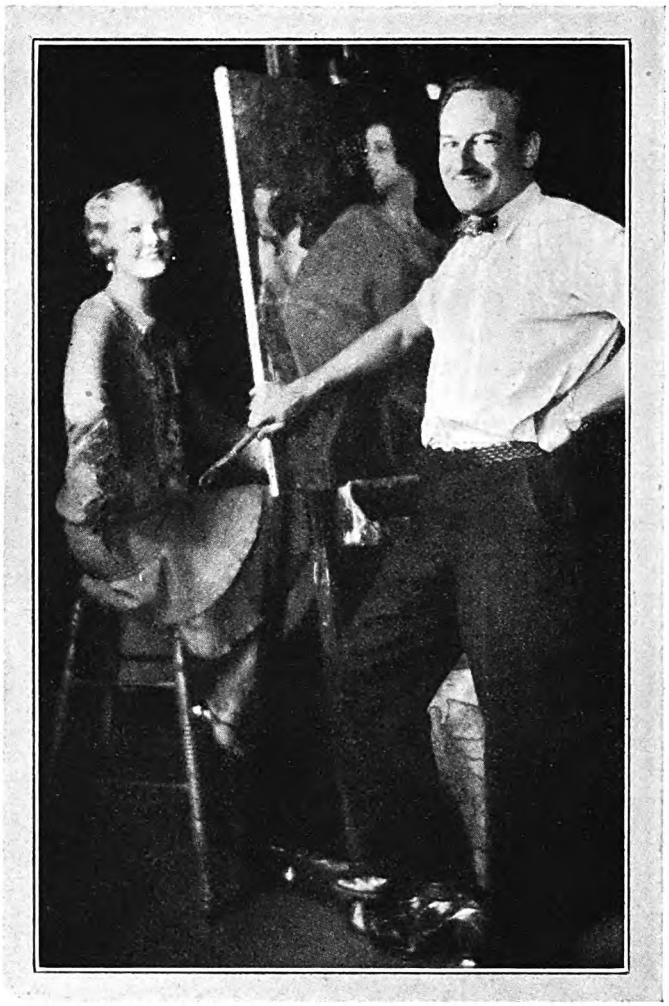
THE 5:15 BY AIR replaces the train of former days. Here Miss Mae Bryant bids friends goodbye with her charming smile Pepsodent guards so zealously.



McClelland Barclay, famous illustrator, and his model Miss Helen Goebels pause for a moment to show the part Pepsodent plays in making smiles so charming.

Gleaming Smiles— How They Are Gained and Kept

This special film-removing dentifrice is advised for twice-a-day use in making teeth whiter and brighter and in combating the commoner tooth and gum disorders

MODERN dental research has thrown a new light on dull, "off-color" teeth and on many of the commoner tooth and gum disturbances. Both conditions now are largely charged to a stubborn film that forms on teeth. To a film ordinary brushing has failed to remove successfully.

For that reason, a new and essentially different way in tooth and gum care—the Special Film-Removing Dentifrice called Pepsodent—is being widely advised by dental authorities. *A tooth paste different* in formula and action from any other dentifrice. Dentists widely urge its use at least twice each day—*every day*.

By running your tongue across your teeth, you can feel that film—a slippery, viscous coating. Film clings to teeth and stays. It absorbs food and nicotine stains, and makes teeth look dull and clouded. It supplies a breeding place for the germs of decay. Film, also, is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is a cause of pyorrhea.

Pepsodent removes that film in gentle protection of the enamel, giving teeth thorough cleanliness and high lustre. It aids in firming tender gums in accordance with the latest scientific findings. It increases the alkalinity of saliva and thus combats acids of decay.

Teeth lighten as dull film coats go. Gums harden and take on healthy coral color. You note a marked difference in both teeth and gums. Get a tube at your druggist — only a few cents — or write to nearest address below for free 10-day supply.

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Do the women you know feel as these girls do that baldness and dandruff result from men's own carelessness?

Women are right. *Faithful daily care* is the *only* sure way to destroy dandruff—check baldness. This famous treatment, three minutes a day, *regularly*, every day, will make your hair vigorous, thick.

EVERY MORNING moisten scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with fingers pressed down firmly, *move scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch* of scalp. Move scalp—not fingers. Brush your hair while moist. It will stay the way you want it.

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wea her, and speak to the folks to keep the goats well out of the garden. . . . If any letters be come for me, send them by this bearer. I will trouble thee no further. The Lord bless and keep thee, my sweet wife, and all our family; and send us a comfortable meeting. So I kiss thee and love thee ever, and rest

Thy faithful husband,
JOHN WINTHROP.

That after twenty years!

THE gist of the American family problem today is the question whether for that element in the old-fashioned home we propose to substitute the sexual experimentation of trial marriage.

Personally, I do not for a moment believe that the American people in the long run will consent to that exchange. If they do consent to it, the degeneration of American civilization will come on apace. For the attitudes and actions involved in trial marriage are, first, psychologically disruptive to the individual and, second, socially ruinous to the nation.

The psychological aspect of the matter is primary. Nature has been at work a long time on the sex-problem and we cannot by any swift, slick changes outwit what Nature has had in mind. Today an immense amount of cheap thought and talk is going the rounds of novels, dramas, movies, magazines, and conversations, to the general effect that sex is an imperious urge toward personal pleasure in general and bodily gratification in particular.

The plain fact, however, is that from Nature's standpoint sex is only a lure to get two people to love each other deeply enough and long enough to bring up children. What Nature wants is children, and because Nature always makes attractive the road to the goal she seeks she has allured men and women into family life by pleasant paths. What she was getting at, however, was not the pleasure of the path but the goal of the children, and anybody who makes it his principle of action to steal the gratification of Nature's lure without fulfilling Nature's purpose is committing a psychological theft on which Nature wreaks inevitable vengeance.

The whipper-snappers in psychology may speak to the contrary; the seers tell the truth. Says Professor Overstreet:

> As I look around me, I seem to find that the one thing which deepens life, which gives it "resonance," which brings it great joy, is the putting one's self outside one's self into another personality. It is this *identification with another personality*, and not simply bodily gratification, to which the whole sex-process seems fundamentally to point. . . .
>
> If mating fails of this, it seems that it is no real mating. If it does achieve it, then a kind of conjoint personality is developed, which, in the highest sense of the word, is creative of new values in life. Sex-life, it seems to me, does not reach its full possibilities unless it reaches this level of creative love.

Trial marriage, therefore, in its ordinarily accepted meaning, is psychologically a truncated, arrested, balked experience. It means emotional repression and disruption. Some people assume that because the idea is new it is an advance. As well assume that being killed by an airplane or going to war with poison gas is an advance.

Nature is too old at this sex-game to be so easily circumvented. And what she signifies by the game and intends to get out of it is clear. The complete sex-experience means falling in love, learning

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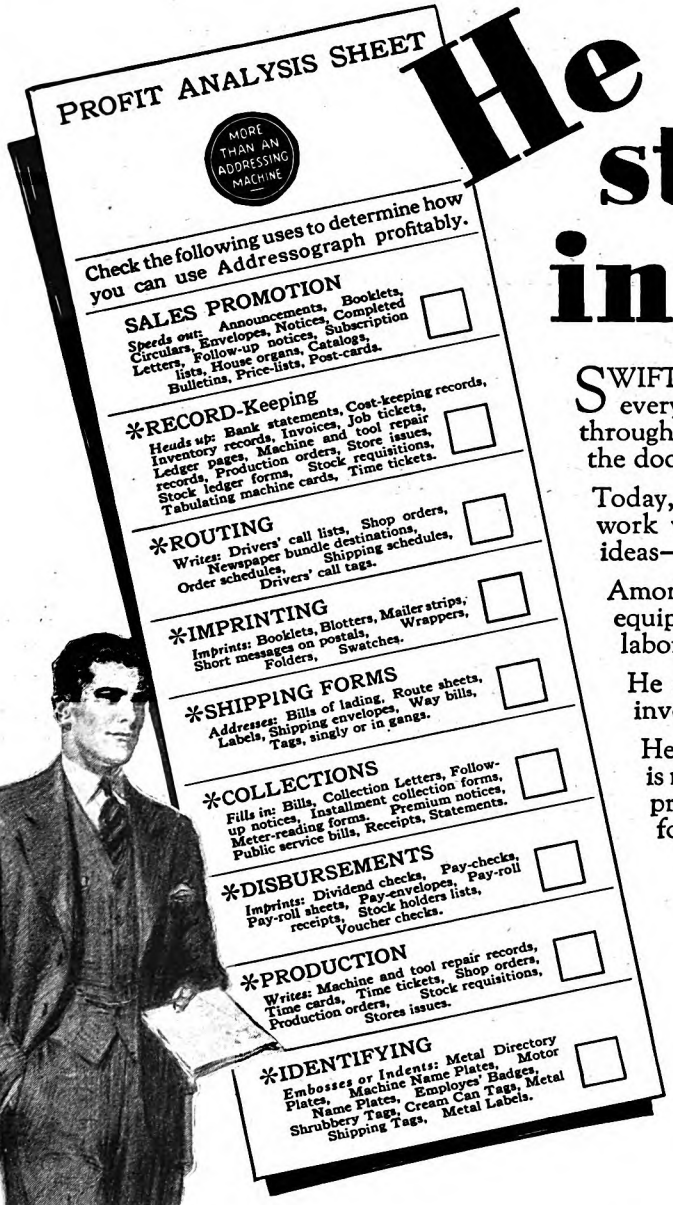

He stands out in the crowd

SWIFT COMPETITION in today's business gives every man his chance. If he is ready, he walks through the door to bigger things. If he hesitates, the door swings shut.

Today, the valued employee is the one who does his work well and is constantly on the alert for new ideas—ways and means of building profits.

Among other things, he is an authority on office equipment. He suggests ways for saving time and labor, speeding up work, increasing efficiency.

He stands out in the crowd! He is a profitable investment for his company.

He knows, for instance, that the Addressograph is more than an addressing machine—that it imprints, lists and addresses 165 distinct business forms 10 to 50 times faster than pen or typewriter.

The Addressograph Research Bureau is anxious to help such ambitious employees. This bureau is the centralization of the actual experiences over a period of 35 years of thousands of Addressograph users in over 3000 different lines of business and non-commercial activities. Upon request this Bureau will supply detailed information concerning profitable ways of using Addressograph equipment as outlined on the Profit Analysis Sheet.

Every business executive should check the Profit Analysis Sheet. It will give him a new conception of the broadness of Addressograph service. If desired, an individual survey of your business will be made.

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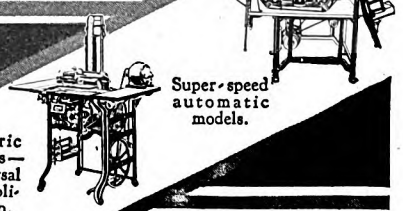

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"... Flashed right in his face"

"My young nephew, not 10 yet, was playing with an old powder can. He foolishly thought he would burn the pinch of powder he managed to shake out of the 'empty' can. There was an explosion right in the boy's face. One whole cheek was blackened. Eyebrows were singed off, and one hand was scorched. We treated the burns at once—with Unguentine. The first application soothed the pain. The burns were healed with surprising rapidity. And left no scars whatever."

WE shudder at the very thought of the touch of flame. But records show, all sorts of burns are common. With housewives at their daily tasks, with active, carefree children. And all too often remain scars that blemish a splendid body for life.

Doctors say, "Treat even a little burn on the spot!" There is one famous surgical dressing physicians and hospitals everywhere rely on. Keep a tube of Unguentine ready!

Apply Unguentine freely. At once comes blessed relief from pain. The scorched surface is protected at once; you are safeguarded against infection, and the tissue is repaired surely, promptly. Best of all, with Unguentine healing is so perfect that, even in severe cases invariably *not a trace of a scar is left.*

For all cuts, bruises and scratches as well as for burns. In severe cases, apply it on gauze and bandage lightly. Make it a part of your household equipment today. At your druggist's—50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y.

LEFT

"I was taking out a cake. The oven door slid to on my arm—the left one. I received a burn about two inches long . . . A blister formed which I broke against the woodwork. The wound became inflamed, and was very painful. I was advised to use Unguentine. I applied it frequently and faithfully. Very quickly the pain left. Soon my arm was healed beautifully—and 'nary' a scar was left. Unguentine is a marvelous healer."

The surgical dressing physicians use

FREE!

—A trusted name

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. A-22.
Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

the secret of staying in love, mastering the art of growing up in love, enlarging the love-life into a family of children, until within the green cusp of a physical relation grow the flower and fruit of a spiritual union.

That is the complete sex-experience. Anything less than that is a pitiful truncation. As Mark Twain said out of his own experience: "No man and woman really know what perfect love is until they have been married a quarter of a century." The first and primary trouble with this new philosophy of marriage, as trying on a pair of shoes, is that it is utterly blind to the biological and psychological facts about sex. It represents not advance but ignorance.

Tragedy and comedy are mingled in the desperate endeavors with which some people cloak the facts of advancing age by superficial camouflage. By hook or crook, dress, cosmetics, or kittenish ways, they refuse the normal development involved in growing older and try to retain their adolescence. They try making their springtime permanent and, inevitably failing in the attempt, they thereby ruin the natural loveliness of their summer and autumn.

This same fatal blunder in the love-life is encouraged by trial marriage. People try to retain the age of romance. When it wears out with one person, they try to regain it with another. They are encouraged in this by the imbecility of our movies and novels, where romantic passion is pictured as the end of the love-life, whereas it is only the beginning. So, centering their attention on the romantic emotions as the essence of sex experience, they flit like butterflies from one honeyed spot to another. Meanwhile, they have utterly lost touch with psychological reality. The fact is that the only complete love-life moves out of adolescent romance as inevitably as spring moves into summer, and is consummated in a developing friendship, with common affection for children, common interest in work and play, and the restfulness of mutual trust. Any experience less than that, or other than that, is psychologically truncated and repressed.

THIS approach to the matter is of the utmost importance. The accumulating revolt against the old-fashioned family has attacked the marital laws; but there are two kinds of law—enacted law and discovered law. For the first kind, go to the legislatures, those legal rabbit warrens that with such amazing fecundity turn out laws by the thousands. But for the other kind of law, go to a scientific laboratory. There men do not make up laws but discover them. There the word "law" does not mean an imagined ideal as to how things ought to act but a veritable discovery of the ways in which they do act.

When, therefore, our new generation flouts the laws that hitherto have regulated the moral life of the family and the individual, it is exceedingly important to distinguish which of the two kinds of law is being flouted. The man-made variety may profitably be changed or rescinded. But the discovered variety, that man has not made up but has found out by the study of Nature's law-abiding processes, cannot be disobeyed with impunity.

Today loose conceptions of marriage as largely consisting in bodily gratification are defended in popular minds by a sup-

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How I Made a Fortune With a "Fool" Idea

Learn my money-making secret—Be a Real Estate Specialist—Start at home, in your spare time—Use my successful system—Free book shows how.

"IT'S a fool idea!"

That's what my friends said, when I told them about my idea for starting a real estate business "on the side."

But with that "fool" idea I made more than one hundred thousand dollars net profit.

No matter who you are, where you are, or what your sex or present occupation, if you want to do what I did—if you want to get out of the $25-a-week crowd and build up a high-class money-making business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—send at once for my free book which opens wide the door of the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of in your whole life.

Use My Successful System

When I started in real estate, I tossed overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past, and put into operation a system of my own which is as superior to the old way as the modern mazda lamp is superior to the tallow candle of our forefathers.

With little education—no experience—no influence—and less than five dollars capital—I started in my spare time and met with instant success.

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—how you can have a splendid business of your own and make more money than you ever made before.

A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn, like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making $1,000—$5,000—$10,000 on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

A well-known Cartoonist's conception of my Idea

Read These Records

Here are just a few brief extracts from the many letters received from happy users of my money-making real estate system:

"Made $5,500 on first deal after getting your system."—Mrs. Evalynn Balster, Chicago. (*Former School Teacher.*) "Sold a lot by your methods in less than one hour and my commission was $800."—J. A. Furguson, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (*Former Dry Cleaner.*) "Sold over $100,000 worth of property my first year with your methods."—H. D. Van Houten, Passaic, N. J. (*Former Grocery Clerk.*) "Have sold thousands of dollars worth of property your way. Have deals that will go beyond the $300,000 mark."—Carrie Marshall, Ocean Springs, Miss. (*Former Housekeeper.*) "My first day's work in real estate netted me $435. I recommend your system to anyone wishing to get into a pleasant and profitable business."—F. B. Bennett, San Diego, Cal. (*Former Planing Mill Man.*) "Have sold one $5,000 lot and 3 houses so far, with your system."—Mrs. B. H. Morehouse, Brooklyn, N. Y. (*Former Housewife.*)

These are just a few samples of success that you will read about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

Get Free Book Now

My big, new illustrated book is filled with fascinating facts about my kind of real estate business—what I did—what others are doing—what you can do.

Mail coupon right now and get this valuable, money-making information free. It doesn't cost you a nickel to find out what this book can do for you. So act at once. You will never forgive yourself if you turn your back on this unusual chance to win big business success. Address PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 4-10, 18 East 18 Street, New York.

$1,000 Reward

We do not claim that all who follow our instructions make such amazing profits so quickly and so easily. But we do say that the fact that so many have done so is proof that the average person can make more money in less time *our way* than any other way we know of. And we back up this statement with an offer of *One Thousand Dollars* in gold, to any one furnishing proof of any other course of any kind that is helping as *many* men and women make *as much* money in as *short* a time as our Real Estate Course.

AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, Inc.

PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc.
(Authorized Capital, $500,000.00)
Dept. 4-10, 18 East 18 Street, New York, N. Y.

Mail me your free book telling how you made $100,000 in a new kind of real estate business—how others are making big money—and how I can do the same.

Name.....
Print or write plainly

Address.....

City..... State.....

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Galvanized Sheets

Years of experience and careful research enable us to manufacture highest quality Galvanized Sheets for roofing, siding and all purposes to which zinc coated sheets are suitable.

Apollo Galvanized Steel Sheets

for Better Sheet Metal Work

APOLLO BEST BLOOM GALVANIZED has been the leader since 1884—and is well known for its ductility, its splendid coating, and general excellence.

APOLLO-KEYSTONE GALVANIZED embodies all the excellent qualities of the Apollo brand, and in addition has a Keystone Rust-resisting Copper Steel alloy base. These sheets last longest for roofing and siding, spouting, and all exposed sheet metal work. Keystone quality also excels for tanks, culverts, flumes and similar uses.

For tin roofs for residences and public buildings, use Keystone Copper Steel Roofing Tin Plates; clean, fireproof, durable and satisfactory.

This Company is the oldest and largest manufacturer of a complete line of Black and Galvanized Sheets, Full Finished Sheets, Automobile Sheets, and Special Sheets for all known uses; also Tin and Terne Plates adapted to every requirement. Sold by leading metal merchants. Write for copy of our BETTER BUILDINGS booklet—also our ROOFING TIN booklet.

AMERICAN SHEET AND TIN PLATE COMPANY
General Offices: Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AMERICAN SHEET STEEL

Products of QUALITY and Service!

posed psychological law to the effect that the sex-instinct must not be suppressed but expressed. To let yourself go, this teaching says, to do as you please, to give your emotions gangway, abandon yourself and have your fling—this is the law of a healthy sex-life. In consequence of this supposed psychological doctrine, we have wild talk among our young people about the value of promiscuous experimentation during youth, and among our older people about marriage being a temporary arrangement for mutual gratification.

As a matter of fact, this idea that the sex-instinct must not be controlled, and, when other interests make it wise, suppressed, is psychological nonsense.

CONSIDER the matter with reference to other instincts. We have, for example, the instinct of self-preservation. It is fundamental. If instincts must not be repressed, that of all others must be respected. But if with your wife and children you should be in a shipwreck and, your instinct of self-preservation becoming dominant and imperious, you should crowd into a life-boat and leave your wife and children behind and be saved while they drowned, how would you explain the matter to your friends? Would you say, I have just been reading a book on the new psychology—I felt that if I repressed my instinct of self-preservation I would be in danger of serious mental derangement? You would not get off by any such method from being an outlaw and a pariah.

Most of the cheap, popular talk about the danger of repressing instincts is nonsense. The fact is that we repress instincts or, better yet, sublimate them, every hour of our lives, or else we would be in an asylum or a jail. The psychological law of life is not to say to any instinct, Do as you please! but out of all our instincts to build a personality. At the beginning each one of us is a mess. "I'm not a man, but a mob," says a character in one of H. G. Wells's stories. Each one of us must start as a mob of unorganized instincts, and the law of successful living is to build a personality, until all the instincts—self-preservation, pugnacity, sex, and the rest—become driving power in a mental and spiritual engine, integrated, unified, purposeful, and going somewhere. That is not enacted moral law; that is discovered law.

If I write dogmatically, I ask pardon, because I see this thing so often. Here is a typical story of a woman early and miserably married. Her husband died, which, she said, was lucky, because she would have killed him if he hadn't. And then for years afterward came a long series of liaisons operated as decently as liaisons can be. She had not repressed any instincts; but she was not happy. She was in hell. A brilliant woman of high intellectual genius, she thought she had been fulfilling a psychological law, when she had been smashing it all to pieces.

The real psychiatrists, like Doctor Hadfield of London, see this thing clearly. He teaches that in the course of evolution we have long since outgrown the absolute sway of the polygamous impulse, and have come over into the real, if partial, sway of the monogamous impulse. The monogamous impulse is in us all, so that the trouble with this talk of letting yourself go is that it comes too late in the evolution of the race. The highest happiness for any well-developed man or woman lies in a single, loyal love that grows up from romance into abiding friendship. That is psychological law.

So far as enacted law is concerned, therefore, the endeavor must be to encourage, so far as law can help in the matter, this normal, healthy, monogamous relationship. I have emphasized the psychological importance of monogamy to the participants in the marriage. Of course the social significance of monogamy to the children and, therefore, to the nation is obvious. Nature, during the course of evolution, prolonged the infancy of the human child until the family became a biological necessity. The child's long dependence makes sustained paternal and maternal care indispensable, and from this prolonged mutual relationship came all our finest moral qualities.

Human virtue was created out of the family, and human virtue will perish with the family. There are no substitutes for parents.

This stake which society at large has in the matter, therefore, is tremendous, and whatever the State's laws can do to encourage monogamy should be done.

This does not mean, however, that this crucial problem can be solved at the divorce end. Making divorce merely difficult, restricting divorce to statutory grounds, and similar measures, are in themselves worse than useless. There is no good in pretending that we have true monogamy because two hopeless misfits still call themselves Mr. and Mrs., nor is there any profit in supposing that a single act of infidelity is a just cause for separation while years of secret brutality are not a cause. Treating divorce with more intelligence may help matters a little, but making divorce more difficult will not in itself help at all.

THE only solution of the problem, if there is such a thing, lies at the marriage end. Let us get clearly in our minds that in revolting from obsolete fashions in the ancient family we must not revolt to trial marriage. Let us see distinctly that the monogamous relationship is the only psychologically complete, emotionally satisfactory, ethically serviceable, and socially productive form of marriage. Let us get this truth clearly in our minds, and make it clear to our children. Then let this corollary be taught: that marriage is the most serious decision that men and women can face and that, therefore, it is "not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God."

OBSCURE one day, famous the next! Unknown, and then, suddenly, fourteen thousand newspapers printed stories about him! That was the fate of Roy L. Gray, *the* average man, selected by "The American Magazine" and interviewed one year ago. What effect did the storm of publicity and bewildering offers of money have upon this small-town merchant? How did he like his place in the sun? Next month he tells you about his adventures in fame, and it's a fascinating article!

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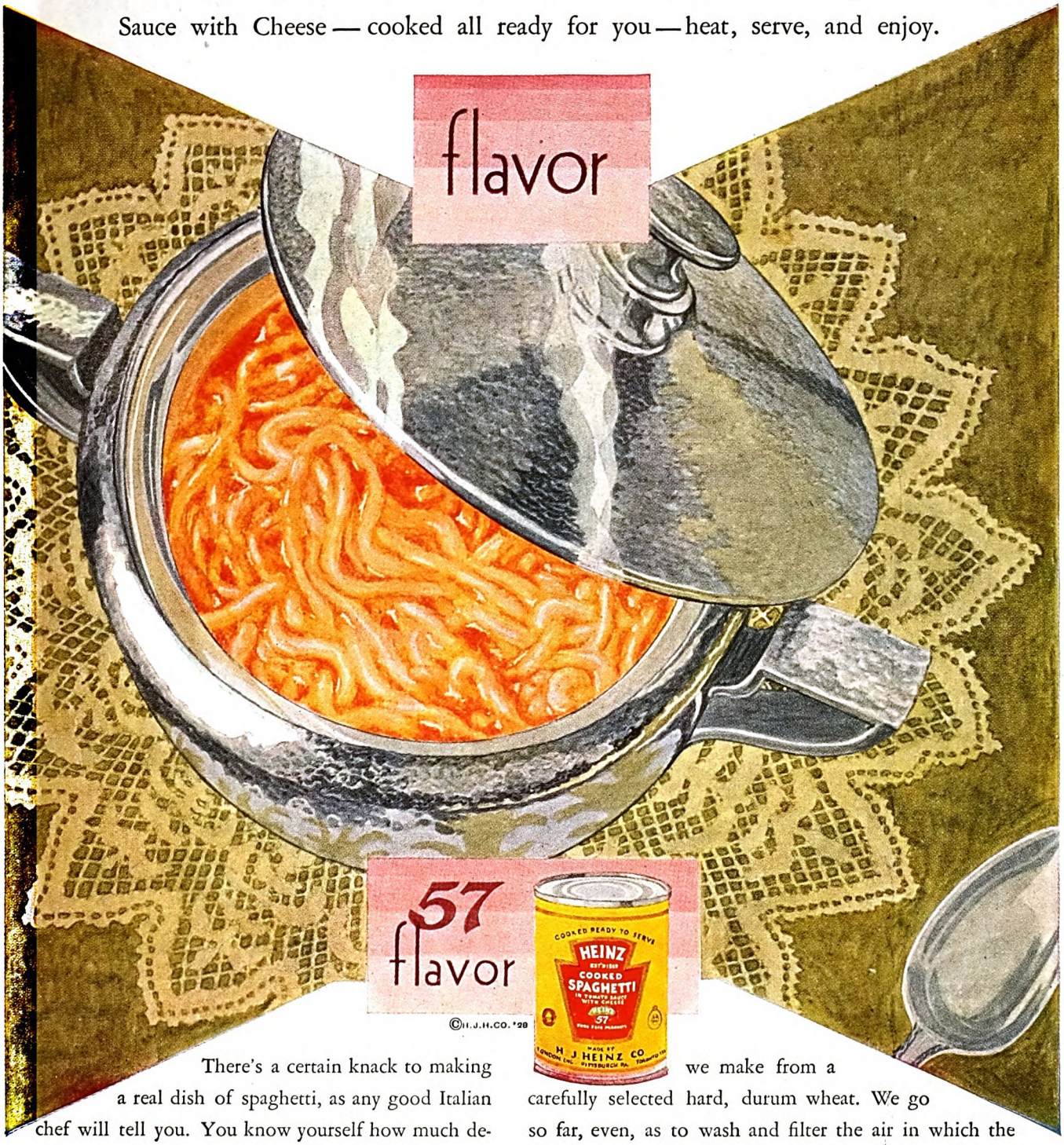
What, oh, what a flavor there is to Heinz Cooked Spaghetti! What a snappy, tangy flavor. It's the special cheese you taste for one thing. And the sweet, spicy sauce of juicy, red, vine-ripened tomatoes. And the good tender Heinz made spaghetti, cooked just right. Serve it hot, serve it quick, serve it heaped up high. Italian style? Yes, sir—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce with Cheese — cooked all ready for you — heat, serve, and enjoy.



There's a certain knack to making a real dish of spaghetti, as any good Italian chef will tell you. You know yourself how much depends upon the flavor of the tomato sauce — the blending — then the cooking ..... To get the sauce exactly right we grow our own tomato seed, start the plants, and use the tomatoes — fresh. The cheese is a special kind we import because of its remarkable savor. The dry spaghetti we make from a carefully selected hard, durum wheat. We go so far, even, as to wash and filter the air in which the spaghetti is dried. So you see one of the reasons why we have succeeded in catching the spaghetti *flavor* is because we take such extraordinary care that every ingredient is right. Such care with every Heinz product has made the name Heinz mean *Flavor* • *H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

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The "Applesauce Twins"
make painting a farce!

THE latest fashion in "cheap" paint applesauce is out. It goes like this . . .

"Our price is *very low* but our paint isn't 'cheap,' because, etc., etc., etc., etc."

Don't be fooled. A *low-price-per-gallon* means a *"cheap" paint*—a *skimped* paint—a *terribly costly* paint—*every time.* And there's no "because" that can explain it.

Only one thing is more costly than "cheap" paint. Just let "Cheap" Paint's twin brother, "Cheap" Painter, in on the deal.

There you have a combination that will make a farce of any house paint job.

CHEAP PAINT ISN'T CHEAP AT ALL

"Cheap" Paint is costly enough, *alone,* as thousands of home owners now know. But when you add the careless preparation and unskilled daubing of "Cheap" Painter—you have *the costliest paint job in the world.* Don't let these "Applesauce" Twins fool you. Don't throw good money away.

There is only one way to save money on a house painting job . . . use the *best* house paint and let a master painter do the work.

Fine old SWP House Paint, for example, is made of superfine materials. It may be a little higher priced by the gallon, BUT—for every 11 gallons of "cheap" paint required, *only 7 gallons of fine old SWP are needed.* That 4-gallon saving makes SWP cost about the same as "cheap" paint, on the wall or by the job.

The cost of any paint job divides about like this: *One-third* for paint. *Two-thirds* for labor.

Don't try to save money by hiring a "cheap" painter. His care-

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For economy,

use the best paint and engage a good painter

less work *will cost you dearly—in repainting expense.*

Don't engage a *master* painter and then ask him to use "cheap" paint. With all his skill, he can't make "cheap" paint *last.*

It quickly cracks, chips, peels. The *cheap colors* fade. Every year or so it has to be "repainted" at heavy expense.

The only combination that will *save money* for you is a *master* painter and *the best paint money will buy.*

The master painter is an artist. He is trained. He knows his profession. He uses good equipment. He prepares the surface carefully. He applies the paint skillfully. He is conscientious and takes pride in his work.

So, when a master painter applies fine old SWP House Paint for you it assures a handsome job —*at lowest paint cost per square foot of wall*—a finish that will serve for many years—*at lowest cost per year.*

In other words, fine old SWP and a Master Painter is the most economical combination of all.

The "Master Touch"

You may hear arguments as to formulas—meant to lead you astray.

Just remember this. The SWP balanced formula has been openly printed for years. Anyone can have it. Yet the characteristic qualities of SWP have never been duplicated. Why? Because formula is only *one* factor. The *quality of ingredients* is equally important. These might be duplicated and still SWP would remain unchallenged. *Because* there is one element in fine old SWP that never has been and never can be copied successfully.

It is the "*master touch*" of the scientific men of Sherwin-Williams.

These laboratory experts are to "paint" what Edison is to *electricity*—what Marconi is to *wireless.*

Their "master touch," which makes SWP House Paint different from all others, is a *human* ingredient, impossible of imitation or duplication.

Only Sherwin-Williams has it. Only SWP House Paint users benefit by it.

Before you buy any "cheap" paint, visit Paint Headquarters, your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. Get his advice and material estimate *on the job.*

Compare it with "cheap" paint. And remember, that what is true of house paint is true of any other *exterior* or *interior* finish. It must be *good* to be *economical.*

See Paint Headquarters and save money

If you do not know a reputable painter who will apply fine old SWP House Paint for you, write us. We will send you the name and address of one who will.

We will also send a free copy of our famous Household Painting Guide, which saves costly mistakes in painting.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland, Ohio

COVER THE EARTH
Trade Mark Registered

S-W. Paint products are sold the world over under this famous trade-mark.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
SWP HOUSE PAINT

PAINTS
VARNISHES · ENAMELS
LACQUERS

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Stay Awake Nights?

Then Accept the Test Below

Because Ovaltine is not a drug, but a unique food-drink; because it brings instant, all-night sleep that builds up tremendous energy for the next day—over 20,000 doctors endorse this natural way to healthful sleep

Now!—INSTANT SLEEP *Utterly Without Drugs! All-Day Energy Tomorrow!*

There is now a way as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink that induces almost instant sleep.

A way that does far more than merely foster sleep. That rebuilds your depleted tissues while you sleep. And thus provides the kind of sleep that brings all-day energy tomorrow.

Largely on physicians' advice, people are flocking to its use. Please use coupon for 3-day test.

Not a Medicine

It is called Ovaltine. A delicious food-drink. The discovery of a world-noted Swiss scientist. You take it at bed time. And soon you fall asleep.

Next morning you wake up feeling like a new person: For the peculiar dietetic property of Ovaltine re-supplies your system during the night with energy lost the previous, active day. Builds you up and rejuvenates you.

Over 20,000 doctors are advising it. Its use has spread over some 50 different nations. New to America, it has been used over 30 years in Europe.

Acts This Way

Ovaltine acts on entirely different principles from sleep-producing drugs. Remember, it's not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It's a food.

Thus, you can take it night after night and not only avoid a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Instead of drugging your nerves to sleep, it acts to soothe you to sleep. For it corrects the digestive unrest to which most sleeplessness now is traced.

It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time. And must not be confused with "Malt" or "Chocolate" preparations which may claim the same effects or taste like it. It is widely different in formula and result.

Doctors advise it not only for sleeplessness, but for nerve-strain, malnutrition, general run down conditions, for nervous, underweight children, for nursing mothers, and the aged. Thousands take it to relieve fatigue during the day.

Accept 3-Day Test

Please accept the 3-day test below. Note how quickly sleep comes. Mark how great your next day's energy. Mark the difference in your whole appearance.

Mail the coupon. Or obtain in regular size package at drug or grocery store. Also served at soda fountains.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon, with 10c, for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. A-8 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.

(*Print name and address clearly*)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

(One package to a person)

What Education Means to Me

(*Continued from page 13*)

Personally, I think the most encouraging curiosity a reader can have is the realization that these people whose record has come down to us over centuries were, after all, much like ourselves; and their lives, therefore, are fair parallels to what we would have done in similar circumstances. To read history with this point of view is to enlarge our knowledge of the life of today.

In many ways, the study of imaginative literature can be distinguished from the study of history. It is one of my own hobbies to insist that literature should not be studied as a record of the past, but rather as a picture of universal human nature. But for the moment, I am suggesting that history may be taken in this universal sense, and I prefer to make no further distinction here between works of imagination and works of supposed fact. If our minds are healthy, we ought to have some curiosity about the great books whose titles we constantly hear. We have known Plato, and Homer, and Dante, and Goethe, and all the others through the constant mention of their names, but perhaps we have never looked into their pages, and feel no great impulse to do so.

OUR excuse to ourselves is probably that these writers are difficult to understand, and we lack the adequate preparation. But the fact is that all the great writers address themselves to the general public—to people very much like ourselves.

The bold thing, and in the end the natural thing, is to take down Plato, or Shakespeare, or Dante from the library shelves, just as though their names were Smith, Brown, or Thompson, new authors whom our friends have happened to mention in our presence. I won't say that an approach to old masterpieces made in such a spontaneous and casual manner will yield all that a scholarly study of them might do; but it will yield the essence of their genius, and if we want further details we get it exactly as we study history; that is, we look up the author in some standard work of reference and begin to read the books suggested in the bibliography of the article. Having found out the principal works of the man, we pass on to criticism and biographies.

Next after the desire to know something of history probably comes our wish to know what might be called, in a large sense, geography. Not simply the outline of the map, but the present distribution of races, of peoples, of economic resources and tendencies, of politics and of ideals. We can't read our newspaper with its bulletins from all quarters of the globe without acquiring some curiosity as to those places and peoples. Geography so conceived is only a sort of horizontal history; it is the answer to our wish to know more of those who differ from us, not in time, but in place.

The study of geography can be undertaken in much the same way as the study of history. In this case, however, since it is the contemporary world we are dealing

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The Sport Sedan

Priceless!

There is something outside of and beyond expert salesmanship and paid-for advertising.

It is the friend to friend, word of mouth recommendation expressed by the man in the street when he says, "I wouldn't change my Victory Six for any other car in the world!" An advertisement like that is priceless. It can't be bought. It must be *earned*.

It is because the Victory Six has *earned* this honor that it has become the most popular car in its price class in America.

We can only *suggest* the superiority of the Victory Six in a paid advertisement like this; the advertisement that can't be paid for *confirms* it.

The first step toward bringing you and the Victory Six together is a demonstration that any Dodge Brothers dealer will be glad to give you. Why not take it today—yourself at the wheel?

The VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION, *Division of Chrysler Corporation*

TOURING CAR $995—ROADSTER $995—COUPE $1045—4-DOOR SEDAN $1095—DELUXE SEDAN $1170—SPORT SEDAN $1295—*f. o. b. Detroit*

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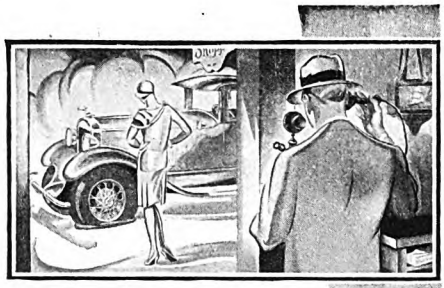


"Here In 5 Minutes? Fine!"

Service *that* Wins Trade

TIRE flat — temper hot — 'phone call to Tire Station — and, bless them, they promise to have a man on the job in five minutes!

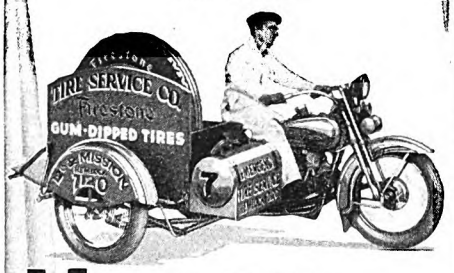
He'll come with a swift, ever-ready Harley-Davidson Package Truck — and *that's* the kind of *service that wins trade!*

In your line — and scores of other businesses — there's a real need for the Package Truck. No other delivery unit approaches it in quickness through traffic, easy parking, advertising value, and low cost (one-third the cost-per-mile of any car or truck).

Call your Harley-Davidson Dealer for a demonstration. Mail the coupon for full data.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Department A. M. Milwaukee, Wis.

Growing demand for the Package Truck has created great opportunities for Harley-Davidson dealers. Inquiries invited. Address Desk A1.



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Dept. A. M., Milwaukee, Wis.
We are interested in the Harley-Davidson Package Truck. Send us literature. Our line of business is:

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with, the material is more likely to be found in the serious magazines than in the older encyclopedias.

We hear of the Balkans, of Russia, of India, of Africa; we see in the newspaper that the British Empire has changed itself into a Commonwealth of Nations; we are told that the former Empire of Austria-Hungary has been broken up. Our curiosity ought to be, and probably is, great in all these directions. But there, too, a lack of courage may hold us back. The subject seems too vast and too difficult for us to master without training.

Yet many of the large newspapers make a point of listing the latest books on contemporary international politics. We have only to begin with whatever book attracts us most. In its pages we shall find references to other books, and other articles, and if our curiosity lasts long enough for us to follow up these references, we shall find further titles to inquire into.

TWO or three months of such reading, even in the small intervals of time that I have assumed, would make any one of us competent to understand what is going on in the world and to make use of any further information which may come our way.

As far as geography is concerned, of course, the sources are less to be found in the record offices of governments than on the actual globe. A vital interest in what is going on in the world leads us finally to travel and see for ourselves. But I say that we really ought not to travel at all until we can take abroad with us some genuine curiosity. As a mere amusement, a way of spending a summer, travel is one of the most fruitless and expensive commotions we can make in the world. But if, before we go, we have organized our curiosity, and prepared ourselves by reading to appreciate what we see, foreign lands will have a meaning for us, and a visit to them will be a discovery of ourselves, a revelation of our own lives.

I can imagine many a man and woman arriving at this point in their self-education, and becoming once more discouraged; new obstacles will begin to show themselves: In the first place, geography as I have loosely defined it, the state of the contemporary world, is now involved with the study of geology. We believe nowadays that what happens on the surface of the earth is partly explained by the structure underneath; it is not by accident that great cities are located where they are. It is not at all by accident that so many battles have been fought on the same spots, or that races have migrated over the same wide thoroughfares.

We can easily admire the correlation of geography and geology, but at once we are scared off. How can we master geology? The answer is quite simple: We can master geology as we master any other subject. No field of knowledge is really difficult if we take the steps. The method in this case is still the simple one suggested before—to get from the encyclopedia, or from the most available book in our local library, all the information there given, and to read on in the more profound books there referred to. It is a great liberation for any one of us to realize that all the fields of knowledge are really open to us at any age, if we care to enter them. When we were in school we made excuses for our indolence by believing that we had not a mathematical mind, or that a gift for languages was left out of us. But if later we had any reason to master a language, or mathematics, somehow we did it, and the supposed obstacles melted away.

That leads me to speak of one final obstacle in our study of history and geography. Some of the best books on the subject are in other languages than ours, and are not yet translated. Instinctively we surrender before the foreign language. Yet it is only the literal truth that anyone can learn to read a foreign language—I don't say speak it, but read it—by a little examination of its grammar, and by the consistent use of a dictionary for a few months. If you stop to think, you will admit that the immigrant coming to our land with no knowledge of English often gets on very well after a month or two; he can express himself and he can understand.

When I was a young man and needed a certain foreign language for some work I was doing, a great scholar, genuinely sensible and humane, told me I could get that language in six weeks, for all practical purposes. I didn't believe him; but I found by experiment that he was quite right. What I did was to master the forms of the nouns and adjectives, and the forms of the verbs. After that, I read the books I needed with the help of a dictionary, and I took time to memorize carefully each new word as I came on it. In school we never took this precaution, and consequently had to look up the word again and again. But if you learn ten new words of a language in a day, you will have three hundred at the end of the month, and more words at the end of a year than perhaps you use in your native conversation.

In the third place, after we have attended to history and geography we can hardly escape some curiosity about the view of life which dominates the times in which we live. Perhaps even after so many years we are still in the state of infancy, content to accept without inquiry whatever philosophy of the universe is current at the moment. The grown-up person, however, wants to understand it for himself.

In another age, the dominant point of view would have been theological, and theological points of view are still vital among us, and need to be studied much more than they are, especially by those who profess to believe them. The Catholic or the Protestant or the Jew whose piety keeps him faithful to his religious tradition ought to have enough intellectual curiosity to find out what that tradition is. No aspect of middle life is more discouraging than the disposition of many good people who devote themselves to noble causes, but let their devotion end in the realm of action or conduct, and who make no connection between it and their minds.

TODAY, I suppose, the dominant philosophy is scientific; wherever we turn we make use of the practical results of the scientific spirit. But here, I think, we come on the same disturbing tendency as in the case of the theological philosophies. We are quite willing to assent to a scientific philosophy or to profit by its results; but we are rarely fired with any desire to know what science is, or to acquire for ourselves a scientific spirit. Looking back upon that period, upon what we too often call the "Dark Ages," we flatter ourselves that there is a contrast between their obscurity

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Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater
Had a wife and said: "I'll *keep* her!"
Put her in a pumpkin shell
With Double Mint to keep her well!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

Taste the New and Better Peppermint flavor in WRIGLEY'S Double Mint.

There's enjoyment *and benefit* in this delicious, lasting sweet.

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After every meal

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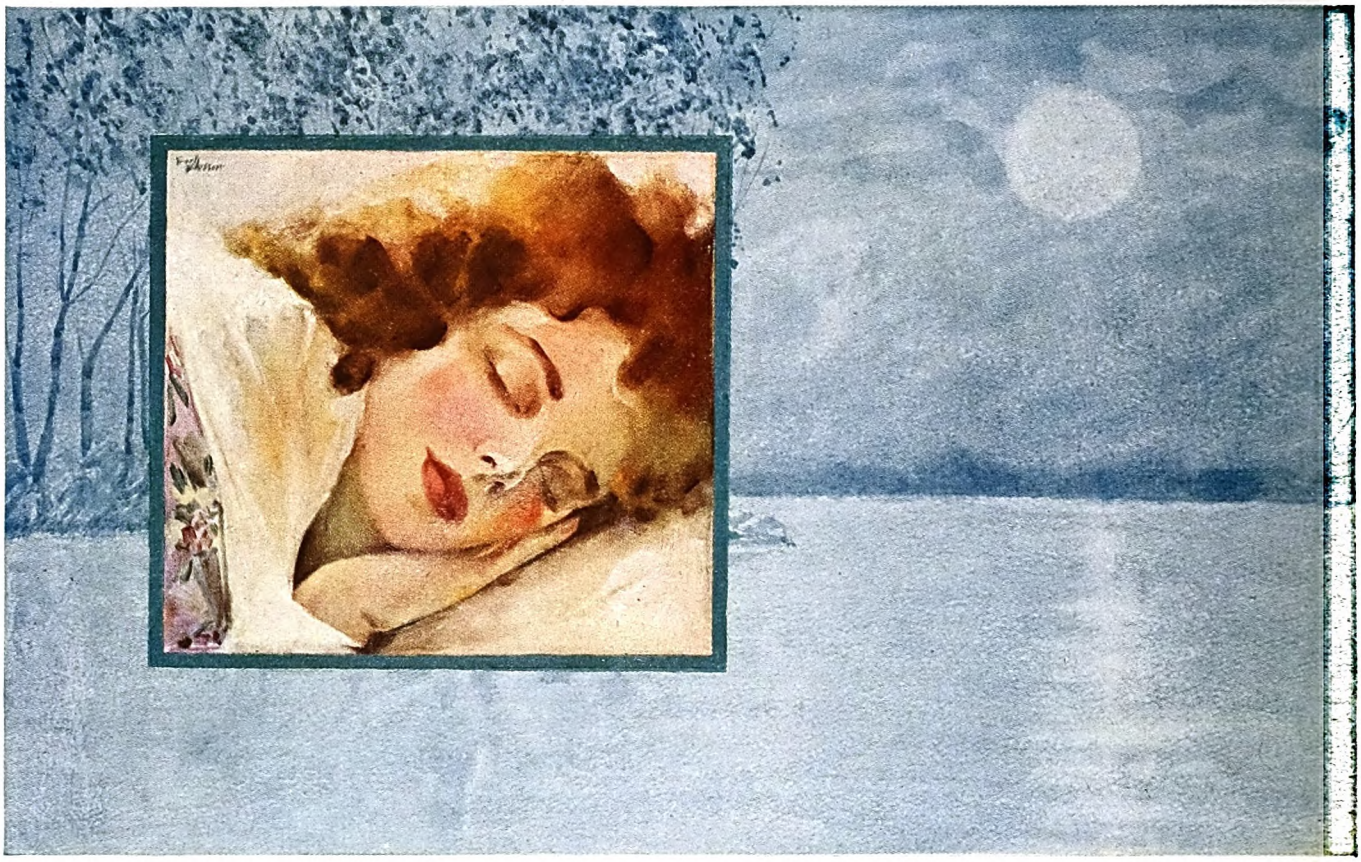
The best and easiest way to make Baker's Cocoa is to put 4 tablespoons of cocoa and a cup of cold water into a saucepan. Stir it over heat until it's smooth; then let it boil two minutes. Then add three cups of milk, a dash of salt, and 2 to 4 tablespoons of sugar; heat it until it foams. Then beat it well, and serve it at once. This makes about 4 cups.



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SLEEP is the great restorer. To a tired body it brings new energy and life. To a jaded mind—new enthusiasm.

Insomnia is the great destroyer. Morning following in its wake finds both body and spirits low. The day is robbed of its ambition and its joys.

What folly to drink a beverage at night that your experience has shown causes wakefulness. How sensible to drink a delicious chocolate-flavored beverage that gives nourishment to sustain you through the night's long fast and invites peaceful sleep!

If other beverages tend to keep you wakeful, try a steaming cup of Baker's Cocoa made according to the wholesome recipe above, with its generous supply of milk, and the rare chocolate bouquet and flavor of the world's finest cocoa. And give it to your boys and girls for that rich, energy-building nourishment so essential in helping them to Optimal Health, the new physical ideal of childhood.

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and our light. We can see that the learning and wisdom of those times lodged in a very few minds; but our knowledge, we should like to think, is diffused among many. The truth is, however, that we are much like them.

All that the average citizen knows of science now are the general rules of conduct by which we keep ourselves in health, use the radio, and run our motor cars. We may know even less of scientific principles than a man in the Middle Ages knew of scholastic philosophy, for he did hear sermons quite regularly, and we as regularly avoid lectures. What is more unfortunate, we probably have less of the scientific spirit than the average man then had of true saintliness. If it is true that theology, when it ceases to be the enraptured expression of a deeply worshiping soul, too easily becomes a safe method of reasoning for the spiritually indolent, then it is still truer that science, if the scientific spirit is left out, converts the world into an enormous toy. Or, more seriously, into a fearful juggernaut, which we can start and to some extent direct, but which we can't stop.

When we think of science as a field of education, most of us wish we had taken more courses in biology, chemistry, physics, and geology. But we might excel in such studies and yet lack the scientific spirit. What most of us need is rather the companionship of minds like Darwin, or Pasteur. By associating with them we might catch their vision, and from their example acquire intellectual and spiritual modesty.

Our best method, again, is to consult the standard works of reference for the lives of the great scientists, then to read the standard biographies suggested in these articles, and from those books to read on into the lives of other scientists. The time will come in our reading when we wish to master the science itself in the laboratory. To accomplish this, we probably need only the courage to inquire at the local high school or college, Y. M. C. A., or other such organization. The mature person who wishes to learn would find the door closed nowhere.

FINALLY, a mature person will want to master to some degree what might be called the arts and sciences of life. The phase is formidable; so perhaps is the thing. By arts and sciences I mean all that kind of activity which is creative or expressive.

Much of the education which the Greeks had when Athens was at its peak, lay in this realm. Athenian boys seem to have been trained, as we say, for life. The amount of time they spent on books was small, and the preparation spent in the practice of some science or some art, in astronomy and geometry, in music and dancing, was great.

Since books have so fearfully multiplied in the world, we have to give far more time to them than did the Greeks; but I think a natural human being, even after he has passed from the crude stage of impulsive action to habits of thought and reflection, will always prefer to live, first of all, rather than to read how others have lived. The practice of some art, of some expression which is ourselves, and which adds beauty or comfort to our world, is essential for the happiness of every one of us. The art may be music, or painting, or dancing, or what not. But we say, "When I was young I wasn't trained in this art, and now it is too late."

Courage needed again, and a little common sense. Of course it is harder to excel in an art if we begin late than if we start early in childhood. But since we have only one life here, it is absurd not to start as soon as we feel the urge, no matter what our age. The kind of art we can practice may not please a large audience, nor bring us fame and fortune, but I assume that fame and fortune are not our purpose when in our mature success we try to educate ourselves to live richly.

Now we are after certain advantages for our own souls without which the end of our lives would be poor. The advantages are easy to name: in the first place, when you practice any art you teach yourself what every human being should know—you teach yourself what you really like; what really is your ideal. You may never have thought of it until you began to paint; but then you discover that certain things in the world please your eye more than others. The first great value of self-expression is that you learn your own taste. Until you have tried to dance, or to play music, you probably have had no idea what your taste in those directions was.

SINCE few of us, except professional artists, practice any arts today, we need not be surprised if we are confused in our ideals. The great periods of history, the Classical Age, the Medieval, the Renaissance, and the Victorian, were distinguished by a clear vision of what they liked and disliked. Men and women then got somewhere, because they knew where they wished to go. These periods were of course highly creative; that is, they were times when men practiced the arts. We do not sufficiently realize that any civilization which withholds itself from the arts will be confused in its own mind, spiritually drifting, knowing neither what it is doing, nor what it wishes to do.

The practice of arts improves our character and our manners. It is of necessity a training in taste through association with our better self. Many a man who could not easily be reasoned into the morality of a good life, can be persuaded into decency because a wrong way of living shocks his sense of beauty. I know that artists have sometimes been great in their works and disappointing in their lives; but while they were creating they were great men. I am inclined to believe that while the human race is creating it is at its best; but when it is living on the creations of other times it is open to all sorts of demoralization.

As to manners, if I were trying to correct the manners of a child, I should urge him to practice an art and to exhibit it; to play for an audience, or to show them his drawings. He would soon get what bad-mannered people lack—a sense of other people looking on and judging him. He would realize the pressure of public opinion, and if he had anything of the artist in him he would try to win the approval of those whose judgment he most respects. All good manners have something histrionic in them; they are not natural; they are a performance, and the best inspiration toward acquiring them is a fine desire to be agreeable to others.

YOU *CAN* CHOOSE IF YOU WILL

CHANCE governs the general trend of too many lives. By chance many people live in a certain place, attend a certain school, take the opportune job; they chance upon certain associates, books, and thoughts.

But by courage and determined effort they could choose often-times where to live, what to study and, to a large extent, what to accomplish.

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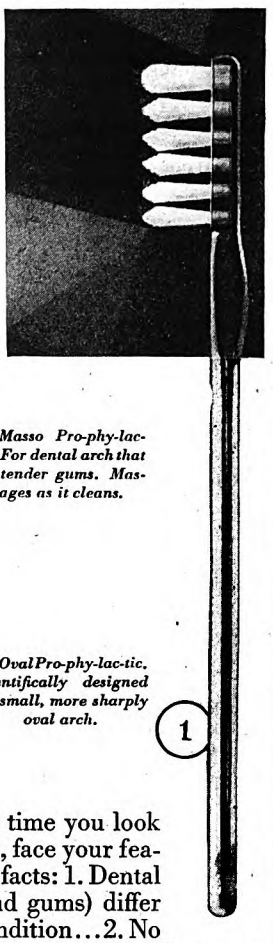
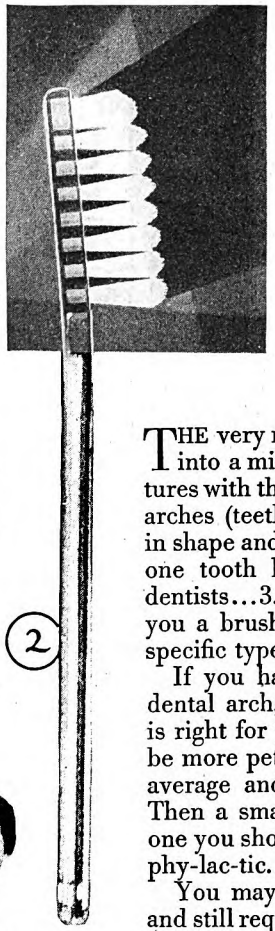
EASY

to choose *right* Pro-phy-lac-tic

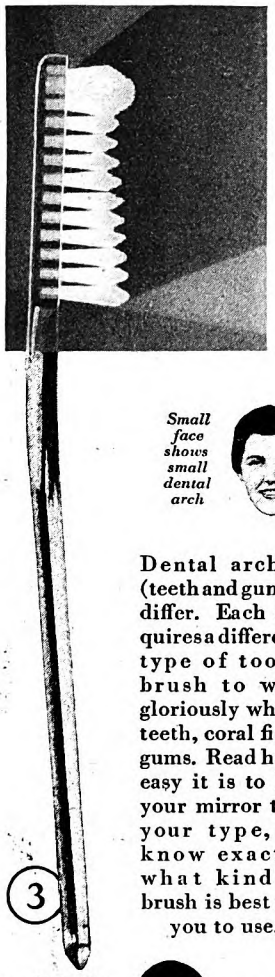
and to win brighter TEETH, *healthier* GUMS



1—*Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. For dental arch that has tender gums. Massages as it cleans.*



2—*Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic. Scientifically designed for small, more sharply oval arch.*



3—*Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. Most dental arches are full-formed and require this type of brush.*

Small face shows small dental arch

Full-formed face and arch

Dental arches (teeth and gums) differ. Each requires a different type of tooth brush to win gloriously white teeth, coral firm gums. Read how easy it is to let your mirror tell your type, to know exactly what kind of brush is best for you to use.

THE very next time you look into a mirror, face your features with these facts: 1. Dental arches (teeth and gums) differ in shape and condition...2. No one tooth brush suits all arches, say dentists...3. Pro-phy-lac-tic now offers you a brush exactly designed for your specific type of dental arch.

If you have a full-formed face and dental arch, the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic is right for you. Or, your features may be more petite, revealing a smaller than average and more sharply oval arch. Then a smaller, tapering brush is the one you should use—the new Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.

You may have either of these types and still require a totally different brush. For if your mirror shows soft or tender gums, you need the special care of the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. This brush massages as it cleans.

Pick yourself to win

Place yourself. It's easy and fascinating. And... pick yourself to win a sparkling new health of teeth and gums you never dreamed would be yours. The right Pro-phy-lac-tic will help you do it. Gloriously white teeth, coral firm gums, are a fitting reward for these few moments of study about the brush you use twice daily.

All three Pro-phy-lac-tics have been patiently, carefully, scientifically designed. All have high-grade bristles . . . super-polished, transparent handles in color. All are guaranteed.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Limited, Montreal

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

different in shape and size . . . alike in quality

In one respect the amateur in the arts has a great advantage over the professional. The professional painter can operate in only a few limited ways; he can paint pictures and exhibit them in galleries, or he can sell them to private buyers. In either case, his own pleasure in the picture is limited somewhat strictly to the pleasure of creation; he may never see his work again, and perhaps he was compelled to paint the sort of thing the galleries and patrons like. The musician can operate only through concerts before audiences who are for the most part strangers to him.

The amateur, however, can be as original as he chooses. He can practice his arts in his own humble way in the directions which he and his household and his friends like. He can paint pictures, or he can paint the furniture, or, if his wife will let him, he can decorate the walls. Frequently he discovers in this way some new phase of art which later the professional will imitate and improve. But in any case there is no reason why man or woman, at any age, who feels the impulse to practice an art should not at once begin.

I don't mean, of course, that those who have no voice should torture society by singing, or that those who can't paint should make the world uglier than it already is. Some common sense, and some sense of humor is supposed to go along with all this advice. I mean to say only—and perhaps this is a great deal—that when middle-aged people like myself feel the need of more education in order to live fully the rich years before them, they can get this education for themselves with less difficulty than most of us suppose.

Your Cousin Mehitabel

(*Continued from page 45*)

sore spot a little when the first child was born—little Tudor Dainter Whipple-Smythe.

"So this is the new duke, huh?" said Granddad, looking at the baby. "Well, he's a Whifflesnoot all right—got the Whifflesnoot snoot!"

A perfectly detestable thing for a nice old man to say, I submit.

But Cousin Mehitabel is never permanently discouraged. She has the imperial imagination, and it draws her through the ages, and she picks up relations wherever she glides.

If ancestors are as proud of descendants as descendants are of ancestors, the spirit world must be just jammed with eminent ghosts quivering with pride every time they think of Dr. and Mrs. Whipple-Smythe.

Dr. Whipple-Smythe and Cousin Mehitabel went to England five or six years ago, and they visited the hamlet in Yorkshire from which the Whipple-Smythes set out on their voyage to America—the Three Brothers Whipple-Smythe, of course. Mehitabel and the doctor bought a dark and bulky piece of furniture in the village, and had it shipped all the way across the Atlantic. It is called, I believe, a cheese cupboard.

Now, there is no reason on earth why this dusky antique elephant may not really have belonged to one of the ancestors of

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1929 ELECTRIC SET GIVES YOU THE THRILL OF RADIO AT ITS BEST

$77 (without tubes)

MODEL 40 A.C. Set. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Requires six A.C. tubes and one rectifying tube, $77.
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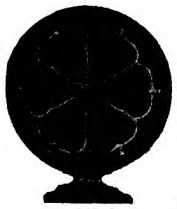
Battery sets, $49 and $68 (less tubes and batteries).

SWING WIDE THE DOOR

WHAT a world—this new, ever-changing world of radio entertainment. And how easily the door swings back and lets you in. Snap a tiny switch, touch the FULL-VISION Dial—there you are!

A tender song of evenings long ago—flashing scimitars of the Turkish March—the stabbing pathos of Juliet on the balcony—music that makes you say "I could dance all night"—the latest news of the world—the Presidential campaign — baseball — football — everything to hold your interest.

No batteries to think about when your radio is the Atwater Kent all-electric set. No wondering whether your radio is going to work tonight—it always works. No mistaking the voice of a famous singer—the tone is pure. No need of counting the cost of listening—it's only a fraction of a cent an hour for electric current. Nothing but pleasure, relaxation — the true enjoyment of modern radio.



"Radio's truest voice"
Atwater Kent Radio Speakers: Models E, E-2, E-3, same quality, different in size, each $20.

Simple, compact, sturdy, beautiful—the highest development of all-electric radio that you can find today—the Atwater Kent all-electric set is so much better in every way that it leads by a wide margin.

So much better—and yet inexpensive, appealing to thrift as well as the senses of sight and hearing. More than you expect of radio—at less than you expect to pay . . . Consult an Atwater Kent dealer about a home demonstration. The satisfaction of more than 1,700,000 Atwater Kent owners must impress you.

A trial in your own home, with all the family gathered around to share the fun, will prove conclusively that here is *the* 1929 all-electric set.

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Hour — listen in!

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
4702 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

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How soft food robs the gums of health

NO one who has studied the effect of our diet upon the tissues of the mouth can doubt that here lies the reason of modern gum troubles.

There's no mystery about it. The gum walls, like any other living tissue, need exercise. But these soft foods of today—these tender cuts of meat, these creamed vegetables, entrees, and fluffy puddings—they have no power to give to our gums the stimulation they need to vitalize and sustain them.

Gradually enervated by a life of too much ease, gums grow lazy and flabby. They become tender—they bleed. All too often "pink tooth brush" gives its warning that more serious troubles may be close at hand.

How massage and Ipana keep gums firm and healthy

Fortunately the dental profession offers a simple remedy for this difficulty—an easy, natural way to supply the stimulation so vital to the health of our gums. They recommend massage—a gentle frictionizing of the gum surfaces with the brush while brushing the teeth, or with the finger-tips after each twice daily brushing

And thousands of dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for both the massage and the regular brushing. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well known to the profession for its value in toning the gums and in strengthening weak, under-nourished tissue.

The ten-day tube the coupon calls for is gladly sent. But a better plan is to get a full-size tube of Ipana at your druggist's. Use it for a month and then see how it has improved the health of your gums—the brilliance and beauty of your teeth.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J-108,
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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the good doctor; it is quite possible that it did. It looks old enough to have been on the Ark with the Noahs, and it is as rickety as if Noah had laid it from the deck of his ship to the top of Mt. Ararat and let the whole zoo walk ashore on it as a gangplank. On the other hand, there is not one iota of proof that it ever belonged to a Whipple-Smythe, or a Whipple, or a Smith, or a Whiffle, or a Whifflesnoot, not one single skinny scintilla of genuine evidence.

Nevertheless, in the course of a couple of years it became an heirloom and ancestral piece, handed down from Whifflesnoot to Whifflesnoot; it is now an article of faith with Cousin Mehitabel and the doctor that such is the case. Cousin Mehitabel began to believe it—to believe it honestly and sincerely, without knowing that she was lying to herself—within a few months. The doctor had qualms of conscience, perhaps, as befits his cloth. It was only after Mehitabel had thoroughly hypnotized herself that she was able to hypnotize him. He was doubtful for months; he would look at her uncertainly when she expatiated upon it to callers. But he believes in her; he knows she is a good woman, and honest and truthful; first, her faith conquered herself, and then it conquered him. He tells the story himself now, without blushing, without any remotest consciousness that he may be fibbing.

ANOTHER thing happened on that trip to England that temporarily jarred both of them a bit, however. Mehitabel and the doctor went to the village church, with the intention of looking up the doctor's family record, and the parish clerk gave them the old books to look at. They didn't find any Whipple-Smythes, but they did find that a number of pages had been carefully cut out of the old records. They inquired about it.

"Well, you see, sir," said the old clerk, "those are the records of two families that we're somewhat ashamed of, and the vestry voted—long ago it was, sir, when I was a boy—to cut out all the entries."

Inquiry revealed that a good many of the doctor's ancestors had been hanged, for one thing or another, in the old days. It looked bad. He would never have told the story himself; he felt rather hacked about it. But Cousin Mehitabel was scarcely back in this country (ancestral cheese cupboard and all) before she recovered from the blow.

Recovered is not really the word. She began to glory in it. She became romantic over it. She began to see the doctor's ancestors as the only people in that community who had ever amounted to anything at all—bold, picturesque, adventurous blades they became, in her mind, leading desperate causes sword in hand, going to the gallows out of loyalty to the House of York, fighting for the Stuarts when all others had betrayed them, and all that kind of thing. But still she has not yet aroused any great enthusiasm for this legend on the part of Dr. Whipple-Smythe. That will come later.

I suggested to her, not altogether innocently, not long ago, that probably when Charles II was escaping from England after Cromwell drubbed him at the battle of Worcester the cheese cupboard was one of the places he had hidden in while the Parliamentary armies were seeking him—and that the Whipple-Smythe of that date had been hanged for his share in helping the future Merry Monarch to escape. It seems perfectly possible to me, at that; if he didn't hide there it is about the only place in England a man could get into that he didn't spend at least one night in, according to reports.

COUSIN MEHITABEL frowned at me consideringly when I made the suggestion; 'way back in her mind she really knew I was kidding her. But the story, I could see, caught her fancy. I am watching the progress of the myth. Already there are little signs and tokens that she is beginning to believe it. She doesn't quite believe it yet. But she will. In a year she will be telling it casually, and the doctor will be looking at her with uncertainty and puzzlement in his eyes. In two more years he will be telling it himself—and he is a good and honest man.

Now, here is the interesting thing about Cousin Mehitabel: she's not really a snob at all. She doesn't high-hat anybody. She isn't stuck up. She's genuinely democratic. She doesn't think that she's any better than the generality of the rest of the world. She'll expend just as much time and pains and labor and enthusiasm treeing a Whifflesnoot for you (as Granddad calls it) as she will in treeing a Whifflesnoot for herself. And when she gets him treed she's just as happy and proud and excited and enthusiastic over your Whifflesnoot as she is over her own. The whole thing proceeds from a rich, romantic, historical sense—she likes to think of herself as somehow connected with the colorful, stirring, noble episodes of the past, and the people who participated in them and brought them about. It is *her* kind of poetry! She extends her personality through the ages, and drinks imaginatively from many springs and rivers of drama. She must know as well as anybody else that her thousands of ancestors (like the ancestors of all of us) necessarily include a good many crooks and ne'er-do-wells and outcasts; but she rejects this knowledge—she rejects these people. She will have nobility or nothing! She overdoes it, and makes a terrible bore of herself at times, but there's something admirable in the motive, too. Who can say that it hasn't had a beneficial effect on her character, this thing of living up to the Raleighs, and being worthy of the Whifflesnoots? For (outside of the lies she tells!) she is a very honest woman.

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Dot Rushes in Where Wisdom Fears to Tread

(*Continued from page 33*)

admiration—if she'd only known when to stop. But she didn't. Having gone just far enough, she then began to go too far. She began to try to make Sid better than any human being could be expected to be.

She made him drop the Dancing Club, for instance. He had always been one of the most popular members, and we thought, of course, he and Girlie would be at every dance, now that he was in town all the time. But when they didn't show up for several weeks, people began asking Sid what was the matter. And Sid said that Girlie didn't approve of dancing for married people. Well, you could, as Will says, have knocked me over with a bed-slat. Why, the very nicest people in town belong to the Dancing Club.

"What the dickens is the matter with Sid's wife?" Will demanded a little later. "She doesn't seem to want him to go anywhere. He doesn't come to Lodge any more, says Girlie's afraid to stay home alone."

That seemed so ridiculous in the upstairs of a duplex that I couldn't believe it was anything but an excuse. It didn't seem possible that she could disapprove of Sid's going to Lodge, but she evidently did.

In fact, she disapproved of almost everything. She didn't want Sid to play basketball—the team took little trips to play other towns in the state, and she persuaded him it would be too expensive. She told me confidentially that she thought it was very bad for a man to get into the way of being away from home. Sid was planning to go to the Todd and Todd convention at Detroit, and Girlie was taken sick the night he was to start and he couldn't go. She got well the minute the convention ended, and I couldn't get over the feeling that it looked queer.

BUT the worst of all was really funny: Our crowd was trimming up the Sunday-school room for the Christmas tree, making evergreen ropes, filling net stockings with popcorn and candy for the infant class and so on. We didn't get through the first evening and decided to come back the next to finish up. The second night, Sid and Girlie didn't appear, and when I found out why, I nearly died. It seems that the first evening somebody had stuck a piece of mistletoe up over the door and Roger Lane caught Rosie under it and kissed her. Girlie thought that was awful, and wouldn't come back the second night.

Well, what sympathy I'd had for Girlie simply evaporated at that. When things get to the pass where it's improper to go to trim the Sunday-school room for the infant class Christmas tree it cuts down social life too far for me.

As a matter of fact, the Hinkels' social life was getting cut down to just about nothing, except going to church and once in a while out to supper with some special friend of Girlie's. Sid was dropping out of everything in town. I really felt sorry for him, he's such a sociable fellow. I tried to drop Girlie a hint that she was going too far, but she was very cool about it. She was getting a funny little way of pulling her mouth down into a mere button-hole and looking shocked at everything.

All the people who had begun to see what a fine fellow Sid was were commencing to say they'd like to see him show a little spunk.

Will was really worried about it. He had got to be awfully fond of Sid, and he hated seeing him leading such a dull life. Besides, it was hurting Sid's business. I heard of lots of customers Sid had lost, just by things Girlie had made him do. And we heard in a roundabout way that Todd and Todd didn't like his not appearing at the convention.

Will was really worried, and kept saying he was going to talk to Girlie, himself, about it. But that's the sort of thing you don't really want to do. Perhaps nothing would ever have been done if things hadn't come to a climax about Mrs. Tompkins.

WILL and I were walking home from church with the Hinkels one cold Sunday, when Sid spoke about Mrs. Tompkins. I've an idea that he did it in front of us for the reason that so many married men spring things on their wives in company—I suppose they think they've got a better chance to get away with them.

'Oh, by the way," he said casually, "I asked a friend to the house for dinner tomorrow night."

Girlie looked surprised, and Sidney went on hastily to explain: Mrs. Tompkins, it seems, was the wife of one of Sid's best friends.

"She's one brick of a little woman," he explained, ostensibly to Will and me but really to Girlie. "About two years ago they found that Tommie had T. B., and that his only chance was to go out to Arizona and live outdoors. The Tompkinses didn't have a red cent between them, and he wasn't in any shape to work—not even in Arizona. It looked to everybody as though Tommie was due to check out. But we didn't know little Mrs. Tommie then. He was traveling for Coster Cosmetics, and Mrs. Tommie went to see old Coster, himself, and persuaded him to give her a chance on Tommie's old territory. Coster didn't think she'd sell a nickel's worth, but he let her try it.

"Well, sir," Sid went on proudly, "Mrs. Tommie has done as well as any man they've ever had on that territory. She's been with the Coster people for two years now and has kept Tommie out in Arizona, only seeing him twice a year. And he's getting well. She wired me yesterday that she's going to be in Montrose, Dawson, and Verblen tomorrow, and I wired right back that she had a dinner date with me and the new Mrs."

There was an odd, uncomfortable silence, which Will and I filled the best we could by saying what a brick Mrs. Tompkins must be. Girlie didn't say anything, but it looked as though she thought there was more in this than met the eye, and I couldn't miss Sid's anxious sideway glances at her. When she did speak, her mouth had gone into that tight little buttonhole.

"She must have had an odd sort of bringing up," she said, "to accept a dinner

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

invitation from a married man when she has never met his wife."

"Oh, she never thinks of that sort of thing at all," Sid said eagerly. "All Tommie's friends have done their best to give her a hand up, turn trade her way, and so on. She pals with us all, just like so many brothers."

GIRLIE said nothing, but it was evident to the naked eye that Sid hadn't helped matters any. There was a long silence, and then Girlie said, suspiciously:

"Isn't she the one in your snapshot album, sitting on a sample case, with fluffy blond hair?"

"Yes," said Sid eagerly, still apparently feeling he was going to get away with it.

"The one you said you thought had started out life a brunette?"

It was plain from Sid's face that he wished he had been more discreet about his snapshots, but it was too late now.

"We all kidded the life out of her when she bleached her hair," he explained, very uneasily. "Nobody ever could see why she did it, she's such a sensible little thing other ways."

"She must be," said Girlie.

Will and I would have given anything to have been in Gehenna or anywhere but there. Everybody hates being let in on a family row, and this was particularly bad, because I honestly believe it was the first real one Sid and Girlie had had. There was a long silence. Then:

"I don't think I care about entertaining bleached blondes who pal with married men," said Girlie. Her voice was as tight as her little buttonhole of a mouth. It was plain that she was prepared to make an issue of this.

I took an uneasy look at Sid's side view, and realized for the first time that, under his easy-going laughing look, he had a very firm jaw. And it was set now.

"I don't care if Mrs. Tompkins shaves her head and paints it green," he said, "she's one game little brick, and I wouldn't hurt her feelings and Tommie's for a million dollars. I've invited her for dinner, and she's coming."

The people who were beginning to say that Sid Hinkel ought to stand up for his rights should just have heard his voice as he said that.

"If you don't want her at the house and aren't going to be nice to her," he added, looking straight at his wife, "I'll take her to the hotel for dinner."

Just then, to my infinite relief, we got to our house. We asked the Hinkels to come in, which, of course, they refused.

AS THEY were leaving, I happened to get a square look at Girlie's face. Not the profile I'd been seeing all the way home—a full front look. Never in my life have I seen suffering standing out plainer on a human face.

She was saying good-by politely; she was even saying something pleasant, half-joking, to Sidney, to show us, of course, that this hadn't been any real quarrel we'd overheard, just a playful little argument between happily married people. And all the time, those queer, pinched lines in her face.

"Well, I'm certainly glad to see that Sid's got up a little gumption at last," said Will as soon as we were inside our house.

"I only hope he takes his Mrs. Tompkins

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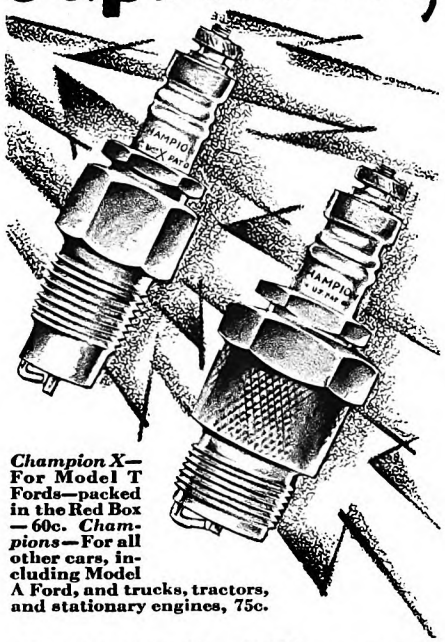

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to dinner at the hotel. It'll start a lot of gossip, and be a warning to Girlie. Show her that she can't run Sid, body and soul."

I didn't say anything. I hate that kind of narrow goody-goodyness as much as anybody, but some way I couldn't get that queer suffering look of Girlie's out of my mind.

All the afternoon, I kept figuring over it. Will had a date in the afternoon with a man from Chicago who was looking for a house for his married sister. Cousin Effie came over, and all the time I was listening to her symptoms and taking care of the twins, I was puzzling over Girlie. I remembered when it was that I had seen somebody look just like that before. It was Dulcie when I was helping her get ready to go to the hospital, a few hours before her baby was born.

Once you've seen the look of sheer suffering on a person's face—deep, sharp, up and down lines beside the eyes, cutting right across the laughter wrinkles, patches beside the nose pinched a deathly white, the mouth tight and drawn—if you've ever seen the look of suffering once, you know it when you see it again. Girlie might be being narrow and mean to Sid, but she was getting a thousand times the worst of it, herself.

AND suddenly I knew why. It all came to me in a rush. All the things she had let slip without meaning to tell me. Girlie wasn't narrow and goody-goody and mean. Not really. She didn't care anything about reforming Sid. She was just afraid—mortally afraid of losing him.

She guessed as well as Dulcie how he had happened to marry her. She knew she wasn't pretty, knew how little she had to hold a man with—hadn't her own mother as much as said that the marriage probably wouldn't last? Why, very likely the only time she felt safe was when Sid was right there alone with her. It seemed perilous when he went away, even to Lodge or the singing society. Girlie was afraid, that was all. Desperately, sickeningly afraid.

I don't think I ever felt so sorry for anybody in my life. And just then Will came in, and I knew the instant I saw him that he had something on his mind.

"Would you mind staying with the twins about fifteen minutes?" he asked Cousin Effie briskly.

When she said of course she'd stay, Will said for me to get my hat and coat on, and I was out on the street before I had the faintest idea where we were going. Once outside, Will told me.

"We're going down to the Hinkels," he said. "I've got something to tell Sid that Girlie's got to hear."

Will was very excited, and hastily he explained to me: The man he'd been showing houses to that afternoon was from the home office of Todd and Todd. He might really have been looking for a house for his sister on the side, Will said, or maybe that was nothing at all but a blind. At any rate, his real business was making some sort of state report for Todd and Todd, and he was in Montrose to check up on Sid Hinkel.

"You mark my words," said Will "they're planning on taking the agency away from Sid; he's making such a poor showing. This fellow asked me a million questions, especially hinting around to find out whether Sid was attending to business or skylarking around. Sid's got to be warned. And Girlie too. It's mainly her fault. She's reforming Sid right out of a job, and somebody's got to tell her so."

"Oh well," I began. "But—"

"IT'S got to be done," he went on firmly. "Didn't you hear Sid threaten to take Mrs. Tompkins to dinner at the hotel tomorrow? If he does, it's curtain for him with Todd and Todd. This home-office man's going to be in town for a couple of days. If Sid shows up at the hotel tomorrow night with a bleached blonde, the town will buzz with it the next day, and this fellow'll hear it."

Oh, there wasn't any doubt of its being our duty as real friends to warn the Hinkels. I could see that. But in the little half-block before we got to their house, I tried to tell Will what I'd figured out about Girlie, so that he'd be very gentle and careful in the way he said anything. But Will has a one-track mind. I felt he'd understand if I could only make him hear me. But his mind was on Sid's business future, and my voice was no more than the wind in the trees to him.

He rang the Hinkels' bell loudly and marched upstairs with a firm, one-purpose air. Girlie came to the door, looking as though she'd been crying. Sid wasn't in. He'd gone for a walk, she said. I twitched at Will's coat, to hint to him to wait for Sid; but, merciful heavens, I might as well have twitched at a steam roller. With no preliminaries whatsoever, he began, hammer and tongs, on Girlie.

He told her about the man from Todd and Todd; he told her about every customer Sid had lost through her. He told her what he thought of her way of reforming a man. He told her what all the town was saying about the way she was taking all the joy out of life for Sid. He told her she was ruining Sid's business, and that if she kept on that way, she'd wind up by ruining his life and her own too. By the time Will stopped for breath, there was very little that he hadn't told Girlie.

She didn't answer a word. Just sat looking at Will, listening. Or I couldn't be sure whether she was listening or not. Her eyes were preoccupied with something else. Terribly preoccupied. That pinched white suffering look she'd had at noon was a thousand times stronger. I knew then with a certainty that fairly made me sick that I'd been right in what I'd figured out.

And Will, blindly going on, telling Girlie how she must help Sid in his business, not hinder him, how she must let him have a normal amount of fun out of life, how she must be broad-minded and charitable and sensible, how—why, it was like telling a man with a raging toothache that he must be gay and jolly and sensible.

Girlie began to cry. Not the kind of crying that's noisy and a great relief. Girlie didn't make a sound; but tears ran down her cheeks. Dull, silent tears, as though they had been squeezed out of her very heart.

AND suddenly my blood ran cold. I stared at Will, fairly frozen with horror.

"Dot thinks it's because you're afraid of losing Sid," he was saying. "That it's because you think he doesn't love you. That, just because you haven't had a lot

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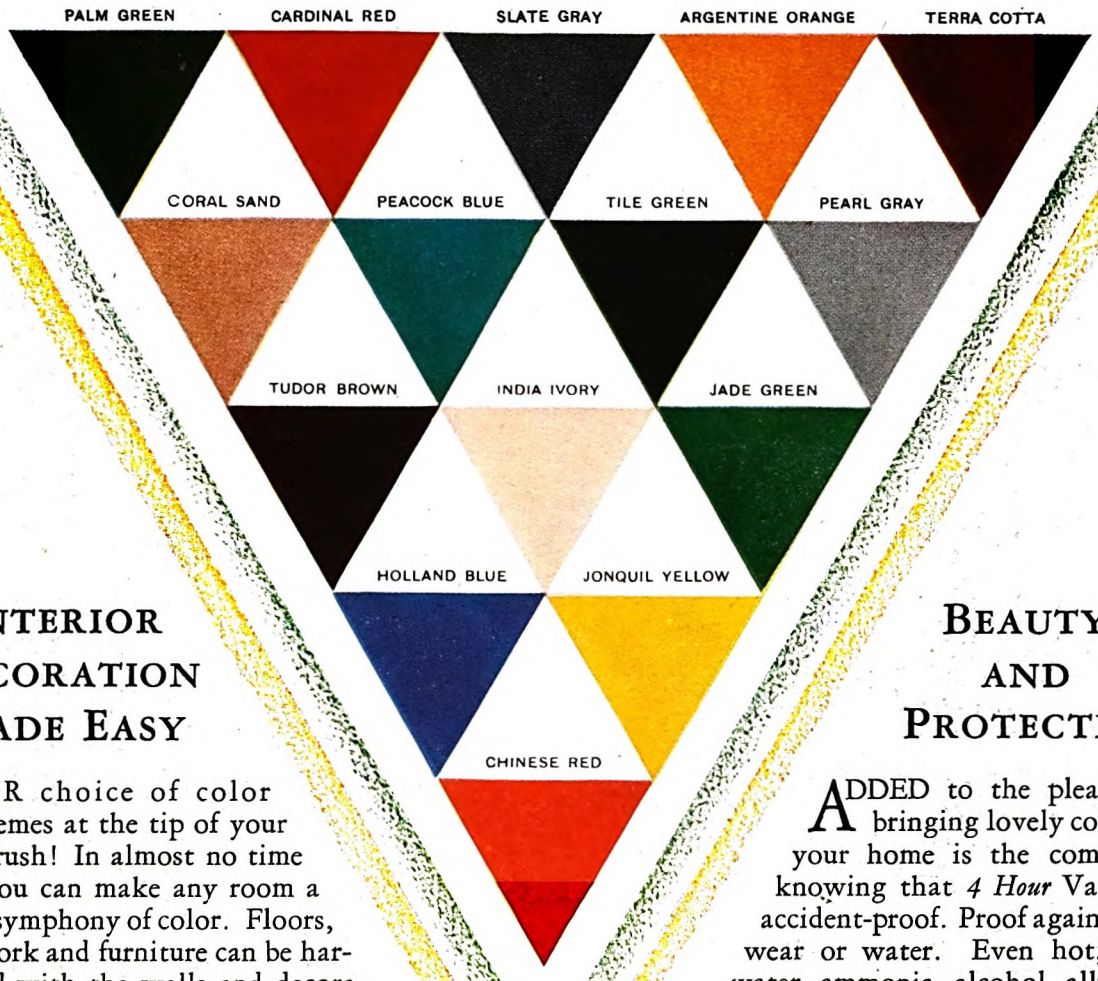

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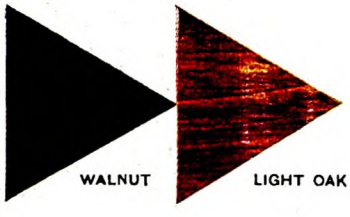
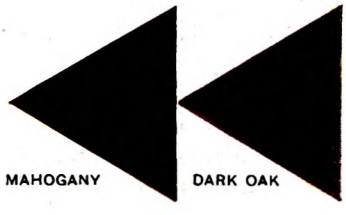


4 Hour VALSPAR

CLEAR AND IN COLORS



YOU can mix any two or more *4 Hour* Valspar colors to obtain just the shade your fancy dictates. Try it—you will find it most fascinating.

The famous Valspar boiling water test

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 388 4th Ave., New York, N. Y.

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each 40c sample can of colors specified at right. (Not over three samples of *4 Hour* Valspar, Clear or in Colors, supplied per person at this special price). Print full mail address *plainly*.

Send me these 4 Hour Valspar Colors at 20c each

1.....
2.....
3.....

Am. Mag. 10-28

Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

Your Name.....

Address.....

City.....

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Presenting the Masterpiece of Residence Boilers

the Capitol Red Cap

Today ushers in the crowning achievement of our thirty-eight years of progress in house heating — the *Capitol Red Cap* — built upon the precise principle, the identical design, that has been tried, proved, and accepted in homes from coast to coast.

The Capitol *round* boiler, with a snugly fitting *round* jacket, scientifically insulated, now stands in symmetrical beauty, trim and graceful, every line refined even to the door hinges. Cloaked in cobalt blue, capped with cardinal red, it is finished in baked enamel as finely as a Rolls-Royce fender. A wipe of a cloth will remove every vestige of dust from its mirror-smooth surface.

A thick blanket of rock wool, more costly and effective than any insulation used heretofore on jacketed boilers, insulates it.

No stripling experiment, this *Capitol Red Cap*. It is, we have been convinced by performance in thousands of actual installations, more frugal of fuel, freer from care, more efficient in operation, than any previous type of round boiler for heating residences by steam or hot water.

Moreover, *Capitol guaranteed heating*★ scientifically and automatically selects the right-sized *Capitol Red Cap* to properly warm your home. This written warranty leaves nothing to chance, avoids the selection of too large a boiler for your needs, eliminates the danger of one too small to meet the emergency of sudden drops in temperature.

The *Capitol Red Cap*, like all Capitol Boilers and Radiators, is sold and installed only by responsible heating contractors. They are our representatives in your community. Their skill in installing supplies the final assurance of your satisfaction in the masterpiece of residence boilers, the *Capitol Red Cap*.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

8 Factories and 33 Assembling Plants Serve the Country — GENERAL OFFICES DETROIT, MICH. — *For 38 years, builders of dependable heating equipment*

★ **Guaranteed Heating.** *Your contractor receives a written guarantee on the heating capacity of every Capitol boiler. No other heating equipment assures you satisfaction so definitely.*

The Pacific Steel Boiler Corporation, Division of the United States Radiator Corporation, builds welded steel heating boilers for large installations—business buildings, factories, schools, hotels, and large apartments.

Guaranteed Heating WITH

Capitol Boilers

AND RADIATORS

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of beaux, you feel you've got to hang on to Sid. Now, take it from me, you're going at it all wrong."

"Will!" Was he stark, staring crazy! Didn't he know that's the sort of thing you should never under any circumstances say to a woman? Hadn't he a vestige of sense! He brushed my horrified protest aside as though it were nothing. An honest man who is intent on doing his duty is the most hopelessly dumb thing the Lord ever made.

"Now the way you're doing is the very way to lo—"

Will stopped short, his mouth open, a half-word left in mid-air. There, in the doorway, stood Sid.

I've no idea how long he'd been standing there. And talk about *mad!*

As though he didn't see Will and me at all, he strode across the room to Girlie, put his arm around her as though he were protecting her from a pair of fire-eating ogres. Then he turned on Will.

Will started very hastily to tell him about the man from the home office of Todd and Todd. But Sid wouldn't let him even get started.

When he'd finished off Will, he turned on me:

"So you think Girlie's afraid of losing me! Let me tell you, Girlie couldn't any more lose me than she could lose her right arm. You say she hasn't had many beaux. Let me tell you, Girlie's one of the most attractive girls in Montrose. She's got style and distinction and individuality. Get her in New York or any big city, and you'd see quick enough. Do you know why she hasn't had many beaux? It's because the men in this town are a bunch of hicks who don't see anything but a silly dolly-pretty face. That's why!"

And he glared at my face as though it made him sick at his stomach. It just shows how surprised I was that, in spite of such an insult as that, I was too dumfounded to get mad. Every other feeling in the world was swallowed up in sheer amazement.

Sidney Hinkel meant what he was saying!

He wasn't just sticking up for his wife from a sense of duty. He wasn't doing it because he was mad at Will and me. He honestly believed what he was saying. Whether he'd married Girlie on a fluke, as the girls thought, or not, I don't know. But I do know that he was in love with her now. And he honestly admired her. He went raving on and on about how lovely Girlie was, and how attractive and how lucky he'd been to get her.

GIRLIE sat there, just listening. Mad as I was, I couldn't take my eyes off Girlie. I swear I don't believe Sid had ever talked that way to her before. I honestly don't believe she'd ever known before that he felt that way. Why, she sat there listening, her eyes wide, taking it in, the way ground takes in rain after a long drought. Warm spring rain that was slowly washing out those sharp, pinched, suffering lines in her face. Was it soaking in still deeper, down to all those years when her mother and sisters had made her feel she didn't count? Washing away some of the hurt of that too?

On and on, Sid went. He'd rather lose all the agencies in the world than to have Girlie's little finger hurt. Girlie was worth a million Mrs. Tompkinses, with the girls in Montrose thrown in for good measure. Girlie was about as near perfect as a man ever found in this world. Girlie was—he stopped to press his face up against hers, rubbing her tears off onto his own cheek. I must admit that it was one of the tenderest gestures I've ever seen in my life. Girlie gave a queer, convulsive shudder, and then leaned limply against Sid. It was as though something tight and hard that had held her all her life had suddenly let up its grip.

I DECLARE I have never been able to remember how Will and I finally got out of that apartment. I have a vague memory of Sid following us out and all the way down the stairs, hurling imprecations after us. I only hope the Birdsells downstairs didn't hear him, though I don't see how anyone a block on either side could have failed to. Will grabbed my arm, hustled me through the door and slammed it with a loud clang, drowning out Sid's final opinions of us both.

As soon as the earth stopped whirling around me, I proceeded to tell Will what I thought of him for letting me in on a thing like that. I told him all the way home and for a good hour after we got home. In fact, though that was six months ago, I still add a little every now and then. And he always defends himself. He says that the things he said that made the most trouble would never in the world have occurred to him; that if I hadn't put them into his head in the first place, everything might have been all right.

As a matter of fact, though, if we didn't have human feelings, we might both feel very well pleased with that evening's work. In spite of everything, I still like to remember the way Girlie looked when Sid was telling what a marvel she was. And the way she's been taking Will's advice!

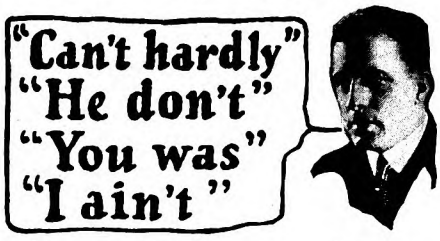
The very next evening they gave an impromptu buffet supper in honor of Mrs. Tompkins. We read all about it in the "Monitor"—we weren't invited. And we hear on all sides that Girlie doesn't seem to be reforming Sid any more. He appears to be mixing around everywhere, and is more popular than ever. The older people are saying that they always knew Sid Hinkel had good stuff in him. He's been made treasurer of the Boost Montrose Club, and we heard just last week that Todd and Todd had increased his territory, they were so pleased with the showing he was making.

I hear on all sides too that Sid is one of the most loverlike husbands in Montrose, and that Girlie is fairly blossoming out. Dulcie saw her at the last Dancing Club party in a black dress with close pearl earrings, and said she looked almost handsome.

I really believe they owe it to Will and me that their marriage took a sudden right turn at just the critical time. But it's enough to make us very cynical. Real sympathy and real friendliness—because, after all, Will, for all his dumbness, was certainly acting from the friendliest of motives—apparently count for nothing when you go interfering between husband and wife. Why, I imagine it will be years, if not forever, before we get back on so much as speaking terms with the Hinkels!

Your Mistakes in English STAND OUT!

YOU can not hide your mistakes in English—they stand out sharply, giving others an unfortunate impression of you. You may not make such glaring errors as "He don't," "You was," "I ain't." But perhaps you may make other mistakes which offend the ears of cultured people, and cause them to judge you unfairly.



No one will correct your mistakes in English. People are too polite. They fear you will feel insulted, and unconsciously you keep on making the same mistakes. And, though you may think your English is good, it may be dotted with errors which *others* notice, and which destroy many of your opportunities for advancement.

What Can You Do?

For many years Sherwin Cody studied the problem of creating *the habit* of using good English. After countless experiments, he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day.

Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Soon the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides, on the contrary, *for the formation of correct habits* by constantly calling attention only to the *mistakes you make*—and then showing you the right way, so that correct English soon becomes "second nature." Already over 50,000 people have used this method with the most marked results.

FREE Book on English

A command of polished and effective English denotes education and culture. It wins friends and favorably impresses those with whom you come in contact. Now, in only 15 minutes a day—in your own home—you can actually see yourself improve by using Mr. Cody's "100% Self-Correcting Method."

A new book explaining Mr. Cody's invention is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if your vocabulary is limited, this new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," will prove a revelation to you. Send the coupon or a letter or postal card for it now. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 910 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
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Please send me your free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

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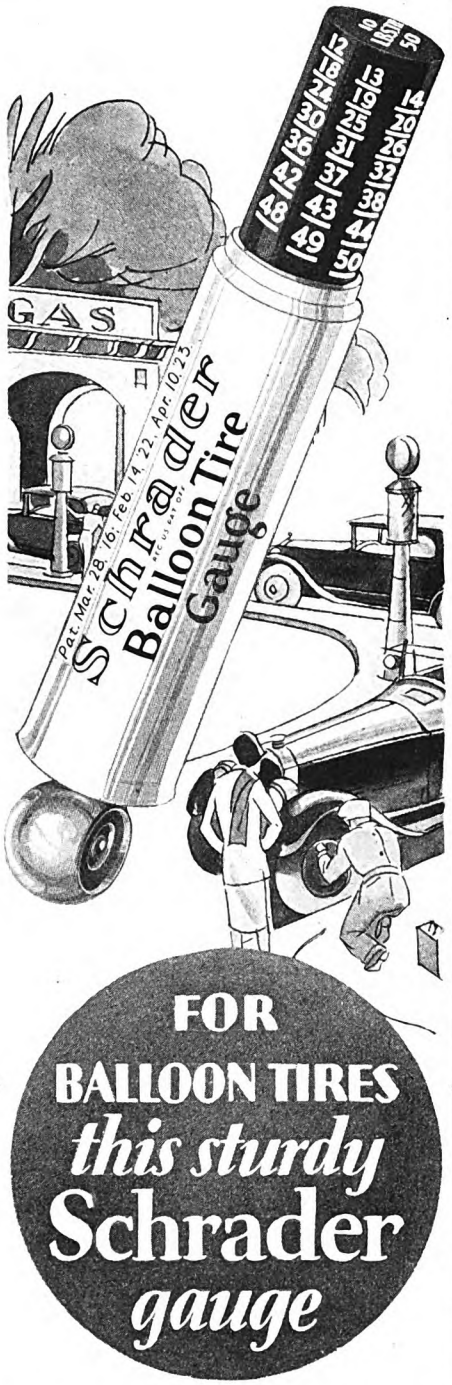

FOR BALLOON TIRES *this sturdy* Schrader *gauge*

RUGGED . . . dependable . . . accurate . . . that's the Schrader Balloon Tire Gauge.

Its simple construction, based on the famous Schrader "direct action" principle, eliminates all delicate mechanism. Thus it stands up under the hardest usage.

Buy a Schrader Balloon Tire Gauge today. Test your tires with it regularly . . . at least once a week. Then you'll guard your tires against the dangers of improper inflation . . . get longer mileage.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

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Chicago Toronto London
Schrader
Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844
Tire Valves - Tire Gauges

Don't Short Change in the Little Things of Life

(*Continued from page 53*)

venom than any other man I know. It stung me the first time I heard him command his stenographer. He seems to act on the theory that politeness to one you have hired to work for you is a waste of words and time.

And yet that little word "please" would have saved him many a troubled day and made for him many a friend. There's no love for him among his employees. They're all afraid of him. Why doesn't he work into the canvas of his commercial success a little kindness and a little thoughtfulness for others? There isn't anything malicious about this man. I can get along with him, because I'm not working for him. But there is always a chip on his shoulder.

You remember the game we used to play when we were boys. One of us would put a little piece of wood on his shoulder and dare anybody to knock it off. Immediately someone would take the dare and the fight was on. We kept at that sort of thing until we grew up and had better sense.

But there are men who hang on to the chip-on-the-shoulder game long after they should have outgrown it. They keep right on fighting and quarreling and making people miserable and afraid over the trivial chips of the day's work, which the finer souls watch fall with a smile.

LETTERS of condolence and letters of congratulation are not always easy to write, and only the few seem to take the time to do it. People with plenty of time almost never do. It's the busy men who seem oftenest to find a few moments for the little thoughtful things of life.

It's the busy mother of five small children who runs across the street to the house of sorrow with the hot meal which she has prepared for the bereaved family. The rich friends have called, but the little deeds of kindness are done by the great souls of the neighborhood who have suffered themselves and understand.

I have often thought that the crowd at the funeral would be a great surprise to the dead man if he could only see it.

The house will scarcely accommodate sympathetic visitors now; but the living and lonely and suffering clay from which the spirit has at last fled knew many a lonely hour in its weeks of agony.

Most of us had no idea that he was so ill. Some of us wondered, but failed to ask why we saw him no more in his familiar haunts. Some of us were going to drop in and see him for a few minutes when we could get the time. Some of us actually passed the house day by day, but we were always in a hurry.

Now our flowers are in there with him to show that we once knew and admired him and looked upon him as our friend. And I wonder if he ever really knew and felt that we were his friends. There were three or four of the throng, however, whom he knew well. They were neither rich nor famous nor brilliant, but they were, what it is much better to be, faithful. They visited him often. They stopped for a few minutes' chat; they did little things for him down-town; they gave his children a holiday and an automobile ride. They were never too busy or too popular or too tired to be of service to him, and if they had failed to send a bouquet for his coffin, he would still have known them for his friends. They had proved their love to him in countless little ways.

I stood chatting the other morning with Julius Haass, president of the Wayne County and Home Savings Bank, when a stranger to me walked in. The banker greeted him warmly and introduced me to him. After the newcomer left us, Mr. Haass said to me:

"Do you want to hear a story of character? That man has it. Several years ago he endorsed notes for two of his friends who were having a hard time of it in business. Things were not going well, and one day he came to me and asked permission again to endorse for them for a sum greatly beyond the limit of his credit.

"I thought this unwise, and told him so. He was already deeply obligated, and with the new notes which he proposed to guarantee, he stood to lose fifty thousand dollars if the company failed. He felt that there was a chance of success, and I thought so, too. So anxious was he for his friends' sake that I consented to make the further loans. He was one of the heirs to a moderate estate.

"'Mr. Haass,' he said, 'if things go wrong I may not have the money to meet these notes when they fall due; but some day I will pay every dollar I owe this bank.'

"The company failed. The two friends went through bankruptcy, but that boy held fast to his word. He was advised time and again to relieve himself of that responsibility by the bankruptcy route, but he refused. 'The first thing I shall do when I come into that little fortune is to pay those notes,' he said. And last week he came into possession of the money, and those notes of several years' standing have been paid in full. It was a big thing to do; but it has its compensation also, for his credit has been established in this city beyond question for all time."

These are the sacrifices which character must make in order to grow in beauty and worth. If the great canvas of a lifetime is to be worth-while it must be filled with little details which have cost time and thought and courage and fidelity. One may attract attention by a single daring stroke, but the constant respect and admiration of those about him can be won and kept only by a sincere effort in the little tests of life.

IF THEY cannot be both, I would rather my boy and girl be thoughtful of others than be brilliant; kindly than clever; gentle than powerful; honest and God-fearing than eminent and successful.

It is a fine thing, I think, to have done work the cold-minded critics will praise; but I hold that it is an even finer thing to have lived and worked and played upon this earth and to have won the love and respect and friendship of all those with whom you have come in contact.

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Is this tobacco a part of every college education?

Pipe-smoker still enjoys the same tobacco he learned to smoke fifteen years ago at college

Considering the age-old discussions pro and con on the value of college education it is interesting to hear from an old graduate who found at least one subject useful in later life.

When a group of "old grads" gets together some member of the party often brings up the subject of what his alma mater did for him. The good results mentioned are apt to range all the way from good fellowship to the development of brain power.

But here's a letter that brings to light an entirely different advantage of college education. Pipe-smoking is one of the things Mr. Wilson learned at college. He still enjoys his pipe, though he has given up playing football and the study of the dead languages.

Furthermore, he states that Edgeworth is the tobacco which he learned to smoke fifteen years ago, and that it was traditional for each fellow, at the proper time, to adopt the smoking of Edgeworth as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate.

All Edgeworthites, it seems, are part of a great informal brotherhood—a pipe-lovers' club—the members of which are knit closer by the bond of affection they hold for their favorite tobacco.

And although we have been told before that Edgeworth has comforted many a college lad in his den or on the campus, this gentleman seems to have brought to light an entirely unsuspected college chapter of the Edgeworth Club.

131 Germania Place,
Chicago, Ill.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

It was at college that I learned to smoke Edgeworth. Of course I learned a few other things at college. One was to play football. Another was to study the dead languages. Now, fifteen years later, I have given up playing football and studying dead languages, but have not yet given up smoking Edgeworth Tobacco.

It was a sort of tradition for each fellow as he threw off the toga of boyhood and put on the cloak of young manhood to adopt the smoking of Edgeworth as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate. At the right time, each one followed the example of his predecessors and bought a pipe and a tin of Edgeworth.

Being fortunate enough to enjoy the surpassing mildness and sweetness of Edgeworth right at the threshold of his smoking career, each young fellow as a general rule found any other tobacco unsatisfying and adhered to Edgeworth year after year. When I have met some of them many years after and have seen them light up their pipes, I have often inquired: "Still smoking Edgeworth?"

Almost invariably the answer has been "Yes; I still like it better than any other; it's got a very pleasant flavor. And it's mild; it never burns the tongue."

Cordially yours,

FRANK H. WILSON

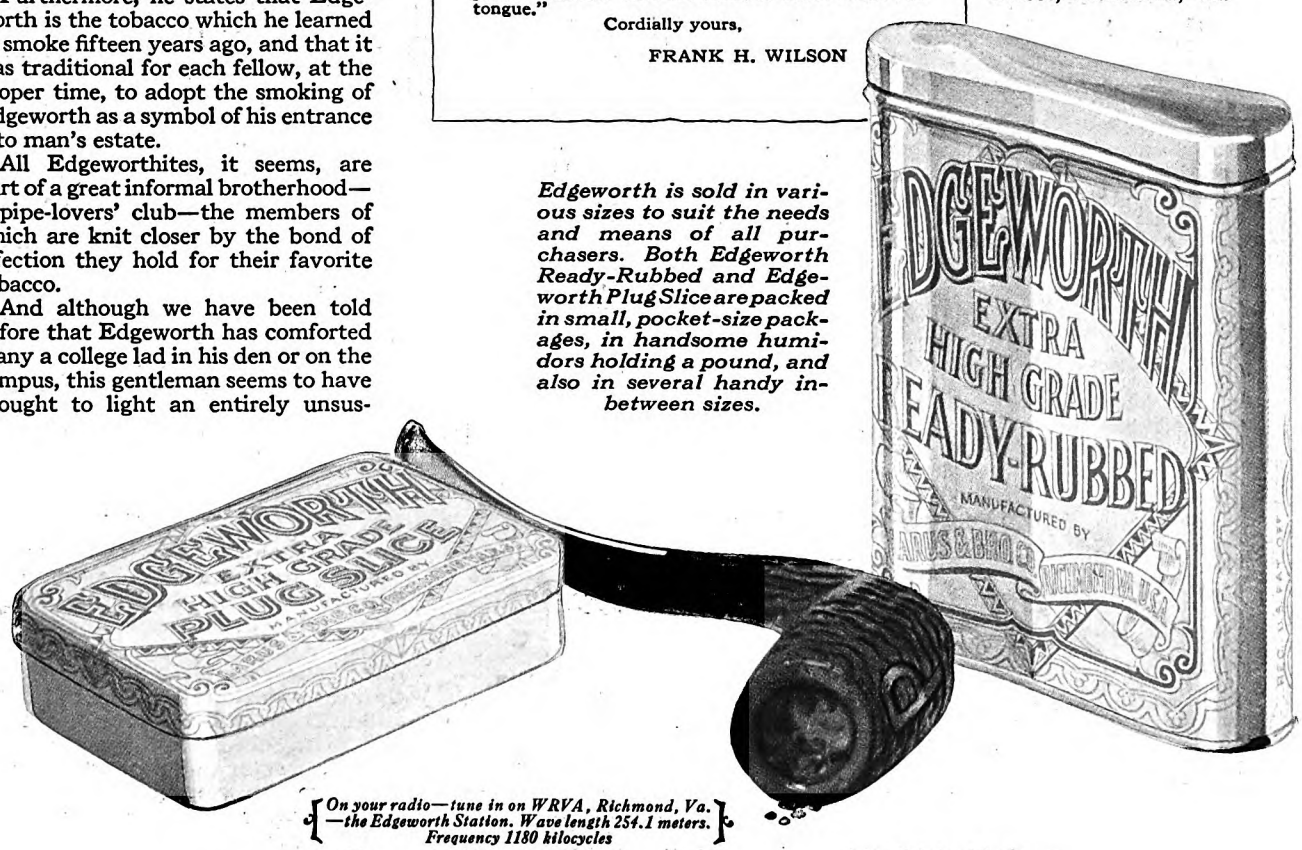
* * *

To anyone who has never tried Edgeworth, we now make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Put Edgeworth in your pipe and smoke it. If you like the samples, you can be sure you'll keep on liking Edgeworth no matter when or where you buy it because Edgeworth's quality is *always* the same. When you pack your pipe with Edgeworth you'll find it's not unlike meeting up with an old friend—the kind you can always count on.

To get the free samples, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 45 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.



[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles*]

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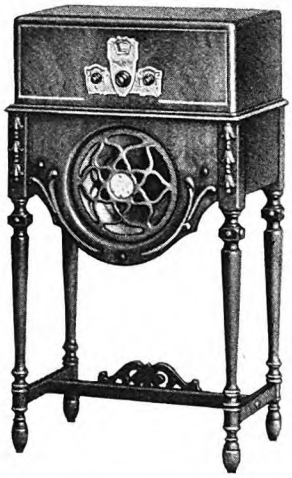
SHOWERS

RADIO FURNITURE

Here is a radio VALUE you will only find in Crosley radio dealers' stores. It cannot be equalled.

Crosley builds radio so efficiently at such low prices that there is no comparison between Crosley radio and others in that price field.

Showers, the world's largest furniture manufacturers, are equipped, physically and financially, to build the products of the world's best furniture designers at prices lesser manufacturers cannot match.



Crosley radio console $115

.6 tube AC electric GEMBOX *and* DYNACONE built in . . . . .

Powel Crosley, Jr., approves Showers cabinets for Crosley radio not only because they represent VALUE such as he builds into his radio, but because acoustically they enhance the already superior performance of Crosley receiving sets.

Beautiful walnut veneers exquisitely matched form patterns such as one sees in museum pieces. Genuine wood carvings add decorative touches you find in most expensive furniture.

The dynamic DYNACONE—a genuine *power* speaker is built in these charming cabinets. This wonderful reproducer is the *hit* of the radio industry this season. The same speaker sells separately for $25.

See this combination at any Crosley dealer. He is authorized to put it in your home for a

5 DAY FREE TRIAL

Prove to yourself, by yourself, the power, the beauty and the unmatchable value of Crosley radio in Showers' cabinets. Use coupon below if you cannot locate a Crosley dealer.

SHOWERS BROTHERS COMPANY
Bloomington, Ind.

Beautiful 54-inch walnut veneer sliding panel door model C-6 console with Crosley 8 tube AC electric SHOWBOX radio installed and DYNACONE built in. $159.50

Showers Brothers Co.
Dept. 2
Bloomington, Ind.

I am interested in seeing and hearing the Crosley Radio Console at $115 in my own home 5 DAYS FREE!

Name.....

Address.....

Send me literature about your beautifully designed furniture at prices less than $200 per suite.

Living Room..... Dining Room..... Bed Room..... Kitchen.....

It is no disgrace to have the chauffeur say that he is glad to be working for you. It is no disgrace to have the drunkard on the street tell another that once you took pity on him and fed him well. That may have been only a trifling incident in your life, which you instantly forgot, but it still looms large in that unfortunate wayfarer's experience. He has etched it into his memory as a detail greatly to your credit.

AFTER all, the big thrills of life weary us soonest. One tires very quickly of the plaudits of the public. No doubt fame is an irksome robe to wear day in and out. Colonel Lindbergh must long for rest and quiet and a little less adulation. President Coolidge probably looks forward to the day when he will be rid of his police guard and the pomp of ceremony. The big success was a joy when it first came, but it hasn't really altered life. One does not want forever to be living up to a great achievement. The real peace and beauty and glory of the years lie in the lesser activities.

I was at a birthday dinner given to a well-known and much-loved citizen of Detroit several months ago. It was his seventieth birthday. I was the youngest at the table. The others were all men whose fortunes were made and whose big works were all done.

It was interesting and instructive to me to hear those men talk. They all dwelt on the little things of that man's life. The laughter and the sadness of the evening had to do with affairs of everyday living. It might well have been a poor man they were talking of. Money and fame and position were never mentioned. They joked about his little traits and habits and they enlarged upon his little kindlinesses. They talked of his thought for others; his patience and his sympathy, and they recalled countless little trifling incidents which had happened during the years.

That guest of honor had been a neighbor and a friend and fellow sufferer. He had visited back and forth; had played games and known hardships; he had made mistakes and paid for them; he had attended weddings and christenings and funerals. In short, he had lived the same sort of life which we all must live, and had many memories to gladden his heart.

If we live that long, we shall all come to the twilight hours of life. Whether we be rich or poor, the little details will be all that we shall value. Toward the end of the journey, all that we see and recall will be our friendships and our memories of them. We shall rejoice over the trifles of life. And if others, remembering some little kindness of ours, rejoice that we have lived, we shall not have lived in vain!

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN, the famous preacher who counts his radio hearers, readers, and correspondents by the tens of thousands, has a remarkable article next month entitled "Are You Asking Too Much of Life?" He wrote it out of the intimate revelations of men and women and in it you will see your own hopes and fears, doubts and demands reflected. Doctor Cadman's wise counsel may help you make an adjustment of your daily life to your circumstances.

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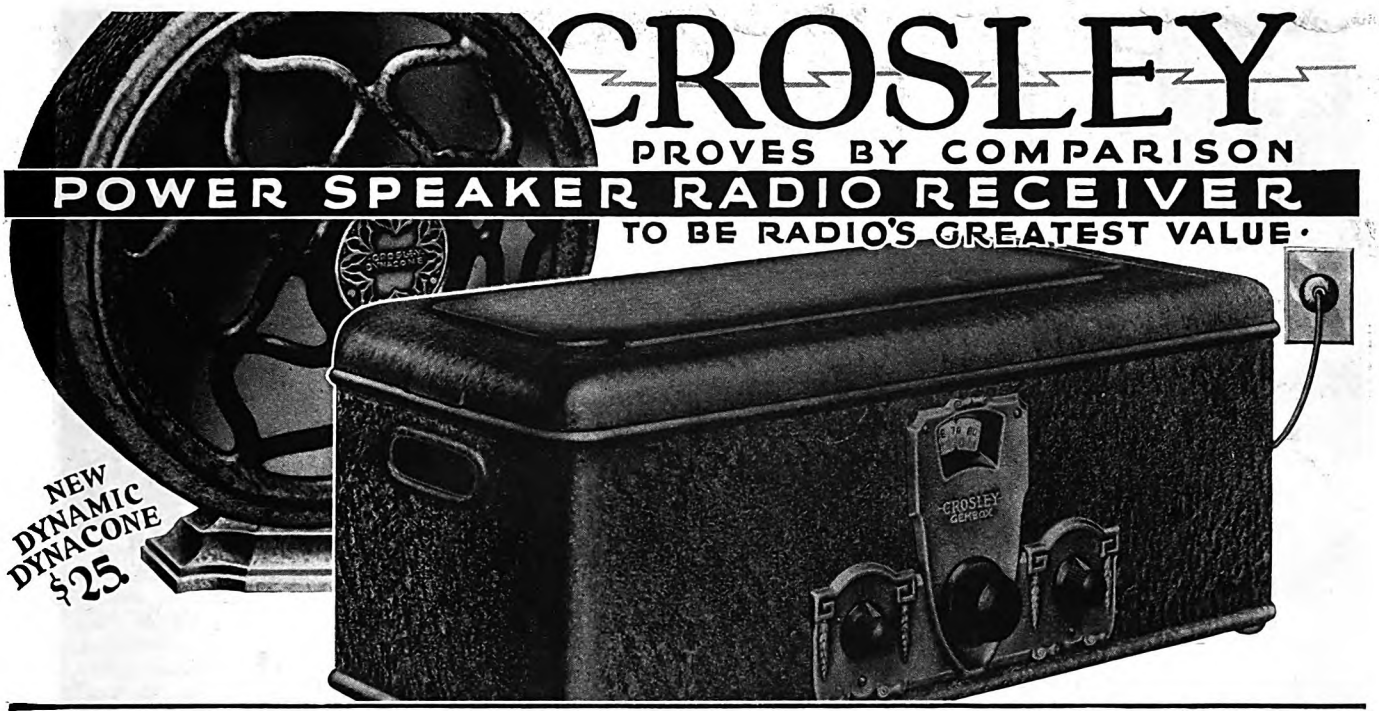
PROVES BY COMPARISON

POWER SPEAKER RADIO RECEIVER

TO BE RADIO'S GREATEST VALUE·



·6 TUBE·A C·Electric·GEMBOX·$65·

1928 Features

Few radios AT ANY PRICE combine ALL these features which are essential to today's radio reception.

Neutrodyne 10·10·10·1,000
Other systems 5·5·5·125

Crosley Radios tune efficiently

Crosley Neutrodyne circuit is sharp, sensitive and selective. Distant stations are easily found. Local stations tune without squealing.

Crosley Radios are shielded Each element shielded from each other provides maximum selectivity and *is featured* in the most expensive sets.

Crosley Radios are selective In crowded districts where many local stations fill the air you find means of listening to ONE at a time.

Crosley Radios have volume Volume may be increased to tremendous proportions without distortion.

Crosley Radios can be softened to a whisper

A positive volume control enables operator to cut any program down to faint and scarcely audible reception.

Crosley radio sets have always been good sets. In them the public always got the utmost value. They have always been sold on a very close margin of profit in order to keep the price low. This margin does not permit extensive advertising as is possible with other radios.

Crosley radio is well advertised but not extravagantly. The growth of The Crosley Radio Corporation is due more to word of mouth by satisfied users than prodigious claims in printers' ink.

Last winter Crosley was first to announce that the place to buy radio is in the home, first to encourage demonstration in the home, first to give the public an opportunity to try, test and compare before buying. The growth of Crosley sales since that time has been phenomenal. *The first six months of 1928 showed sales almost four times greater than any preceding year, because Crosley sets demonstrated in the home in comparison with other sets immediately proved themselves to be the greatest value in the radio world.* Crosley dealers do not fear competitive demonstrations in any prospect's home—they encourage them. Satisfied customers are the greatest asset Crosley can have.

6 tube Battery Operated BANDBOX $55

5 tube Dry Cell Operated BANDBOX JR. $35

The improved MUSICONE the fastest selling magnetic loud speaker at $15

The Crosley Dynacone—a dynamic power speaker at $25, available for all Crosley models, introduces for the FIRST time in the popular priced field power, volume, depth of tone and rich reproduction never before believed possible. Immediately Crosley radio became comparable to the highest priced receivers on the market. Crosley radio with DYNACONE gives an entirely new conception of radio.

Crosley sweeps the field! Crosley out-sell ANY radio on the market today! Crosley's 5 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER is closely imitated, but be sure you TEST and TRY a Crosley set against ANY OTHER. Such direct comparison is eye opening for the superior Crosley receivers with this new wonder power speaker give an amazing performance.

6 tube AC Electric GEMBOX $65

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West prices slightly higher

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Cincinnati, Ohio
Powel Crosley, Jr., *Pres.*
CROSLEY Prices do not include tubes

When college stars are shining . . .

Whatever Happens, "You're *there* with a Crosley"..

The Crosley Radio Corporation
Cincinnati, Ohio. Dept. 2

Please send me literature about your new radio receiver and the wonderful new DYNACONE.

AC Radio..... Battery Operated Radio..... Dynacone.....

DC Radio..... 5 DAY FREE TRIAL IN MY HOME.....

Name.....

Address.....

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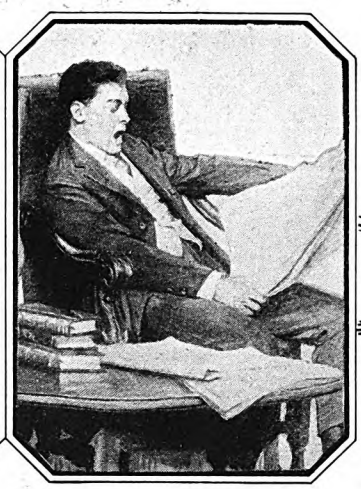


Just 15 Minutes *a Day*

What it will mean to you is told in the FREE BOOKLET below

HERE are two men of equal position and business income. Which of them represents you?

They read about the same number of hours each week. But one has no plan for his reading; at the end of the year he has little or nothing to show.

The other talks like a man who has traveled widely, though he has never been outside of the United States.

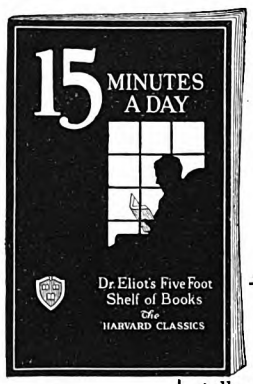
He knows something of science, though he had to stop school at fifteen. He is at home with history, and the best biographies, and the really great dramas and essays. Older men like to talk to him because he has somehow gained the rare gift of thinking clearly and talking interestingly.

What's the secret of his mental growth? How can a man in a few minutes of pleasant reading each day gain so much?

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study, and teaching, forty years of it as President of Harvard University, answered that question in a free booklet that you can have for the asking.

"For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me, besides, the way to a vast new world of pleasure." This free booklet describes the contents, plan and purpose of

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS



Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

The free booklet tells about it—how Dr. Eliot put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how he so arranged it that even "fifteen minutes a day" are enough, how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Every reader of this magazine is invited to have a copy of this entertaining book. It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to-day.

This Free Booklet gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

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The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

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Autumn

(*Continued from page 61*)

metaphor of human existence, they consider it a time of decline and decay. They feel as Macbeth did when he exclaimed despairingly:

"My way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf!"

But that old Scotch murderer had ample reason to feel as he did. He had wasted his life, and he had small faith in immortality. No man who believes that the human spirit is imperishable can ever wholly identify autumn with old age, winter with death. Not autumn, nor death, nor sorrow, nor disappointment in our fairest hopes shall ever cloud the soul which has a radiant faith in life eternal.

Human happiness is ludicrous, pathetic, and grotesque unless it is tenoned and mortised in the foundation of a conviction in immortality. To those who love God and trust Him, all shall be well; here on this earth and in the world to come. Nothing shall permanently hurt God's children. However the storm may rave, God never made a storm to last. The blusterer always has something to conceal; behind the gale is the smile of the joyous sky. God was thinking of you and of me when He made trouble temporal and love eternal.

And the proof of immortality? He who believes in a loving Creator (and who can doubt Him?) cannot escape the divine solace of a belief in immortality. Moreover, each of us is aware that the spirit has an existence independent of its material associations. It does not feel or act mortal. Those are two reasons for this faith; there are many others.

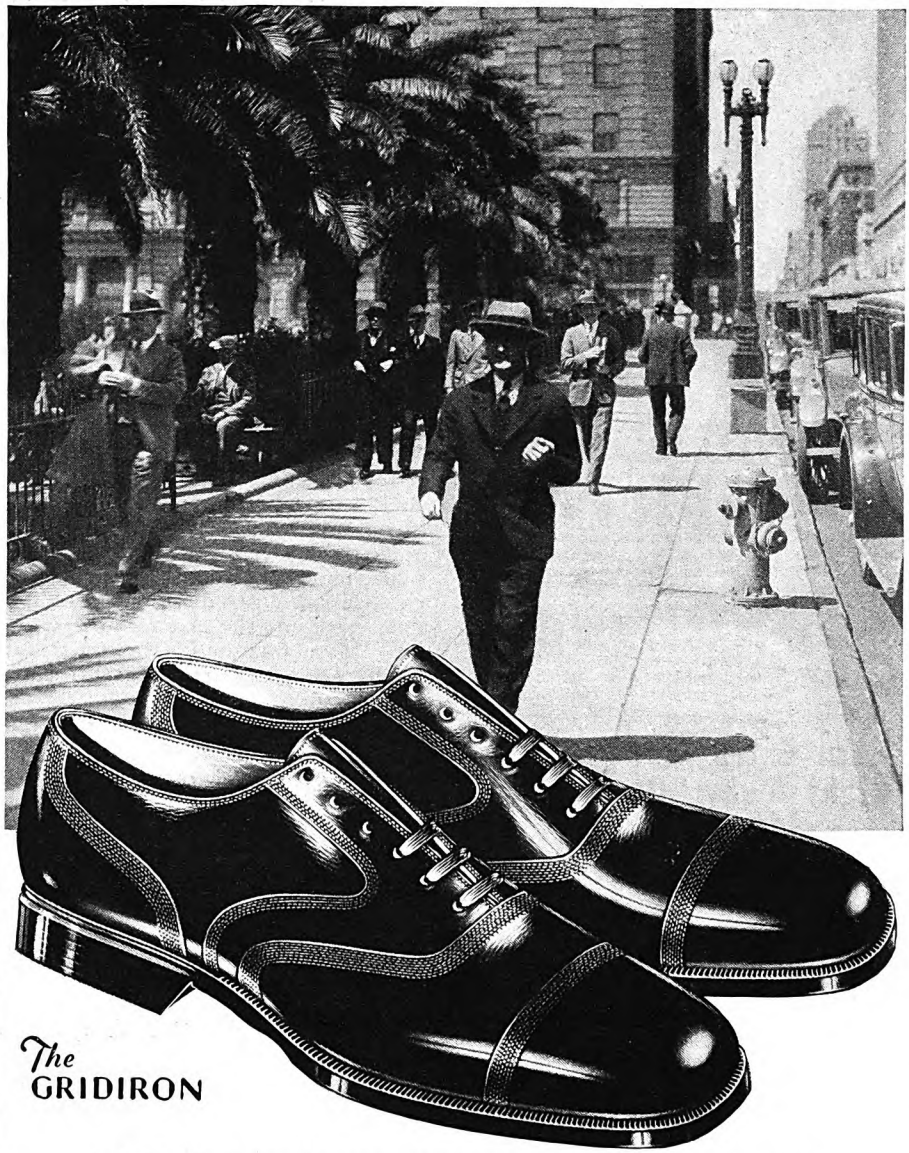
THE Soul is like Cinderella of our childhood story-books; though she goes in rags and tatters, wearing the Body, yet she is a princess-born. She speaks of splendid things. Some day she will get a new gown—one to match her beauty—a gown woven of celestial light. The autumn of life promises every child of God a vesture immortal.

There is a beautiful similarity between autumn and night. The coming of darkness is a miniature of the fall of the year, and should bring only that happiness which is born of peace, full of "sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

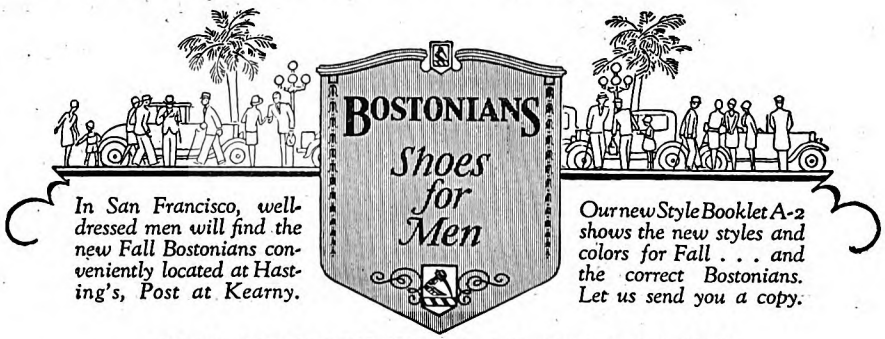
Night does not mean a darkening mind, a failing hope; neither should autumn. Indeed, both the close of the day and the close of the summer are manifestations of divine plans and divine powers. All life, all nature, is a stately processional. Nature never seems asleep. Even in repose she is alive with dreams of some glorifying labor soon to be performed. The seasons march; and in the autumn Life is passing through a magic valley, resplendent with sundown refulgence. The sadness of autumn? Rather it is to be wondered why our hearts do not break with the very beauty and romance and tender enchantment of it all.

Nor should we forget the merry mystery of it, of which Hallowe'en is the high festival. Of course, being the night before

IN SAN FRANCISCO MEN WEAR
BOSTONIANS
SHOES FOR MEN



ALONG Post Street you can see Bostonians, too—symbols of smart style among men of San Francisco. Correct, yet styled for comfort, Bostonians mark the dress of a gentleman. Their price is far less than their fine quality indicates. *For most styles, $7 to $10.*



In San Francisco, well-dressed men will find the new Fall Bostonians conveniently located at Hasting's, Post at Kearny.

Our new Style Booklet A-2 shows the new styles and colors for Fall . . . and the correct Bostonians. Let us send you a copy.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

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Learn RADIO for BIGGER PAY!

J. E. Smith
President

Jobs paying $50 and all the way up to $200 a week are waiting for the Radio-trained man. Get into the new, growing Radio profession if you want to earn more money, have bigger opportunities for the future. I will train you **at home in your spare time.** Previous experience not needed—you learn quickly in a simple, clear and unforgettable way. Grade school education, or even less, is enough to start.

Earn Extra Money Weekly Right Away "On the Side"

You learn it all **by doing.** So practical is the training you get that almost from the time you start you can put your new knowledge to use. Little Radio jobs I'll show you how to do in your spare hours can bring you as much as $15, $20, $30 extra cash, weekly, after you get well started. This Radio training of mine is the one that's world famous as the "Course That Pays for Itself." Many of my students put aside enough extra cash to start their own Radio business on graduation—all earned by this spare-time Radio work done while they are learning.

64-Page Book Sent FREE

Free—a 64-page book that tells you all about the bigger opportunities in Radio—the big money to be earned—how I'll prepare you thoroughly and completely in the quiet of your own home to enter any one of the twenty some odd lines of the Radio profession. Book tells all about my ways of helping you earn extra spare-time cash almost from the day you start with me. **Gives all information** about the six big outfits of Radio material I send you to experiment with: you can build more than 100 Radio circuits with these outfits, yet there's no extra charge for them. Everything—all services and material—included in one tuition fee (and you'll find it's surprisingly low, and can be paid in very small monthly amounts). Get the proof for yourself. Radio needs you—learn right now what it has to offer you. No obligation for the book—it's sent free—just mail the coupon today.

***Address:* J. E. SMITH, President**
National Radio Institute
Dept. 22B
Washington, D. C.

C O U P O N

J. E. SMITH, President,
National Radio Institute,
Dept. 22B, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Kindly send me your free 64-page book with all information about learning Radio for bigger pay. I understand this places me under no obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

Occupation.....

All Saints' Day, it was originally a sacred time; but we have mellowed its meaning so that it is far more than a religious festival. I have often wondered whether the belief that on that night spirits walk the earth had not some explanation in the fact that the migration of many birds and of some animals is then in full swing: we come upon beautiful wild strangers in our streets and back yards, and the nights are filled with the beat of mysterious wings, with weird sweet cries from invisible voyagers.

Amid such real sorcery and honest necromancy we feel that autumn has really come, though the almanac tells us that it is at any time between the sun's southward passage across the equator, and its northward passage, three months later. O. Henry says when women with no fur coats grow kind to their husbands, then the fall of the year is at hand. But we can recognize its coming in ways far less sophisticated.

ONE day before the serene spell of summer had broken I went far back in the lonely mountains to see if I could find some fringed gentians; among wild flowers they are comparatively rare in our part of the country, and they are always of exquisite beauty. Driving twelve miles up Path Valley, I left my car in an old sumac-bordered lane, where goldenrod gleamed and dusty daisies nodded. Two miles back into the woods I walked, into the wild and fragrant heart of the solitary greenwood, into a veritable sanctuary of nature called by the Tuscarora Indians, long ago, Orquic Valley. Down the wooded glen of this vale bubbles a pure mountain stream.

I found one cluster of gentians, and they would have repaid me for my trip; but there were other rewards. As I sat on an old chestnut log that spanned the stream, autumn came to me through the suggestions of several beautiful reminders. First, from a huge old sugar maple rustling liquidly above me, a crimson leaf fell at my feet.

A little later, I saw a gray squirrel burying a hickory nut in a pile of old dead leaves. He knew that the fall had come, and I knew it, though there had been no frost, and though all nature was tranced in dreaming sunlight of a delicious quality. I thought of the dead of winter, with a deep snow over that hickory nut, and I knew that that squirrel would come back for it and dig it out, though he would have no map to guide him to his hidden treasure. In the fragrant little dells away from the stream the air was silent, having the listening stillness of expectancy; here, where of late the wild wood-warblers sang—the vireo, the towhee, the wood pewee, the veery, and the hooded warbler.

From the dew-drenching of the night before the woods were still and bright and aromatic. There was a richness about this quietness that told me autumn had come, and the hale odors from the hickory, the ash, and the oak mingled with the delicious fragrance from ripened wild grapes. I almost saw Autumn herself musing in her lovely garden of the world; she was wearing a little bunch of red berries in her hair. Thoughtful she stood while, raying from her on all sides, were the resplendent fruits of all her toil and love.

All the magic and mystery of those autumnal mountain woods were gathered for me into one sound that day when I heard, from a thicket far above me, the soft drumming of a ruffed grouse. There is no sound that has a more remote significance, a more fascinating unreality. Ordinary sounds break the spell of autumn, but here is an authentic voice of the woodland, ancient in origin, delicately golden in quality, as befits the season.

But there is one bird that chooses the fall of the year for a regular lyric festival. This is the mockingbird, perhaps our finest grand opera performer. Though he sings during the mating weeks in spring, and in a desultory manner throughout the summer, it is during the glamorous moonlit nights of October that he pours forth the full splendor of his song. There is a tone of richness, a contralto depth to this singing that is not heard at any other time. It is as if the bird were not rejoicing in his own personal happiness, as he does when he is in love, but rather as if he were trying to express to the world in gorgeous song the luxurious beauty of the autumnal days and nights. I hardly know what birds one should expect to hear in another world; but I hope the mockingbird will be there; and if he is, I know he will sing as he does during the full moon in October.

IT IS commonly accepted that autumn is an ending; but in a very real and vital sense it is a beginning. The law of the conservation of energy tells us that no force ever really has a termination. Autumn, while it is the wane of summer, is likewise the beginning of spring. It is astonishing what Nature knows about preparedness; she should be our ideal in all such matters.

Unhappily, we spend much of our time preparing for war, whereas Nature prepares for coming peace and happiness, for fruits and flowers, for beauty and abundance. She plans for life, not for death. There is not a tree that, in the autumn, does not hold in thousands of tiny tightly-clenched gloved hands the leaves and flowers for the coming season, months away, across the bleak expanse of winter.

Deep down in the heart of the strawberry plant, snuggling close to the earth in mid-November, there are even now our strawberry shortcakes of next June. The peaches and the apples are always on the trees, either ripe, or to be held in safe keeping until spring weather gives them a fair chance to develop. The hazel-nut blossoms in the autumn. Nature is always ahead of us in having an early garden. Her little perennials curl up and go to sleep under the leaves, or under the waters of the quiet pond. The first balmy sun, the first genial persuasive rain will awake them. Nothing seems to be an end or to have an end. What seems an end is merely the beginning of something else.

We live and move amid a million evidences of eternity. Nor is there a season more full of reassurances for the human spirit than the fall of the year, which is only superficially a time of fading and of silence. It makes death seem incidental, for both are apparently final, yet both presage immortality.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Wanted - men seeking opportunity

Somewhere east, there's a broad-shouldered, ambitious young doctor. He longs to go where life is real and interesting, where the country is growing and prosperous, where the air is invigorating and men snap into their work.

There's a place waiting for him in The Milwaukee Road's West—and the right sort of a man soon will find he's an important figure among the friendly folks of his chosen field.

Here is a great transcontinental railway concerning itself with the business needs of a community, with its baker, or butcher or garageman. The Milwaukee Road is interested in every individual and industrial opportunity that progress creates along its 11,200 miles of line from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Northwest.

It's good business to help those who help you—and that's the spirit that pervades The Milwaukee Road's West where the people look upon this railroad as their partner.

FAMOUS TRAINS

The Olympian
Chicago - Seattle - Tacoma

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Chicago - St. Paul - Minneapolis

The Columbian
Chicago — Twin Cities { Yellowstone / Seattle-Tacoma

The Southwest Limited
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The Arrow
Chicago — Milwaukee { Des Moines - Omaha - Sioux City

For a copy of booklet or detailed information on any subject concerning this railroad, address The Milwaukee Road, Room 884F, Union Station, Chicago

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL PACIFIC

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THEY *Won the* TRADE *of* 12,000 FARMERS

And B. E. Sisson, Managing Head of Miller's Store in Salem, Ore., Tells FARM & FIRESIDE How They Did It

WHAT methods did Miller's store use to attract 12,000 extra farm families to their sales counters?

What important farm service feature did they hit on that has added at least 40 miles to their trading radius?

If you are a small-city dealer—this is information that you ought to have.

For B. E. Sisson, managing head of Miller's, has given FARM & FIRESIDE the inside information on this big store's successful business methods. And his interview is now published in a folder—a copy of which you or any other small-city retailer can have free for the asking. Just fill in and return the attached coupon.

FARM & FIRESIDE'S Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE'S series—which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-*personal* magazine—edited straight to the *individual* and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

© Kennell-Ellis

Get More Farm Trade

One of the points Mr. Sisson stresses most emphatically in his interview is the necessity for the small-city dealer to go out after a bigger volume of farm trade. For, as he says, it's hard for outside competition to break into your territory *if you are solidly entrenched as the trading center for a large number of farm customers.*

Over-the-Counter Experience

Mr. Sisson frankly lays all cards on the table and tells the "inside" facts about the methods he has found to be most successful in running a modern small-city department store.

He gives a clear and interesting explanation of modern store operation—how he promotes sales efficiency among his department heads by means of his special system of budgetary control—the rate of turnover he gets on all classifications of merchandise in his 27 departments—and how he can actually regulate turnover so as to get maximum sales at minimum selling cost.

And he also tells how much it costs him to sell merchandise—what per cent of his gross sales he invests in advertising—and at least a dozen other inside over-the-counter facts that any small-city dealer can use to advantage in checking up on his own business.

Send for this Folder

You are invited to take advantage of FARM & FIRESIDE'S retail merchandising service to small-city dealers. This service is free—its sole objective being to enable you to win a bigger volume of farm trade.

Send the coupon today for your *free* copy of Mr. Sisson's business story.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying FARM & FIRESIDE'S interview with B. E. Sisson, manager of Miller's department store, Salem, Ore.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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Upton Close, the Man Who Cannot Stay Still

(*Continued from page 22*)

my Mongol pony and rode into town. And while Hayes pitched camp I made my way among flat-roofed mud houses to the telegraph station. I can still see the flowers in that town and feel the rest they brought to my tired eyes.

"There were several wires awaiting us. One was from my wife to Hayes. It read: 'Please bring the corpse.' In spite of my care, gossip over Hayes's wire for help had reached her, fifteen hundred miles away. I pinched myself. I felt like a pretty lively corpse, so I wired back: 'Bringing it myself,' and signed my name."

Upton Close smiled with a humorous melancholy.

"I don't like to bring home the corpse," he said. "I don't like to make folks worry about me. But I've had to fetch home the remains several times since then. I've died from dengue fever in Hongkong. I've been blown up in General Wu Pei-fu's private car, together with the rest of the Chinese general's staff. I've been 'pinched off' by a hostile Chinese general who captured me during the fighting on the Yangtze. Nor must I forget the narrow escape I had back in the old days when I rashly answered another man's call to preach!"

But let us go back a bit.

THERE are men who cannot wait for life to come to them. Impelled by an itching foot and a restless heart, they must go afield to meet life—if need be, around the globe and back again. Never for such as these the security of warm hearths and the comfort of soft beds. Instead, they find in hardship and hunger, in poverty and peril, the very breath of life itself. Theirs is the Spirit of Adventure. They are the explorers, the frontiersmen, the pioneers who must push on and on. They are the men who cannot stay still!

Upton Close is one of these.

Barely waiting for the ink to dry on his college diploma, twelve years ago he hoisted sail in quest of the unexpected. Still in his early thirties, he is today a confirmed rolling stone, with a passion for meeting adventure more than half way.

In the meantime, he has been twice around the world. He has taken part in one major Chinese revolution and has been an interested spectator in several minor ones. He has written half a dozen books. Two of these, "In the Land of the Laughing Buddha" and "The Revolt of Asia," have been acclaimed by many as the soundest appraisal of the Asiatic temper ever put into words. He has lectured all over America and China and in many European cities.

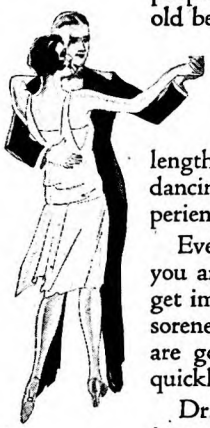
One night not long ago I was one of several who, gathered about a glowing hearth in the heart of steam-heated New York, listened until well past midnight while Upton Close recounted adventures that had befallen him in the far places of the earth.

"How did you happen to become a rolling stone?" asked somebody in the group of listeners.

How do they keep so lively, fresh and young?

YOUTH today is more than a mode. It is an obligation. Admiration goes to the freshness and vivacity that can come only from ample reserve strength and perfect poise. There is no substitute for a body tingling with fresh and buoyant vitality.

Nerve exhaustion in many cases, doctors say, comes from the *feet*—a source people least suspect. Painful feet squander your vitality; make you old before your time.



For real foot health, use Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm—a dainty emollient of remarkable curative, revitalizing and pain-allaying properties.

Massage your feet with it and you will be able to undergo lengthy exertions such as standing, walking, hiking, golfing or dancing that would ordinarily punish your feet—and not experience the slightest distress.

Even though you should not apply it until you are suffering keenly from your feet, you get immediate relief. Foot aches and pains, soreness, tenderness and burning sensations are gone in a few minutes. Any swelling quickly subsides.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is delightfully soothing, cooling and healing. It stimulates the skin, casts off impurities, keeps the muscles and tissues healthily energetic...Relieves corns, callouses and bunions, too, and dispels foot odors.

Buy a jar today. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c. For generous free sample, use coupon below.

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

Made in the Laboratories of THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., World's Largest Manufacturers of Arch Supports, Foot Comfort Appliances and Foot Remedies.

Easy to apply, quickly absorbed by the pores. An indispensable toilet accessory for every foot-suffering man and woman.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., Chicago
Mail free sample Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm and book, "The Feet and Their Care", to

Name.....

Address..... City..... State..... A.M.O.

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Are you blinded by the *New Blade Fallacy?*

Men by the million miss the joy of velvet smooth shaves every day. They are blinded by the idea that a new blade shaves smoothly because it's new. They use a new blade every few days, thoughtlessly believing that they are getting the best shaves possible—but they are NOT.

The maker of fine razors would like to get his blades to you in perfect shaving condition—if he could. But tempered steel is sensitive to weather conditions and the finishing touches must be put on the blade by stropping *just before the shave.*

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail. 30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10c for it and we will also send you, FREE, one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, and specially packed to protect it. You will get from it a new idea of what a real shave is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1601 Locust Street, Saint Louis
Chicago — Montreal — London

Twinplex Stropper

"I didn't *become* one," said Upton Close quickly. "I was *born* one. I long ago concluded that some of us are destined to be rolling stones, while others are designed to be the pillars that support the structure of society. It takes both kinds to make the world we live in. And each kind feels sorry for the other, and each secretly envies the other. Which is as it should be. For the adventurer yearns for the comforts and security of a settled place in life as often as the man who is tied dreams of 'golden atolls gleaming in the sun.'

"But no matter whether you roam the wide world over, or whether you spend your life in sight of the rooftree beneath which you were born, you can make up your mind to this: What will happen to you never before quite happened to any other human being. Whatever situation you find yourself in is yours alone to conquer; its possibilities can be explored to the uttermost by you alone.

"Adventure," he went on, "is a thing of the spirit. A man may spend his days moving from place to place, and yet find life as dull as ditch water. There are sailors who swing in and out of Bombay seeing nothing but filth, and feeling nothing but heat. There are thousands who would find no romance in Cairo, no color in Venice.

"On the other hand, there are people who have never traveled a hundred miles from their own doors and yet who find living an absorbing and exciting experience. They never turn a familiar corner without a lively thrill of anticipation. Such as these are indeed fortunate, for they know full well that some of the most tremendous adventures are lived in the secret places of the human soul."

UPTON CLOSE came honestly enough by his adventuresome spirit. His maternal grandfather began life in a little town in Switzerland and ended—nobody knew just when or how—in Rio de Janeiro. His grandmother's people were French Huguenots who had fled to Switzerland for religious refuge.

"After Grandfather dropped out of sight," said Mr. Close, "Grandmother migrated to Sweden, where she became a tutor in the royal family, and Mother, then a tiny girl, went to school with budding royalty. The next move was to England, where Mother finished growing up and married a Norwegian ship captain, who swore that he would never set sail again if only she would become his wife.

"But he soon roamed. Mother followed him to what was then the westernmost frontier town of the United States—Portland, Oregon—and there they started a home. Hardly had they got settled when he was killed while helping to launch a ship. To sustain her two small children and herself, Mother gave French and music lessons to the daughters of the pioneers. This was in the sixties.

"A little later, my father came on the scene. He was a six-foot-two Maine Yankee, who was prospecting his way north from California with his mining partner, Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras. Father had been following the frontier westward since he was sixteen. Now, at fifty-two, he was a bachelor who neither smoked, gambled, nor drank, but who shot straight and lived the same way. He decided to settle down in the new country.

"One day while driving a herd of sheep to his ranch, he passed the rough board studio where my mother taught. He went in and asked for a drink of water, and when he came out he left his heart behind him. But he returned to woo and win the delicate but indomitable little music teacher. They were married and he took her to his ranch among the Siwash Indians, where the port of Kelso, Washington, and the newly created town of Longview now stand. It was on this ranch that I was born several years later.

"When I was fourteen, I entered a little junior college near Walla Walla, a town at the other end of the state. Money I had earned as a newsboy saw me through the first two terms. The following year, I made my expenses by selling books during vacation time in sparsely settled sections of Montana, Wyoming, and Washington. Later, I went to Washington, D. C., and to the George Washington University.

"It had long been the dream of my mother's life that I become a minister. Partly to please her, and partly because I was inclined toward the ministry myself, I had elected several courses in theology. By way of trying out theology, and because I needed the money, during my senior year I had preached on Sundays at a small negro church near Washington. Immediately after the close of school, the members of the mission board under whom I had served asked me to assist in a revival which was to be held in an isolated mountain section of West Virginia. The pay was to be fourteen dollars a week and I gladly accepted.

"When I arrived at the scene it did not take long to discover that I had landed in a community where for three or four generations a feud had flourished between the two principal families, the Dawsons and the Days, and their allies. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I was delighted. This seemed to me an excellent opportunity to demonstrate my soul-saving abilities.

"The only thing that seriously distressed me was the presence of a doughty retired sailor who lived just across the road from the spot where I was to conduct my meetings. It was whispered that he was an atheist. From the outset, it was plain that he resented my invasion of his peace and quiet.

"THE meetings were held in a big tent. The lighting arrangements consisted of large kerosene lamps swinging from the canvas roof. I was greatly encouraged the first night to see representatives of both the Dawson and Day clans present. Everything went well until the middle of the week, when a Dawson took issue with a Day about the proper way to sing a certain hymn, and the Day undertook to settle the argument by sticking a big pocketknife through the Dawson nose.

"For a tight-drawn moment, a riot threatened; but tragedy was averted when I abruptly dismissed the congregation, pausing only long enough to announce that hereafter I would preach to the Days and the Dawsons alternately.

"Then I came down from my pulpit and administered first aid by withdrawing the knife from the bleeding nose of the

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It tamed mine

B. S. F.!

Something new, fine and stimulating! BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER. *After shaving, after bathing, any time.* For both men and women.

At all druggists. 35c and 65c for Barbasol. 65c for Barbasol Skin Freshener.

I made that 3-day test. I stacked Barbasol up against the very best soap I'd found in 20 years of rasslin' with this ol' haywire crop of mine.

Soaped up one side of my face, gave Soap & Co. all the breaks. Then spread Barbasol on the other half. And my face told me BARBASOL.

Your face wants to know Barbasol

Because Barbasol gives a cooler, smoother, closer, longer-lasting shave. It's 100% beard softener: No air bubbles.

Because Barbasol leaves the skin all fresh and young and soft. Leaves the natural oils right in the skin. Takes nothing away but the whiskers.

Because Barbasol is the Modern Way of Shaving —faster, simpler, cleaner. Look:

1 —Wash the face (and leave it wet)
2 —Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
3 —Shave!

THE BARBASOL COMPANY, *Indianapolis, Indiana*

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

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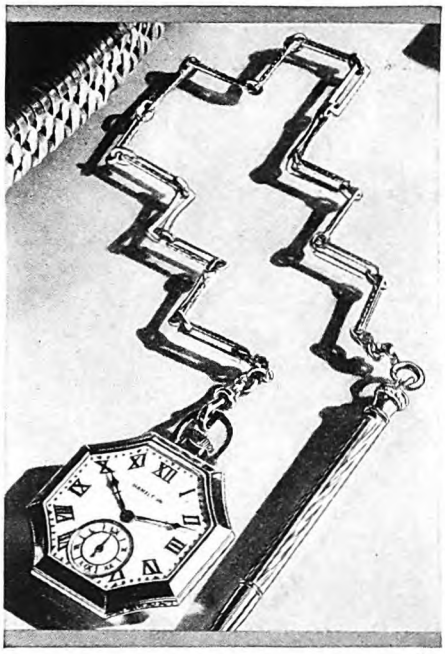

This Simmons Chain bespeaks the hidden Hamilton

HAMILTON owners are proud of their watches. They want chains every whit as fine. For this Robert Morris model of the Hamilton Watch, Simmons has designed the chain pictured above. It is an 18K white gold-filled Waldemar (30361), priced at $10.50.

Of course, the chain is not only for Hamilton Watches. It is fitted for Hamilton beauty, quality and durability. But it is also in character with any fine watch. Whatever your taste, or the design of your watch, some Simmons Chain will match it admirably. In many styles, priced from $4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

wounded Dawson and returning it to the Day who was waiting outside the tent for his property. He explained that the knife had belonged to his grandpappy, and that he 'shore would hate to part with it—fer good!'

"The next morning I heard that the Dawsons planned to cut the tent ropes that night while the Days were at meeting. To make matters worse, two thirds of the adult males in the community were packing guns. The situation was critical: If the Dawsons succeeded in making good their threat, nothing could save us from a horrible catastrophe, for the kerosene lamps would fire the tent instantly.

"While these thoughts were racing through my mind, I looked up and saw the retired sailor coming leisurely across the road with a huge club like a belaying pin in his hand. At first I thought the old man meant to add to the trouble that was boiling around me, but it turned out that he wanted to help me out.

HEAR you've got yourself into a purty big mess, young feller,' he drawled. 'Reckon you're too young to know thet savin' souls ain't sich a all-fired glib prop'sition as some sizes it up to be. Hit takes *time* fer a man to work out his own salvation, let alone thet of a whole county. Remindin' folks how much they hate each other don't do nuthin' but stir up strife. Thing to do is to let 'em fergit it. Recollect *His* way wuz the way o' peace. Seems like you kinder destroyed what little peace we had aroun' here. Reckon you sorter lost sight o' His glory thinkin' o' your own.'

"And then, after making me promise not to poke further into the hornet's nest of ill feeling existing between the Dawsons and the Days, he helped me to work out a plan whereby I could close my campaign with some show of dignity.

"We spent the day getting barbed wire and building entanglements around the tent. From the outside to the tent door we left a narrow lane through which all visitors would have to pass in single file. That night, the doughty old mate, club in hand, patrolled the barbed wire entanglements, while I stood at the tent entrance and relieved all arrivals of firearms, which an assistant stacked inside. Fortunately, the first-comer made no fuss about handing over his gun, and the others followed suit.

"The next evening we went through with the same program and, again, got through without trouble. After the services we rolled up the tent and took it back to headquarters.

"I was through with preaching. That quiet rebuke, 'Reckon you sorter lost sight o' His glory,' had opened my eyes to the truth. I admitted to myself what I already knew: I wanted adventure; I had not been called to preach.

"It was at this point that I gave up trying to 'blue print' my life, and decided to let destiny have her rightful share in shaping my career."

Some years before, Upton Close's elder sister had gone to China to work in a publishing house. She now wrote saying that another publishing concern with which she was in touch had an opening in the editorial department.

Destiny had spoken!

Without more ado, Upton Close and his young wife packed their slim belongings and were off.

But when the young man walked into the publishing house in Shanghai, expecting an editorial chair, he found that his first job consisted of traveling over half a dozen huge provinces to collect bills from Chinese newsdealers.

Fortified by three or four months' intensive study of the Chinese language, he plunged blithely into this new assignment of destiny. In the three years that followed he familiarized himself, as few white men have the opportunity to do, with countless Chinese dialects and customs. He got his invaluable knowledge of Oriental psychology by swapping yarns with fellow travelers on wheelbarrows, or canal boats, or on the sleeping platforms of the inns at evening.

He was in Shantung when the World War came on. Recognizing his peculiar fitness for the undertaking, the American Legation at Peking empowered the young bill collector to organize an intelligence service.

And thereby hangs a tale!

Upton Close was baptized Josef Washington Hall, and he was known by that name until the time I am now telling you about. Shortly after the beginning of his secret-service activities, an unsigned dispatch which he had concluded with the words, "Up close," as an indication of his dangerous proximity to events, was published in the American Press with the final two words accidentally used as a byline. Thereafter, it was thought wise to hide his identity by running later reports over the same signature, which speedily evolved into "Upton Close." Meanwhile, the man who was responsible for these reports was traveling freely about Shantung under the name of Josef Hall.

IN HIS intelligence work in Shantung, Upton Close used chiefly Chinese university students. Some of these boys later became the nucleus of a student revolution which overthrew the government that was selling the national sovereignty of China to Japan. When the young revolutionists were ready to reveal their plot, they invited Upton Close to come to Peking and take a leading part in their activities. Clad in Chinese costume, he was the only white man who marched in a great demonstration of more than twenty thousand students.

When General Wu Pei-fu and his army joined the student cause, it was natural that Close should become his friendly adviser, and, ultimately, a member of his staff. The Chinese commander liked the young American, and Close lived and worked and fought by his side through three wars, until China was under Wu's thumb and Close had become his chief adviser on foreign affairs.

It was during this time that a very circumstantial story came through to Peking. The gist of it was this: General Wu and his entire staff were blown up while traveling in Wu's private car. This report was taken quite seriously, and again Upton Close had to wire Peking the Chinese equivalent of Mark Twain's famous message: "The report of my death has been greatly exaggerated."

Adventures actually seemed to go out of their way to come to Upton Close. One day, while walking down a Peking street,

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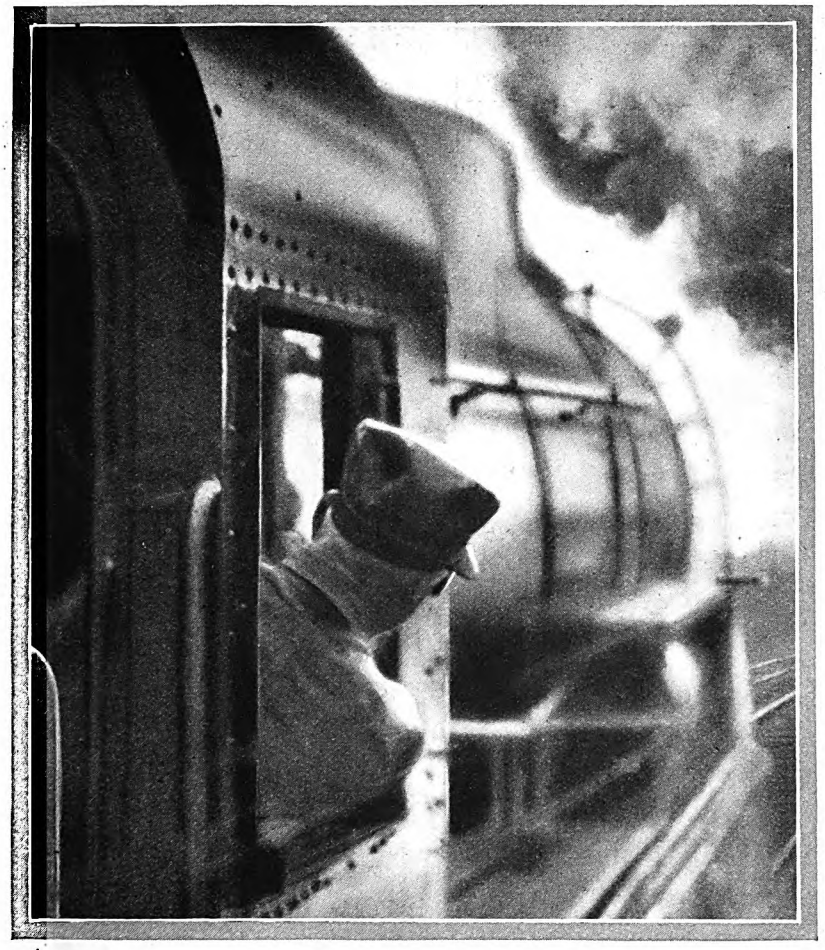

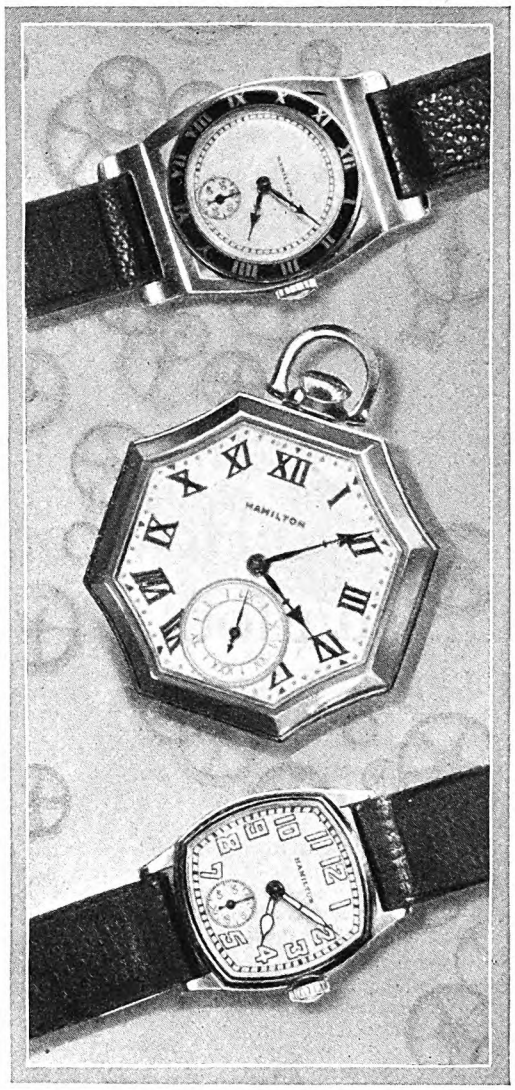

"The Beating Heart of Time..."

From "A Ride in the Cab of the Broadway Limited"

BY DUDLEY NICHOLS

Down the two bright ribbons of steel, amid a thundering world of glimmering signals, rides the great flyer of the rails. The grim pilot of the cab bows down to two gods of safety: the emerald green of the gleaming semaphore and his Hamilton Watch —the watch of railroad accuracy . . . How does it feel to ride with the pilot of such a thundering, demon of a locomotive? Dudley Nichols, staff correspondent of the New York World, knows. He has ridden — and captured the romance of railroading in a fast-moving, thrilling story packed with power and excitement.

Let us send you a copy of this thrilling account, illustrated with many unusual photographs. Also, if you would know something of the care with which Hamiltons are made let us send you our own interesting booklet, "The Timekeeper." Above, at the top, is shown the ultra-modern "Piping Rock" strap watch, which may be had in white or yellow 14k gold at $125. In the center is the "Robert Morris" pocket model, in filled white or green gold at $55. Below is the "Cushion," in filled or 14k green or white gold, plain or engraved, $50 to $77. Other Hamilton models, ranging from $48 to $685, are on display at any fine jeweler's.

Address Hamilton Watch Company, 883 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Hamilton

THE WATCH of Railroad Accuracy

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"How long has this suit looked like *t-h-a-t?*"

Only when your clothes have been tailored to your "attitude" - your posture - by our improved method, can you be sure they will not pull out of shape with wear.

HASN'T it happened to you? Haven't you liked the appearance of a new suit only to find, after a few weeks, that it seemed to be losing its style and fit . . . bunching in the shoulders . . pulling away at the neck . . binding under the arms?

There's nothing mysterious about it. You can hardly expect anything else. After all, the suit was not made especially for *you.* It was made for an "average" man — cut to standard measurements.

If you really want your clothes to fit you as they should, it's necessary to go farther than that. Through serving as personal tailors to millions of men Ed. V. Price & Company has learned that *only when a suit is tailored to your "attitude"— your posture — will it be permanently satisfactory.*

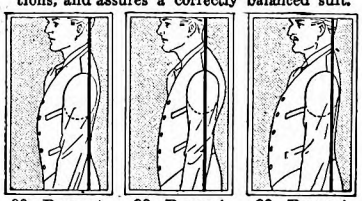
When you buy an Ed. V. Price & Company suit, it is made not only to your measure, of finest fabric, in the latest, smartest style. *It is cut, draped and balanced to your "attitude"—your posture*—by our exclusive "Attitude Method."

If we cut only 40 or 50 such suits a day we would be unable to offer this unusual personal tailoring service for so little. But because of our great volume of business, our highly organized staff of skilled tailors, and our tremendous buying power, we can offer suits at $35 that carry $50 to $60 in value—higher priced suits at proportionate savings.

The coupon will bring you further interesting information about the "Attitude Method," actual samples of our latest exclusive fine woolens, and name of our local dealer. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us today.

These men are the same height, and have the same chest measurement, yet they cannot wear the same suit.

Note variation in area, each side of "balance line," extending down from peak of collar. The "Attitude Method" of tailoring makes perfect allowance for all such variations, and assures a correctly balanced suit.



38 Breast, Regular Chest, Back. | 38 Breast, Flat Chest, Round Back. | 38 Breast, Full Chest, Flat Back.

Note location of balance line and position of armholes affecting distribution of cloth.

Are your shoulders high, regular or sloping? Only when a suit is cut to the shoulder slant will it drape properly.

E. V. Price & Co. Chicago

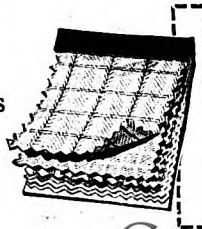
Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

When your Tailor?

SUITS OR OVERCOATS

$35 $45 $50

and upward



AM 9

ED. V. PRICE & CO.
327 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, FREE, swatches selected from your large stocks of exclusive woolens. Also additional information about your "Attitude" method of tailoring, and name of your nearest representative.

I am interested in suits at the following prices:
☐ $35 ☐ $45 ☐ $50 ☐ $65

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

he met an old friend bound toward the railway station under armed guard. A minute's conversation, and he learned that his friend had been arrested for some indiscreet editorials in the Peking "Leader." He was being forcibly ejected not only from the editorial chair but also from the country. "Who's running the paper now?" asked Close. "Go and run it yourself!" yelled the fleeing editor over his shoulder.

And that's exactly what Close did.

He walked into the editorial sanctum, dusted off the editorial chair, rolled up his sleeves, and sat down. In a short time, backed by a loyal staff, he was boldly championing the patriotic cause. During the same period, he wrote for the Peking "Gazette," descendant of the oldest newspaper in the world.

But one of Upton Close's greatest adventures was still to come. At Christmas time, 1920, there occurred the great Kansu earthquake, which was followed by devastation and famine throughout Western China. It was on a relief mission connected with this disaster, coupled with a news-gathering expedition to discover exactly what had happened, that Close "brought home the corpse," as narrated in the beginning. Let him tell the rest of the story:

"THE Chinese have no word for landslides. The only term they use to describe this phenomenon is 'the mountains walked.'

"Never was a phrase more accurate. We came to places in the highway where for a quarter of a mile the road had dropped out of sight. It had been cut as if chopped with an ax, leaving giant poplars and cottonwoods uprooted upon the edge of the sixty-foot gully, like sentinels stricken at their posts.

"Mountains that moved hundreds of yards in the night, landslides that eddied like waterfalls, crevasses that swallowed houses and camel trains, and villages that were swept away under a rising sea of loose earth were a few of the horrors that met our eyes as we went from place to place trying to make some estimate of the damage to report to the relief committee that had sent us out.

"The only survivors in one valley—a peasant and his two sons—were saved as if by a miracle.

"Their farmstead, instead of being buried, was caught upon the back of one of the slides, carried down the valley to a point where it was diverted by two streams of earth from other directions and, as a result of the clashing forces, was catapulted another quarter of a mile up a small draw.

"House, orchard, and threshing floor made the journey intact. Even the crows' nests in the trees outside the house were undisturbed.

"As for the farmer and his two sons, they had already placidly begun to till the new location to which their establishment had been so unceremoniously transported."

Soon after his return to Peking and his family, Upton Close left to accompany General Wu on a campaign. His weakened condition and the hardships at the front made him an easy victim to typhoid. After ten weeks between life and death, he came out of the hospital to find that his

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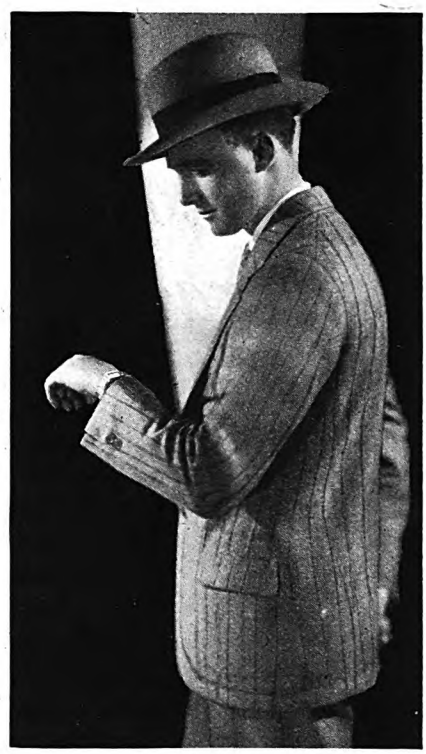
Today's style

. . . comfort. . . convenience

for the watch you now wear!



ADD a dash of style to your wrist watch. And at the same time enjoy new comfort, new convenience!

Distinctly the note of *Today* are these modish creations by Wadsworth—the same Wadsworth which has long enjoyed recognized style leadership in the fashioning of fine watch cases.

Made in white or green gold filled, or in solid gold, a Wadsworth Band is *one with your watch*—in lasting material as in style.

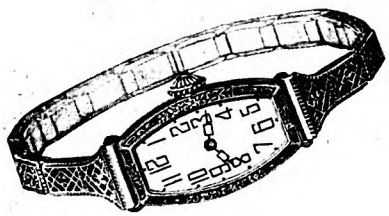
And Wadsworth Bands are so constructed that when properly adjusted by your jeweler, they assure utmost comfort on the wrist.

No danger of losing your watch, as with a worn strap or ribbon. No need for future replacements.

Ask your jeweler to show you a style that will harmonize exactly with the watch you're now wearing! He has many distinctive designs for both men and women—among them the new Lord and Lady Wadsworth Bands pictured here.

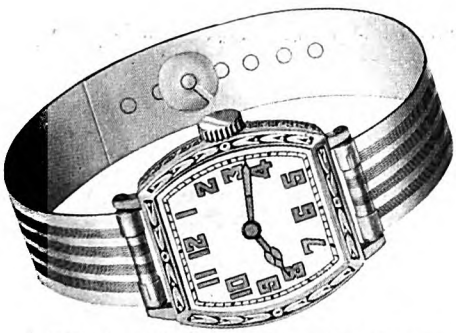
And it takes but a moment to fit one to any modern wrist watch, any size wrist!

WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky, Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

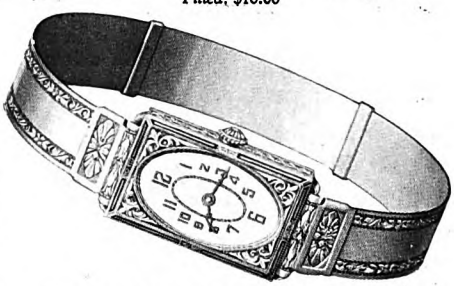


The new Lady Wadsworth Band, for women. A bracelet style of distinguished beauty, with a special patented construction of links and springs that assures extra strength where most needed. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled, decorated, $5.00 to $8.25

The new Lord Wadsworth Band, for men. A strikingly original style, fashioned in a series of slender links which afford an unusually trim, comfortable fit to the wrist. Quickly put on and taken off by means of a smart clasp at center. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled; $10.00



The Improved Ben Hur Band, for men (and Amazon, narrower, for women). These models open in the center, are easily adjusted to conform to the wrist, and fastened by a special safety lock. Improved Ben Hur, 14-kt. Solid Gold: plain, $25; decorated, $27. Amazon priced lower in solid gold. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled; plain, $6.50; decorated, $7.50



The Athena Band, for women (and Olympian, wider, for men). These models expand to slip over the hand, are readily adjusted to conform to the wrist, and secured by a snap lock. Athena, 14-kt. Solid Gold; plain, $20; decorated, $25. Olympian priced somewhat higher in solid gold. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled: plain, $7.50; decorated, $8.50

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

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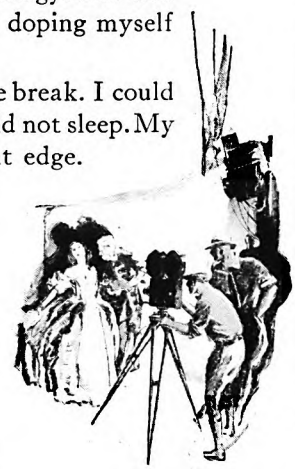
A Fiction Writer *turns to facts for his most dramatic narrative*

"PROFESSIONAL story writing is a vocation hardly to be paralleled in its drain on nervous energy. For five years I held the pace, working at night and doping myself with caffein to keep awake and alert.

"Then came the inevitable break. I could no longer concentrate. I could not sleep. My nerves were on raw, vibrant edge.

"I tried Postum as a sort of last resort, suspecting that caffein might be the real cause of my insomnia and 'nerves'. It was! After a few weeks on Postum, I was back at my desk—still at night—in the full swing of a serial novel to be published shortly. I have gained twelve pounds, and haven't felt so fit in a long, long time."



—John Mersereau
1146 Cragmont Ave., Berkeley, Cal.
Author of "The Checkered Flag", starring Elaine Hammerstein; "The Whispering Canyon", starring Jane Novak; and many magazine stories.

JUST as in fiction, an apparently upright character often turns out to be a villain, so, in real life, the seemingly harmless habit of taking caffein with meals often proves to be a man's worst enemy, changing him slowly, slyly, from a healthy up-and-doing specimen of manhood to a rasping bundle of nerves.

Take Mr. Mersereau's advice and eliminate caffein from your diet—drink Postum with your meals instead. Try this simple diet change for thirty days—then judge!

You'll find Postum a delicious drink, with a rich, distinctive flavor that millions prefer. You'll find that Postum never keeps you awake, never gets on your nerves, or affects digestion. You'll make Postum your mealtime drink for life!

Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran—no trace of any artificial stimulant in it. Your grocer has it. Or mail the coupon—we will send you one week's supply free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate on the coupon whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

P.—A. M. 10-28

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED, Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....
Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, LTD. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

political influence had been completely undermined and his property rendered valueless.

With his wife and children, the young American sailed for Seattle third-class on a Japanese ship. He landed almost without a cent.

But just as he was at his wits' end for funds, he received a gift of one hundred and fifty dollars from a Shanghai newspaper on which he had once served as political writer. With this money he bought an old automobile and, loading his little family into it, started south in search of health.

Just before he left Seattle, an old schoolmate, who was then teaching in the University of Washington, discovered Close and took him out to the college, where he arranged for him to address the students. When Close had driven as far south as central Oregon, a telegram caught up with him. It was from the university, offering him a lectureship on Oriental life and politics.

Destiny had given his fortunes another twist. He accepted the turn and took up his new life as a college professor. To help youth discover itself—here was adventure of a high order!

HE SETTLED down on the shores of Lake Washington, built a house, started a garden, and bought a cow. For a time he was content, and apparently had "settled down."

Then the old urge came on again; his feet grew restless, and he discovered once more that he is of that strange, venturesome class of men who cannot stay still.

But before he resigned his professorship Close had written and published, with his senior colleague, Doctor Gowen, "An Outline History of China," which the Book of the Month Club recommended to its subscribers as an invaluable guide to the study of China. This book amply justifies Close's adventure in scholarship and education.

In 1926, when the Southern armies of China started for the Yangtze and the symptoms of one of China's greatest conflicts began to materialize, Close again found that he could not stay still. He sailed in July aboard a Japanese freighter, sold the remainder of his property in China for a thousand dollars, sent half of it to his family in Seattle, and with the other half started 'round the world by way of South Asia.

Close went on through Siam, Burma, and Central India, talking to all who would talk to him; through Mesopotamia, Palestine, Egypt, and Turkey. He came home and wrote "The Revolt of Asia," a political book full of the fire of first-hand discovery, and instinct with the life of resurgent Asia as few white men have beheld it.

Last year, he went back again, through Siberia and North China, across Russia. He takes long journeys and long risks.

"Adventure?" says Close. "There is always more of it, more as you grow older in this world and more capacity to appreciate it. And when I face the last great shift from the adventures of this world to those of the next I shall know that I have just begun on the most glorious adventure of all!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Perfect refrigeration is such a comfort!

...easier menu-planning, always plenty of ice and foods healthfully fresh

PLANNING menus, marketing, entertaining,—all of these are vastly simplified for the home-maker when she has a General Electric Refrigerator.

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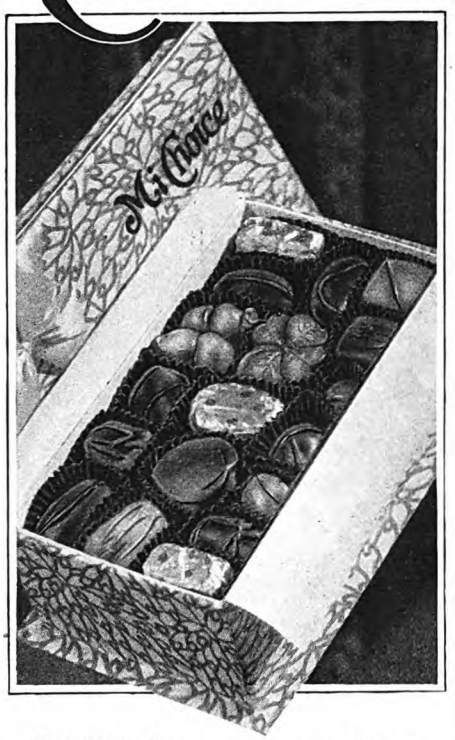

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Scattergood Compounds a Felony

(*Continued from page 39*)

the car. Not that there's need for it, but just to save possible embarrassment."

Mr. Pride grinned.

"You've duplicates of the Grant's Memoirs?"

"Right in my hand bag."

"That part of it," said Clayton, "is up to you sleight-of-hand boys."

"Don't worry about us," said Pride. "Thursday, eh? Well, sleep tight."

ON HIS way to the train in the morning Scattergood met Pride and Goodwin in the hotel.

"I'm a-hurryin' off," he said, "or I'd stop and ask suthin' of ye."

"If," said Pride, "we can be of any assistance, call upon us."

"Jest wanted to git your idees," said Scattergood. "You live in the city, and git around consid'able. More apt to know 'n what I be about how much things is wuth, and if they're what ye call antiques."

"Why, we are both interested in antiques. But more especially in rare books," said Pride. "Mr. Goodwin has a very fine collection of first editions."

"Jest the fellers I'm lookin' fur then," said Scattergood. "See ye when I git home tomorrer night."

"I only hope we can be of assistance," said the courtly Mr. Goodwin.

Scattergood returned Wednesday evening and made an engagement with Pride and Goodwin for the following afternoon to examine the Billings household belongings. Thursday morning he went to the bank, where Clayton's watchful eye saw him draw twenty thousand dollars in bills. With these in his pocket he ambled out to the Billings house, and disposed of them throughout the pages of the two volumes of General Grant's life.

He took his midday meal with Pride and Goodwin in the hotel dining-room, after which the trio walked up the hill, and Scattergood unlocked the Billings door.

"Jest look around," he said. "Kind of take in everythin', and if any of it's got value I wisht you'd make a note of it. I'll set right here and wait fur ye."

So he seated himself in the room that contained the library, but close to the window; not carelessly, but in a position from which he could watch the movements of his experts. He shivered and shrugged his heavy shoulders, for the spring day was chilly and he had not, like his companions, seen fit to wear an outer coat. They wore topcoats of the raglan variety, voluminous and comfortable. Voluminous and comfortable—and capable of concealment.

So it was that Scattergood, watchful as he might have been, could not see the deft movements with which Goodwin examined the Memoirs, saw the bills, as he hoped, and adroitly disposed of the books in the huge inner pockets of himself and Pride. As for Pride, he as adroitly substituted two blue volumes of his own bringing. The whole transaction required half a dozen seconds.

Then, with great pretense of interest, they pored over book after book, examined minutely pieces of furniture and luster and china until even Scattergood must have been satisfied with the thoroughness and good faith of their investigation.

"We find," said Goodwin, "many interesting things, and some of considerable value."

"Kind of s'prised, but glad to hear it. Now, where'll I find me a buyer?"

"Why, Pride and myself might be interested," said Goodwin. "Suppose you walk back to the hotel with us and we'll see what can be done."

"Suits me to a T," said Scattergood.

They went to the room occupied by Pride and seated themselves comfortably. Goodwin walked to the window, and looked down to see an automobile drive up before the hotel and stop. Clayton entered it and waited.

"W-al," said Scattergood, "what did you fellers find that was wuth money?"

"Nothing," said Goodwin, "but a few books—rather rare books."

"Wuth much?"

"I would be willing to pay a reasonable sum for them," said Goodwin.

"Reasonable sum, eh? Dunno jest what a reasonable sum is. Nobuddy hain't ever set down the exact figgers for a reasonable sum."

Goodwin laughed. "In this case, about two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Mebbe reasonable," said Scattergood; "but sca'cely interestin'. No, I got to git me more'n that out of all them books and furniture and what-not."

"But," said Goodwin, "neither of us want anything but those few books."

"All or nothin'," said Scattergood.

Goodwin raised his brows. "Say five hundred," he offered.

"I got an idee it's wuth more'n that. Somehow I got a notion. Suthin's jest put it into my head you fellers has found suthin' wuth a pile of money."

"No, indeed," said Goodwin impatiently. "Worth something, certainly—to a collector. We'll give you a check for a thousand dollars, and that's the outside figure."

"Maybe Mr. Baines would prefer cash," said Pride.

"CASH is allus best," said Scattergood. "No, sir, what I aim to git fur that truck is exactly twelve thousand five hundred dollars, and not a cent less. I calc'late to know what a thing's wuth."

Pride looked at Goodwin and smiled. "Mr. Baines has taken other advice than ours," he said. He shrugged his shoulders. "I see you know pretty well what you have there. Well, any man may be excused for trying to get a bargain. Goodwin, if we don't close with this man he's going to boost his price."

"Twelve thousand five isn't such a bargain," Goodwin said dourly, "but—well, I guess we can stand that. Cash, eh?" He glanced at his watch. "Bank's open yet, isn't it?"

"Till three-thutty," said Scattergood.

"Very well, you stay here. Pride and I will step down and draw the cash. You might be writing a receipt or a bill of sale while we're gone."

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LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

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"To be sure," said Scattergood.

The gentlemen got up, moved to the door, closed it after them and locked it softly. Then they went down-stairs, stepped into the car beside Clayton, and were driven away rapidly in a westerly direction.

"Got it?" asked Clayton.

"Twenty perfectly good thousand-dollar bills," said Pride, "and two volumes of General Grant."

"Which," said Goodwin, "doesn't make such a bad day's wages. Neat, I call it, very neat."

"And our fat friend hasn't even a ten-dollar bill out of us to plaster his burns," said Clayton.

"We'll be twenty miles away before he is suspicious," said Pride.

THEN the motor sputtered. Clayton, who was driving the rented car, knew that curious, helpless, gone feeling which comes to every chauffeur when his sense of touch tells him his motor is without fuel. He said a forceful word forcefully.

"Pile out, Pride, and look at that tank," he snapped.

Pride did so, anxiously. "No gas," he said.

"Here comes another car. Nothing to do but buy or beg a ride. What we need is distance," said Goodwin, and then his eyes narrowed as the approaching car stopped and Scattergood Baines spoke to them from the seat beside the driver.

"Kind of fur from the bank, hain't ye, boys? Don't see no payin' teller's winder hereabouts. See any bankin' dee-vices anywheres, Sheriff?" he asked over his shoulder to one of the men in the rear seat.

"What do you want?" demanded Goodwin belligerently.

"Nothin' much," said Scattergood. "We jest drove out a ways into the country. We kind of figgered it was a pleasant day fur compoundin' a felony. Allus like sunny weather fur sich doin's. Dunno why, but my conscience bites a heap harder on a cloudy day. Ever notice that, Sheriff?"

"Come to the point," said Goodwin. "Do you think you've got business with us?"

"Not what you'd call business," said Scattergood. "I hold it comes more under the headin' of pleasure."

"I suppose you are going to make some sort of a holler," said Pride. "Not a chance, fat man, not a chance. We know where we're at. Nobody's got a thing on us. If you think you can get anything out of us with rube sheriffs, you have a couple more thinks coming. This time we're on the right side of the law."

"Reegardin' what?" asked Scattergood.

"That little Billings transaction," said Pride. "You don't stand so pretty yourself, trying to gold-brick a couple of strangers."

"Um. . . . I see Mr. Clayton's with ye. Didn't expect that. Didn't figger you and him was on friendly terms with one another."

"Trouble with you," said Clayton, "is that you didn't figure much. So take your medicine, and like it."

"Know what these boys is talkin' about, Sheriff?" asked Scattergood. "They speak like I had some grievance. I dunno how they come to figger I'm used wrong. So

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fur as I know, I hain't got a complaint in the world agin 'em personal."

"Jest talk," said the sheriff. "W-al, you can't talk yourself out of this here. Federal matters hain't talked off, mostly. When Uncle Sam gits riled, he gits riled dangerous."

"Federal matter!" exclaimed Pride.

"Uh-huh," said the sheriff. "We aim to hold ye for the gov'ment marshal. I dunno jest the name of the charge he's got agin ye, but it's got suthin' to do with counterfeitin'."

"What?" roared Goodwin.

"Havin' in your possession, and aimin' to pass off on folks and utter and circulate, and all sich legal names, the sum of twenty thousand dollars of counterfeit money in the denominations of thousand-dollar bills. That's how the story come to me, and that's how we come to traipse out after ye when ye skedaddled from town."

"Man," said Pride, "you're crazy! You're crazy as a loon. We never touched a counterfeit bill in our lives. It's out of our line."

"Be kind of hard for fellers in your line of work to prove it," said Scattergood. "'Tain't a-goin' to be hard for them Federal officers to identify ye. And men havin' your characters hain't apt to be carryin' twenty counterfeit thousand-dollar bills jest fur sociability's sake."

"But I tell you—" commenced Clayton.

"We know ye got 'em," said the sheriff, "and we know how ye got 'em concealed. They're hid inside the pages of the Memo'rs of Gen'l Grant, and I calc'late he'd turn over in that there tomb of hisn if he knowed it."

"Memoirs of Grant," said Goodwin in a queer voice, and he turned his eyes upon Scattergood Baines.

"Seems as though. Um. . . . Don't seem noways possible boys like you, smart and all, would figger them was *real* bills. Not takin' into consideration all the circumstances of it. Some of which the sheriff knows, and some of which he won't never know. I calc'late you boys has encountered your come-uppance, as Mandy says."

"Ye might," said the sheriff, "commence by handin' over them books, and ye might do it spry and peaceable, 'cause I'm short of temper when I git crossed."

He extended a very large hand. His companion stepped forward in readiness. The three gentlemen looked at one another and became reconciled to the hopelessness of the case. Pride handed over the books.

"COUNT 'em," said the sheriff to Scattergood, who did as he was directed. "Full number expected," he said. "Perty good-lookin' bills too. Fool anybudy but an expert."

"Listen here, Mr. Baines," said Clayton, "you know this is a frame. You know we haven't anything to do with counterfeit money. Surely, you're not going to give us a deal like this—railroad us for something we haven't done."

"Calc'late on jailin' ye fur the good of the order," said Scattergood. "You wa'n't expectin' to come into Coldriver and connive around like you been, and then git off scot free, was ye?"

"But you *know* we're not guilty of this."

"Hain't nobuddy kin prove I do."

"Say, now, we know when we've monkeyed with the buzz saw. We've been bad, and we admit it. Isn't there any way to square this thing? Can't you give us some kind of an out—short of five or ten years in Atlanta?"

Scattergood tweaked his nose and squinted an eye at the tree tops. "When I fust got here," he said, "I declared it was jest the day fur compoundin' a felony."

Pride's eyes became intent.

"Name it," he said. "*Kamerad!* We'll give up."

"The ladies of Coldriver," said Scattergood, "all belong to what they call the Village Welfare Society. The puppose of it is good works and gen'al improvements. They been over-ambitious to build 'em a kind of a thing they call a Community Buildin', with a hall and rooms to play things in, and a place fur the young fellers to spend evenin's instid of loafin' on the bridge and oglin' the girls."

"What," asked Clayton uneasily, "has that to do with it?"

"Consid'able," said Scattergood. "Them wimmin got about four hundred dollars saved up, and in mebbe fifty year they'll have enough. Most folks livin' now won't git much benefit out of that there buildin'. But you boys kin forrard it a heap. I dunno's them wimmin 'ud object to compoundin' a felony, especial if they never knowed it."

"Meaning?" asked Mr. Pride.

"IF YOU boys feel like donatin', say, twenty thousand cash to sich a good cause, I dunno but me'n' the sheriff and the deppity and all might give ye a start 's fur as twenty-thirty mile. Ye could kind of write a letter makin' the donation, and I bet ye your names'll git carved on the corner stone or suthin'."

"Twenty thousand!" bellowed Goodwin.

"Or ten year," said Scattergood softly. "Ye just drawed a little more'n twenty thousand out o' the bank, so I know you got it. An' I got paper and a fountain pen. Ye kin all sign your names. Coldriver's a-goin' to be mighty grateful to ye. . . . And time's a-passin'. I calc'late to leave here in four minutes—with you boys along, or with twenty thousand for the wimmin."

"Clayton," said Goodwin venomously, "you thought up this country excursion. . . . You do the writing."

"But we want all your autographs," said Scattergood. "And we won't neglect the money."

Five minutes later the deputy poured ten gallons of gasolene into the drained tank of the car of Messrs. Pride and Company. Scattergood beamed upon them as he said good-by, and offered the thanks, vicariously, of the Village Welfare Society. He even turned to wave a pudgy hand as his car turned the curve toward Coldriver.

The sheriff cleared his throat. "What I don't git through my head," he said, "is where you got that counterfeit money. I didn't know none was allowed to git loose."

"Tain't," said Scattergood succinctly.

"But you got it, didn't ye?"

"No," said Scattergood, patting his trousers pocket. "Them was as good bills as ever was printed. I jest drawed 'em out of the bank this mornin'."

"Dog-gone!" said the sheriff.

✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

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Champion White Water Pilot of the North

(*Continued from page 30*)

in town had joined them. Instead of twelve guests, I had twenty-five. But the more the merrier, I thought, and I nailed them in so that none should get frisky and go up on the deck in view of the tug.

"Well, when I boarded the tug there was a nasty sea running, but we headed out into the Bering, towing my barge with my boat on top of it. In an hour we were fighting a regular granddaddy of a storm. The tug felt like a bucking bronco as it shot to the tops of waves and came down ker-flop into the trough of the sea. The captain, with all he could do to handle her, was cussing himself for allowing a kid like me to talk him into starting out in such a blow. He was cussing me too, as I stood beside him shaking in my boots for the safety of those twenty-five old-timers nailed in on my steamer skittering along behind.

"But we hadn't seen the worst yet. The storm got so bad the captain said he'd have to cut my barge adrift. Those helpless old boys adrift in Bering Sea! I was desperate! I began talking to him—yelling to make myself heard above the roar of the gale. While my barge yanked at us, threatening every moment to pull the tug to pieces, I used every bit of seamanship I knew in my arguments trying to persuade him to hang on to it; first, for an hour longer; then, half an hour. As the storm increased, I was coaxing him along in ten-minute stretches.

"I managed to keep him hanging on to that scow for twelve terrible hours—and believe me every hour was sixty minutes of hell. Then we reached Nome."

Captain Syd made a sound between a laugh and a groan. "Say! You should have seen the sight aboard my new steamboat when I took the lid off the twenty-five. They were all mad enough to kill me, and every last one had been seasick! They'd made such an awful mess that the tugboat captain, when he saw it, hadn't the nerve to take any money from me for their fares. And he was mad at me too!

"AFTER I'd landed those confounded passengers safely I felt as if the cares of a lifetime had rolled from my shoulders. I went up-town to see what diversion I might find among the bright lights of Nome.

"The brightest of these shone from Tex Ricard's Northern, the biggest gambling hall in the North. I sauntered in, looked the place over, then planted myself before the faro bank. With a great show of nonchalance I unbuckled my currency belt from about my waist. I can see myself—a crazy, red-headed kid sitting there feeling like the king of the world because I had thirty-two thousand dollars in cash and owned my first steamboat and barge in a live camp where freight was worth its weight in gold dust! That was at nine o'clock in the evening.

"When I got up from that table at six the next morning, I had nothing. Money, steamer, and scow were all gone."

After a moment's pause, he continued: "I didn't mind losing the money, but to lose my first steamboat without ever turning her wheel—and on the gambling table! Gosh, that set me back a peg or two! I borrowed forty dollars from Tex, bought a third-class ticket to Seattle, and began to figure how I could get back to Dawson and get another boat. I'd learned my lesson!"

WITH the captain today are men who were members of the crews that manned his various river boats when he was the youngest skipper on the Yukon. "Captain Syd usually was the first one to get to the new camp," one of his mates told me. "Once, when the news of a strike came in, he didn't even own a boat; but he got there just the same. It was after he'd gone broke against that faro bank down in Nome, and he had come in over the ice from Whitehorse to Dawson, riding a bicycle all that four hundred miles of winter trail because he didn't have the price of his fare on the stage.

"He'd been in Dawson only a few days when the river ice broke and went out, and news of the Koyukuk strike sifted in to town. Syd was among the first to hear it.

"He knew a man who was wintering a steamboat near Dawson. To show you how quick he is under the hat, inside of an hour he had arranged to buy that boat on credit for fifteen thousand dollars. The very paper that carried the news of the strike ran an advertisement stating that the first boat for the new diggings would be the Barrington Transportation Company's, carrying passengers at two hundred dollars a head and a limited amount of freight. The stampede was on and before that edition of the paper was sold out he had booked a hundred people, all he could carry, and had the money in his pocket to pay for his boat and a fair sum over. A year later, he and his brothers were running a fleet of six sternwheelers on the Yukon.

"During all the years I've been steamboating with Captain Syd I've never known him to run up against a river he couldn't master. For all he's one of those quiet-spoken chaps he craves excitement, and that's how he gets it—fighting white water. All he asks is to get his hands on the wheel, and there he'll stand, leaning out the pilot-house window reading a river as easy as a fellow reads his sweetheart's face.

"You know a lot has been written about the danger of bringing a small boat through Miles Canyon and the White Horse Rapids, where more than two hundred men have lost their lives; but very few know that four steamboats were taken through. The first, third, and fourth were very small craft. The second was the 'Clifford Sifton.' She was a double-stacker, the largest and finest river boat in the North. The owners had been running her on Lake Bennet, but on the completion of the White Pass Railway her usefulness there was at an end.

"They had to get her below Whitehorse, and to do that they had to take a chance with her in the canyon and the rapids. Their toughest job was to find a pilot who

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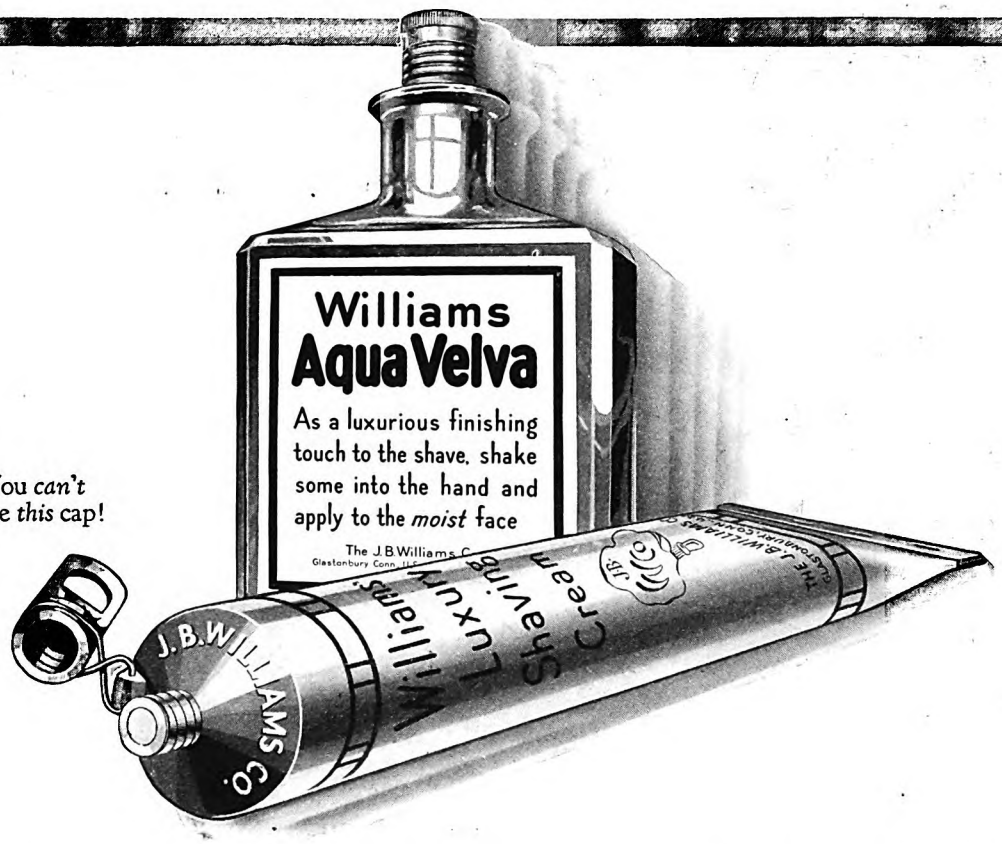

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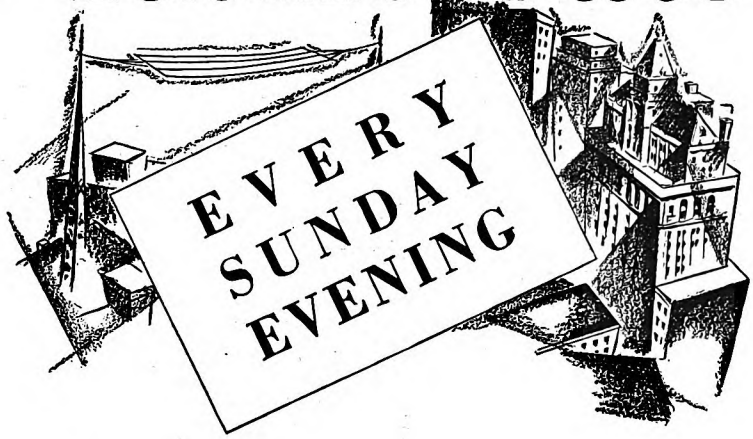

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WLW WJR KYW KWK WCCO WDAF KOA

Collier's Radio Hour

had nerve enough to take the big craft through. They sent for Captain Syd. When he said he'd do it, I tell you the eyes of the whole country were on him!

"If you stand on the bridge they have today over Miles Canyon, and look down into that torrent rushing so furiously that it combs to a crest in midstream, you'll get some idea of what he was up against. The canyon's one mile long, only eighty feet wide, and its rock walls rear up in some places two hundred feet high. One second's uncertainty on the part of the 'Sifton's' pilot and she'd shatter herself against those flint-like walls. Or if her bow slid a foot off the center of that surging crest, she'd swing sideways, block the canyon, and the powerful current would bulge her through like a straw. Running the canyon with the 'Sifton' was really like kissing yourself good-by; but Captain Syd, knowing all this, went about his preparations as serenely as if he'd been going to step across a mud puddle.

"Just before he was ready to start through, he pulled a stunt that set the whole river talking: he fastened baled hay all around that steamer! Then, with only four of us aboard to help him, he threw her wide open and swung her into that roaring, watery hole!

"Don't ask me how I felt going through—there wasn't time to feel! I only know it took a man of iron nerve and lightning judgment to keep that big sternwheeler on top of the break. Three minutes, and he had shot her through that mile, and was plunging into Squaw Rapids with a rock dead in midstream. He stopped her, backed her, flanked around the rock, and hit the galloping combers of the White-horse! A shivering jar, a leap, and a quick turn almost in the air! Then we were in quiet water below the rapids, and young Syd, cool as an icicle, was leaning out of the pilot-house window grinning at the rest of us and telling us we'd done a fine job!

"That was the greatest feat of piloting ever performed on the Yukon.

"BUT what he likes best is a new river. I remember well the time the big strike was made up the White River, which, as you probably know, joins the Yukon in Canadian territory. There wasn't a railroad or a wagon road in the country then, and thousands of people with tons of supplies were begging for quick transportation to the new diggings. They could get up in small poling boats, but the river was such a terror that no pilot dared tackle it with a steamer.

The Canadian Government finally offered five thousand dollars for the man who'd be the first to take a sternwheeler up to where the Klotassin joins the White—a distance of about ninety-five miles. The offer stood for three years and no one tried for the money.

"All this time Captain Syd had been tied up with contracts on the upper Yukon. The minute he was free, he announced his intention of going up to the Klotassin. Everyone, including his own men, laughed at him, for the White isn't really a navigable stream. Sometimes it hasn't enough water to float a peanut shell, and at other times the hot sun melting the glaciers lets loose a freshet that comes charging down the valley in a great bore four or five feet high. Captain

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Syd, however, took some of us fellows who were willing to risk a chance with him, and started out with the best steamer in his fleet.

"In due time, we swung into the mouth of that devil stream. Imagine a green valley seven miles wide, and serpentining all over the bottom of it this river, swift and shallow as a creek, creamy-white and thick from the volcanic ash it churned up from its bottom, and actually split into fifteen or twenty channels by sandbars that shifted while you looked at them!

"It's nearly impossible to read water that looks like a milk-shake in action, but Captain Syd can do it. He gave all those channels a look, and finally picked out the one he thought best. We started up-stream and—wow! What a commotion! The roar of our furnaces and the eternal pounding of water under our hull deafened us and tickled our eardrums; our teeth were nearly shaken loose from vibration as the boat bucked against that current; and how the old baby did eat up the wood!

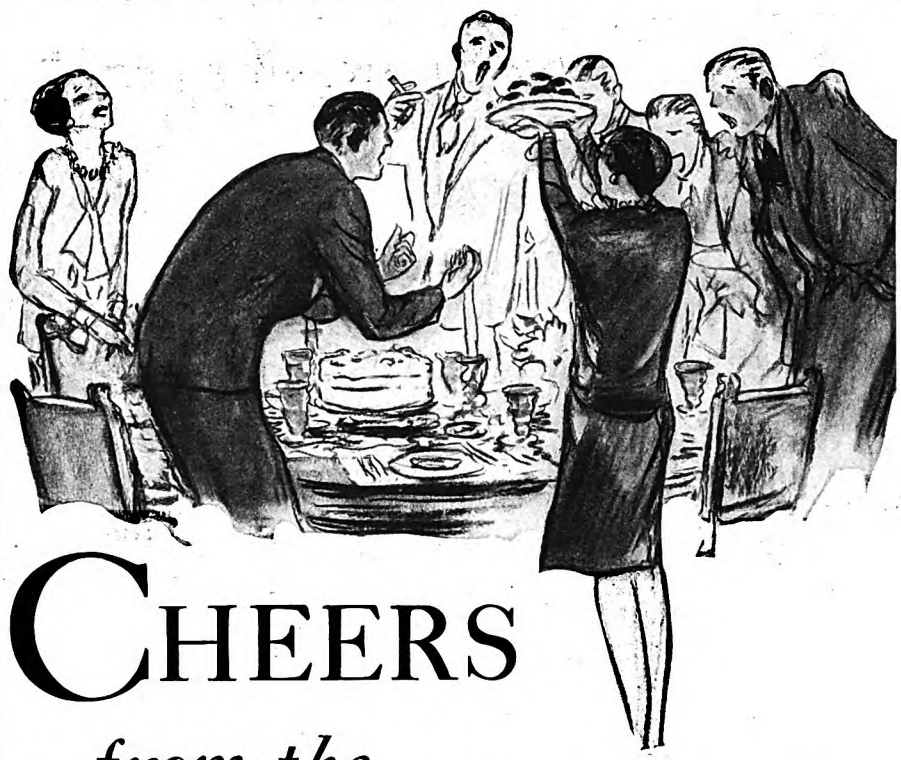
"YOU know what it means to handle a canoe in swift water? Well, you can imagine how much harder it is to control a big sternwheeler. Even when we'd strike a stretch of fairly good water, the banks would be undermined, and great trees, falling, but still attached to the earth, would lean out, trailing their branches on the river. The current was so strong at some of these places that the captain had all he could do to keep from swinging under those "sweepers," which would have cracked our windows like egg shells and raked our decks clean.

"Maybe just after he'd grazed by a dozen or so of these, the channel would suddenly split and he'd have to choose between two. This is sure a ticklish job when you're risking your own steamboat and maybe a dozen lives on a river no one has ever dared tackle before.

"Captain Syd would battle ahead half a mile, crunch on a sandbar, and have to come back and take the other channel. He'd go a mile up this one, only to find himself barred by shallow water clear across the stream. Then he'd give the word to "bull it." Bulling is tough work for the crew. It means that we'd unreel several hundred feet of steel cable from that wound about the capstan on the bow, load it into a rowboat, leave the steamer, and pole up-river with it to a dry bar.

"There we'd fasten our end of the cable to the biggest log we could find, and then bury this so-called 'dead-man' deep in the gravel. When it was securely anchored, the engines on the boat would work the capstan and wind up the cable. In this way, the steamer would literally drag herself up-stream scraping over the bar until she found deeper water. Sometimes she'd hit a rock and gouge a hole in her bottom. The thick white river would pour into her until we could get a soft patch on her with some boards and a wad of oakum. (She had fourteen of those patches before we got through with that trip!)

"Some of our men got cold feet and wanted to give up because the whole river bed was changing so rapidly that there were ten chances to one if we did make the Klotassin we'd never be able to get the steamer back down again. No other steamboat man on the Yukon would have taken such chances with his property; but



CHEERS

from the men greeted her biscuits and home-made cake

¶ *The Shortcake is made from the recipe at the top of page 21 of the Royal Cook Book using oranges instead of strawberries. Bake the dough in a deep tin, split and place orange sections between and on top. Sprinkle with powdered sugar before serving.*

WHEN the biscuits came in, the men rose as one and burst into shouts of joy.

Such gorgeous, home-made biscuits—flaky and light and piping hot from the oven.

And as for the cake—they would hardly believe it was real. It took three large slices to convince one man.

They begged for more Sunday suppers with biscuits and home-made cake. And she smiled to herself as she promised to ask them all again soon. For there never was such a successful party so amazingly easy to give.

How long do you suppose it took to make those marvelous biscuits? Just 20 minutes—10 minutes to mix them and 10 minutes to bake them golden brown.

And the cake, of course, was a sure success—with a Royal recipe and Royal Baking Powder.

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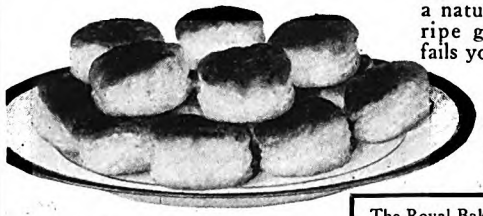

¶ *You can mix the dough ahead of time and keep it in a cool place until you are ready to bake your biscuits.*

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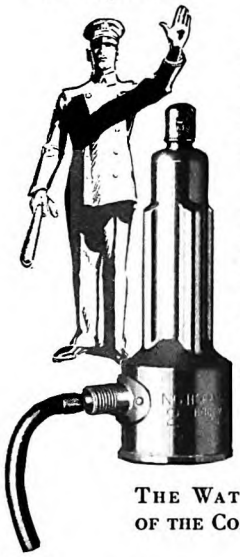

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THE WATCHMAN OF THE COAL PILE

HOFFMAN No. 2 VACUUM VALVES

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the captain wasn't even listening to predictions of disaster. He stood at the wheel day and night working that river, and you could see with half an eye that he actually liked it!

"After battling up-stream for six days and nights—it never gets dark at that time of year—all the rest of us were nervous wrecks. I remember once, after the captain had tried two channels and had to come back, he couldn't find any other deep enough to float us. We weren't sorry, because we figured now he would have to quit. But not Captain Syd! He can make a steamboat act like a snake or a worm. He had us line the old girl *sideways* over a wide bar into another section of the river! But still we stuck in shallow water. He told us to go up ahead with the cable and bull it. We did; but the steamer wouldn't budge an inch.

"Then he tried the last trick—the double purchase, and finally we made it into deeper water. But by this time the crew was at such a tension that one of our best men cried like a kid every minute he was working to carry out the captain's orders.

"Well, we reached the Klotassin all right, but do you think Captain Syd was content to win that five thousand dollars? No, ma'am! He wanted to see how bad the water was up above, so he kept going a *hundred and twenty-five miles farther* till he made the Donjek, something no one else has ever done so far as I know. And by the time we got back down river again, he knew the old White's tricks so well that he made regular trips with a scow as long as the camps up there needed supplies.

"THERE'S a saying in Alaska to the effect that when any Northerner needs money in any part of the world he wires Syd Barrington—and gets it. He'd give you the shirt off his back when it's twenty below, if you needed it," my informant went on. "And during all his years of steamboating he has never refused to carry a man who couldn't pay his fare. There are hundreds of such fellows up along the Yukon and its tributaries, solitary prospectors, most of them dog-poor, who spend their summers going through the country with nothing but the packs on their backs as they look for 'pay.'

"They'll stay in the hills looking until they run out of grub and wear the very shoes off their feet. Then they'll hit for a navigable river, hoping some kind of a boat will pick them up and carry them back to where they can get another grubstake.

"It was downright pitiful to see them waiting on the bank, lonely, bewhiskered, ragged old-timers waving a battered hat; pitiful because in those days of keen competition few steamers would leave the channel to pick up one man who, it was a cinch, couldn't even pay his way. In fact, Captain Syd was the only one who would do it. No matter how bad the water was or how many other steamers he was racing, he never passed up a man who hailed him. 'Hop on, pardner,' he'd say, 'and ride as far as you're going.' Often he'd end up by giving the fellow a new grubstake.

"He'd been doing this sort of thing some years, never giving it a thought, when George Black, the sourdough

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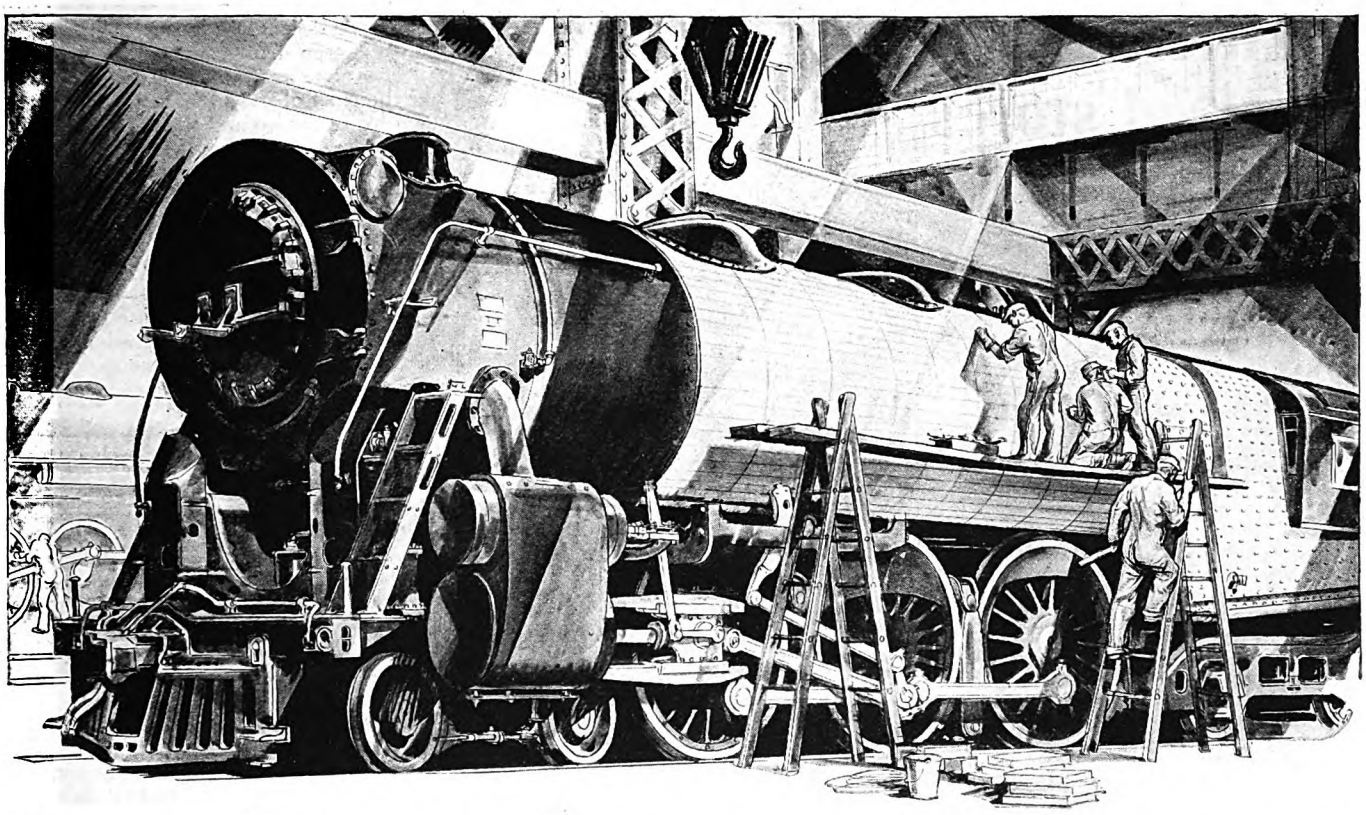

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governor of the Yukon Territory, did something that had never been done before, and has never been done since. Because of Captain Syd's aid to prospectors, who, as you know, are the backbone of a gold country, the Canadian Government subsidized him, an American, giving him four thousand dollars a year as long as he ran steamboats on British Columbia rivers! When he was notified, you never saw such a surprised man in your life. He never has understood to this day why he should have been paid for giving the old-timers a lift once in a while."

WHILE the gold rush had long been over, these were still the young, reckless days of the country when men's blood, and women's too, ran swift as the rivers they rode to fortune. Travelers were always eager to take passage with Captain Syd Barrington, especially immediately after the spring break-up, when a certain distinction attached to those who ventured down the Yukon on the first boat.

At Whitehorse, the terminal of the White Pass Railway, they congregated to wait for the ice to go out, an event which varied each year. From Whitehorse ran a twenty-five-mile stretch of river; then came Lake Lebarge, at the foot of which many of the sternwheelers wintered.

The river ice above and below Lebarge broke first. That on the lake held precariously for three weeks longer. The minute the river broke, passengers were rushed to the steamers waiting at the foot of Lebarge. The man who first got his people across the lake's twenty-eight miles of rotting surface to his gangplank was the one who stood the best chance of winning that spring race down the Yukon, a race which was a sporting event of such interest that as much as a hundred and fifty thousand dollars sometimes changed hands on it.

"I remember one spring, Captain Syd had the majority of passengers booked for his first trip, as usual," the mate went on to tell me. "There were three hundred, every man and woman banking on him to win. He says he would have lost out that year if it hadn't been for his brother Hill, who was junior pilot with him, and Splotus. "No," he explained in answer to my question about the big negro, who was a well-known character along the Yukon, "Splote never did anything heavier than play his banjo and sing songs, most of which he composed himself; but each year he'd turn up C. O. D. in Whitehorse to go steamboating with Captain Syd. On this occasion, he happened to be with Hill, who always took charge of the passengers at Whitehorse while the captain got his boat ready at the foot of the lake.

"Hill had brought the crowd safely down the river from Whitehorse to the still-frozen Lebarge, where he had a tribe of Indians waiting to transport them down the lake with dog teams at fifteen dollars per head. Every minute was precious, for the ice was settling fast, and already overflowed with great soft black spots showing up all over the lake. The mountain of baggage hadn't been piled up more than ten minutes before the passengers standing around it were ankle deep in water. Splotus was so scared that instead of helping he was tiptoeing about in the offing bellowing to Hill: 'Hey, come away from dere! Dat ice rotten and dose people is goin' fru as sure as shootin'!'

"Everyone was wild to be off, of course, but the chief of the tribe, a wily old bird, lined his teams up and then flatly refused to start unless he was paid twenty-five dollars a passenger, cash on the spot. Hill, having contracted at fifteen dollars, had no such sum with him and there was no time to get it. His only chance lay in persuading the chief to keep his bargain.

"He had just started to reason with the fellow, when there came a terrific yell, and he turned to find that Splotus, despite his caution, had gone plumb through the ice until only his black frightened face stuck out. By the time Hill had fished him up and sent him ashore to a nearby stable to dry, the whole place was in an uproar. The temperature took a sudden rise, the ice began to settle faster, and our competitors with their passengers on sleds were already starting down the lake, giving the laugh to our three hundred, who were mad as hornets and clamoring for action. As a final touch the chief had entirely disappeared, and not one of his Indians would budge until he gave the word!

"Poor Hill was at his wits end running through the crowd trying to locate the chief when he heard more yells coming from the stable. Then mighty calls for help. He rushed up and threw open the door.

"INSIDE was Splotus dripping wet, his thick lips rolled back baring his teeth, one hand about the chief's neck pinning him to the wall, the other making horrible passes with a razor, while he roared: 'You-all goin' back on Cap'n Syd, is you? Uggggg! Wait, Injine, till I slice part of your ear off! Wait till I amputate de end of your black, no-account nose!' Just as Hill leaped in to prevent a murder, the chief gurgled his willingness to live up to his contract!

"Well, the incident put all the passengers in good humor again, especially when Hill punished the chief by making him go ahead with Splotus the only one on his sled. And Splotus certainly got speed out of that savage! The procession, racing down that twenty-eight miles of sinking ice, soon began passing our competitors, some of whom were using dog teams, some sleds with horses.

"At times the poor horses would bog down to their bellies and be hauled out by other horses. But our crowd was lucky, because the chief knew his lake, and he wasn't going to take any chances with that darky on his sled. Of course our passengers got a bit wet when the sleds sank into two feet or so of slush, but the dogs always managed to pull them out all right, and Splotus, riding ahead like a prince in his fur robes, kept up their spirits by singing, in a voice you could hear a mile, songs he composed as he went along. He'd got hold of a bottle of brandy some place, and whenever the chief slacked his pace, he'd pull it out and with a great smacking of lips take a long swig. The Indian would run alongside him, begging for just one drink. 'Go wan dere!' Splote would bellow, pleased as Punch to be in the public eye. 'Hump yourself, Injine, for you don't get nothin' till we's parked on de Captain's boat!'

"River men still talk of that race down

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Lebarge, for while Hill and his three hundred were yet nearly four miles from the foot of the lake, where the steamboats wintered, the ice began to sink so fast that traveling was just like trying to commit suicide. Hill knew that, despite the protests of the passengers, he'd have to give up and get his crowd ashore to safety. Accordingly, he gave the word, and the party spread out and began floundering through the rapidly rising water toward a point of land ahead.

"They'd gone only a little way when those up front stopped, unable to believe their own eyes. The next moment a big yell arose, for there, on the other side of the promontory not a quarter of a mile off, was a steamboat in the frozen lake! It was backing, then rushing forward again, rammng the ice and sending it splintering high into the air.

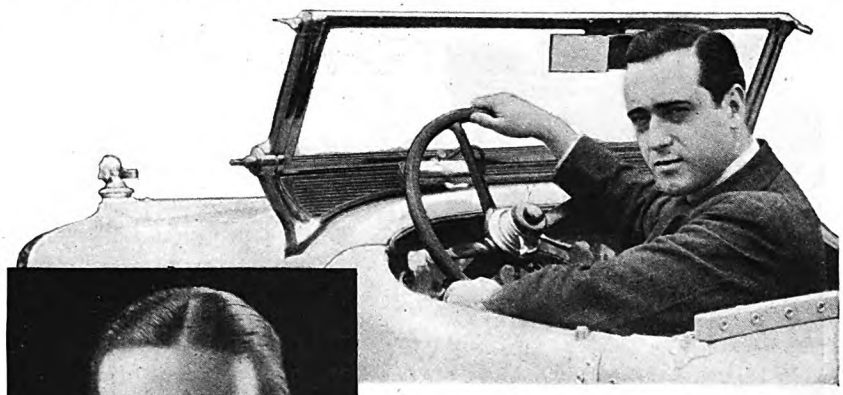
"It was Captain Syd with his steamer 'Vidette!' Yes, ma'am, he had again done one of those daring and spectacular stunts that made him sort of a hero to the sport-loving Northerners. He had staked his prize steamer on his own skill, and, using the boat as a battering ram, had broken a channel through lake ice for over *three miles* to meet his passengers!

"Five minutes after that dripping, jubilant crowd had stepped from their submerged sleds to the 'Vidette's' gangplank, Captain Syd had her headed downstream. The other steamers at the foot of the lake were unable to get their passengers aboard before the ice became unpassable, so they had to wait until the lake broke and cleared before they started. Captain Syd reached Dawson three days ahead of any of our competitors that spring."

Captain Syd might have retired years ago with the fortune he has made in the precarious business of steamboating, but the dare, the challenge of rivers, and that fierce joy of fighting swift water still holds him. At fifty-two, he is lean and keen-eyed, a lightning thinker, and swift as a panther in action. One day last summer as I stood with him in his pilot-house, one of the passengers on the lower deck fell from the bow into the swirling river. Before those who were beside the unfortunate man could make a move, the captain had leaped from the pilot-house and clutched the fellow by the collar as he came up the first time.

FOR eleven years now on the Stickine he has been running a line of gasolene steamers, which he designed especially for this fastest-flowing navigable stream in the North. These boats, conceded by river men to be the finest ever built for the purpose, are the result of his long years' study of swift waters. While they are strong as steel, they are also resilient. They give to the pressure under them and go up over bars as limber as an eel. In addition, they have a propeller which may be lifted up into a tunnel when the boat is running through drift logs or ice.

The Stickine is Alaska's most noted river. It has been the highway for stampeders in three great gold rushes—the Cassiar in the 70's, the Klondike in '98, and the Dease Lake excitement in '25. During the Cassiar boom, the Hudson Bay Company, at great labor and expense, managed twice a year to line a sternwheeler up as far as Telegraph, one



(Above) "To keep your skin healthy and firm, nothing can touch Pinaud's Lilac," says William de Rham, who is breaking sales-records for Stutz

(Left) "Pinaud's Lilac is the best bet yet to sterilize razor nicks—makes your skin clear," declares O. C. Meyer, Jr., who rates a big sales star at Stutz

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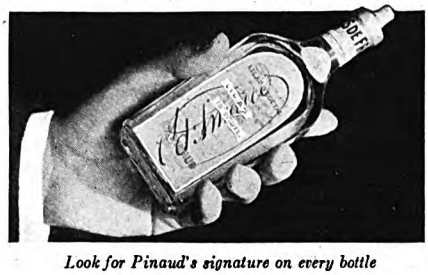

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hundred and sixty miles. But after that died down, the river men who tried to operate on the Stickine either failed to get up stream, or they found the risk too great. The river's reputation for danger grew with the years.

"WHAT I heard of the Stickine made me think it would be interesting and profitable," the captain told me. "When I arrived in Wrangell, the nearest port, and made the announcement that I would run regularly once a week to Telegraph, leaving at ten o'clock every Tuesday morning, the people there laughed at me and at my gas river boats. Because I was an outsider they resented my presumption. I couldn't even get a pilot to go aboard with me for the first trip. No one would show me where the river came out. But I found the yellow streak she made as she joined the bay, and I followed that."

For nearly a dozen years he has been following that yellow streak, and has never had a disaster.

"She's the only river that has ever held me," he continued, as our steamer glided atop the crest of a Stickine canyon. "She has a different mood for every foot of her channel, and she's three times faster than she looks, because the water is yellow with silt. I don't dare take my eyes off her a minute.

"She's always got some new trick to spring on me. I love her. I have men aboard now who have been steamboating with me for nearly thirty years. They feel the same way about her. I watch her, and they watch her—every minute."

The Stronger Voice

(*Continued from page 17*)

"You mean it, Paddy? Honest!"

"Sure. Honest—and maybe you'll forget, Dan, and ride the rails to the valleys of the black singers. Who knows?"

"I'm glad you're going to stay a little longer, Paddy. I felt kind of sorry last night about quitting you. I thought I'd be kind of lonely, and maybe you would too. It'll be like old times for us—a new job—kind of exciting, kind of dangerous. Me an' you together. But I can't go South with you, Paddy. Honest, I can't!"

Black Paddy chuckled. "Wait!"

AS BIG as a mountain, as strong as a thousand horses, as terrible as the sea—the giant trench machine. Across the plain it left a long straight scar, a trench over two feet wide and twenty feet deep. With each turn of its engines the caterpillars carried it forward, and an iron bucket with iron teeth, one of an endless chain, moved downward on the boom that sank into the ground. Men, grimy with grease and oil, toiled at its side and scampered around it like futile, attacking pygmies.

In the underground gloom on the slippery bottom of the trench worked Alamo Dan and Black Paddy. They were close, almost touching the teeth of the iron buckets which tipped at the end of the boom, sank into the blue, sticky clay, and moved steadily upward with their loads.

Above in the sunlight, the surface men watched for signals, listened for orders from the toilers in the hole.

"Down with a crock!" Two men lowered the big pipe on a chain. Dan caught it, swung it into place, circled its end with a strip of oakum.

"Grade-stick!" The inspector dropped his measure to the flow line and sighted through a notch at his marks.

"Aw-r-i-i!"

Every two minutes they laid a pipe, graded it, and cemented the joint. Backs bending, muscles straining, sweat pouring into their eyes. Damp wet smells, dim light, the rumble of machinery. Voices of men above, the vague tremble of the earth.

There was tremendous rhythm. Ahead, always stealing ahead, were the buckets carrying away the ground. Tunk. Tunk. Tunk. Pipe. Oakum. Grade-stick. Cement. Tunk. Tunk. Tunk. Tiny faces peering down, low talk above like humming.

Suddenly Black Paddy's leg came too near the descending buckets.

"Look out, Paddy! They'll *get* you!"

Dan leaped to grasp Paddy's leg and snatch it back. His own foot slipped in the slime. He fell forward. Black Paddy's hands were trying to tear him away. He heard Black Paddy's voice.

"*Stop! Stop! Stop the engine!*"

'Way, 'way up on top someone screamed. Voices—men with white faces staring down—hands lifting and tugging. . . .

The voices died, the faces vanished. No longer could he feel the hands lifting and tugging. . . .

It was as if he had been toiling up through a long black distance. There were no sights or sounds—just the strain of stumbling alone beside the dark edges of another world.

Ann was looking at him out of the sky. He could see her face, and her hair waving in the wind, and her hands reaching toward him. Then confused pictures: A V-shaped flock of wild geese black against the sky; Black Paddy watching them, and smiling a strange far-away smile; men running and waving their hands. . . .

DAN opened his eyes.

The ceiling and all the walls were white, and three thin cracks in the plaster formed a triangle above the door. There were clean smells in the room, like the inside of a drug store only not quite so nice. By the open window stood Black Paddy. A curtain trembled in the breeze and heat-waves shimmered upward from the radiator. Paddy looked kind of gray and serious; but it was pretty good to see him again after wandering alone in the dark places.

Dan stirred. Why, shucks! There were sheets on the bed! Clean, too. You could still see the little ridges where someone had folded and ironed them. Kind of nice and cool, they were. Made you feel all comfortable and rested.

"Paddy, old-timer. Where are we, anyways?"

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

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Paddy started. "You're in the hospital, son. You've been hurt."

"Hurt?" Dan chuckled. "Well, I don't feel hurt. I don't feel bad at all."

"That's good. I'm glad."

Dan moved his body, then his legs. He tried to move his arms, looked suddenly at the bandages.

"*Paddy! Paddy! One of my arms is gone!*"

Dan lay thinking of the horrible hour that had passed after he had found out. He had been pretty weak and mean. He had said pretty bad things to Black Paddy, and Paddy had just stood calm and white, staring out of the window. Dan thought he must have gone crazy to talk and yell the way he had. Kind of wrecked a fellow's nerve to go to sleep whole and wake up broken. But he should have fought it out with himself instead of raving that way.

"Say, Paddy. I'm all right now. I'm used to it already. I didn't mean any of those things, Paddy. I'm sorry!"

Black Paddy came quickly to the side of the bed and looked down at him. "Good kid! That's all right."

"Say, Paddy. I been dreamin' about my girl. I think I could see her when I was asleep. The room kind of smells as if she'd been here—you know, hair, and sweet smells like that. Don't know what they are—just her."

"She was here, son. This morning."

"What did she say, Paddy? What did she do? Didn't you think she was pretty fine?"

"She just looked at you, and—"

"What?"

"Well, then she went away; but before she did she kissed you."

"Honest? Didn't she say when she'd be back?"

"Well, no, she didn't say anything. But don't you worry about that, Dan. She'll come back."

"Are you sure, Paddy?" Dan looked at a rectangle of sunlight on the floor.

"Why, yes. Sure, she'll be back."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I *don't* know, Dan. I *don't* know. It was mighty awful for her to come in and see you lying there that way. I saw her when she found out. I tell you, Dan, it frightened her. She's got a big battle to fight out with herself. If she really wants you, she'll come back. If she doesn't, why, then—why, then— You've got to face it straight, son."

Dan lay quiet, scarcely breathing, wondering, fearing.

"Paddy, . . . do you think she'll come back?"

"I—don't know!"

THE doctors said it would be three weeks before he could leave. One week had passed. Dan lay with his face toward the wall.

"I guess she isn't coming," he thought. "I guess she knows I'm all smashed up." A great fear and a great hunger, an ache more terrible than the pain in his body. "I guess she isn't coming 'cause I'm not the same as other people any more."

But maybe she *had* come, and they'd sent her away. You couldn't tell *what* they'd do in a hospital.

He rang the bell and asked for the head nurse. In a minute she was there in white dress and cap, very stiff and clean.

"Say, ma'am, has there been anyone to see me? I mean a girl with yellow hair?"

"No. No one except that man."

"Oh, ma'am, please don't go yet. Are you *sure* there hasn't been a girl here asking for me? They might have sent her away."

"Sorry. No one." The nurse went out, closing the door softly.

Dan stared at the three cracks in the plaster above the door. P'raps Ann didn't want to live with a guy that had only one arm. P'raps Black Paddy was right. All the adventure was gone now and that had been what she loved. Well, he didn't blame her.

"I wisht," he said aloud to the three thin cracks, "I wisht I'd never seen her. It wouldn't be so much like hell. But now I wisht—I wisht I'd never woke up out of that smash!"

That night Black Paddy came bringing some Malaga grapes. He was cheerful, smiling, and his eyes shone with the light of far horizons. "Here, son. Here's some grapes. They'll taste good."

Dan did not reach for them. He lifted his head so that he could look at Paddy. "I'm goin' South with you, Black Paddy!"

Paddy nodded, for he knew. "Good kid. We'll stick together."

"Aw, Paddy. You're great, honest. I was a fool to think I ever loved that girl. I sure was."

"Well, maybe you were, son."

"I guess so, Paddy."

THE third week was nearly gone. Only two more days, and Dan would escape from the white walls and the smells and the soft footfalls. Black Paddy was working every day to earn their stake. Every night he came to the hospital room, sat with his feet on the radiator and his hands locked at the back of his head.

He talked of construction jobs, and men of other days who had cracked their whips over the backs of twelve-horse teams. Dan lay listening, sometimes fascinated by the names of men and places, and sometimes hearing nothing of what Black Paddy said.

All the last day Dan lay thinking. There *would* be good times ahead. Down South with the bunch he'd be a marked man. He'd take his place beside Step-and-a-half Smith and Sunny North. Both of them had got it—and always they could find jobs as watchmen or time-keepers. But it *had* been good to stoop, reach down, lift a bag of cement under each arm and walk off. Two hundred pounds! Easy!

It was nearly sunset. The wind was dying down. The white walls were turning gray. Black Paddy came in.

"We're goin' to move, son. Right away. We'll hit for Chi tonight and ride classy for once in our lives. Then down the map we'll go. The sawbones say you're fit as a fiddle."

"I'm glad, Paddy. I never want to see this place again!"

He was all dressed. Funny to be dressed again. Paddy was pinning up the empty sleeve. Outside, the sky was full of just about a hundred colors. Felt kind of wobbly standing up again. Maybe you had to learn all over how to walk. The sawbones said some guys did. Paddy was

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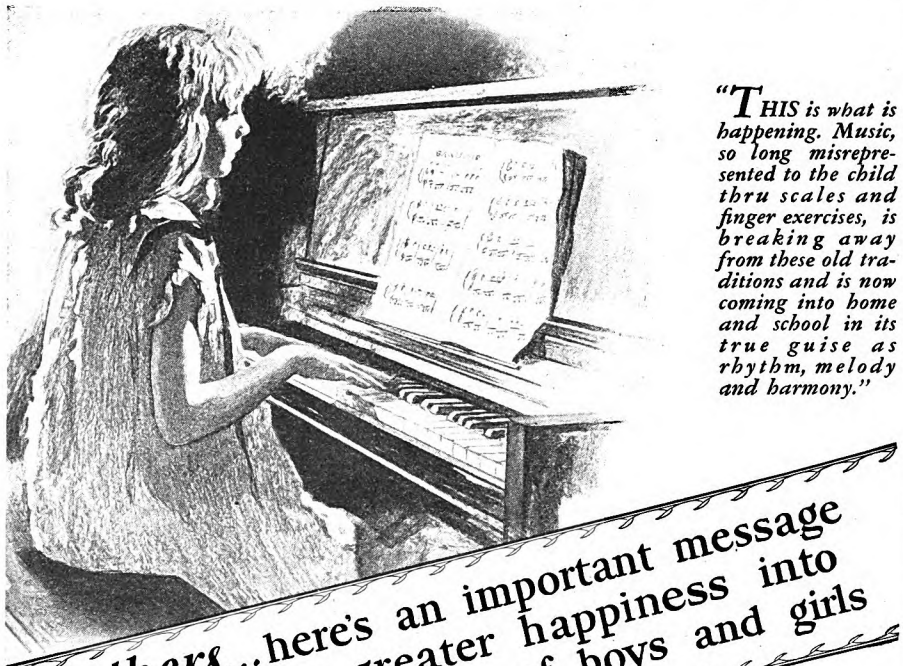

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awfully happy, smiling and humming all the time. He was always that way when he was ready to travel.

Someone had opened the door. Kind of dark in the corridor. Someone was—

Black Paddy moved quickly, so that his huge body blocked the doorway. He turned his head, looking back over his shoulder.

"Wait a minute, Dan! You get all fixed up ready to go, and pretty soon I'll be back to get you."

Dan fumbled with the buttons on his coat. "All right, Paddy." He felt strangely nervous. Sort of made you tingle all over, getting ready. You could never tell what was going to happen. Black Paddy ought to hurry up. What was he wasting time for, anyway? P'raps he had to fix up something or other with the sawbones.

IN THE waiting-room at the end of the corridor Black Paddy was talking softly to a small, dim figure.

"Why did you come back again? I thought I'd told you some things about Dan. I thought you said you could *see* how it was with him and me."

"You did—and I *do* see," she said, and Black Paddy, looking into her face, saw that it was very beautiful with earnestness. "I understand." Her voice was low, trembling. "I understand. Can't you see how much?"

"Then why do you want to stir him all up? Why didn't you stay away? You said—when we talked—you said you could see how it was best for him and me to keep on together. And we're going to! We're goin' to move *tonight!* Me an' Alamo Dan!"

Ann suddenly reached out, as if with her small hands to push him away.

"No! Don't—don't take him away!"

Black Paddy walked slowly to a window. He leaned against the casing, stared out into the twilight. Maybe he had been wrong about Alamo Dan. Maybe he had wanted Dan to travel with so much that he had convinced himself it was the right thing for Dan to do. Folks had a way of doing that sometimes.

Yet surely he knew Dan too well to make a mistake. They had seen great sights together and done big things with machinery and horses and earth and steel. Those were the things that counted and Dan loved them. Why shouldn't they go on forever that way?

But Black Paddy was troubled. He had tried to explain it all to Ann, when she had come back the day after the accident to see Dan. He was sure she had understood, for she had gone away without seeing him, believing what Paddy told her, that she was not for Dan, nor Dan for her, that Dan didn't really want to settle down.

But now she had come back! There was something strange about it, something pretty serious, something you couldn't just make out. He could feel her looking at him. She was standing beside him, watching his face. He turned from the window. "Why did you come back after that talk we had?"

"Because I *had* to come! Because I love Dan. Because I—I just belong with him and he belongs with me. That's all! Don't you know? Can't you see how it is?" Her eyes were dark, wide. "If you

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are right, he's got to tell me so *himself!*"

Black Paddy bent his head toward her. "But you said—"

"Oh, I know! I know what you're going to say! You made me believe it for a while. But I've thought and thought—and remembered. And I understand more than you do, now. And if you take him away, I'll just follow and follow and follow. . . ."

Through the window Black Paddy watched the color of the sky, some black lines of smoke and the tall, grim stacks.

"Say—you care quite a lot about that boy, don't you? I guess you'd do just about anything for him, wouldn't you?"

"*Yes—yes—yes!*"

Faintly from the river came a long, deep, departing signal of a lake steamer. Black Paddy smiled vaguely, and reached out his hand as if he would touch her on the shoulder.

"Well—" He drew back his hand, straightened, and walked quietly away. At the door he hesitated, turned.

"I guess it wasn't right, what I did," he said. "I guess what I told you was only what I wanted to be true. But I—I got to ask you—"

"I know," she said quickly. "I'll never tell him you sent me away that day!"

ALAMO DAN walked up and down, up and down in the white room. He hated the room, because he knew it so well. The chair, the grim floor, the high bed, the walls, the window, and above the door the three thin cracks. He hated to be alone in the room. The thrill of a long, long journey wasn't quite so strong when Black Paddy wasn't there. Black Paddy kind of got you so you didn't care about anything except just traveling around—everywheres.

"I wisht—" He tried to think what it was that he wished.

Someone stopped outside in the corridor. Someone opened the door. Black Paddy would be ready now—all ready for the long, long journey. He was trembling a little. He turned quickly toward the door. . .

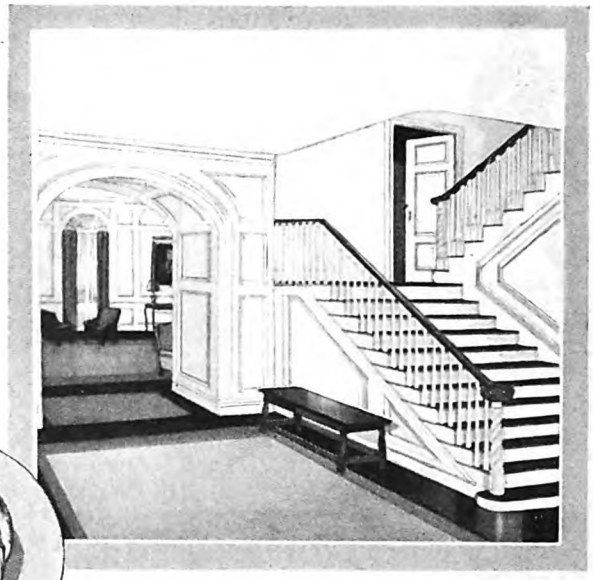
"Ann!"

Her arms moved in a pleading gesture. She was trying to tell him something.

"Dan—I thought—I thought maybe you didn't want to stay with me. And I wouldn't try to keep you. But I've come back. I *want* to stay with you, Dan. I never want to leave you any more—and you want me, Dan, . . . don't you?"

"Ann! Ann!" He stumbled toward her.

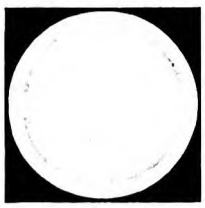
"I LIKE ALLIGATORS," says Herbert Ravenel Sass, "and the bigger the 'gator is the better I like him! He adds something of mystery, something of prehistoric strangeness to the plantation country. He is not beautiful, but he is interesting; and he is practically the only wild animal left in the East that can bring back the thrill of pioneer days by raiding the farmer's herds." You surely will be fascinated (and at times you may shudder a bit!) when you read, next month, Mr. Sass's remarkable personal experiences with these huge and ancient dwellers in lagoons.



So lustrous—so smooth!

A damp cloth keeps it spotless

Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

The microscope shows the difference!

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keepclean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

WHAT happens to ordinary interior paint? It gets hopelessly dirty. Hard scrubbing may remove the dirt, but it also wears away the paint. Repainting is soon necessary.

The wide popularity of Barreled Sunlight has been won by its satin-smooth surface that washes easily like tile, and is so durable that washing cannot injure it!

A richly handsome enamel finish with a "depth" peculiar to itself.

Guaranteed to remain white longest.

Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat finishes, in cans and drums. For priming, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

A great variety of beautiful tints can be obtained by mixing oil colors with Barreled Sunlight. Ask your dealer about the easy-mixing Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors in handy tubes.

Also ask about the new *exterior* paint—Outside Barreled Sunlight.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 33-F Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—San Francisco. Distributors in principal cities. Over 7000 retail dealers.

Barreled Sunlight

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
33-F Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Please send me information on the use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in: (Check) ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings ☐ Industrial Plants.

☐ Please send me full information on Outside Barreled Sunlight.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

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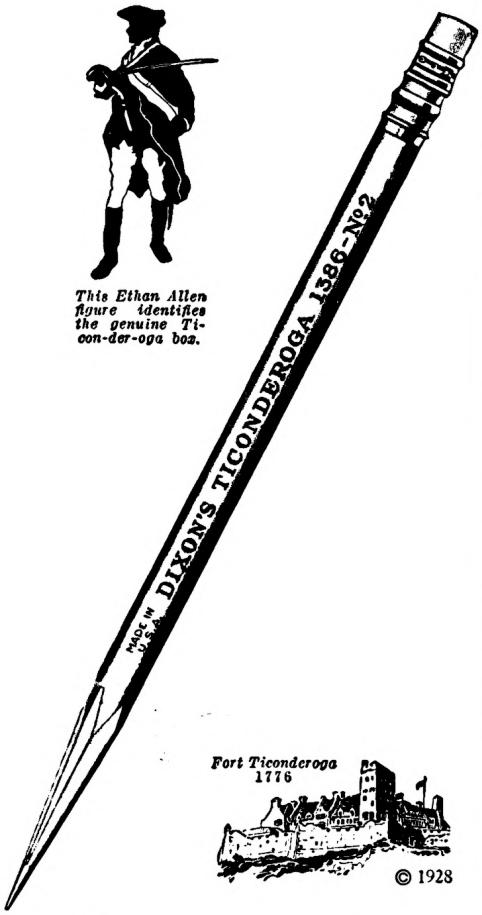

Responding to every writing style.. making good on every job.. used by school child and business executive, Dixon's Ti-con-der-oga has made itself America's favorite five-cent pencil.

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

Made in the U. S. A. by
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 161-J Jersey City, New Jersey

What the "Auction" Means to Me

FIRST PRIZE

If You Want to Keep Going You've Got to Go!

WHAT does that picture mean to me? Just one thing. "Hustle, hustle, hustle!" It's not a bit reminiscent, for I never saw an auction in my life. But as a forecast, as a warning, as thunder rolling out of the future, and as lightning flashing out of the ways of life, it fairly shouts at me from the page: "Produce, produce, or move on and make way for men and women of better stuff!"

Now if you're seventy and you've finished a good job, you needn't be afraid to look at all those garden tools lying out such a long, long way from any garden. You can just sit back and chuckle at the commotion, remembering that you had a good long row—and that you hoed it good and strong.

And if you're sixty and feeling a bit grim and battle-scarred, you needn't flinch at looking at those gnarled old trees. They have felt the same storms that wore down and loosened and riffled and beat to a dry rot the shingles on that ancient ell. But the trees, thank God, still have the courage to reach out toward life and give to the world and their own twisted limbs the blessing and sweet comfort of new leaves!

And if you're fifty and beginning to swell a bit with your success, take a saving look at that portrait of the smug middle-aged, and the derisive face beside it of the supplanting generation.

But if you're forty—beware of Life's Ben Badens. They'll cart you off as second-hand at the first sign of moths in your spirit. If you want to keep going *you've got to go*. If you want to keep a place in the world's hallelujah of progress, you've got to *sing*. You may have just a poor little halting, miserable song. You may have one that the winds and the world will hush and listen to. But whatever it is you've been hoarding in your heart, sing it, sing it, *sing it!* Even though the lightning strike you as you stand beneath your tree of life which the weatherbeaten years have raised above you. E. C. R.

SECOND PRIZE

It Seems Like Desecrating Hallowed Ground

TONIGHT I am sitting alone, in sadness and sorrow, a victim of the ever onward surge of modern business.

Little did I think I would ever leave the place that had been my home for so many years, the place where I was born. Parents, husband, and only child gone, it has been my one remaining solace, a place of peace.

Today was the hardest of all, "The Auction." It meant the disposal of the many things of, perhaps, no value to others, but so long mine, so familiar, so associated with the years gone by!

Many were the tears that fell as I heard the "Going—Going—Gone!" of the auctioneer, and one more piece passed into the hands of strangers, to be lightly valued. My heart was torn with grief as I heard the ribald jests of the milling crowd as it passed among the time-worn pieces so long treasured as mine.

I visualize the future, and I see the land subdivided, many buildings erected. I see, perhaps, a bakery, a soft-drink emporium, a department store, a restaurant and, where once stood the shed that sheltered "Nellie," the faithful gray, so often hitched to the old sleigh—then off to "singing school"—I see a huge garage. In my garden of old-fashioned flowers I see a pool-room. And I can only feel that it is desecrating hallowed ground.

Tonight I face a new life. Comforts? Yes. Money? Enough. But what modern comfort can replace the associations of olden times? What money can dim the poignant memories of days long gone?

I pray to God that I may be brave, that I may so live the remainder of my days that when the sands of life are "Going—Going—Gone," and earthly possessions are gone forever, I may find treasures in heaven. R. F.

THIRD PRIZE

Memories of the Old Swimming Hole

IT TAKES but a glance at Charles Gatchell's picture, "The Auction," to carry one back over the road to yesterday, to the early 90's, and to a little boy, barefoot in the dusty road; to poles and bait cans; to the old swimming hole; and to lusty mockingbirds singing in the trees. So Memory waves her magic wand before the picture, and lights spring up in the old windows, and smoke again curls lazily upward from the chimneys, and the sound of singing issues from the open kitchen window, along with that enticing odor of freshly baked cookies, and out under the shady trees and through the hedge it wanders until it comes at last to the stubby nose of the little boy in the road, and the first whiff sends him scurrying to the open kitchen door.

Then there may appear a little boy, sitting up so big in the spring seat on the wagon—and such a monstrous big wagon it was to childish eyes, but now, such a small wagon—and what a thrill it is to slap the lines on Molly's broad back, and to say, "Get Up," in as deep and loud a voice as may be, for a little boy.

But sweeter yet will be the evening hour, the blazing hearth, and that dear voice unfolding the story, and as the little boy listens and gazes into the fire, the fairy castles, and the knights, and the dragon shall take form in the flames as the voice shall speak. Presently the voice shall cease, and tired little limbs and drowsy head will find themselves gathered up in arms, and again will be heard the soft cadence of the voice in the evening's Bible lesson. So, presently, as the flames die down, the sand-man will come, and thus will close the little boy's day, and then silence, except for the measured ticking of the big clock in the hall. E. D. S.

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CORONA *for* College

The best investment a freshman can make . .

IT takes a sturdy typewriter to stand four years of student life —and Corona is *sturdy!* It is the only portable typewriter with a twenty-year durability record. That's one reason why every college freshman should own a Corona.

The other reason is that Corona is the most convenient portable. There are more big machine features, more of the little conveniences that make typing easy for the amateur.

For instance — the back spacer and margin release are right on the keyboard within easy reach of the operator's fingers. Another convenient feature is the big line space lever, up out of the way of all other mechanism where one easy motion returns the carriage and spaces for another line.

The keyboard is standard, and full size. The ribbon is full twelve yards long, and reverses automatically. The wide carriage takes a ten inch envelope.

Yet with all these refinements, Corona costs only $60 for either the black or the colored finishes. Easy monthly terms.

See Corona today at any typewriter store—a postal will bring you the latest Corona catalog.

Colored Coronas are beautiful and cost only $60 with case. Write for catalog.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc
Established 1903

Sales offices in principal cities of the world

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4 Vital Improvements

to make teeth WHITER *and* CLEANER *than ever before!*

This is the famous toothbrush that made correct brushing possible—and brought whiter teeth to millions. *Now the correct original design is made doubly effective—by the use of supremely fine materials.* Get one today, at any drug store.

Your smile will show the results!

© 1928, W. B. M. Co.

Dr. West's *new* Toothbrush

My Last Hope for Freedom Has Flown

(*Continued from page 51*)

the editor of the weekly, even to maintain a toe-hold.

The fact that my country weekly has been picked as one of the fifteen outstanding country weeklies out of twelve thousand country weeklies in America means that I have had to put a lot of human-interest material into my paper week after week. No leisurely scissors-and-paste-pot editor am I, but a hard and fast worker who has to make it snappy or hit the toboggan.

And the sight of that boy growing up and taking an interest in the craft encouraged me. He started me off on another fool's dream of freedom. I dreamed that he would take the load off the shoulders of his dad; I was editing a weekly paper at twenty without the educational advantages that my boy has had, and without more native intelligence. In a few years now he would be running the paper, and I would have time to do so many of the things I have always wanted to do. I would even read Burton's translation of the "Arabian Nights," and Tissot's "Life of Christ," odd purchases made full twenty years ago, because I was told I should read them, but which I haven't read yet. I would take up the sport of fishing, at which I spent much time when a boy. I would even take a trip to Europe. But I should have known better; for that boy is very like his dad.

KEITH is very like his dad and he's going to plow his own furrow, just as Dad has done; when I put him on the train that night and started him off to college, I knew instinctively and for a certainty that he would never come back. He has his own dreams, his own ideals, his own aspirations, and that certain pride in self-accomplishment that will never permit him to come back and try to fill his old man's shoes. He's going to carve his own niche. He is going to be William Keith Saunders and not just a son of "W. O." I know it now. I should have known it sooner. But then I wouldn't have enjoyed my dreams so long.

If I hadn't been blind as a bat, I would have got my eyes open back in 1924, when I took my boy to New York on a trip with me. He had never been to a city before, and I had planned to show him great sights. But I had been in New York only a few hours when a physician ordered me into a hospital. Now, that was a deuce of a predicament for a country boy fourteen years old in the world's biggest city for the first time.

What to do with that boy? I couldn't keep him in the hospital with me: I couldn't park him in a hotel: I had no friends with whom I could entrust him. I finally worked out a scheme. New York is one of the easiest places on earth to find one's way in. It is actually harder to get lost in New York than to find one's way in most cities.

I procured a map of New York City, mapped out a day's itinerary for the boy—an elevated railway trip from Herald Square to the Battery, a visit to the Aquarium; up Broadway to Wall Street, Old Trinity and St. Paul's, the Stock Exchange; farther up, the Woolworth Building, a trip to the tower; thence over to City Hall Park Row, Brooklyn Bridge. Back up town via the subway. If he got lost, he should ask a policeman for directions. If then not sure, call a taxi and tell the driver where to take him. No chance to get lost. I wasn't afraid to trust the youngster alone in New York.

While at the City Hall he should go in and speak to the mayor of New York. Yes. And why not? Keith thought that seeking an interview with so important a person was unthinkable for a fourteen-year-old boy. I reminded him of the autobiography of Edward Bok. I also explained that mayors, governors, congressmen, senators, Presidents and all the rest of them are essentially human—very human. If they were not human they wouldn't be popular.

Before I got through I think the boy felt sorry for the mayor of New York and rather looked down upon him. He saw Mayor Hylan on his first day out. It was this way: The big policeman at the information desk in the waiting-room outside the mayor's office was nice to the boy. A newspaper reporter standing near by, waiting for an interview with the mayor, was attracted by the boy. The reporter took him into the mayor's inner office. Mayor Hylan was nice to him, asked him about himself, about North Carolina, about the South.

Keith told me of it that night with obvious pride, and I mapped out another itinerary for him next day. The Democratic National Convention was about to get under way in Madison Square Garden. Encouraged and thrilled by his adventure at the City Hall, Keith wanted to meet William G. McAdoo. He had been reading McAdoo papers and believed McAdoo the biggest man on earth. He even wore a McAdoo button that he had picked up some place.

BUT he didn't see Mr. McAdoo. Some politician at the McAdoo headquarters was not so good a politician. The gentleman at McAdoo's headquarters told him to run along, that Mr. McAdoo didn't have time to be bothered by a kid. I guess that would have knocked me cold when I was Keith's age, but it didn't daunt that boy. His pride was hurt. But he didn't cry about it. He'd at least try to see Al Smith. From what he had heard about Al Smith down South, Smith wasn't so high and mighty.

I don't know how he found Smith's headquarters, but he found them. And there he met the big, kindly, lovable Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt smiled upon him, chatted with him, told him about his own little boy, took him into the presence of Governor Smith. And Governor Smith talked about his own boys, told my boy to come and see him again some day.

Keith came in that night with an Al Smith button, an Al Smith hat band and an Al Smith handkerchief. He was all for Smith. And he'll be for Al Smith as long

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as he lives, such is the loyalty of a boy to the strong man who shows him kindness.

The next day the boy's picture was in several of the New York papers:

Fourteen-Year-Old North Carolina Boy Sees New York by Himself

I couldn't give the boy further directions about seeing New York; he was having more fun finding his own way. On his own initiative he horned into the Democratic National Convention as a page and stayed through that long-drawn-out affair, while his dad went back home to be berated by the neighbors for leaving a little boy like that all alone in a big city.

Keith came home after it was all over, and I asked him how he liked New York. "I like it," he replied matter-of-factly.

"When do you think you'll go back there?" I asked him playfully.

"After I've gone to college, I'm going up there and work on one of the big papers for a year," he replied.

THAT should have opened my eyes. The boy expressed no idle dream; he had found himself, and his future was clearly charted for him, as he saw it. But I didn't take him seriously; I went right on planning for him to succeed me as editor of "The Independent." I put him in the composing-room to learn the mechanical end of my business during his vacation and gave him some writing to do on the side. He worked faithfully enough, but his thoughts were not in the shop of "The Independent." I couldn't see it then, but I recall vividly now the serious, far-away look in the eyes of that boy as he plugged away at his tasks.

They made him editor of the high-school paper in his senior year. I butted into the situation with suggestions for editorials. The boy would listen attentively and indicate that he would write as I had suggested. He used my ideas all right, but he invariably applied them in a new and unexpected way. He never would use one of my suggestions outright. And that too should have opened my eyes; but it didn't. I kept right on planning his future for him.

My wife was wiser than I. Intuitively, she knew all along exactly what was coming. For months before the boy went off to college she contemplated his going sadly. She would tenderly pick up his things dropped around the house, fondle them, and say: "It will not be long now before we won't have a little boy any more."

Another time she said to me: "William, you really ought to spend more time with your boy now; he's going off soon, and he'll never be the same to you again."

I tried to take her advice, but it was too late; a great gulf had divided that boy from me before I had become aware of it. His mind was preoccupied; he was evasive and reticent, although respectful. I suspect now that he wasn't communicative because he didn't want to hurt my feelings; he knew that he was approaching a parting of the ways, and that I had planned through all these years for him to go the way of his father.

I'll have to get some more dream stuff now to build me some more castles in the air, for things are not the same around my home any more. Funny how much room a boy takes up in a home and what a

Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use? — POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the finest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else.

Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A 35c package lasts over three months.

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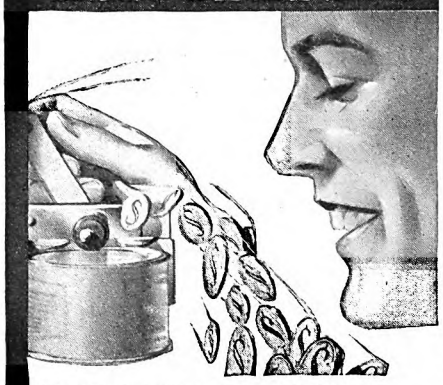
A Million Dollar CAN OPENER



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Here is an amazing new chance for big money! A simple but startling ten-second demonstration now brings you one or more sales in every home. Now, $4 to $7 an hour is easy anywhere! Just send for details of my FREE OFFER shown below and get set to test the fastest, dizziest profit makers of your life.

See For Yourself Why "Real Money" Is Easy Anywhere

MEN, there are no "strings" to this offer. All I ask is that you test this opportunity at my risk. This is something absolutely novel and unique. It's a new kind of can opener that is radically different. Needed in every home. Patented, so there is no competition! No wonder the dollars simply roll in for Speedo representatives everywhere.

A $1,000,000 CAN OPENER

This almost magical little device—so small that you can easily slip it into your coat pocket—ends forever all the stabbing and hacking, all the danger and bother of old-style can openers! It holds the can—opens it—flips up the top so you can grab it—and gives you back the can in a couple of seconds with the entire top completely cut out slick as a whistle!

Women all hate the old-style can opener. They know how dangerous it is. Imagine, then, how they welcome this startling new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful kitchen task!

288 Orders In One week

"Here is my record for my first 30 days with Speedo: June 13, 60 Speedos—June 20, 84 Speedos—June 30, 192 Speedos—July 6, 288 Speedos. Speedo sells to 9 out of 10 prospects. I made $265 in one week."
M. Ornoff, Va.

14 Orders In 2 Hours

"I now realize that Speedo is the best ever—sold 14 orders in 2 hours at Grand Canyon!"
J. J. Corwin, Ariz.

SELLS ON SIGHT

And men, here's the best part of it. We have worked out a sure-fire demonstration for you that just simply "knocks all of them cold." It opens every door for you instantly—closes sales in 10 seconds by the clock—and gives you 4 orders out of every 5 calls!

NO COST OR OBLIGATION

There is not space in this short message to go into all the sensational details of this new money maker. So I now offer you the opportunity to test your profits absolutely without risk or obligation. Territories are closing fast. So take me up on this Trial Offer today—get the facts about $75 to $150 a week. Mail the coupon at once.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
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Established over 20 years

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO., Dept. M-922
4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Rush me details of your Test Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

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Address.....

Town.....State.....

vacancy he leaves when he gets out.

And he used to take up such an awful lot of room with his books, his clothes, his playthings. If there were four vacant chairs in the sitting-room when he came home from school, his books would go into one chair, his hat in another, his coat or baseball bat went on the floor.

Door mats didn't interest him either; he always tracked in mud or snow on his feet, and if the weather was very cold he left the doors open. And he always left the cap off the tube of tooth paste, left the bath soap soaking in the tub, stubbed his toes on the rugs, and left them all bunched up and awry. He left the lights burning when he was the last to go to bed at night; turned on the draft in the furnace and forgot to shut it off; forgot to wind up the clock, and always dropped his bread buttered side down. Oh, how I wished that boy would grow up! And now I've got my wish.

That boy did a lot of useful things around the house that fall to my lot now. Nobody to run around the corner to the grocery when we sit down to breakfast and discover there is no butter in the house; no one to tend the furnace, run errands, and do little odd jobs around the home. I wished for less disorder and a little more room. I've got it. The house gets bigger and emptier every day.

I WENT up-state to see my boy the other day. I motored up and it was a wet, nasty day. I wired the boy to meet me at the hotel. It took me all day to make the trip; first, water in my coils and timer: then, tire trouble; and, lastly, I skidded into a ditch on a detour and had to sit in the wet for hours until a pair of mules could be found to pull me out.

I made my toilet and took the boy out to dinner. After dinner I asked him what he wanted to do; he had no plans, and said he too was tired and rather sleepy. That sounded good to me and I said, "Let's go up to the room, get comfortable, and talk a while."

"All right, Dad," said he; "go on up, and I'll join you presently." It was then eight o'clock in the evening.

At eleven P. M. that boy hadn't shown up and I dozed off to sleep. He came in a few minutes later and proceeded to undress for bed.

"Where have you been, son?" I asked.

"I bought a magazine at the newsstand, and have been sitting in the lobby reading," he replied.

I related this incident to Bill, a hometown friend who has had two boys in college.

Bill smiled cynically. "That's the way it goes," said Bill; "once they get out from under you they don't give a darn for you."

I DON'T quite agree with Bill. My boy is proceeding about the business of living his own life. It isn't that he doesn't give a darn for Dad any more, but he wants to explore and decide some things for himself. And I shall not upbraid him or interfere, because he is following in my footsteps after all. But this I know: I have lost my boy, and he must find himself in the maze of life's perplexities and illusions through which I, before him, had to pass.

Of course I might have made my boy fit into my plans for him by taking him in hand early, keeping a strong grip on him, and bending him to my will. And by doing that I might have destroyed his initiative and that phenomenal thing called Personality.

I may be wrong in my ideas about bringing up children; I may yet be written down as a colossal failure as a father; but, with all my dreams, I shall not dissuade that boy from choosing his own career. He can't, after all, make more mistakes than I have made.

I have not loaded him down with much parental advice. I have, however, tried in many ways to impress upon him the few simple, understandable rules that I have found practicable, desirable, and satisfying in my own life: It pays to be thoughtful, industrious, courteous, truthful, and fair. Be all these things, and you have put many cares and much fear out of your life; and you will have won the respect, the confidence, and the friendship of worthy citizens—the greatest assets social man may acquire; without which no man may walk confidently among his fellow men and live on terms with God.

If You Had Leisure and Money What Would You Do With Them?

Prize Contest Announcement

LIKE W. O. Saunders, every one of us has day-dreamed about what we are going to do with our leisure time and money when we get them. With our eyes on the far horizon, we have planned to visit out-of-the-way places—see the four corners of the earth; or we have planned to satisfy our longing to read and study, which the hurly-burly of business has never allowed us. Sports call to some of us; others long just to sleep and rest. Day-dreaming is a pleasant occupation, and although we may see our dreams quashed, as our friend Saunders has, hope springs eternal in the human breast. So indulge in a little day-dreaming, and tell us what you would do if you had leisure and money to enjoy it.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes October 20th. Winning letters will appear in the January, 1929, issue.

Address "Leisure" Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them.

Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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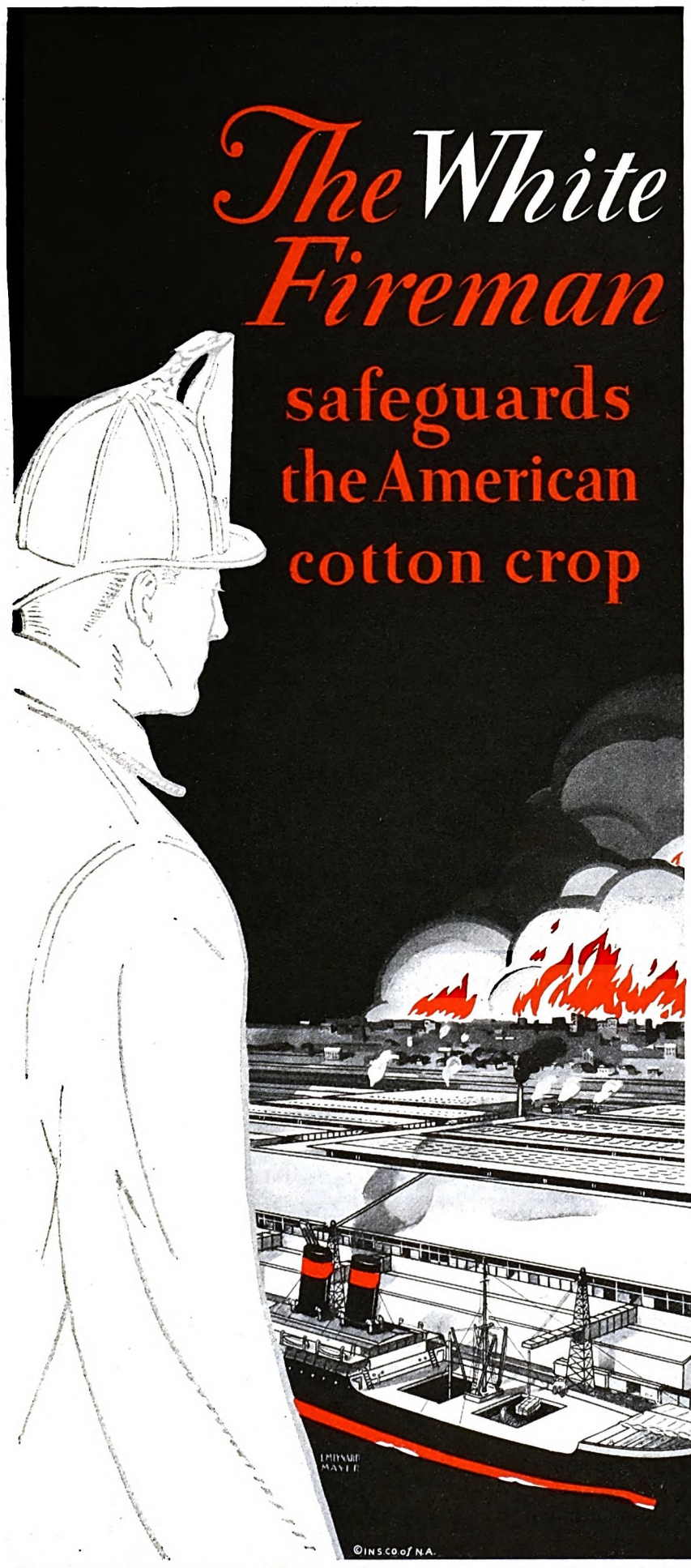
The White Fireman safeguards the American cotton crop



COTTON is one of America's great assets. A considerable loss of it might affect manufacturers, retailers and consumers everywhere. The White Fireman, therefore, has not overlooked cotton protection as a part of his all-inclusive loss-prevention service.

In the last decade he has effected improvements in the fire-safeness of a thousand warehouses at cotton concentration ports. 44,000,000 square feet of sheds have been constructed to reduce the hazard of fires from sparks. 48 miles of fire walls have been erected to minimize the number of bales subject to a single fire. 140 miles of water mains, 75 miles of fire hose, thousands of hydrants and hundreds of automatic sprinkler systems have been added to fire-fighting equipment.

That the White Fireman's work has not been in vain is evidenced by the fact that the average annual cotton loss for the past five years was considerably lower than for the preceding five years.

THE White Fireman symbolizes the Loss-Prevention Service supported by insurance companies. This service includes: Consultation on proposed structures, that they may be as fire-safe as possible. Inspection of property, with recommendations for the reduction of fire-hazards. Maintenance of the Underwriters' Laboratories for the testing of building materials, the practical trial of fire extinguishers and other protective equipment, the examination of electrical apparatus and materials. Various other kinds of technical assistance for the furtherance of property conservation. The North America Agent will tell you how to secure this valuable service.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

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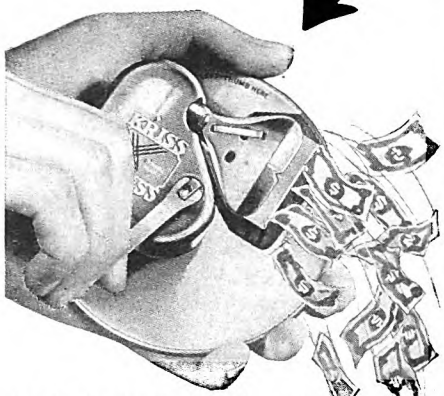
How to Make Real Money Just Doing This



New Shaving Invention Offers Excellent Money to Men Who Will Act As Our Local Representatives in Their Home Territories. $30—$40—$50 a Day. Full or Spare Time! No Investment Required. Write for Details On

GENEROUS OFFER

Probably you have heard of KRISS-KROSS—the amazing stropper and razor blade-renewer pictured above. It makes any kind of blade **keener than new** and prolongs its life for weeks and even months! But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS is one of the most surpassing money-makers ever seen. Hundreds of demonstrators and agents all over the country are making from $200 to $500 a month just taking orders for it in their home towns. KRISS-KROSS is heavily advertised in magazines but **never sold in stores,** so we must have people to take the orders in each locality. We pay generously for your time and give special bonuses that run your earnings up into **real money.** Even spare-time workers earn $15 or more in a single evening or Saturday afternoon.

An Astonishing Invention

KRISS-KROSS' mechanical ingenuity is little short of marvelous. It strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Eight "lucky" leather grooves do the trick in 11 seconds. Automatic reverse. Strops heavy at the start—light at the finish, and leaves your blade with the keenest cutting edge steel can take! No wonder it sells like wildfire!

Profits Waiting For You

So great is the present demand for KRISS-KROSS that agents are reaping profits almost beyond belief. During the month K. P. Rapf made $602. R. C. Walker (Idaho) made $9 his very first demonstration. H. King of Massachusetts, made $66 in one day—and J. C. Kellogg cleared $200 in 7 days at spare time alone!

Get Details—Special Offer

Right now we are willing to make an extremely generous offer to new agents and demonstrators. Find out about this money-making business without delay. See how simple it is to make $100—$225 a week with KRISS-KROSS. Others are doing it—why not you? Send the coupon now!

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. P-253
1418 Pendleton Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. P-253
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me full details of your nationally advertised KRISS-KROSS stropper, which is never sold through stores—and tell me about your unusual offer of big profits to demonstrators and order-takers.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Kate Gleason's Adventures in a Man's Job

(*Continued from page 43*)

me; men talked to each other about me and spread my fame far and wide, and"—here she began to laugh—"men were so eager to give me due credit that they set their imaginations working, and told yarn after yarn about things I had never done. Nobody could stop those yarns. They were a wonderful help in selling; but they were monstrously unfair to my father and brothers.

"One day I went to a shop that used our machine tools, and while there I noticed a loud squeaking from one of the planers. I investigated. I found that the two fingers that controlled the reverse were too close, causing the belts to squeak. I reported this to Father and he sent a man to put on a new set of fingers.

"The yarn that arose from that simple act thrived and grew into a wonderful tale. Father had visited the shop a short time before I did. He also noticed the squeak, but as it did not impair the work forgot to send the new fingers until I reminded him. The owner of the mill began spreading the story of how Old Man Gleason himself, the inventor of the machine, had been there and never fixed that noise, and then his girl came along and fixed it in two minutes.

"Soon I was credited with carrying a tool bag and wearing overalls. As a matter of fact, I never have worn overalls and never will wear them, but *that* tale spread all over the country. I met it everywhere I went to sell and," here her eyes grew droll, "I contradicted it every time I heard it, and still they believed it! Incidentally, it brought two hundred letters containing proposals of marriage!

"READ them—did you ask?" she burst into hearty laughter. "I should say I did! I am not married. I have never married, but I have received enough proposals from those absurd yarns to satisfy any woman. Many of them are unforgettable. In pouring forth his impassioned request one writer concluded: "'Miss Gleason, you will make no mistake in marrying me. I am pure as the dew at dawn.'

"I am sentimental, as you will find out, but I have never approved of the dew at dawn; it is a bit chill. Another ardent letter stated that the writer was a friend of the ex-Kaiser's, who then was not an 'ex.' It ran:

"My mother has taught me that I must realize my life to the full. But I cannot do this without marriage. If only you, Miss Gleason, will help me thus to realize it! But if, for any reason, you feel you cannot, will you not pass this letter along to one of your friends?"

She rocked with merriment. And now you have met the real Kate Gleason, a handsome, stalwart, robust woman with magnificent white hair, a woman of great gifts, of great achievements, who lives heartily and candidly; a woman whose abundant vitality and rollicking humor is finely matched by her great mental ability.

"I am what the world calls a success," she said frankly. "I have done what I set out to do, and much more. And," her irrepressible laughter bubbled over, "here I am, and what do I want now? *I want to go where people want me, and work for them!* That is why I went to France, that is why I am working in Beaufort.

"My girlish ambitions were fiercely personal. I felt keenly that girls in this world were accorded second place, and I resented being second. My grandmother always wanted my brothers to take her about; she thought little of me. Friends and neighbors used to watch me, and shake their heads and remark:

"'She should have been a boy.' They were justified, for I was trying my best to be as nearly a boy as I could. I wore my hair short and straight in a day when girls wore long curls or braids. I played with the boys. They didn't want me, but I earned my right.

"If we were jumping from the shed roofs I chose the highest spot; if we vaulted fences I picked the tallest. I was husky and able, and to this I added a bit of recklessness that carried me through. It took just that added bit of daring to outdo the rest. I carried that lesson into business. A bold front, determination, and the willingness to risk more than the crowd, plus some common sense, and hard work, wins out.

"MY BROTHER Tom, the born fighter and the most tender nurse a girl ever had, died at twenty. I was then eleven. Young as Tom was, he was my father's right hand in the business. I was next, and my two brothers, James and Andrew, were younger. One afternoon soon after Tom's death as I was coming into the house from school I heard my father say:

"'Oh, if Kate had *only* been a boy!' It was bad enough to have the neighbors say that. But Father! I almost worshiped Father. That I should fail him in anything was not to be endured.

"The next Saturday I walked down to the shop, mounted a stool and demanded work. Father smiled and gave me some bills to make out. From that time on I worked regularly.

"When I was fourteen I decided that I could do the bookkeeping. So I acted. Father backed me up then, as he backed me up all his life. At the close of the day he handed me one dollar, my first pay. I had no pocket, so I tucked it in my dress, and lost it on the way home. My mother and grandmother made a terrible fuss.

"'Lost your first pay!' they wailed. 'Oh, Kate!'

"'Oh, what's the matter?' I protested. 'I can soon make another dollar.' It was later that I learned to count every penny and to know the real value of money earned.

"Although I was young, I was a great big girl and looked much older. Mother thought it wise for me to learn something of the business, after Tom went, 'just,' as she said, 'in case something happened.' That 'something,' of course, was the death of my father, upon whom we depended. He lived to the hale and hearty age of almost ninety, and was active and vital to his end.

"However, their apprehension served my purpose well. At fourteen, I got up at

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four A. M. and studied, went to school at eight, got out at one, went home to dinner, then to the office, worked until six, went home, ate supper, and went to bed. The neighbors used to expostulate with Mother, and when she wanted me to go to dancing school, I rebelled.

"She told me Jim, my younger brother, was so shy that I must go to stir him up a bit; I found later she had told Jim I was so uncouth I must be made more civilized, and so we each endured it for the other, both hating it with all our hearts."

THE Gleason Works of that day consisted of a small machine shop that employed about a dozen men. William Gleason, its head, was an inventor and became one of the best known machine-tool designers in the world. Under his training Kate developed rapidly. She finished high school at sixteen and then entered Cornell University. A man was engaged at a "tremendous salary, eleven hundred dollars a year," to take over her part of the work. Before the year ended, her father wrote her he could not get along without her help. She must give up college and return at once.

"That was my first big sorrow," she said, "and my heart broke utterly. I took Father's letter out on the campus and sat under a tree where I thought no one would find me, and wept and wept. I had planned to finish the engineering course. I was the only woman in it, and it meant so much.

"As I sat there one of my friends who had been a pal saw me and came to me. He asked what was the matter. When I sobbed that I had to leave, he choked up and said brokenly that he was awfully sorry, but that just at present he couldn't be more than a brother to me. My tears stopped. I tried to convince him that I was crying at leaving *college*, but he attributed that statement to my maidenly modesty, and in the end I walked off furious, if broken-hearted.

"Twice in my life I have gone down into the depths of despair because the way I wanted to go was suddenly shut off from me. Both times the way I *had* to go was the best possible way for me. Take this leaving of college: Since I was nine I had been reading books on machines and engineering; my one year had given me the essentials of the profession. The rest I could do, and did do, for myself. My fierce determination to equal the young men I left at college served as a spur, and I worked with every bit of energy I possessed.

"As far as I could see, our business was about the worst in the world. There were alternate periods of inflation and depression that were utterly beyond our control. We made just as good tools at any time; but in boom years when orders rolled in we had to extend our plant facilities to get out the work, and to do this we borrowed money. Then bad times came, and we found ourselves with notes due and no work to bring in money to pay them.

"I ARGUED that I ought to get out on the road and sell, but Father was not willing. However, things grew worse and worse and at last he agreed to let me try. I decided to go after a particular order, one for which there were sure to be many competitors. Father was so afraid experienced salesmen would laugh at me that he

Her hair tends to be oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair tends to be dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and no drying alcohol). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins

Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon below is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

Check Sample Desired

For 10c enclosed send sample of PACKER'S

☐ Olive Oil Shampoo
☐ Tar Shampoo
☐ Tar Soap

Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. **6-J**, Box 85, G. P. O., New York City: Send me the offer checked, with 28-page book on hair health.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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There's an Old Man ahead *you* ought to know~

HE HAS your eyes, your nose, your walk. He talks like you, acts like you, thinks like you. And whether he hates you or loves you, respects you or despises you, depends upon YOU.

Low Rate ~ Low Cost

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.

© P.M.L.I.Co., 1928 Founded 1865

suggested I go early and tell people I was going to the town for an exhibition that was being held there.

When I arrived at the plant, I found a new manager, a young man who had just arrived. It was *his* first order as well as mine, and he was more scared of me than I of him. And, naturally, as I sensed his timidity I grew bolder. It ended with his giving me the entire order. Father had thought we *might* get a part—for ten thousand dollars' worth of tools! Triumphantly I marched home with two lessons learned:

"*There is no sense in being scared of anyone; he may be more scared of you than you of him.*

"*It pays to be first in any field, if you can.*

"When I started selling, I believed that, as a woman, I would suffer many disadvantages. I soon discovered I was wrong. But there was one disadvantage I never managed to get over. Men salesmen would ask a prospective customer to lunch, dinner, theatre, or some kind of entertainment. By all the known laws of my day I could not do this. On one trip to Cleveland I was greatly downcast. The owner of a certain factory had been lunched and dined by every salesman there except me.

"I was low in my mind, but I determined not to give up, and the next day I breezed in with a good yarn and got the order. I got it on the sheer merit of the machine I was selling. The only fight a woman has against this luncheon-dinner business is to ignore it, and keep steadily at the job itself."

From the beginning Kate Gleason was a good saleswoman.

"Most people were curious to see me," she said. "Our agents had talked about me, and when I traveled I found the story of Kate Gleason helping her father in the machine shop had preceded me, and it helped. Susan B. Anthony, who was a great friend of my mother, had impressed one fact upon me while I was growing up:

"'Any advertising is good,' she said. 'Get praise if possible, blame if you have to. *But never stop being talked about.*'

"I have come to believe that absolutely. In those early days I was a freak; I talked of gears when a woman was not supposed to know what a gear was. It did me much good. For, no matter how much men disapproved of me, they were at least interested in seeing me, one distinct advantage I had over the ordinary salesman. I dealt wholly with men—no women were then running factories and foundries."

THE Gleason works were increasing. Part of this Kate Gleason credits to the family efforts, part, she says frankly, was due to a business boom. Three years after she started there were a hundred and twenty-five men working in place of the original dozen and the business gained steadily until the panic of 1893. Then the bottom dropped out of the tool business along with everything else.

The Gleasons had extended their facilities and were under great obligations.

"As I was in charge of selling and finance I did my best to get orders, and did get some," she said. "But no orders could save us unless I could induce the banks to accept customers' notes to pay our notes. As I tried to persuade bank officers to extend our credits I began to appreciate what feminine charm might do.

For you MADE him. He is YOU.

Every sunrise brings us just a little bit closer to the old man who is in the making in all of us. It is up to us to provide for him and his through life insurance. It is up to us, in our productive days, to put funds to work, through life insurance, for his non-productive days.

There's an old man ahead of you. He has your eyes, your nose, your walk. He talks like you. He acts like you. He thinks like you. Let him think well of you. For you — YOU are his youth.

There is a Provident Mutual representative near you who will be glad to cooperate in establishing a program of insurance protection that will cover all the needs of your family and yourself. You can depend upon his counsel.

Low Rate ~ Low Cost

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.

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"It Takes Money!"

"YES, and a big lump of it for our own home", muttered Jim almost savagely.

"If I could only help", was Ann's thought. But she did not say it out loud—June brides seldom do. Yet there was the thought—a very exciting one if . . . . . *it could only come true.*

Just about this time of the year, as the days grow cooler, we get a longing for things that we want to do, or have.

Some of us are going away to college for the first time; some to business—

And there are the June brides, like Ann—young wives, now—dreaming their lovely, unselfish dreams, and wishing they could earn some extra money *themselves.*

They can—and all the rest of you can!

No, it isn't some fairy tale . . . although it sounds almost as fascinating. Right here in the Pin Money Club, are thousands of girls who do earn $5, $10 and more every month, just in their spare time. They carry on our pleasant, easy work—and are paid for it.

They are such busy folk, too—even their spare moments are few. But the P.M.C. was especially organized to help them—so, of course, it does.

Mrs. Dan Morris of Oklahoma, upon joining us, wrote—

"The P.M.C. is to me a sealed packet of delightful possibilities, and oh, what fun in breaking the seal. Having moved to a place where every face was strange and their ways stranger still, I had decided my days of real events were over, when by some happy chance I stumbled into this Club.

"That day", she said, "was the beginning of a new era for me"!

AND "that day" was more than seven years ago. She has been a member ever since. She has earned hundreds of dollars—won innumerable Cash Prizes, one a Check for $50. And in her home are a great many mementoes of her Club work—silver candlesticks, and many other gifts.

As much money as you want and need is here for you, too! Write today to—

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club,
The American Magazine,
Department X,
250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.

I thought of all the wiles of all the great adventuresses and wished I could learn some to use on the bank executives.

"Every sales trip made me bluer than ever. There were so many salesmen hunting orders that we were like a lot of hungry crows fighting about a small mess of corn.

"On one trip during panic time I visited Plainfield, New Jersey, and the head of a tool company there, sympathizing with me about dull times, said:

"'Anyone who can make a *living* out of the machine-tool business could make a *fortune* out of anything else.'

"That hit me hard. All the way home I thought of our business, and the one thing that held hope was our gear planing machine, which was then a very small part.

"'Father,' I said, on my return, 'We have to get out of this machine-tool business. Now, how about gears? They wear out much quicker than tools. We could sell the same people year after year. Nobody has such a machine as yours!' Father was always ready to listen to me, and give my ideas a chance. So he went to work on the perfecting of his machine, and I began to try to get more gear orders.

"I fell ill that year and the doctor ordered Atlantic City. But as there were no orders there, I got together two hundred dollars, and decided to visit manufacturers in England, Scotland, France, and Germany.

"Three days before I sailed I mentioned my going to a salesman from Brown and Sharpe. He was aghast.

"'But—do you know anyone there?' he asked.

"I said I did not. I sold people in America whom I did not know, so why not abroad? He shook his head, went back and told his firm, and they sent me a sheaf of letters of introduction. This firm was larger than ours, and in the same line. On my return, knowing what those letters had done for me, I sent them a check as commission on my orders. They returned it to me. That is one of the many times men have gone out of their way to lend me a helping hand.

"I WAS so hard up that I had just one dress to wear every day of that trip—a black cashmere. Owing to my limited funds I traveled on a cattle ship and I was the only woman passenger. There were fourteen men, and they ran a stop watch to measure their turns in promenading the deck with me. Naturally, I was feeling pretty good. But the purser spoiled it all for me. He told a story of a time when, after six months in the Congo without sight of a white woman, his major's wife got on the return steamer and he found her beautiful beyond words. But a few days later some young English girls boarded the ship, and he suddenly saw that the major's wife wore a wig and had false teeth. The moral was obvious. I said good-by to my fourteen ship admirers, got my letters, and prepared to work for orders. I was fortunate enough to bring some back from the best firms in Scotland, England, France, and Germany, and that was the beginning of a real foreign business for us.

"Shortly after this trip I began to consider my clothes. Apparently, everybody else had been considering them for some time; but to me dress had seemed of little importance. But when one of my

If You Live in DETROIT

meet

"Bob" Reynolds

WHETHER you are the owner of a small home or the purchasing agent of a large factory—whatever your status or position—you should meet Robert A. Reynolds. He has a service to perform that may save you thousands of dollars, or even your life!

A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF SERVICE—FREE

Research costing well over a million dollars is behind the training which Mr. Reynolds has received and which enables him to give his service to you.

He is a trained Fire Prevention Expert. He will appraise and chart your fire hazards and advise you regarding equipment for fully protecting you and yours against fire—the nation's greatest peril.

If you are already equipped, he will inspect and report on your equipment periodically without one cent of cost to you.

A SERIOUS MAN—DOING AN IMPORTANT JOB

The job "Bob" Reynolds is doing is an important one. Last year fire losses in the United States mounted to over $550,000,000 with a loss of over 15,000 lives. And Mr. Reynolds, you will quickly see, takes his work seriously.

The equipment he recommends is approved by Underwriters' Laboratory and recommended by State Safety Commissioners and hundreds of Fire Chiefs.

Fyr-Fyter equipment has been chosen to protect such places as the Ford Motor Co., Bethlehem Steel Corp., Standard Oil Corp., International Harvester, and over 20,000 other nationally known institutions. The U. S. Government alone has purchased 260,000 Fyr-Fyters for use on battleships, aircraft and in government departments.

AN OPPORTUNITY
For a Few Reliable Men

Because of an ever increasing demand, we must make additions to our field forces. We will consider applications from a few reliable men who are capable of earning from $3,600 to $12,500 a year.

For men who can appreciate the advantages of being connected with a prominent firm and a sales organization noted for its exceptional high income, the Fyr-Fyter Company offers a genuine opportunity.

Those interested, please give full details regarding yourself in the first letter. Applications will be treated most confidentially.

If You Do Not Live In Detroit

In many of the nation's important centers we have men like "Bob" Reynolds, trained to give you complete fire prevention service. Look for "Fyr-Fyter" in your Telephone directory—if you do not find it, write us. We will answer by return mail giving you the name of our nearest expert. Remember, the Fyr-Fyter man will call and make his report without wasting your time. His call will mean protection to you that can not be valued, alone, in dollars and cents.

FYR-FYTER CO.
1-K Fyr-Fyter Bldg. Dayton, Ohio

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60 MINUTES of HAPPINESS!

Tune in on the
American Magazine Radio Hour

beginning September 19 and continuing thereafter every second Wednesday at Eight P. M. (Eastern Time.)

Music—Drama Humor

These sparkling radio hours are based on current contents of The American Magazine.

Hear the radio versions of your own American Magazine stories every second Wednesday Night.

And on alternating Wednesdays enjoy Woman's Home Companion Hour at Eight P. M. (Eastern Time.)

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The Largest selling QUALITY pencil in the World
17 Black Degrees—3 Copying

Universally used where the best is wanted—for general purposes, for drawing, for the most exacting technical needs.

On sale everywhere
Send $1.00 for sample dozen assorted styles

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AMERICAN PENCIL CO.
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EARN BIG PROFITS MAKING HOME MADE CANDY

Turn Your Kitchen Into A Candy Shop

MAKE big money from the very beginning. Candy costs 15c lb. to make—sells for 60c! E. R. Foxton sells 200 lbs. weekly—Mrs. J. A. Wilcinsin sells almost 1,100 chocolate bars each week at 5 & 10c—YOU CAN DO AS WELL! Successful manufacturer teaches secrets of candy-making in your spare time and shows how to quickly sell your candy at a big profit! Practically no capital required. We furnish tools. Write for fascinating FREE book.

Capitol Candy School
DEP'T. AE-327 WASHINGTON, D.C.

former teachers, and even Miss Anthony, chided me about my appearance, I decided to try a change. So I went in for extremely feminine attire. I had my hair dressed and wore violets on my muff, and had some soft, frivolous gowns made. This attention to dress repaid me well. Some of my customers spoke to me twenty years after about a certain dress or hat that I wore when I made a sale. I learned to value clothes, to love clothes, and to use clothes.

"In 1900 we arranged for an exhibit at the Paris Exposition. We were pushing our gear planers, and this exhibit had cost us much thought and money. Our Paris agents wired us that we had been given space under a stair in a dark corner, and that they could do nothing. I had intended going over later, but I sailed at once. I found a dozen other protesting firms in that dark spot. One Swedish firm had called to its aid the Minister to France. But I slipped back to my hotel, put on my prettiest frock, and the most feminine, laciest hat you ever saw, and went boldly to the general manager's office. There were many exhibitors waiting there, but I was admitted right away. I sympathized with the manager. I told him I did not see how he endured the complaints of the exhibitors, and the abuse and the great strain of his position. I encouraged him to talk and I listened long to his tale of woe and condoled with him all along. *I asked nothing.*

"In the end he inquired about *my* exhibit, and when I mentioned its location he rose at once, took me out and offered me a choice of nine of the best places in the building. The other American exhibitors kindly helped me to move, and the remaining denizens of the dark corner watched open-mouthed.

"'Now,' said the general manager. 'If anyone tells you to move again, stand by your exhibit with guns.' I thanked him. But I knew better. I stood by with my lace hat."

FIVE years after Kate Gleason had urged her father and brothers to turn their attention to gears and gear planing machines, the Gleasons had discontinued tool making. The new venture was a success. The automobile was just beginning to look practical. There was a great future in sight.

With prosperity, Kate Gleason decided upon a home of her own. When she was nine years old she had read Bulwer-Lytton's "Leila, or The Siege of Granada." The word picture of the Alhambra so stirred her childish imagination that she decided to have a home just like that. She sent for plans and pictures of the Alhambra, but she was dismayed at the building price.

"At this time," she said, with her blue eyes sparkling, "I was in the throes of a theory that made it impossible for anyone to own a home worth more than fifteen thousand dollars. But we humans can always adjust our theories to the terms of our desires, and I decided that *my* Alhambra was absolutely essential, and that any expense was justified. So I built Clones, named for my mother's birthplace in Ireland, and many a good time we have had here."

From the moment I had halted in the doorway and looked with wonder up the

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stone steps railed with red silken ropes and listened to the drip, drip of water running down the stair arms into tiny pools at each landing, I had marveled at this unique dwelling. The patio with its fountains and vaulted glass roof, beneath which grew palms thirty feet tall, the rock gardens, the huge living-room with its great fireplace, and its Spanish chimney for burning charcoal in a huge brass-hooded brazier; the suite that is Miss Gleason's very own, to which she climbs a sublimated wooden stepladder and then draws it up after her, and stays as she wills, secure from all interruption, were like parts of a dream from another world. Through the arched windows, however, stretched a thoroughly contradictory vista of American rolling fields and woodlands.

"I'VE enjoyed building beyond most other things I have done," said Kate Gleason. "Before I built this place our business had far outgrown its plant, so we decided to enlarge it. When we set out to plan the buildings, I remembered that Father had remarked, on his return from a trip abroad, about the vastness and emptiness of some of the cathedrals. 'What a chance for a traveling crane!' he had exclaimed.

"Now a cathedral is usually built on lines that are exactly right for traveling cranes, so I sent for photographs and plans of cathedrals, and we selected the one at Pisa as having the lines best adapted to our plans. Our present foundry building is modeled after this cathedral, even to the string course over which the vines climb. The office building we decided to model after the Pan-American Building at Washington."

After twenty years these buildings are among the show places at Rochester. They are beautiful, substantial, and efficient. Within their walls Kate Gleason worked happily for a dozen years. With the development of the automobile, the camera, and all modern machinery, the gear business continued to prosper.

"Kate," said her brother, James Gleason, who is the president of the Gleason works, "was one first-class salesman and one grand entertainer. She could spin a marvelous yarn. Many a time I've heard Father give one snort at a yarn of Kate's, and then give way to helpless laughter."

But as the Gleason works became more and more successful, the family, united by great mutual need, began to suffer grave differences of opinion.

"The differences," said Miss Gleason candidly, "were those that almost invariably come to a successful business when the drudgery of selling and hiring or borrowing money or making drawings can be passed on to others, and the founders have not enough to do. It seemed to me that my experience would make it easier for me to go into a totally different line of business than it would be for my brothers, who, up to that time, had specialized on the shop end of the work. It was heartbreaking, because it meant leaving Father and all the friends I loved. The break came in 1913, and fortunately a job developed that kept me in the machine business for almost two years longer.

This job began in January, 1914, when Kate Gleason had the distinction of being the first woman appointed receiver by a bankruptcy court. She was made manager

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as well, and took over a machine-tool shop which was in such bad shape that it was supposed to pay about ten cents on the dollar. The stock was turned over as worthless. The debts were one hundred and forty thousand dollars. She took charge January 1st, 1914. By August 1st, 1915, the debts were paid in full, the stock had been returned to the stockholders, and the plant was a going concern. This was before the orders generated by the World War had become large enough to aid. By 1917, the old management had made a million dollars.

In the year 1914 Miss Gleason received a second honor. In recognition of her work in gear design, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers unanimously elected her a member, the first woman to join their numbers.

WITH the great need for efficient workers developed by the World War it was not likely that a woman of Miss Gleason's abilities would be allowed to retire from business. When she built her palace at Clones she had employed workmen from East Rochester. They, and business men from that town, sought to interest her in its upbuilding. She assisted in financing, and personally helped to plan eight factories there, factories which, like all the buildings she has been interested in, are trim, smart, well-lighted places that any town might be proud to own. While she was at work on these, the president of the First National Bank at East Rochester was called to war service, and the directors made Miss Gleason president, the first woman to become the president of a national bank in this country.

"But I was no great shakes as a bank president," said Kate Gleason. "The fact that the bank was more prosperous when I resigned than when I was made president was due mainly to circumstances."

The bank at East Rochester had loaned to a local builder a sum of money with which to finance the construction of a number of modest homes. The builder did not complete the houses, and, as bank president, in order to make the bank loan good, Kate Gleason tried to get someone to complete them. No one would undertake the job, so she finished them herself and paid the loan. While building these houses she became greatly interested in home construction, and decided to demonstrate that a neat, substantial, concrete house could be built at low cost. To finance her building in addition to her many thousands she had already invested in East Rochester, she had to borrow. The banks promised the loans, and then failed her. She put up her Gleason stock as collateral, and at one time owed six hundred thousand dollars on demand notes.

Around this time Rochester and East Rochester thought Kate Gleason was done for, and Kate Gleason herself was a pretty anxious woman. Every penny she had was pledged, and she still needed more money to complete the houses. Rescue came from an unexpected quarter. Some years before she had helped a young woman start in business in New York City. This young woman, now flourishing in her own line, went to her banker.

"Miss Gleason started me," she said. "You have to help me to save Miss Gleason."

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Through their efforts there came to Rochester a visitor, the head of the loan department of one of the largest insurance companies. He went over the houses and returned to his company. The morning after Miss Gleason received a wire:

"Your homes are the best we have as yet seen. Your loan is granted."

The houses were saved; the stock was saved. Kate Gleason triumphantly finished over a hundred attractive homes. In three years the mortgage loan and the six hundred thousand dollars were paid off entirely.

Other building followed, a golf course, a clubhouse, and apartment houses. But Miss Gleason's interest is in building modest homes calculated to stand, she says, "at least a hundred years." To this end she traveled and studied architecture in this country and in France.

Three months each fall she spends in her home at Septmont, France. Near this is the library and motion picture theatre she has established, and maintains as a memorial to the first division A. E. F. Three thousand American soldiers were killed, and seven thousand wounded at or near this spot, in the successful endeavor to take the road and the railroad to Soissons. In the spring and summers she is at Clones with her work at Rochester and East Rochester, and in the winters she is at the new work at Beaufort, South Carolina.

"I want to tell you," Kate Gleason said, "the things I live by." She recited slowly the lines by Owen Meredith:

"The man who seeks one thing in life and but one
May hope to achieve it before life is done.
But he who seeks all things wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,
A harvest of barren regrets.

"I wanted one thing—to demonstrate that a business woman can work as well as a man. And this is my guide." She pushed toward me one of the curious and comfortable Moorish chairs, and I read a carving on the back.

"*Possum volo*" ("I can, if I will").

The Sheriff

(*Continued from page* 57)

hand that had jerked the shirt between the shoulder blades clutched convulsively the arm of his chair. For a moment his spirit became one with that of the mob, now rolling toward him from the square.

The room was growing silent. It startled him, as the sudden stopping of engines in mid-ocean startles passengers from sleep. He looked quickly at the long table, whose dim, shiny surface reflected the fading dusk. The fan was running down—had stopped.

He crossed the room and pushed the electric button in the wall. It clicked, but the room remained dark. He stood looking across the table at the deputy with eyes of terrible anger. He had taken a man's pride in his jail!

The ringing of the bell that connected the front gate with the office was like a slap in the face. They had violated his jail; now they demanded that he betray

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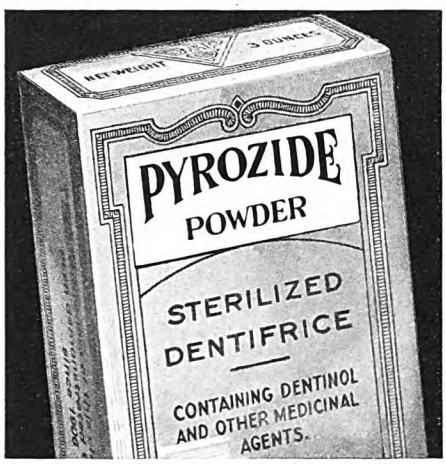

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it by a lie. The bell was ringing again. The room was full of its insistent, imperious buzz. He started for the door. Ben Allen was clinging to his arm. He had forgotten, Ben gasped—forgotten his bunch of keys.

He shook the deputy loose. Out in the corridor he passed the jailer and the other deputy. The arc light out on the street just above the front gates had sputtered on. In the white, hard shafts of light that streamed through the barred front doors down the lower corridor, they looked more like frightened shadows than men.

He passed them, face set. His steps rang out boldly on the cement walk. Twenty feet from the front gate he stopped, the light above falling full upon him.

"Joe!" he cried.

Through the gate he glimpsed the street, vacant for a square, then packed with a dense mass, and the lighted drug store on the corner, crowded with waiting men.

"Step out, Joe!"

From behind the wall a big man in white trousers and shirt and Panama hat stepped boldly before the gates.

"What in thunder's the matter, Noah?" he demanded.

"JOE,—I'm no saint; but I'm no sneak. I'd throttle the nigger with my own hands; I'd bring him out here in the open and hand him over—before I'd play this game. I sent for you, Joe. You might a-come. I'd a-come to you. I tell you, you can push that button till you drop, before I or any man under me comes sneakin' down this walk, crawlin' on his hands and knees before you an' your crowd!"

"I give you your chance, Noah," said the man at the gate. "You'll be sorry you never took it. You go back on them that elected you. All right." He turned away. "Come on, boys."

The sheriff went back up the walk to the jail, mopping his face. "Boys," he spoke to the men in the corridor, "we couldn't play that game. Close the doors."

Quietly as he spoke, there was something in his drawn face they feared more than they feared the mob. They closed the barred front doors. They hurried behind him down the pale corridor. They crowded after him up the narrow iron steps. The corridor above, like the one below, was lighted by the rays of the arc light swung above the gate.

The interior of the jail had awakened to a realization of what it all meant. "Give 'em the nigger!" a prisoner yelled, and shook his bars like an ape. From cell to cell the terror spread. The hoarse cries and imprecations sounded hollow down the stone and cement corridors, like voices from the tombs.

The sheriff turned, facing his men. "You two git to the rear window. Ben, you come with me."

He narrowly watched the two go off down the corridor. Then he and Allen hurried to the front.

From the long barred window, into which the arc poured its level rays, the sheriff looked dizzily down on the oncoming wave of the mob. It jammed the street of little stores from side to side.

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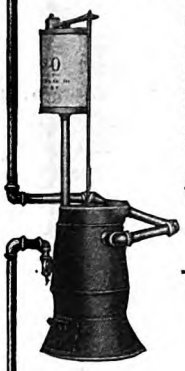

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It was like a dragon that had lain coiled in the square all afternoon, and was now stretching forth from its lair, its tail disappearing in the darkness toward the square. Above the din of the corridors came the irregular shuffle of its thousand feet, the murmur from its thousand throats, and under the lights the sheriff saw the menace of its thousand upraised faces.

"Boys!" he shouted.

The mob halted, pressing back against one another, and scores of faces looked quickly up. Men turned around to those behind and pointed up at him. "Give us the nigger!" yelled a voice, and the hoarse demand ran over the mass down the street to the square, swelling into an angry roar. It came in shouts from the streets to the side of the jail. It drowned the impotent prayers of prisoners.

"Let him talk!" somebody cried. "Give us the prisoner! Stand back, there—stand back. Say your prayers, Noah!"

THEY were shoving back. Four men ran from the drug store and disappeared under the protection of the wall. The sheriff reached quickly to his hip pocket. Ben Allen caught him by the arm.

"My God, Noah!" he demanded hoarsely, "would you kill a man for a—?"

The sheriff stood suddenly motionless, staring at Ben. Down on the street the four men ran back across the intervening space and were swallowed up by the mob. There was a moment's silence. Then a mass of flame leaped up before the sheriff's eyes. A deafening roar filled the air and bellowed down the corridor. Through the white fog of smoke that boiled in at the window, the jailer and deputy were running toward him along a floor that seemed to rock. And in that bedlam of shouts and cries and curses, the groping soul of big Noah Burts found itself; the thing that had struggled all day to get through into consciousness was there—and he knew.

"Stand back, Ben!" He shook the deputy powerfully loose. "Git back!" he called to the others. "Git back to your places! By God, it *ain't* the nigger—it's the law!"

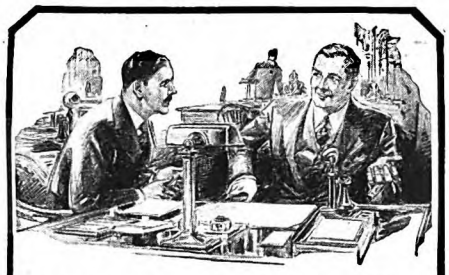
He saw them retreating before his waving hand in which the pistol gleamed. When he turned to the window, below the lifting smoke that swirled above the arc, he saw a group of men streaming toward the gap where the gates had been. The silence continued. Entrapped prisoners had ceased to pray where neither prayers nor curses prevailed. The voice of Noah Burts rang down the corridor and over the mob.

"In the name of the law! I'll kill the first man that crosses that gap. So help me God!"

They stopped, all but one. He came on, stumbling over fallen débris. He turned around, big, masterful, conspicuous in his white clothes and hat.

"Come on!" he yelled. "The door's next!"

The sheriff hardly heard the bullets that went singing about his head. Twice he shot down into the yard, three times into the mob, then grabbed for Ben Allen's pistol. In a haze he saw the mob hesitate, then break into fragments that scampered for side streets. Its mass



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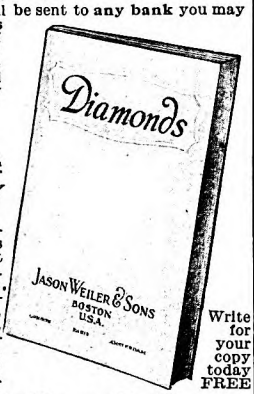

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rolled backward. He saw two of them limping, he saw one helped off by others. Then he looked straight down before him into the yard. There lay a white figure, face downward, sprawled out among fallen rocks.

In this upper corridor near the window were some chairs. They used to come up here on hot afternoons to catch the upstairs breeze. Just a few days ago, this morning it seemed, they had sat here and talked about the next election. The sheriff sank into one of these chairs.

"Ben," he said, "did you see?"

"Yes, Sheriff . . . I . . . seen."

"You men go out and bring him into the office. There's a pillow somewhere, Ben, . . . I'll wait here," he went on. "They might come back. . . . Ben, get a doctor."

He heard them descending the stairs, heard them open the door below, heard their shuffling, heavy-burdened feet in the corridor down-stairs, then silence—the office was carpeted. Down the street from the square a bell was coming, clanging wildly—the police. They would bring a doctor. But he had shot straight down—twice. He sat staring, his pistol held limp between his knees.

He did not ask the question when Ben Allen came up to him. Just a look into Ben's eyes—a quick, momentary gleam of eager hope that died at a glance—and he rose and went to the steps. Half way down, he stopped and leaned against the wall. He pulled himself together and went into the office.

ABOUT the end of the long table stood a group of uniformed men, bareheaded. A candle in their midst choked the room with enormous shadows. At sight of him they stepped back, and he saw beside the clear steady candle flame a white face upturned. He went to it and looked down. His mouth clamped bitterly, and for a moment he wished it were himself lying there.

He turned 'round to look full into the eyes of the chief of police.

"Have you sent—for the coroner?"

"He's on his way, Sheriff."

He sat down in his swivel chair by the desk. He leaned slightly forward, his big hands clasped in front of him, and stared at nothing, straight ahead. And the men in that room, motionless as their giant shadows back of them, looked everywhere but at his face.

And yet, through the fog of his grief, a light was flickering in the soul of Noah Burts. A tiny light, but clear as the little candle flame upon the table there. The sheriff's office was no longer a reproach. The wire connecting it with the garage was cut forever. Joe Burts was dead, by his brother's hand. But because of that deed, civilization itself had taken a forward step there in that little Southern town.

The tiny flame in his soul steadied, grew clearer, brighter. And in its light big Noah Burts found solace. He knew, with no words for his knowledge, the eternal truth that man is dust . . . as a flower of the field so he flourisheth . . . the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. . . . But righteousness is unto children's children!

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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"If You Wish to Know Whether or Not You Really Want a Thing, Try Giving It Up," Says Wayman Adams

(*Continued from page 27*)

something else! Grasp at some other dream! You may find out whether something else will do as well.

"I can imagine a man making a huge success in a material way, gaining more money than he knows what to do with—and in the end he might feel that he is but the shell, the ghost, the shadow, of what he might and should have been. And that's tragic, that's failure.

"In Indianapolis, during that year in the dairy lunch, I had kept on painting. In Louisville, I gave it up. I had my materials with me. I don't think I touched them—not till the last week or so.

"Well, . . . if there's something definite you want to do, you'll some day have to cross a sort of Rubicon! You'll make up your mind to burn your bridges. I don't mean throw away chances of financial support before you've learned your apprenticeship. That's reckless, foolish! You'll somehow come to know that the thing you want to do is worth trying for good and all.

"That's about all there is to being born with a particular gift, a bent. Some know sooner, or more easily than others, what they want to do. They, too, must pay the price. But they *know!*"

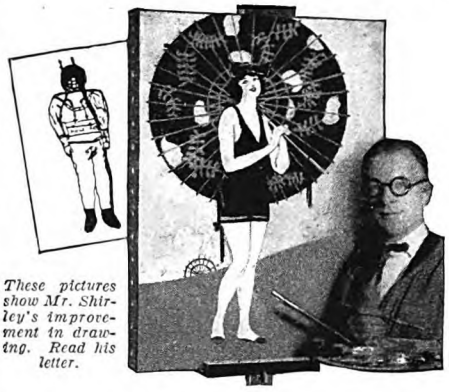
IN a mood such as this, he left Louisville and went to Philadelphia, where he found the art school closed for the summer. By the fall he was homesick, paintsick. Hearing that the John Herron Art School had opened with a new building and new teachers, he returned to Indianapolis.

"I was young," he observed. "I was glad. It seemed to me that I had found something beyond price. In Indianapolis, the restaurant chain gave me charge of the store in the Traction Terminal Building. It was a twelve-hour shift, six in the evening to six in the morning. After work, I slept a little while and went to school at nine. At twelve-thirty, I went to my room and slept some more and went back to class in the afternoon, returning to the store at six."

It was fun. He had found himself. At all events the Rubicon was passed!

Presently, a friend counseled that he must get more sleep and rest. After that, as a regular thing, he slept Thursday afternoons, missing class that day. A year or so went by. Then a trifling incident occurred. A little thing, but it had a great effect upon the course of events.

"One week," he said, "my friend told me that I ought to get my sleep in on Thursday morning and come to sketch class that afternoon, as a well-to-do family of the city were sending their four-year-old girl to the school in the hope that some of the students might make an acceptable portrait of her."



These pictures show Mr. Shirley's improvement in drawing. Read his letter.

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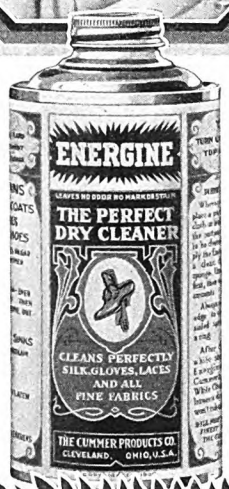

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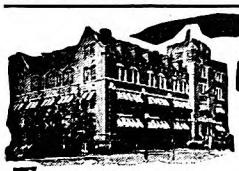

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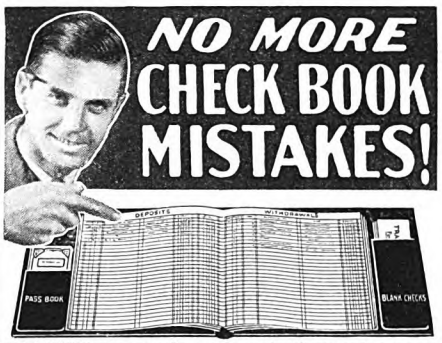

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Adams's portrait of that little girl (she was Mary Brandon, who years later made a success on Broadway in "Welcome Stranger") was *more* than acceptable. It was the little girl all right, her likeness—and something more. There was the beginning of vision in it. It made a great deal of talk. He began as a portrait painter outside the school. Presently, doing portraits at five dollars each, and later at five dollars a sitting, he was earning thirty to forty dollars a week. That meant the end of the dairy lunch.

SHORTLY, when he was twenty-four, there came to the city an exhibition of fifty-three paintings by William M. Chase. "I was struck by his skill," observed Mr. Adams. "His brush work. So broad, free, accurate! I wanted to get my ideas onto canvas with similar ease. And when a circular came to the school to the effect that Mr. Chase was taking an art class to Italy, I made up my mind to go."

The trip was to cost five hundred dollars. He had two hundred and fifty dollars ahead. By a business arrangement, he borrowed the remainder at the bank.

And now Florence! The inspiration of another land, a new people, a different atmosphere. . . . And when the class in Italy closed, Mr. Chase awarded him a prize for his work, and in addition this advice: "Don't let anything stop you, Adams, and nothing will!"

Upon his return to Indianapolis he had, for the first time, a real studio. Better work, better pictures, better prices. Patronage was slow in coming. But it came. And two years later a trip to Madrid with a class under Robert Henri.

Three months in Spain! The characters of old Madrid! The gay, sparkling, picturesque life of the streets and the bull ring! Color! Toreadors! Action!

And talk! Inspiring talk from a master teacher noted for his art and his humanness, as he accompanied his pupils on sketching expeditions throughout the city.

"You have a beautiful sense of color, Adams," he said on one occasion. "And memory of life, which you've shown many times. I like the sketch of this gypsy woman. I like the way the red of the cheek goes into the eye. I like the nose. All the things are *used.* She's ready to destroy. Rich, strong, powerful, brutal!"

Again, with reference to the sketch of a Spanish mother: "The feeling of a man for a woman with a child in her arms! The great human feeling. The real beautiful thing. Something far beyond the mere incident of this mother and child. Way beyond!"

And again, on a still more momentous occasion, the teacher said: "Work with great speed. Have your energies alert, up and active. Finish as quickly as you can. Do it all in one sitting if you can. In one minute if you can! There's no virtue in delaying."

"Coming at that time, it was a revelation to me," observed Mr. Adams. "Until now I had been hearing critics say, 'You paint too rapidly.' Or, 'It isn't finished. It's only a sketch. Why isn't there more detail?' Now at last a man was saying, 'Do it in a minute, Adams, if you can!'

"When we go to take counsel of a man of great experience, are we not all par-

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ticularly impressed if words of his illuminate some half-formed purpose, some vision of our own, as yet dimly understood? Such words sink home. They mean much to us because we are ready for them. How strange, how prophetic they seem, yet how familiar!

"One day, I remember, Mr. Henri said to the class something like this: 'Your first idea, your first *seeing* of the subject may be more valuable than anything the subject will suggest to you after months of study. What is wanted is your idea of the subject *now*, not eighty years from now! Paint like a fiend when the idea is upon you! Paint like a man going over the top of a hill, singing! Paint like a house afire!'"

And Adams did just that.

Picture him one afternoon months later, back in his Indianapolis studio, ready for a sitting, awaiting the arrival of Professor Alexander Ernestinoff, conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. In comes the professor, a genial, cultured, interesting man. Easily, with a jest, he drops into a chair, his overcoat and hat on. Presently, he pauses in his talk, leans back—it's as though he were waiting a response to some quip or other—and something happens. It's all so natural, so miraculous (a man's real self coming to the front in a pose, a gesture, a word!) that it might have passed in a second and, once gone, been lost forever.

But the artist *saw* it—saw the man as he really was! One hour, two hours, three hours. . . . The portrait is practically finished. Only a few touches were ever to be added, and these before the paint had dried.

"Oh, ho!" cried the professor as he looked at his portrait. "So my mouth was a little bit open! What?"

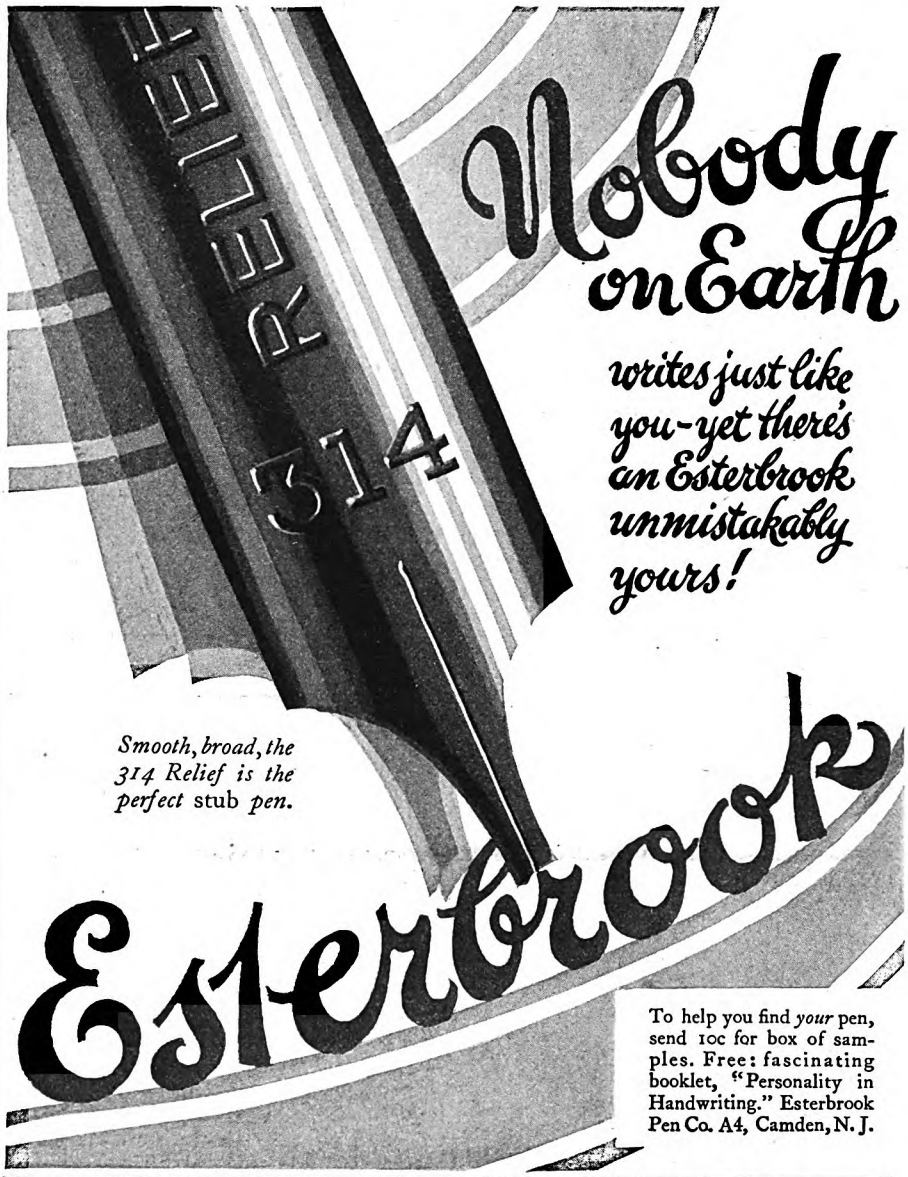
AND some praised this picture. Some condemned it. It was something new, fresh, spontaneous, and it had a tang. But it didn't make a hit right away. The artist himself was in doubt, for it's not so easy to be sure when you've hit the truth. But one day he chanced to meet the professor in a restaurant. He was wearing his overcoat and was seated in exactly the pose of the portrait—the same look, the same characteristic gesture of the hand holding the cigarette. And the painter felt that he was facing the portrait he had painted.

A little later it was offered for exhibition to the National Academy of Design in New York in 1914. It was accepted, and awarded the Thomas R. Proctor Portrait Prize.

There were other successes at about this time; and a little later came the famous portrait of Joseph Pennell—the one in which the etcher sits with drawing pad on his knee. A great portrait of a great personality, it was exhibited at the Chicago Art Institute and was awarded the Frank G. Logan Medal with a prize of fifteen hundred dollars.

Meanwhile, the artist had been attracting attention in New York. He opened a studio there. Once the critics had said: "A new and promising talent is on the way!" Now they spoke of his "exhilarating technique," the clarity and simplicity in his novel way of seeing things.

"What makes one subject easy to do and another difficult?" I asked.



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"It's hard to say," he returned, "but maybe an illustration will answer. I remember the day when Irvin Cobb and his daughter Elizabeth sat for me. 'So this is where you want me to sit?' he said, and he seated himself. Immediately his daughter ran to his side and seated herself on the arm of his chair. It was all in fun, to be sure, as though she were saying, 'Me, too, Daddy! I want to get into the picture!' Spontaneous. Natural. I felt how fond they were of each other. It was around this feeling that I painted the portrait. It was the genuineness of *their* feeling that made it easy to do.

"I like what Mr. Cobb said of it once: 'I don't know whether that man looks like me, or not. But I know he'd write the things I write, and say the things I say!'

"BACK in the days when I was starting professionally, Booth Tarkington frequently sat for me in my Indianapolis studio. Perhaps I was too anxious one day. It didn't come off well. I was keenly disappointed; I told him so, and asked what he thought of it.

"For a moment he sat down, facing the picture. He was ready to go. He had his big overcoat on, his hands resting on his walking stick, which was between his knees. 'We all have our bad days,' he remarked, and he went on to say that they were often due to trifles, the weather, or what not. The keen, intelligent face! The sympathetic way in which he spoke! It wasn't what he said, but the tone was so kind. He understood so well! I felt like going to work on another portrait at once. I wanted to paint him as I saw him at that moment. And so the following day I did so, and it went much better. This portrait of Mr. Tarkington with his walking stick between his knees became rather well known in time.

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"Among all the celebrities you have painted is there one who made a more profound impression upon you than the others?"

"Yes, . . . perhaps . . . a poet. One whom we all know. James Whitcomb Riley. Our most *loved* poet. Mr. Tarkington commissioned me to paint him. He came to my little studio back there in Indianapolis days. As though it were yesterday I can see his white, fine, slender hand drooping at his side—just as I painted it. He talked as I worked.

"'How old are you, Adams?' he asked me suddenly.

"When I told him twenty-six, he fell to musing. 'I wish I were twenty-six again, and starting over,' he said.

"'You could hardly make more of a mark than you have!'

"'I don't mean that exactly,' he returned; 'but I think I could better some things. But it's utterly vain to think of such matters, Adams. Vain. What is to happen to a man is foreordained, and he can't change it.'

"Again he fell to musing, and pres-

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ently, as though talking to himself, he added this:

"So runs my dream—
But what am I?
A child crying for the light;
So runs my dream—
But what am I?
A child groping in the night.
So runs my dream. . . ."

At the moment, the artist and I were still standing there by the great north light . . . evening glow streaked the western sky . . . the sound of motor horns had died away. . . .

"And do you agree that whether a man succeeds or fails is foreordained?" I asked.

"I don't know. It's a big question—as big as life. We know so little! What we want is not to ask ourselves too much these anxious questions about the degree of our natural ability, the percentage of our so-called genius. Forget all that! Fight like a fiend! The man who has in him the power to dream of accomplishing a specific thing, and *wills* to do it so hard that he won't give in—he'll find the ways and the means. Power and skill will come. Somehow or other, if he'll continue to explore he'll discover, or invent—forge for himself and *in* himself the power and the technique he needs.

"To be sure, he'll probably never achieve that of which he first dreamed. Something more—or less—or maybe *different*. He'l learn to smile at the mind pictures of yesterday. In the beginning, we dream so small. A lifetime of study, thought, patience, toil, is not too much to spend in learning how to dream."

De-Bunking the Glands

(*Continued from page 40*)

deeds by some imperfect working of their glands that upset their personalities.

"The reason I am so particular to obtain your opinion on this point," I said, "is that I was recently in a town in one of the Western states where a young man had stolen an automobile and later had been mixed up in a railroad hold-up. I was given a history of the young man's parents, and they had been excellent, stable people. The boy himself had been rated as exceptionally bright and had been graduated from school with high honors. He was said to be the most widely read young man in the school.

"What I want to call especially to your attention with reference to this gland boom is that I talked with eight or ten business men and with several lawyers. Almost to a man, they told me in the course of the conversation that they felt sure there was something the matter with the young man's glands. I had several talks with the young man myself, and he seemed to be in robust health."

"If he was pretty obviously in good physical health," replied Doctor Barker, "I would venture a guess that his glands had not caused his wrong-doing. It is true that serious deficiency or excess of the glands of internal secretion may in certain cases be a contributing factor in delinquency. However, where glandular imbalance has reached such an advanced stage that it causes marked misconduct, the condition has usually shown such dis-

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tinct symptoms that they are not likely to escape the notice of the family and friends. Such persons exhibit usually a number of signs of ill health.

"Moreover, we do not find any large percentage of the men and women confined in our prisons to be suffering from the well-known and marked types of glandular imbalance. Another point worth considering is that of the thousands of persons studied and treated for gland disturbances in various hospitals through the country and in private practice, not many manifest criminal tendencies. Persons with glands out of order may feel miserable, of course, and some of them are extremely nervous; but similar feelings are experienced in many other bodily disorders without leading the sufferers into crime.

"Of course," Doctor Barker continued, "speaking on the positive instead of the negative side, it is true that we are more and more forced to realize that the general form and external appearance of our bodies are influenced, especially during childhood, by the functioning of the endocrine or ductless glands. Our stature, the kind of faces we have, the length of our arms and legs, the quantity and location of fat, the amount and distribution of hair on our bodies, the tone of our muscles, the sound of our voices, the shape and size of our heads, hands, and feet, as well as the emotions to which our gestures give expression, all seem, *to a certain extent*, to be conditioned by the health or ill health of our glands of internal secretion. Please note, however, I do not say that glands are the *sole agents* in determining personality, temperament, and emotional expression, stature, and appearance. But they are known to play an important part in their determination. And if the glands are 'thrown out of gear' our bodily structure, health, appearance, and personality are likely to be more or less affected."

"COULD you give me an idea," I inquired, "as to just how the glands exert their influence upon our bodily organs and functions? Do the glands have nerves that extend through the body, so that they may send out nerve impulses to the various organs as the brain is known to do?"

"No, there are no nerves emanating from the glands, although the nerves and glands exert much influence upon each other, and in many ways combine to bring about bodily processes and reactions. We know only partly how the glands effect the important changes they bring about. But it has been determined that a large part of their function is to manufacture what the physiologist Starling called 'hormones.'

"These hormones or 'self-remedies' are minute chemical bodies carried in the blood stream to the cells of the different tissues in the body, and they are for that reason sometimes called 'chemical messengers.' For example, when the gastric juice enters the small intestine from the stomach it stimulates the intestinal glands to manufacture a hormone, called 'secretin.' This secretin runs ahead, so to speak, in the blood, and stimulates the pancreas to produce its digestive secretion, so that when the food arrives at that point, the secretion is ready in proper amount for that phase of digestion. Hormones are believed also profoundly to influence the circulation of the blood, the elimination of wastes, the emotional reactions of the brain and the involuntary nervous system, and also many other bodily processes. It is largely by means of these strange substances that the endocrine glands so markedly influence our bodily chemistry, and through it our mental and physical life."

"What are some of the influences which these glands exert upon our lives and personalities?" I inquired.

"Well, I could best answer that by pointing out a few things that happen when one, or more, of the glands of internal secretion is not working properly. By observing what takes place when a gland is out of order, we learn much about what its true function is.

"PERHAPS the glandular disease you hear most about is goiter, or enlargment of the thyroid gland. This gland is situated in the neck on both sides of the 'Adam's apple,' and, in health, weighs from one to three ounces.

"Now, when this gland is over-active the four commonest things you may observe are the following: a persistently rapid pulse, running sometimes as high as 170 or 180 per minute instead of the normal 70 or 72; enlargement of the thyroid gland, known as goiter; a peculiar fine tremor, especially of the fingers; and a bulging of the eyeballs, giving one a staring, startled look.

"This is the condition you hear of as 'exophthalmic goiter' because of the bulging eyeball and the large visible goiter. But right here is another instance that illustrates how easily the public can be misled about the endocrine or ductless glands. For, while one goiter may be an over-active thyroid, another goiter may be an under-active thyroid. Sometimes, also, a goiter extends inwardly, down into the chest, and is invisible except by means of X-rays.

"You see from this what folly it is for the layman to swallow some advertised compound for his glands, when so obvious a symptom as a large swelling on his neck may mean one thing in one person and something quite different in another person."

"Are there any other symptoms," I asked, "which may be observed by a layman that suggest over-active or under-active thyroid conditions?"

"Well, besides the four cardinal symptoms of over-active thyroid that I have mentioned, such persons are likely to be tall, to be spare-built, and to have long, slender fingers. Some patients—not all—develop high blood pressure. You can easily notice the fine trembling of the fingers when the hand is outstretched. Such persons tend to sweat easily, especially on the palms and soles; their skin is usually thin and delicate. They are prone to be over-alert mentally, and they talk rapidly and are often highly emotional. They may lose weight, even when they eat large quantities of food, as they often do. The reason for this is that the thyroid acts like a fan to the body fires.

"You have perhaps heard a good deal recently about the 'basal metabolic rate' or 'basal metabolism.' That means the rate with which substances combine with oxygen or are 'burned' within the body, with the resulting production of heat and energy. In exophthalmic goiter the me-

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tabolism or body-fires 'flame high,' even without any muscular exertion. Such patients are often extremely nervous—oversensitive to all their surroundings. They are often hard to take care of, fault-finding: the nurse is wrong, the doctor wrong, everything is wrong. The least disturbance may upset their emotions.

"I remember a clergyman who came here from the South, a typical case of this kind of goiter. He was thin, weak, and so nervous that even a slight prick of a needle threw him into a panic. The surgeon who was to operate on him deemed it unwise even to let him know the exact time of an operation on his thyroid. So, after some preliminary treatment, one morning the surgeon suggested that he be given an enema. With his wife's consent a little ether was put into the enema and this put him to sleep. In this state he was taken to the operating-room, the operation completed, and he was returned to bed before he knew anything had been done.

"Well, that man gained thirty pounds in weight within three months, went back to work, and has become a different creature.

"That is an example of one of those happily successful cases of a marked change of personality due to the glands. While most hospitals could report similar successes yet they are far from common. Unfortunately, exaggerated impressions of such cases go abroad, and they are utilized for commercial profit. Quacks have also made use of such cases to support exaggerated views of the glands as being much more frequent causes of disease and defects of personality than they are.

"It is true that, if you find your pulse rate frequently running 90 or 100 when you are resting, and in addition you have no infectious disease or organic heart trouble, you will certainly be of interest to your doctor. Such a pulse rate, if continuous, would lead any physician to think of excessive thyroid activity as a possible cause. Also, if you have unexplained and profuse sweating of your hands and feet, especially the palms and soles, and you also have a thin, delicate skin, you may properly be suspicious of over-active thyroid. Again, if you have unexplained diarrhea, four to ten or more movements daily, accompanied by nausea, and not accounted for by indiscretions in diet, the symptom is suggestive of the same condition."

"What happens?" I inquired, "if you have under-active thyroid?"

"WHEN the thyroid gland is under-active you see people with a set of symptoms the opposite of the foregoing. The thyroid is deficient at birth, or shortly thereafter, in children who suffer from what is called 'cretinism'; in older children and adults deficient thyroid brings on a condition called 'myxedema.'

"It would be well for parents to note any such symptoms as the following in their children: In cretinism, the child is usually sleepy and grows fat and pudgy; its skin becomes coarse and wrinkled, and the tongue enlarges, often protruding from the mouth. The mouth may be held open and the saliva often drips from it. The lips are thick, the hair scanty and lusterless, the hands plump, the fingers short and thick. The child becomes pot-bellied, constipated, and anemic. Both

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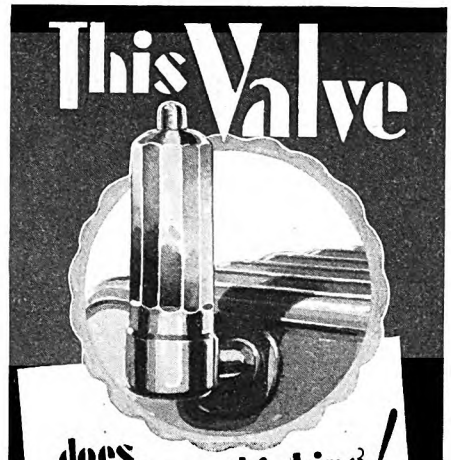

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mental development and physical growth are retarded.

"In some of these cases, the feeding of thyroid extract yields results little short of the miraculous. The child gradually begins to grow again, a pleasing expression replaces the blank look, the mental alertness improves under our eyes, the tongue recedes, the mouth closes, and the child begins to play and behave more like normal children.

"Small wonder, perhaps, that the news of a rare success such as this flies abroad, is reported in the newspapers, and leads a host of parents to hope that their own defective, backward children can be made normal by 'supplying the right gland.' That is a natural reaction of human nature.

"When the thyroid function is lost or diminished in adults, it gives rise, as I have said, to what is called 'myxedema.' A person with myxedema shows the following outstanding symptoms: first, a leather-like thickening of the skin; second, falling out of the hair; third, mental dullness and torpor; fourth, great sensitiveness to cold; fifth, a tendency to obesity; sixth, constipation; seventh, marked slowing of the metabolic rate, that is, a dying down of the body fires and energy; and, eighth, mucus-like edema or swelling of the skin. The feeding of thyroid extract in such cases often works a marvelous transformation."

"IS IT true, Doctor Barker," I asked, "that goiter is due to lack of iodine in the water and food?"

"Well, in the Middle West and other regions far from the sea there is often a lack of iodine in the water and in the air, and in the fish and other foods, and it does seem as though goiter were commoner in those sections.

"Some scientists have gone as far as to argue that the tall, angular appearance of the New Englander may be due to activity of the thyroid owing to abundance of iodine in food, water, and air from the sea in that region, and, on the other hand, that the more rotund, chubby-faced Mississippi Valley type may be due to some extent to under-active thyroid, caused by insufficiency of iodine in that part of the country. It has even been said that families which have moved West have changed their body form, becoming more round-faced and less angular.

"And while still on the subject of the thyroid gland it would be well to warn your readers earnestly against the indiscriminate use of 'iodized salt.' That is another unfortunate result of the gland boom. In some instances serious over-activity of the thyroid seems to have been excited by the use of too much such salt. It should be used only under medical supervision."

"I met a woman recently," I remarked, "who said she had read a great deal about the influence of the pituitary gland upon growth and development, and she was giving gland extract to her little daughter."

"That would certainly be a dangerous procedure unless it were upon the advice of a physician," Doctor Barker commented. "The pituitary gland, which is a small organ near the base of the brain, is known to play an important part in the growth of the skeleton, and also to influence the development of the sex functions. It is believed that if it is over-active during early years you get giants, and that if it is very under-active in childhood you may get dwarfs. When the pituitary gland is over-active in adult life there results a strange enlargement of the bones and joints. It is most noticeable in the face, which becomes large and angular, the cheek bones and jaw bone becoming unduly prominent and massive. It is sometimes called the 'nutcracker' face.

"This condition comes on so slowly that sometimes the patient himself does not notice it. A story is told of an English physician whose colleagues saw this disease coming on for years. However, the doctor did not notice it until one day he thought he saw in the mirror a man with that disease, and he discovered it was himself!"

"WHAT is an uninformed person to do about the glands?" I inquired. "For example, I read the other day a lecture by a British biologist in which he was quoted as saying that during the war the soldiers had had their suprarenal glands over-stimulated, and that that has permanently increased the activity of these glands, causing ex-soldiers to be over-active and restless, and to live on a higher plane of energy. I also read another address by a London physician who was reported as saying just the opposite; namely, that the war had made such a frightful drain on the suprarenal glands of the soldiers that their glands were now exhausted, and that the ex-service men are now, as a consequence, suffering from lack of energy and physical drive. What's a layman going to believe out of all this maze of contradictory statements—made apparently by scientists who ought to know?"

"Personally I think *the less attention the public pays to such statements and to the general literature about glands the better.* Both of these statements make fine newspaper stories, but they are largely mere speculation. I do not think we have sufficient evidence to support either theory.

"It is true that the suprarenal glands, which are situated just above the kidneys, are sometimes called in popular parlance 'the fighting glands.' This is because many experiments have indicated that these glands throw secretions into the blood during periods of hunger, anger, and fright—periods when great muscular activity may be called for. These secretions are helpful in such crises. The suprarenals also have other functions, and profoundly influence the emotional life. But I know of no crucial evidence that proves that our ex-service men in general have either more active or less active suprarenal glands than they would have had if there had been no war."

"Are there any other of these so-called glands of personality or 'glands of destiny' that you can tell me about?" I inquired.

"I should not call them 'glands of destiny' particularly; but there are the parathyroid glands, the secretion of which seems to regulate the amount of lime in the blood; then there is the thymus gland, situated under the breastbone in animals, and also the pineal gland, a small gland about the size of a pea, situated above and behind the pituitary. They are all believed to play a part in a number of bodily processes, but too little is known about them to justify any definite statement to the public regarding them. Then there are islands of cells in the pancreas that are

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very important, for they produce a substance that prevents diabetes."

"What, Doctor Barker, can you tell me about the Steinach and Voronoff rejuvenation operations that we all have read and heard so much about—the operations which are said to cause women to become young and beautiful again and old men strong and virile? Are these operations really effective?"

"With all due scientific respect to Doctor Steinach and Doctor Voronoff for their investigative work in this field," Doctor Barker replied, "my observations have led me to the conviction that, to put it in common parlance, the game is not worth the candle, since the effects in the majority of cases do not extend beyond a few weeks. Anyway, if by the time men and women around fifty or sixty years of age have not yet learned that every period of life is valuable for its own sake, and that it has its own meanings, joys, interests, and responsibilities, they have given evidence that they are not capable of learning one of the greatest lessons of human life.

"But because of my feelings regarding these so-called rejuvenation operations, you must not interpret me as referring in any way but with the highest commendation, even enthusiasm, to the splendid experimental and clinical work on the glands of internal secretion being carried on by numerous chemists, biologists, physiologists, and physicians. The new knowledge of the glands has placed in the hands of physicians an instrument of very great value for the understanding and cure of a number of diseases and the relief of a number of forms of suffering. But it is rare, even with this new knowledge that has come to them, that doctors can transform personality or perform the 'miracles' that the public has been led to expect.

"As we look ahead, one of the most hopeful things is the manufacture in the laboratory of those products of the glands which have hitherto been manufactured only by the glands themselves. The development of such products as insulin, for use in diabetes; thyroxin, for use in deficient thyroid activity; adrenalin, for correcting insufficient secretion of the suprarenal glands, and pituitrin, which is of some benefit in certain circumstances—all of these are of first-class importance.

"But the glands of internal secretion are far from being subject to the easy manipulation the public imagination has been led to believe. No doctor can prescribe something to swallow that will give you the new personality you desire, nor can he graft any gland into your body that will permanently renew your youth. The skilled man of medicine can aid many sufferers by the new knowledge of the glands, and in a few cases work most gratifying cures. But, personally, I'm of the opinion that the less the layman concerns himself with his glands so much the better for him.

"My advice to him is to visit his doctor for a general overhauling once a year, and if there is anything wrong with his glands let the doctor undertake to remedy the situation. *In no circumstances should gland extracts be taken by anyone except under medical supervision.*"

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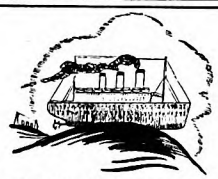

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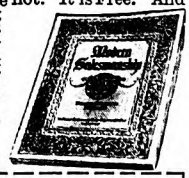

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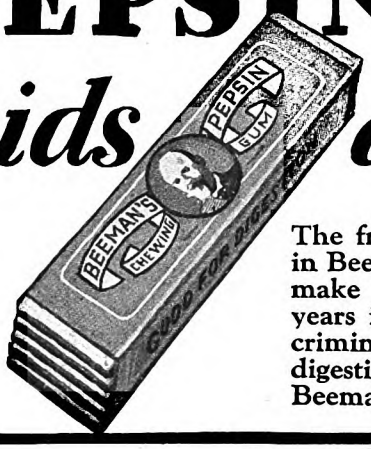

The fresh flavor and smooth quality in Beeman's Pepsin Gum alone would make it a favorite—and for over 30 years it has been the choice of discriminating people because it also aids digestion Don't forget your stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum after meals!

Why the Mills Boys Did Not Leave Home

(*Continued from page 35*)

did start it. The elder Mills, who was the representative of several life and fire insurance companies for that territory, was well liked in Sodus, and when he said that he was willing for the boys to try the experiment it went a long way.

Warner and Ray had saved a little out of their earnings as newspaper correspondents, but when they got out the first number of the "Record" they had less than five hundred dollars, mostly borrowed. Their father negotiated a small loan at the local bank, which was their principal capital.

Sodus folks thought it was a great joke, when the new paper was announced. So did the editor-proprietor of the "Alliance." But when the first issue of the "Record" came off the second-hand press, they all read it. And they had to admit that it had more news of Sodus and the adjoining towns in northern Wayne County than the "Alliance" had ever carried. Also, it had some news about fishing.

There isn't any better fresh-water fishing anywhere than in Sodus Bay and the adjacent waters of Lake Ontario; wealthy sportsmen go there every season, many of them maintaining cottages or fishing camps. Warner Mills knew them all, and he sent each of them a copy of that first number, with his fishing column marked. A good many sent in their subscriptions at once, and most of them are still subscribers.

What made the people of Sodus take notice, however, was the decided attitude which the youthful editor took on a political question of local importance, which the older paper had consistently dodged. The "Record" lined itself up against the most powerful personality, politically, in the district.

And right there the Mills brothers began to make the collection of enemies which has been one of their most valuable assets. They made it a point to attack every project which was intended to put money into somebody's personal pocket at the expense of the people of Sodus. Sodus had been a sort of "pocket borough" for a little group of men who were feathering their own nests. At first these men didn't take the new paper seriously; but after a few issues had come out they decided that the Mills brothers were not joking.

The "Record" was started in the spring of 1897. Ray hustled for business and saw to getting the paper out, while Warner, the editor, continued his college work at Syracuse, only fifty miles from Sodus.

BUT things did not go so well with the new paper as its young promoters had hoped. Their capital was speedily exhausted, and they had nothing but the week-to-week income from advertising and subscriptions to fall back upon. And this was the crucial moment which the opposition picked to put the Mills brothers out of business with one wallop. Among the articles which they had published was one reflecting upon a lawyer in a neighboring town, and he promptly sued the "Record" for libel.

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"It looked like a catastrophe at first," said one of the Mills brothers, recalling this first crisis in the affairs of their paper. "We were wrong, and we knew we were wrong, after a little investigation. But if we were going to be sunk, we decided we would go down with our flag flying.

The little printing office worked all night, getting out handbills and posters enough to cover the whole country.

"We've been sued for libel!" was the substance of the placards. "We're going to report the trial in full in the 'Record.' Subscribe now! Ten weeks for ten cents!"

The young men's courage and audacity made a hit with the people of Wayne County, and they got more than a thousand subscriptions at the ten-cent rate. And most of these new readers stuck. The "Record" published every word of the testimony in the libel suit, and the Mills brothers gladly paid the six cents' damages which the court awarded the lawyer who had sued them.

"It made the paper," said Ray Mills. "When the libel case was ended everybody in the country knew that we had a newspaper, and we could go to the merchants of Sodus and other nearby towns with something real in the way of circulation to sell them."

ANOTHER valuable asset which arose from the libel suit was a share of the county printing. The suit had been tried at Lyons, the county seat, and the way the Mills boys had conducted themselves and their paper during the trial had attracted the attention and won the admiration of the county officials. "County printing" (legal notices and official announcements) came their way after that, and that sort of advertising is the most profitable that any country weekly can have.

The old "Alliance" felt the new competition keenly, but kept on until a fire destroyed the building in which it was published. And to clear that part of the story now, although it did not occur for two or three years later, it should be set down here that the Mills brothers went to the editor of the "Alliance" and offered him the free use of their plant and any other assistance they could give him until he got on his feet. But he decided that it was time for him to retire, and he did so.

Back in the Mills boys' minds all this time had been the idea of doing something for the good of the town. They had a genuine love for Sodus and intimate personal knowledge of the lack of anything to keep the young people of the town—and their elders—interested in life.

Amusement of some kind which would lift the people out of themselves, at least once in a while, was what was needed most, they decided. So they leased the old discarded skating rink, rechristened it the "Sodus Opera House," and booked a road show called "Gorton's Minstrels."

It was the first time in the history of Sodus that anything in the theatrical line of greater consequence than a "medicine show" or an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe had ever visited the town. I happened to be in the village when the announcement was made in the "Record," and well remember the excitement it caused.

The Mills brothers canvassed the town personally and sold enough fifty-cent tickets in advance to cover the cost of

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¶ Now a new era dawns. America's "last frontier" has passed—converted through vision and energy into a region where youth and maturity alike are challenged to carve a new and greater destiny with the raw materials Nature has placed at hand. Now the business man, the industrialist, the financier, the scientist, the teacher, the tiller of the soil, finds new phases of commerce impending, new industries gaining a substantial foothold, and millions of acres of virgin soil awaiting the plow in a state already famous as one of the world's great garden spots.

¶ The blessed comfort Florida offers seekers of health and sunshine will remain always. But through a searching survey authorized and recently completed by the State, new and basic facts about Florida industries, commerce, agriculture, community resources, recreation and sports facilities, health and climatic benefits, are available to you.

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1000 Boys

Broke Yesterday

Wealthy today!

Last month Giles Porter had the blues. A circus in town; football season opening—and no money to buy the things he wanted. Giles is now happy for he has his own spending money and is winning such prizes as football and baseball equipment, radio and bicycle. It all came from answering an ad.

Cash and Prizes

Giles is one of many happy Crowell Junior Salesmen. He delivers The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion and Collier's, The National Weekly, to regular customers. This only takes a small part of his spare time and he earns money and wins prizes.

It's Easy to Start

There are many readers of these well-known magazines in your neighborhood. Send your name and address at once and we will tell you how to locate them.

Mail this coupon Now

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. A-12
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio
Dear Mr. Thayer: Start me toward money and prizes.
My Name.....
Address..... State.....
Town.....

bringing the minstrel show from Rochester. Handbills over the countryside brought farm families to town, and on show night the "Opera House" was crowded. It was a good show, and everybody was satisfied. The boys had hit upon one thing the town needed.

They put on other shows and people got the habit of driving in for miles to see them. Sodus merchants appreciated the enterprise of the publishers of the "Record," in bringing possible customers to town, and began to keep their stores open on show nights and advertise special bargains. It worked for the good of all concerned.

It was not long before the Mills brothers realized that they were in the show business as well as the newspaper business; also that they were facing a terrific liability if the rickety old rink should collapse or catch fire. So they decided to build a fireproof theatre.

"We had been seven years in the newspaper business then," Ray Mills told me. "We were out of debt and had seven hundred dollars in the bank. A hundred dollars a year net profits to date!"

Back of the block of stores which fronted on Main Street was an acre or so of waste land, utterly valueless as yet; and there was a ten-foot strip, unbuilt on, running through from the street to the back lot. The Mills boys picked up the vacant piece and its connecting strip at a bargain, and began to study theatre construction. They visited New York and other cities to learn what was needed, and built their theatre of concrete. Its seating capacity was only eight hundred; but its equipment was complete and modern in every detail. Alongside the theatre they tacked on a concrete ell to house the printing and publishing plant of the "Record."

THE new theatre was a great success, and it was not long before the Mills brothers had gained an enviable reputation as showmen, not only with the public but in the show business. One or the other of them made a point of seeing every show before it was brought to Sodus. It must be clean first of all, attractively staged, and well acted.

Sodus alone did not have people enough to fill even a small theatre, so the Mills brothers chartered special trains to bring out-of-town patrons to the theatre and customers to Sodus merchants.

To make the new theatre up-to-date in every respect, they decided that it must have electric lights. The nearest electric lighting station was at Rochester, thirty-five miles away. The town board of Sodus, some years before, had granted an electric-lighting franchise to a group of promoters, who had subsequently decided that the town was too small for electric lights. The Mills brothers hunted up the promoters and demanded electric lights for their new theatre.

"Take the franchise off our hands and make your own lights," said the promoters. The Mills brothers bought the franchise for forty dollars, and found themselves with another enterprise on their hands.

The electric lighting business was the last thing they had dreamed of going into; but now that they were in it they went at it with the same intelligent thoroughness they had applied to the newspaper and show businesses. They canvassed the village and obtained nearly a hundred contracts to light stores and dwellings. They bought a second-hand electric generating plant, installed it in the rear of the theatre, and turned on the current the day the first show was given.

But it did not take them long to discover that the original franchise holders were right—Sodus was too small a town to maintain an electric lighting plant of its own. They lost thirty-five hundred dollars in the first two years of operation; but they were determined to stick it out. A contract with the town for lighting the streets would save them, so they canvassed Sodus again, and got a majority of the taxpayers to vote, at a special election, to give them a street-lighting contract.

It looked as if their troubles were over; but only for a little while. The politicians of the town, as I have already indicated, did not love the Mills boys. They saw a chance to get even for some of the attacks upon them in the columns of the "Record," and refused to sign the contract for which the people had voted. Matters were at a deadlock, when a tragedy occurred which forced the politicians' hands.

THERE was one bank in Sodus, a private one, owned by the proprietor of the village drug store. The police force of the town consisted of a night watchman. Late one night, a band of yeggs slipped into Sodus unobserved, because of the dark streets, forced the door of the Bank of Sodus, although it fronted on Main Street, and blew open the safe. The night watchman, a well-beloved old resident, came upon the robbers just as they were leaving the wrecked bank. He gave battle courageously, but was shot and killed, and the thieves got away. Two or three years afterward they were captured and one was convicted and executed for the murder.

As a result of the terror which this crime—the only serious one in the records of the town—inspired among its people, pressure was put upon the politicians to sign the street-lighting contract with the Mills brothers.

A new spirit had already come over Sodus. The people of the village and the farmers in the nearby country were beginning to realize the advantages of modern improvements, and the demand for electric current quickly became greater than the little plant back of the theatre could supply.

For several years there had been talk of a trolley line direct from Rochester to Sodus Point, but the project had lagged. The Mills brothers got behind the trolley scheme, helped to smooth out the last difficulties which lay in its way, and gave it the final impetus which put it over. In return for their efforts, they obtained a contract from the trolley company giving them the exclusive right to buy surplus electric current at wholesale, for resale at retail.

For the first time, they began to make some profits on their electrical project. They secured the franchise for lighting Williamson, the town next west of Sodus. In a few years they were supplying power to townships and villages east and west of them.

The Mills brothers, however, were distributors of power, rather than producers, for several years. After they began get-

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ting power from trolley lines, they shut down their original little steam plant; it was cheaper to buy power than to make it.

But the making of electric current by water power appealed to them as sound economics, and they wanted to try it. There were several undeveloped water powers in the territory which they served through their Wayne Power Company, in the southern part of the state. They secured these water rights and then decided they did not have sufficient outlet for the current they could generate. If they could buy the Hornell Company, its connections would give them an ample outlet. They found some bankers who would back them for whatever was needed beyond what they could raise themselves and one day Ray Mills went to Philadelphia, where the Hornell Company was owned, with a certified check for fifty thousand dollars in his pocket with which to bind whatever bargain he might be able to make.

AS RAY stepped off the rear platform of a Philadelphia surface car he noticed a lame man, walking with a cane, who got off the front platform at the same time. A few minutes later he met the lame man, in the outer office of the owners of the Hornell Company. Both sent in their cards, and though Ray had reached the office first, his innate courtesy impelled him to ask the other to go in first to the private office.

Forty-five minutes later the lame man came out and Ray Mills was ushered in.

"I want to buy the Hornell Company," he said.

"I wish we had known that your letters meant business," said the man he had come to see. "We sold the Hornell Company ten minutes ago to the gentleman who just went out!"

The lame man had not left the offices, and the head of the concern called him in and introduced the two competitors. Negotiations were begun at once. The Mills brothers needed the Hornell connection, and the other, impressed by the fact that only Ray's courtesy had prevented them from getting it, did not try to hold them up. The result was a connection which brought the Mills Brothers into the electric power business on a bigger scale than they had ever dreamed of.

Their latest venture, the Lamoka Power Company, will develop, when completed, more than one hundred million kilowatt hours per year, and all of that immense output has been contracted for in advance.

But when Warner Mills was telling me about this, he spoke with even more enthusiasm of their pet little private water-power development on Salmon Creek, the little stream which runs through the village of Sodus. "That," he said, "will enable us to give better service to the people of our home town."

As I write this, negotiations are under way for the sale of their entire power interests for a figure high up in the millions. Both of the brothers want to spend more time in their home town of Sodus.

"The trouble with these big business enterprises is that they keep a fellow away from home so much," said Ray. "It's interesting, going around the country, negotiating with big business men, bankers, and power magnates; but I can't see spending the rest of my life that way."

Then he went on to tell me of his pet

How to make teeth more beautiful

A LESSON IN ONE WORD

THIS is the astonishing story of a certain health-and-beauty treatment for teeth . . . It is the simplest, easiest treatment in the world. It costs nothing. It is as old as mankind's first tooth — yet so efficacious, so beneficial in its results, that all the skill of modern dental science cannot improve upon it.

Centuries ago the primitive races of the world faithfully used this treatment—and knew no dental ills. Today, we highly civilized moderns neglect it—and the less said about *our* teeth and gums the better!

Nature gave the original prescription for this treatment. A simple one-word prescription—

"Chew!"

TEETH and gums, to be healthy and beautiful, *must have exercise.* Mind you, though, this advice doesn't mean that you must do a lot of tiresome "special exercises" in chewing! All that is required is the pleasant, normal chewing of enjoyable food. Eat every day some food that requires thorough mastication.

Ask your dentist to give you a list of foods that especially benefit teeth. High on that list you will probably find Grape-Nuts. For these golden kernels have an irresistible crispness which, combined with the delicious nut-like flavor of Grape-Nuts, tempts you to chew thoroughly. When you eat a dish of Grape-Nuts each morning you know that at that one meal your teeth have benefited by the natural exercise they should have.

Moreover, the nourishment Grape-Nuts contains helps to build and maintain sound tooth structure and is of great benefit to the entire body. Grape-Nuts supplies phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; proteins for muscle and body-building; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration, very easy to digest.

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project, born in his mind one night in France during the war, when he was on Y. M. C. A. service overseas, and which he has been nursing along ever since. It isn't ready to spring on the world yet; but when Ray Mills does announce his thoroughly practical and novel philanthropic enterprise a good many other rich men who want to be helpful with their money, especially in the interest of children, will wonder why they hadn't thought of it. A good many of them, in fact, have asked for the privilege of putting their dollars in with his, to finance philanthropy for juveniles on a huge scale.

"How do you find the attitude of big city bankers and business men toward small-town people?" I asked the Mills brothers. "Are they easier or harder to do business with than those in smaller communities?"

"There isn't any difference between the really big man in the city and the big man in a country town," said Ray. "Years ago we used to think that the big-city business man was a sort of superman; we stood somewhat in awe of him. That is a common fallacy, especially among people whose lives have been spent in small towns. They think because a man does business in millions instead of in thousands he must have abilities which are lacking in the country places. But when you come to analyze it, the difference between a thousand and a million is nothing—it's just a matter of adding more ciphers.

"As we extended our activities and acquaintance we found that the small towns have their full quota of keen citizens. In fact, I think the proportion, to total population, of men of outstanding ability, is greater in the small towns. Brains are not confined to the city. Most of the really big men in the big cities got their early training either in rural districts, or in small cities.

"But there is always a percentage of men in any community, born and reared in the small town, who have no urge to leave home but prefer, as Warner and I did, to make good in their own fields. And among them we have found some of the finest business men we have ever had contact with. This is especially true of bankers."

"WHY don't more young men stay in their home towns and make good, as you two have?" I asked them.

"Well," replied Warner, after thinking it over a bit, "I should say that one reason is the expectation of getting something for nothing. In a small town everybody knows how hard everybody else has to work. In the big cities men work more in seclusion. Their contacts with their neighbors are not so close, and unless the neighbors actually see them working they think they are getting their money without doing much for it. And when the small-town young men reads about the big-city business men playing polo and giving parties, and taking trips to Europe and Florida, while at the same time piling up a fortune, he thinks that's the life for him.

"Of course, that idea about city men is all wrong. There isn't any way to succeed anywhere without hard work and plenty of it; and the time when a man has to do his hardest work is in the beginning.

"We didn't have any capital, nothing but ambition, enthusiasm, and youth, when we started the 'Record.' We had to learn by hard experience that we had many problems to solve. It meant the use of all the brains we had, all the time. It meant using plain common sense, which helped us over many obstacles.

"If I were going to make a general criticism of the average young men starting in business today I should say that his weakness is the notion that he can succeed without working hard, which means putting in long hours. Most of the successful business men of my acquaintance have won their spurs by years of hard work and self-denial."

"Then you don't believe in vacations?"

"On the contrary, I do believe in vacations, and long ones when a man has got far enough along so that he can delegate details to others.

"I learned the value of vacations twelve years ago, when my physician bluntly told me that I must drop business at once and leave for a warmer climate, and not return North until the spring. I knew I could not be contented away from business, unless my mind had something else to occupy it, so, as fishing is my principal hobby, I looked for a place where I could get plenty of it. I found that in Florida, where I now go every February and stay until June.

"I discovered the importance of vacations earlier than many men do. Most executives delay these periods of absence from strenuous work until it is too late for them to get the physical and mental benefit from them. They postpone learning how to play until they are too old to learn.

"ONE of the most satisfactory parts of our business life has been the building up of an organization of loyal workers, many of whom have been with us almost from our beginnings. We have employees who are as deeply interested in our success as we are. We believe that we are indebted for this loyalty to the fact that we have endeavored to be considerate and to render assistance when it was needed.

"Some of our most efficient employees have come to us after years in city business life. They all declare that they will not return to their old environment as long as they can remain in the rural district under such pleasant circumstances. And why not? Today the small town has practically all the city improvements and conveniences; the automobile has made the rest of the world as accessible from Sodus as it is from New York, and the dweller in the small town has what few city people have—real neighbors and friends. Life is far sweeter and more enjoyable in the small town. And I believe that there is more real thinking done, clearer and freer thinking, in the country than in the cities. Certainly I think the average small-town dweller of today is far more broad-minded than his city cousins.

"We have never," Warner continued, "asked anybody in Sodus, or elsewhere, to give us anything but an opportunity to serve them. We have asked no donations from any town to which our electric lines have been run, nor have we received any. Neither have we asked anybody to buy stock in our enterprises. We have done everything on our own responsibility. We asked nobody to share a chance of failure. We owe our success to the opportunities which Sodus and its people have given us

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to serve them; but we have put service first and profits second. Profits will always come to any business which concentrates on service and lets the money end more or less take care of itself.

"But after all's said and done, we're newspaper men first, and everything else incidentally. All that we have done has grown out of our idea that to make a newspaper succeed it must first serve its community, find out what was needed, and then supply it or see that somebody else supplied it. And as nobody else wanted to supply the things we thought Sodus needed, we just had to do it ourselves."

As I said in the beginning, this is a simple, plain tale, about two simple, plain country boys. It isn't the fact that they've made a lot of money which makes it an interesting story to me: it's the immense satisfaction both of them have got out of their work—the satisfaction which comes only out of doing things which benefit others.

INTO the blackness of the tumultuous gale rasped the imploring call S O S, S O S. And out into the wild night rode the gallant little coastguard cutter "Manning" on its errand of mercy. Next month we tell the story of this veteran cutter, with its magnificent record of over thirty years' service in the Coast Guard—a service packed with stories of heroism and loyalty performed in "the daily round, the common task."

Popular Beliefs About Animals

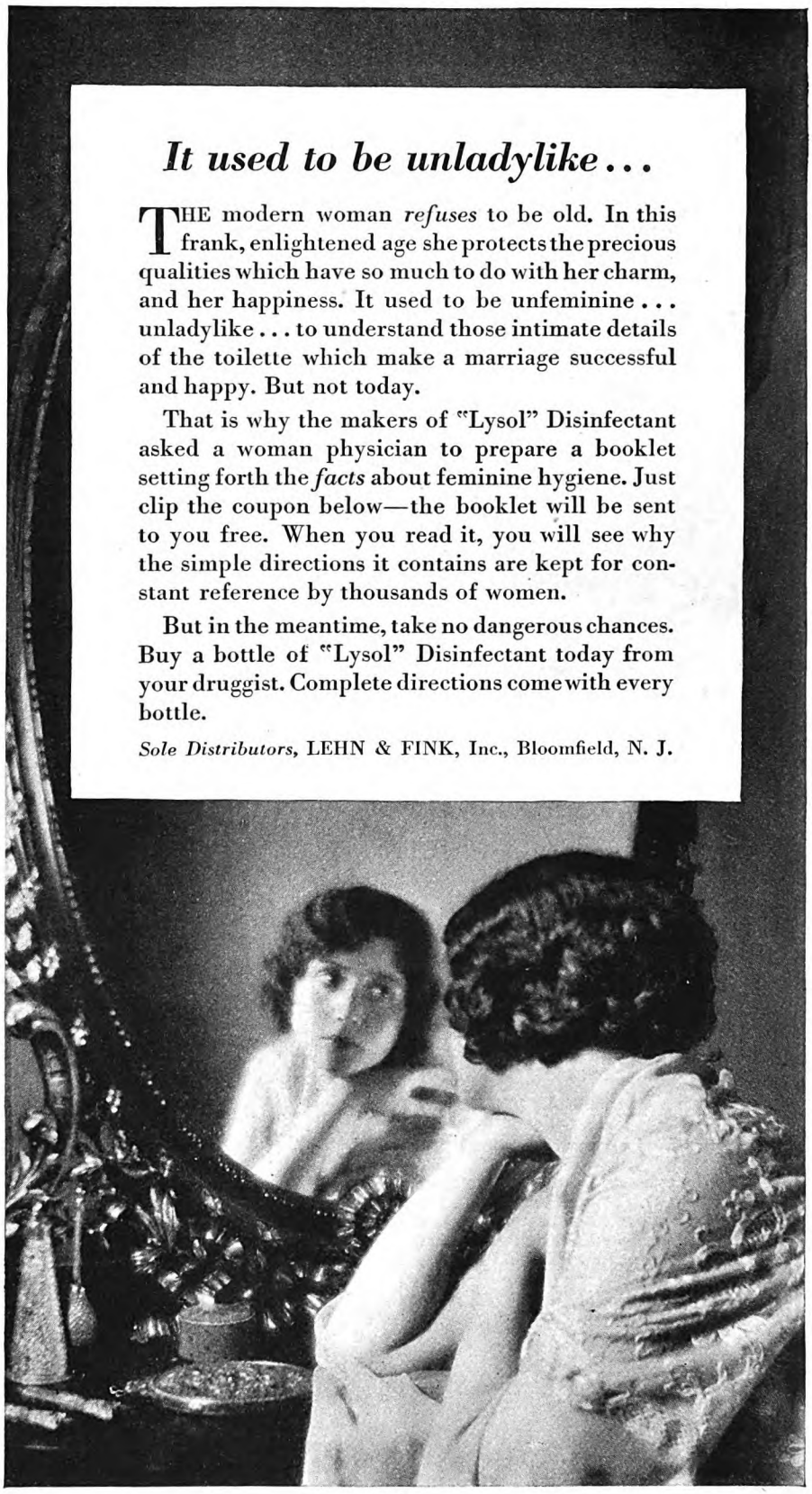
(*Continued from page 19*)

tissue, the tail will grow again to normal dimensions. Connective tissue in man or any other animal tends to replace itself quite completely, which is not true when nervous tissue has been destroyed.

The snake stories we used to believe do not stand up so well. There are no hoop snakes that can put their tails in their mouths, stiffen their bodies into circles, and roll down-grade like barrel hoops. No joint snake exists who can separate himself into pieces and later assemble the sections into a whole snake again; nor a coach-whip snake able to lash his assailant with a stinging tail. There is a milk snake, but since his capacity for liquid is about a spoonful someone else must be blamed when the cow comes in from pasture with her udder dry of the expected two gallons of milk.

A horsehair lariat laid around your camp site will not deter a rattlesnake who wants to come visiting, as photographs of rattlers crossing just such barriers amply prove. Nor is it impossible to miss the head of a coiled rattlesnake with a revolver, on the pleasant theory that the obliging creature moves its head into a direct line with the sights. And captive serpents do not have to be fed live food, as we have demonstrated here, where no living animal has been given to a snake in years.

Not wanting to demolish all the usual beliefs about the snake world, I hasten to



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refer to one frequently denied that is absolutely true. There is a species of snake that can really "throw" its poison. No American reptile, fortunately, has this appalling faculty. The first specimens of the species, the African spitting cobra, were added to our collections a year or so ago, and a lively time we had unpacking them. The spitting cobra is a slender, shining black fellow, six to eight feet long, with a flaring hood that adds to his alarming appearance. When aroused, he can eject his venom for ten or twelve, perhaps fifteen, feet, aiming, apparently, for the eyes of his victim. The poison is quickly absorbed wherever it strikes mucous membrane, and in a short time will produce serious results. Blindness will follow if the eyes are reached.

As boys, we used to say after killing a snake and seeing his tail continue to writhe, "He'll die when the sun goes down." There was possibly a grain of truth to that, to the extent that the evening's coolness might cause a sort of paralysis of the involuntary muscular activity that continues even after the snake is beheaded.

I have sometimes been asked, in this connection, about the vitality of a frog frozen in ice. Experiments have determined that if the ice is not frozen too hard, so that a certain space remains about the frog, he may live a week or possibly longer, and again become normally active; providing, however, that the ice is thawed gradually, as it would be by action of the sun.

Another common saying, not wholly confined to boyhood, is that a fisherman must keep quiet or the noise will frighten the fish away. The fact is that ordinary conversation will not penetrate down into the water. But footfalls on the bank of a stream, or scraping or knocking on the bottom and sides of a boat, will create sound waves that do reach into the water.

You may have spent some of your childhood hours leaning over the edge of a water tank watching a horsehair, with the confident expectation of seeing it transformed into a squirming hair-snake or hair-eel. Possibly the movements of the hair produced by the effects of its oil in the water lent strength to your hope. But the metamorphosis never took place under your eye, even though days later you may have found a real hair-snake. What you found was an insect which lays its eggs in water to hatch into parasitical larvæ, living at various stages in the bodies of small fish and of other insects.

AMONG the most widespread of all the numerous false notions about animals is the belief that a camel can flourish for two weeks without a drink of water. Camels are used extensively by the British army in certain branches of its service. One of the strictest service regulations is that the camels be watered every day. An authority on the subject writes me that the animals in caravan travel will drink four or five gallons daily, five or six if watered only every second day, and if deprived of water until the third day are most difficult to restrain from injuring themselves by overdrinking.

A camel might survive two weeks without a drink, but at the end of that time he would be an emaciated creature. His hump would be shrunken and fallen completely over to one side, for it is a fact that a camel draws upon the fat stored in the hump when without food or water for long.

The heaviest drinker in the Zoo, incidentally, is the seventy-five-hundred-pound elephant, Khartoum, whose consumption was carefully measured one hot day. He drank thirty-two gallons!

If you have spent any time in the big woods, or in the mountains, you have doubtless heard that the porcupine throws his quills, and that the puma, otherwise known as the panther and mountain lion, utters a cry indistinguishable from that of a frightened woman.

The porcupine's quills have peculiarly barbed ends that, once penetrating the flesh, are most difficult to extract. One is like a straightened fish hook with several barbs. The quill will break off, or part from the porcupine, before it will leave the flesh. This insures sufficient respect for the formidable aspect of this little animal without any need for him to be able to throw his quills, which he cannot do.

The puma's call is another matter. So closely does this weird, blood-curdling signal resemble the distress cry of a screeching human that a person unfamiliar with it would be put to it to distinguish the one from the other.

Aside from this, there seem to be very few widely accepted beliefs or misbeliefs about the larger felines, although those that cluster about the domestic cat make up for this lack.

Probably no one believes any more that a cat actually owns nine lives, often as we refer to that old faith. A dead cat is just as dead as a dead dog.

THE saying that a cat is attached to a place, and a dog to a person, is measurably true. Cats are less dependent upon people than are dogs. Glad to avail themselves of human generosity when it is extended, if necessary they will quickly revert to the primitive, and forage for themselves in fields and garbage cans. Probably the cat's first domestication took place when the rats and mice that beset the Egyptian granaries were found to be easy prey, and the felines found themselves encouraged to remain by the subjects of the ancestral Pharaohs. The dog, on the other hand, became man's hunting companion and fireside friend.

With a single exception, most of the current beliefs about the dog are in his favor. The exception, that he is predisposed to "go mad" in the heated "dog days" of late summer, is untrue. A dog will contract rabies only when he is inoculated with the germ of rabies, or a poison that will produce the disease.

Certain myths cluster about other domestic animals in some rural regions. "Hollow horn" and "wolf-in-the-tail" are not infrequently heard of as the causes of enfeebled condition of cattle, and horns and tails sometimes are cut off to cure an ailment with which they have absolutely nothing to do.

In the same category is the superstition that worms get into a dog's tail, that goats eat tin cans, and that a sick cow has lost her cud, which a rag shoved into her mouth will replace so as to set her on the way back to health. The cow does not lose her cud literally. Her digestive processes may be suspended so that she will cease ruminating.

The horns that make the bull an es-

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pecially dangerous creature are his for life, as is the case with all of the bovine species. That the deer loses his antlers annually is true, however; so does the elk, the moose, and caribou.

I HAVE often wondered how many boys have searched the woods in springtime for a young crow, with the hope of having an amusing talking pet after the crow had been captured and his tongue split. How the idea got started that a crow with a split tongue will become a superior conversationalist I have no information. A crow will learn to talk if he is an intelligent bird, but his tongue, whole or divided, has little to do with his speech.

I once knew intimately a crow that talked exceptionally well. His two longest speeches were, "Joe, hitch up the horse!" and the impolite assertion, "Uncle Ned, you're a liar."

A talking bird produces his sounds largely with the use of his larynx. Obviously he has no lips to use, and, as I have said, he employs his tongue very little. Perhaps the loudest voiced of the eight hundred species of birds in our Zoo aviary is the Brazilian bellbird, whose call penetrates the distance of several blocks. He makes two sounds, each distinctly different from the other. One is shrill, the other a clang like the ringing of an anvil. So far as we can observe, he keeps his mouth and tongue in exactly the same positions for each sound, producing his effects entirely by the larynx. For years the bellbird was a puzzle to Amazonian explorers, who were a long time connecting his prodigious call with this rather small, unimposing white bird.

The parrot has, of course, the greatest reputation among birds as an imitator of human speech, although other species are equally skillful if not more so. One of the ablest of all is a relative of the blackbird, the hill myna from Java, of which the Zoo has a talkative specimen.

I recall a startling experience with a cockatoo, the property of some acquaintances, who assured me that the bird was vicious and not trustworthy. Nevertheless, I offered my finger as a perch and the bird, apparently friendly, climbed on. Looking pertly out of his little black eyes, the cockatoo repeated twice: "I'll pick your eye out! I'll pick your eye out!" He made no effort to suit the action to the word, but I was willing to accept as true the character already given to him, and to agree that he could talk plainly enough without having his tongue split!

No, toads do not cause warts; and yes, flying fishes do really fly!

Graham McNamee has met The Man Who, The Man Than Whom, The Man Without Whom, and all the other great figures in political life. He has covered conventions, Democratic and Republican; he has listened to speeches, world without end; he has seen the funny sights behind the scenes at vast political gatherings, and he has heard the funny wisecracks that never found their way into a microphone. A rich experience—and next month he tells you all about it in an article called "The Elephant and the Donkey Take the Air."

Bad breath is a warning from a poisoned system!

Don't "cover it up" Get at its cause

THINK over the business man's average menu! A superabundance of proteins and very little roughage! Then take into account his day's work—stooped over his desk all day! Lastly, judge of the exercise he takes—or rather doesn't take!

Is it any wonder doctors say that practically every one of us suffers from constipation; and from its attendant train of ills—tired digestion, headaches, bad breath?

And the trouble is that so many of us turn for relief to drastic cathartics or to drugs whose use may create undesirable habits....

There is, however, an ever-increasing group of people who are combating constipation with more natural means—fresh air, a balanced diet, plenty of water—and complement these by the regular use of Eno, the gentle yet thorough saline laxative.

Try this famous saline for one week, morning or evening. You'll use it regularly once you have tried it. You'll like its delightful sparkling taste and you'll appreciate its gentle cleansing . . . its freedom from griping.

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When you get up, simply take a glass of water and add a generous teaspoonful of Eno. Taking this sparkling, delightful saline regularly will help to keep you fit and eager through the hardest day.

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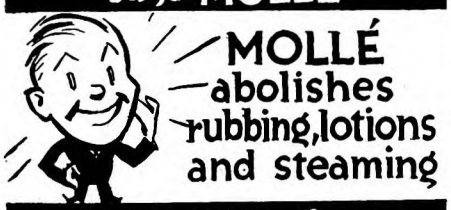

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Sunset Pass

(*Continued from page 49*)

the round-up," replied a lean-jawed rider, whose face showed drops of sweat and pale freckles.

"Jimmy Dunne's shot," added an older man warily, his narrow slits of eyes shifting all over Rock.

"Who did it?"

"Ash Preston."

"Where is Dunne?"

"Layin' in the cabin thar."

Rock brushed the men aside.

"Get out of my way," he ordered sharply, and, forcing entrance to the cabin, he surveyed the interior. A line of dusty, sweaty cowboys fell back, to disclose a man lying on the floor, with another kneeling in attendance. A pan full of bloody water, the odor of rum! Rock saw a face of deathly pallor, clammy and leaden, and eyes black with pain. He stepped in and knelt, to take up Dunne's inert wrist and feel for his pulse.

At that the other man looked up quickly. It was Clink Peeples.

"Howdy, Rock. . . . I don't know, but I'm afeared Jim is— Still, I'm no good hand at judgin' bullet holes."

"Let me see."

THE angry wound was situated high up on the left side, and it was bleeding freely, though not dangerously. Rock, calculating grimly, saw that Preston had missed the heart by several inches. The bullet had no doubt nicked the lung. But there was no sign of internal hemorrhage.

"Has he been spittin' blood?" asked Rock.

"No, I reckon he hasn't. I shore looked fer that," answered Peeples.

"Did the bullet come out?"

"It went clean through, clean as a whistle."

"Good!" exclaimed Rock, with satisfaction. "Dunne, can you hear me?"

"Why, sure," replied Dunne faintly. A bloody froth showed on his lips. "Rock, reckon Preston—beat you—to this job."

"Reckon I'd never have done it. . . . Listen, Dunne. This is a bad gunshot, but not necessarily fatal. If you do what you're told, you'll live."

"You—think so, Rock? I've got—a wife—an' kid."

"I know it," returned Rock forcefully. "Understand? . . . I know!"

"Rock, thet's shore . . . good news," panted Peeples, wiping his face. "I was plumb scared. Tell us what to do."

"Make a bed for him here," said Rock, rising. "But don't move him till he's bandaged tight. Then, awful careful. Make him lie quiet. . . . Heat water boilin' hot. Put salt in it. Wash your hands clean. Get clean bandages. A clean shirt, if there's nothin' else. Fold a pad and wet it. Bind it tight. Then send to town for a doctor."

"Thet's tellin' us," returned Peeples, gratefully. "Frank, you heard. Rustle some boys now."

"Peeples, was it an even break?" inquired Rock, coolly.

"Wal, I'm bound to admit it was. So we've nothin' on Preston thet way."

"What was it about?"

Dunne spoke up for himself, in stronger voice: "Rock, I had the—proofs on him—much as I didn't—have on you."

"Ahuh . . . Don't talk any more, Dunne," replied Rock, and turned to Peeples. "Did he accuse Ash?"

"He shore did. Braced him soon as he got here with his outfit. I didn't see the fight. But thar's a dozen fellars who did. You talk to them."

Rock did not need, except out of curiosity, to question anyone further.

"Where are the Prestons?" asked Rock, stalking out.

"Over at the third cabin," replied someone. "Ash is stalkin' to an' fro over thar, like a hyena behind bars."

ROCK elbowed his way out of the crowd. Soon his glance fell upon those he sought, and in him surged the instinct of the lion that hated the hyena. Ash Preston stalked to and fro, away from the cabin, and when he faced back toward the watching men he appeared to do it sidewise. Two of his tall brothers sat together, backs to the cabin wall. A third, probably Range Preston, stood in the doorway, smoking a cigarette. Apart from them sat Gage Preston, his burly form sagging, his bare head bowed. His sombrero lay on the ground. Rock's impression was that Gage awaited only the sheriff.

Long ago Rock's mind had been made up and set. He grasped at inevitability—strode forth to meet it, aware of the low, excited murmur that ran through the crowd behind him.

Ash, espying Rock, halted in his tracks. The two brothers rose in single action, as if actuated by the same spring. Range Preston stepped outside to join his brothers. Gage Preston did not see, nor look up until Rock hailed him. Then, with spasmodic start, he staggered erect.

Ash Preston, seeing that Rock had sheered a little off a direct line to approach his father, hurled an imprecation, and fell to his swift, striding, sidelong walk.

"ROCK, I'm done!" rasped Preston, when Rock got to him. "So double-crossin' you like I did means nothin' to me."

"Preston, have you been in any of these last butcherin' deals?" queried Rock.

"No. An', so help me heaven, I couldn't stop Ash."

"Why did you send Thiry—persuadin' me to come in with you?"

"Thet was why. I wasn't beat then. I figgered I could fight it out an' I wanted you. So I drove Thiry to it. . . . But now! You had it figgered, Rock. I'm sorry, sorry most fer Thiry, an' Ma, an' the girls. If I had it to do over again, I'd—"

"Do it now," interrupted Rock, ringingly. "Come with me to Wagontongue. The situation is no worse—for you. Come, Preston, be quick. Will you give up—go with me?"

"Rock, by heaven! I will—if you—"

"Yell that to Ash!" hissed Rock, strung like a whipcord.

Preston, with face purpling, shouted to his son, "Hey, Ash."

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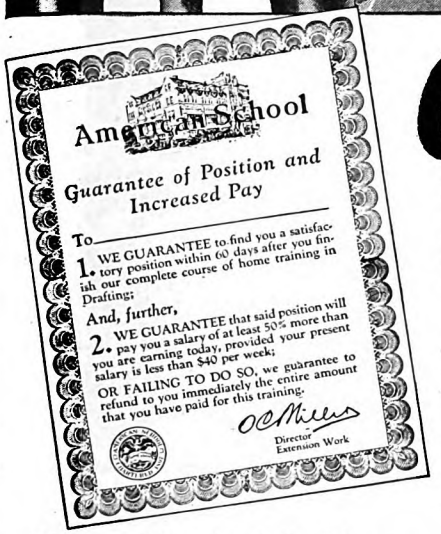

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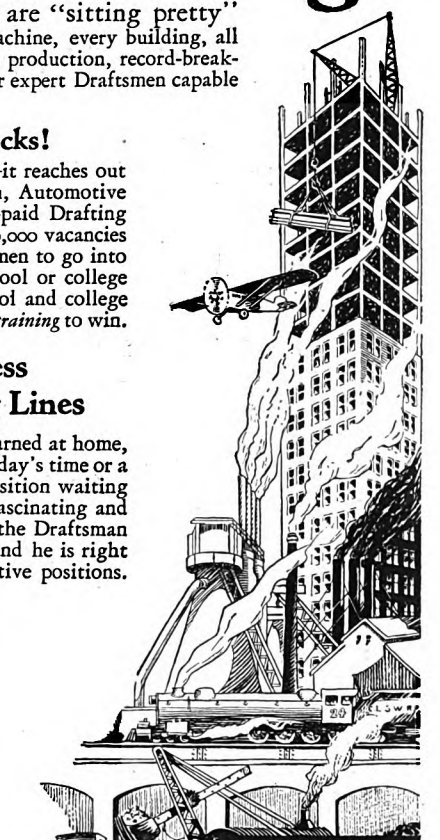

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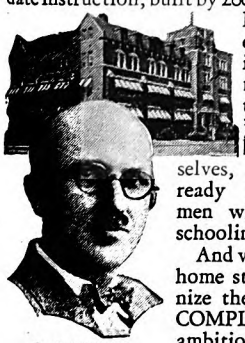

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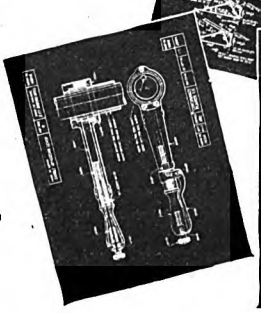

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"What you want?" came the snarling answer.

"I'm goin' to town with Rock."

"What fer?" yelled Ash, as if stung.

"Wal, just off, I'm gettin' a marriage license fer Thiry! Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"Preston, get to one side. Quick!" warned Rock, risking one long stride forward, when he froze in his tracks, his right side toward Ash, his quivering hand low.

Ash Preston spat one curse at his father—then saw him no more. Again he began that strange sidelong stalk, only now he sheered a little, out toward Rock, forward a few strides, then backward the same, never turning that slim left side away from Rock. Rock learned something then he never had known—Ash Preston was left-handed. He approached no closer than thirty paces. Then he did not or could not keep still.

"Howdy, spy!" he called.

"Glad to meet you, beef rustler," returned Rock.

"Am givin' you my card pronto," called Ash, louder, more derisively.

"Gave you mine at the dance. But I got six left! *Caramba!*"

That stopped the restless crouching steps, but not the singular activity of body. Ash's muscles seemed to ripple. He crouched yet a little more. Rock could catch gleams of blue fire under the wide black brim of Ash's hat.

"*Señor del Toro!*" He had recognized the Spanish word.

"Yes. And here's Thiry's mask—where she put it herself," flashed Rock, striking his breast. "See if you can hit it!"

At the last, he had the wit to throw Ash off a cool and deadly balance—so precious to men who would live by the gun. When Ash jerked to his fatal move, Rock was the quicker. His shot cracked a fraction of a second before his adversary's. Both took effect. It was as if Ash had been hit in the head by a club. Almost he turned a somersault.

Rock felt a shock, but no pain. He did not know where he was hit, until his right leg gave way under him, letting him down. He fell, but caught himself with left hand, and went no farther than his knees, the right of which buckled under him.

Gage Preston hurried to Rock's side. Men came running with hoarse shouts.

WHEN Rock came to his senses again, he was lying on the floor of the cabin where, seemingly only a few moments before, he had given advice as to the proper care of the wounded Dunne.

He gazed around up at the grave faces of cowboys and cattlemen, at Gage Preston, who, grim and white, was binding his leg, at Peeples, still working over the prostrate Dunne.

"Preston, how is it—with Rock?" asked Dunne huskily.

"Wal, the top bullet glanced off the bone," replied the rancher. "Ugly hole, but nothin' fer this fellar. The leg shot, though, is bleedin' bad."

Rock became conscious of awakening pain, of a burning in his breast, and a dull spreading fire in his right leg. Presently Preston rose from his task, wiping his hands, and the voices of watchers ceased.

"Somebody get Rock to town pronto," he said gruffly. "Ain't safe to let him wait fer the doctor."

"Lon Bailey has his four-seat buckboard," replied a cowboy. "We can take out the hind seat, an' fix a place for Rock to lie."

"Rustle now," replied Preston, and then bent his gloomy gaze down. "Rock, if the artery ain't cut, you've nothin' bad. No bones broke."

"Gage, I'm . . . sorry," whispered Rock faintly. "No . . . other way."

"Ha! You needn't be. Shore, I'm not," rejoined the rancher.

"Will you . . . come to town?"

"Tomorrow. Me an' the boys will see Dabb. Mebbe it ain't too late."

"It . . . never . . . is, Preston."

"I'm thankin' you. Good-by an' good luck," he returned, and stamped out of the cabin.

Rock closed his eyes.

"Say, fellars, nobody hain't told me what happened to thet Ash Preston," spoke up Dunne. "He's done fer me, an' 'most the same fer Rock. If you-all let him—"

"Daid," interrupted a blunt cowboy, without solemnity.

"Rock, you heah me?" said Dunne. "I had you wrong—an' I'm askin' pardon. An', fellars, if I have—to die—I'll go happy."

MERCIFUL unconsciousness did not return to Rock. When strong and gentle hands lifted him into the buckboard he knew agony. When the swift wheels ran over a bump in the road it was like a rending of flesh and bone. He set his teeth and endured. Gray dawn and Wagontongue found him spent and in a daze of agony.

Rock was lying in the pleasant sitting-room of the Winters' home, where a couch had been improvised for him. He had awakened to less torture; but he could move only one arm and his head. A fire crackled cheerfully in the small grate. Outside the window waved the branches of a pine tree, and a soft sough of wind came strangely, like an accompaniment of something sad in the past.

Another day, Rock awoke to rest, if not ease, and slowly the stream of consciousness resumed its flow.

The little doctor was cheerful that day. "You're like an Indian," he said, rubbing his hands in satisfaction. "Another week will see you up. Then pretty soon you can fork a hoss."

"How is your other patient?" asked Rock.

"Dunne is out of danger, I'm glad to say. But he will be a good while in bed."

Sol Winter came bustling in with an armful of firewood.

"Mornin', son, you shore look fitter to me. How about him, Doc? Can we throw off the restrictions on grub an' talk?"

"I reckon," replied the physician, taking up his hat and satchel. "Now, Rock, brighten up. You've been so thick and gloomy. Good day."

"Wal, son, I almost feel young again this mornin'," said Sol cheerfully, as he kindled the fire. "Shore is some fine mornin'. First frost."

Then Mrs. Winter entered with breakfast for Rock. She was a slim, plain, busy little body, with gray hair, kindly eyes, and a motherly manner.

"Do you hear the church bell?" she asked, as she deposited the tray on his lap.

"Sure. Then it's Sunday?"

"Yes, and another Sunday you might go to church, with a crutch."

"Me go to church? . . . Lord, can't you see the congregation scatter?"

"Trueman, there's news," said Winter, after his wife left the room. "Might as well get it over, huh?"

"I reckon so," rejoined Rock slowly.

"Gage Preston paid me the money you gave Slagle. Yesterday, before he left."

"Left?" echoed Rock.

"Yep, he left on Number Ten for Colorado," replied Winter, evidently gratified over the news he had to impart. "Go on with your breakfast, son. I'll talk. I've been wantin' to for days. . . . Rock, it all turned out better'n we dared hope. They tell me Hesbitt was stubborn as a mule; but Dabb an' Lincoln together flattened him out soft. I got it all from Amy, who has been most darn keen to help. Rock, thet little lady has a bad conscience over somethin'. . . . Wal, with the steer market jumpin' to seventy-five even, Hesbitt couldn't stay sore long. They fixed it up out of court. Dabb an' Lincoln made it easy for Preston. They bought him out, ranch, stock, an' all. Cost Preston somethin' big to square up; but at thet he went away heeled. I seen him at the station."

"Did he go—alone?" asked Rock, gazing away out of the window.

"No, his three grown sons were with him. All slicked up. Shore is an adventure for them. Looked to me they didn't care much. At thet, there's darned little gossip. The rest of the Prestons are in town; but I haven't seen them. Funny Thiry doesn't run in to see me. I met Sam Whipple's wife. She saw Thiry an' Alice, who are stayin' at Farrell's. She said she couldn't see much sign of Thiry's takin' Ash's death very hard. Thet shore stumped me. But Thiry is game."

HE WENT out, leaving Rock prey to rediscovered emotions; stronger, darker, for the sad resignation. He had sacrificed his love to save Thiry's father, and, therefore, her, from ignominy. The thing could not have been helped. It had from the very first, that day in the corral here at Wagontongue, been fixed, and as fateful as the beautiful passion Thiry had roused in him. He had no regret. He would not have changed it, at cost to her.

But with the accepted catastrophe faced now, there came pangs that dwarfed those of gunshot wounds. His heart would not break, because he had wonderful assurance of her love, of the sacrifice she had tried to make for him. How that memory stung and vibrated over him! His sluggish blood stirred to swift heat. She would go away with her family, and in some other state recover from this disaster, forget, and touch happiness, perhaps with some fortunate man who might win her regard. But she owed that to him. And he realized that when the poignancy of first grief had softened, he would find melancholy consolation in the memory of the service he had rendered her.

"Son, lady to see you," announced Winter, not long after he had made Rock presentable.

"Who?" asked Rock, with a start.

"No one but Amy."

"Tell her I'm sleepin' or—or somethin'," implored Rock.

"Like hob he will," replied a gay voice

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from behind the door. And Amy entered, just a little fearful despite her nerve.

"Well, how-do, Amy," said Rock, and then he laughed. Amy's presence was always difficult to deny gladly.

"Trueman, are you all right?" she asked timidly, as she sat down beside him and took his hand. "Oh, Trueman, I've been in a horrible state ever since I came home!"

"Well! I'm sorry, Amy. How so?"

"I hate to tell you, but I've got to," she replied. "For it was my last miserable, horrible trick! . . . Trueman, the day I got back I met Ash Preston on the street. I told him you—you were Señor del Toro. He laughed in my face, called me a jealous liar. But afterward I began to fear he'd believe me, and I fell to worrying. You cannot imagine what I felt when they fetched you here, all shot up. . . . Trueman, I don't want to abase myself utterly in your sight, but—well, I am a chastened woman. It made me merciless to myself. It opened my eyes. I told my husband, and since then we've grown closer than we ever were."

"Then, Amy, I forgive you."

Quick as a bird she pecked at his cheek, to lift a flushing, radiant face. "There! The first sisterly one I ever gave you. . . . Trueman, I am the bearer of good news. You are a big man now. Yes, sir, in spite of—or perhaps because of—that awful gun of yours. But your honesty has gone farther with John and Tom Lincoln. I have the pleasure of telling you that you've been chosen to run the Sunset Pass Ranch for them. On shares."

"Never, Amy, never!" cried Rock, shivering. "I shall leave Wagontongue again—soon as I can walk."

"Not if *we* all know it," she retorted, as she rose, with inscrutable eyes on him. "You've got more friends than you think. . . . Now I'll go. I've excited you enough today. But I'll come again soon. Good-by."

AMY had hardly gone when a squeak of the door and a deep expulsion of breath from someone entering aroused Rock. He gave such a start that his stiff injured leg acutely reminded him of its condition. Thiry had entered. She leaned against the wall. She was bareheaded, and her soft hat dropped from nerveless hands.

"Thiry!—how good—of you!"

Haltingly she approached, as if the impelling force that drew her was only slightly stronger than something which held her back.

"Trueman, are you . . . all right?" she asked, apparently awed at the helpless length of him there on the bed. She, too, sat down beside him, and her eyes, black with thought and pain, followed her reaching hand to rest on the coverlet over his knee.

"Reckon I'm 'most all right—now," he replied, sensitive to her touch.

"Mr. Winter told me everything," she went on; "but *seeing* you is so strange. . . . Can you move?"

"Sure. All but my left leg."

"Was that broken?"

"No, I'm glad to tell you."

"Then you can ride again?"

"Some day."

"And the other hurt, was that here?" she asked, pale, almost reverent, as she laid a soft hand high upon his left shoulder.

"Lower down, Thiry."

Fascinated, she gently slipped her hand down over the bandage.

"Here?"

"Still lower."

Then she felt the throbbing of his heart. "But, Trueman, it couldn't be there."

"You bet it is."

"What?"

"The hurt you asked about."

"I was speaking of your latest wounds," she replied. Then she looked him squarely in the face, which she had failed to do before. How tragic, deep with sorrow, yet soul-searching that gaze! It changed. "I had to fight myself to come," she said. "There was a cold, dead, horrible something inside me. . . . But it's leaving! Trueman, you're so white and thin. So helpless, lying there! I—I want to nurse you. I should have come. . . . Have you suffered?"

"A little, I reckon," he replied unsteadily. "But it's gone now."

"Has Amy Dabb been here?" she asked jealously.

"Yes. Today. She was very nice."

"Nice! Because she wheedled John Dabb to offer you the running of Sunset Pass Ranch?"

"Oh, no; I mean, just kind," returned Rock uncertainly. He was of half a mind to believe this delirium.

"TRUEMAN, you will accept that offer?" she queried earnestly. "I don't care what Amy says. I know it was my father's advice to Dabb."

"Me ever go to . . . Sunset Pass . . . again? Never in this world."

"Trueman, you would not leave this country?" she asked, in quick alarm.

"Soon as I can walk."

"But *I* do not want to leave Sunset Pass," she returned, with spirit.

"I'm glad you don't. Reckon that's a surprise, Thiry. . . . It's very beautiful . . . out there. Perhaps, somehow, it can be arranged for you. Someone, of course, will take the place. . . . Is your mother leavin' soon?"

"She is terribly angry with Dad," replied Thiry seriously. "But I think some day she'll get over it, when Dad makes a new home, and go back to him."

She edged a little closer, grave and sweet, and suddenly bent to kiss his knee, where the bandage made a lump, and then she moved up to lay her cheek over his heart, with a long, low sigh.

"Trueman, did you think I'd . . . hate you for killing Ash?" she whispered.

He could not speak.

"I thought I would. And it was a sickening, terrible blow. . . . But before that same night was over I knew I couldn't hate you. . . . And I believe, even if I hadn't learned what changed it all, I would have forgiven you—some day."

"What changed all?" burst out Rock, in insupportable suspense.

"What Dad told me."

"Thiry, have mercy!"

"Ash was not my brother," she said, in a smothered voice.

That dear bright head on his breast seemed to be lifting his heart, rather than pressing against it. A thousand thoughts tried to pierce to clarity.

Rising, Thiry slipped to the floor on her knees, and leaned upon her elbows, clasping his hands, regarding him with remorseful tenderness.

"MY BROTHER Range beat the others home that night with the news of the fight. I had my terrible black hours. Thank God they are past. . . . I knew we were ruined, that Ash in some way had brought it about. Perhaps my love for him turned then. But I want you to know that, even then, believing Ash my brother, I'd have forgiven you in time. I know it. After the agony was spent, I was learning how deathlessly I loved you. . . . Sometime in the night, late, Dad came to me. Never had I seen him gentle, sad, defeated, yet something better for that. He told me not to take it too hard, not to visit the sins of others upon your head. You had been driven to kill Ash. Someone *had* to do it, for the good of all, and no one but you *could*. He told me how he had inflamed Ash. Then the fight! Ah, God, he did—not—spare me.

"Then came the story, torn from his most secret heart. Ash was not his son, but the illegitimate son of a girl whom he had loved long ago, who, abandoned and dying, gave him her child. That child was Ash. And Dad said he was what his father had been. . . . I was not yet born. But when I came, Ash was my playmate. I remember when we were children. He was always vicious to everyone except me. And so I grew up loving him, perhaps for that. . . . Next day I went to Mother, and she corroborated Dad's story. It seemed I was delivered from fiendish bonds."

"Thiry darlin', there must be somethin' in prayer," cried Rock fervently.

"I was to learn how you had bought Slagle's silence, how you persuaded Dabb and Lincoln to force Hesbitt to settle out of court, oh, how, from the very beginning, you had meant good by all of us! Yet I could not drag myself to you. It took time. I had such dreadful fear of seeing you lying in danger of death, bloody, pale, with awful eyes that would have accused me. . . . Oh, I suffered. . . . But now I'm here—on my knees."

"Please get up," asked Rock, lifting her to a seat beside him.

"Now will you accept Dabb's offer, and take me back to Sunset Pass?" she asked, bending to him.

"Yes, Thiry, if you will have it so," he replied. "If you are sure you love me that well."

She gave him awakening, passionate proof of that. "Dear, I understand better. Dad told me you were one of the marked men of the ranges. Our West is in the making. Such men as Ash—and those others you—"

Sol Winter came in upon them.

"Wal, I knocked twice, an' then I says, 'I'd better go in.'" He beamed down upon them. "Son an' lass, I'm glad to see you holdin' each other thet way—as if now you'd never let go. For I've grown old on the frontier, an' I've seen but little of the kind of love you have for each other. We Westerners are a hard pioneerin' outfit. I see in you, an' Allie, an' some more of our young friends, a leanin' more to finer, better things."

(*The End*)

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Amelia M. Earhart, first woman to fly the Atlantic by aeroplane

says—

"Lucky Strikes were the cigarettes carried on the 'Friendship' when she crossed the Atlantic. They were smoked continuously from Trepassey to Wales. I think nothing else helped so much to lessen the strain for all of us."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

Is This Man's First Duty to His Family?

I WAS very much interested in the article "Women Haven't Enough to Do," by Graham Pierce, in the July issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Probably it is all true. But there is imminent danger of my family going on the rocks at the present time, for a reason that I have never yet heard given by any writer.

I wonder if our little town is alone in the world with its problem, or if other communities and other wives have the same trouble that some of the women of my community are facing today. I wish someone might discuss it in the columns of "THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE," for I can assure you that I would give almost anything I own to find a solution.

I have been married twenty-two years to a man who is considered by all who know him, and by his wife in particular, as one of the highest types of men. After twenty-two years of married life, I know that I love him as truly and as romantically as I did when I married him, and I know that he loves me.

I tell you all this to show you what a fine, man My Man is. I have two grown-up children who adore their father and have never given either of us an unkind word nor a moment's worry, except in sickness, and we have had very little of that.

I married when I was twenty and my husband is one year older. I was a stenographer, and was earning one hundred dollars a month, which was good pay for a girl in those days. But I didn't care a thing in this world for success in business; I believed with all my heart that woman's true happiness was in her home, and that that was her most exalted place.

WE HAD been married less than two years when my husband asked if I felt it would be all right for him to join the National Guard. He explained that he felt very keenly that every citizen should give some service to his country, and that his mother would never consent to it before he was married, for he was helping to support her. Our first child was then little more than one year old and the second baby was on the way.

We had always been very straightforward with each other, talking things over reasonably, so I did not hesitate to tell him that I did not feel that I could spare him just then, any more than his mother had been able to, and that I thought that his place was with me in the home until our babies were at least partly raised.

I shall never forget the scene that followed. Hot words were said on both sides and some of those he said to me are burning in my heart today just as fiercely as they did twenty years ago. I learned from that scene that he had a high ideal of what a man owes to his community, and that his duty to his home, wife, and children would always come second to that.

I lay awake many nights over that scene, and wondered if I were just a selfish, money-grabbing wife who wanted everything for herself out of our marriage, as I had been accused of doing. I determined that I would have to make the best of it, and try to be sufficient unto myself for, of course, he joined the Guard. For three years he never spent more than one evening a week with me, and often he did not get home until three A. M.

I was not altogether unhappy; in fact, I soon learned to stay alone with the babies —even had my second child while he was on a camping trip. Just before his enlistment ran out, the skies began to gather war clouds, and he said, and I agreed with him, that only a coward would get out when the country was in trouble; so he reënlisted.

HE WENT to the Mexican border on fifteen dollars a month with no provision for me or the children. As it happened, his firm paid me his salary while he was gone; but neither of us knew they would when he left. One of our children died while he was away, and I went through that alone.

He had been home from the Border three months when he was called into service in the World War. He had been commissioned a second lieutenant by that time, so that his pay was one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. He had to buy his uniforms and support himself out of it, so we had nothing left for myself, the baby, who was then six, and the baby who was coming. In fact, we found ourselves two hundred dollars in debt. But again his firm paid me his full salary for the first year he was gone, and one third of it for the rest of the twenty-five months he was in the service.

He was promoted to first lieutenant and then to captain, with salary increases each time. He allotted me a goodly portion, but also kept a goodly portion for himself and enough to save a little for us, also. I was able to save four hundred dollars, pay up our debts and take care of myself and babies, the third of whom was born when he was in France.

As soon as he came back he got into the rehabilitation work with the sick and wounded boys, and worked every afternoon after he left his place of business, and every night until after midnight, helping the men who had been less fortunate than he. He did this for two years, and I mean it when I say it was every single night.

At the end of two years he had a nervous breakdown and was frightfully ill for a year. He had left his old firm before he was taken sick because they protested with him about so much outside work. He was so ill that I could not leave him to go to work. So I borrowed the money and stayed at home to care for him and the babies. After thirteen months we came South for his health, and now, after five years, he is as well as a man can be, full of life and enthusiasm.

He is probably the most popular man in this little town.

He has always drawn a good salary except for the year when he was sick; and he received enough compensation from the Government to pay back the money we borrowed at that time. I have no servant and have never had one. I do all my own work except the laundry.

We have no car; I make all of my own clothes, and haven't had a new dress in so long that I have forgotten how it would seem to walk into a store and buy something nice. I "make over" and dye my dresses, and carefully plan every cent I spend for the home. We have no home of our own and no furniture. We have had a start on these several times, but they have had to be sold each time to help out on debts or extra expenses. Our son is ready for college, has worked hard all summer to save something toward his expenses at the university, and cannot go.

Since I have known that he could not go to school, I have begun to rebel. I am forty-three years old. I have been as careful as I could be about money. I travel with all the wealthy ladies in town, because my husband is so prominent. They all have cars, servants, and beautiful homes, and something ahead for their future. While I try to keep the feeling down, I cannot help but wonder what they think when I have to accept the use of their cars when I go any place, and it humiliates me.

MY HUSBAND has changed his position five times in seven years. Each time there has been a different reason given, but I have come to know that the real one is, and always has been, that he has too many irons in the fire. The head of the firm he is with now made it his business to tell me that the reason they cut his salary just recently was because he was running the whole town, and neglecting the work he was paid to do. That woke me up.

I feel as if I were caught in a web, and I simply can't find a way out.

Should a woman just trust to luck to keep her out of the poorhouse in her old age? If I say a thing about wanting a home of my own, my husband cheerfully assures me that in a few years now he will build me one that will knock the eye out of anyone who looks at it. The fact that by that time my children will have left home and I won't care about having a home that is so elegant, never enters his head. He goes blithely on doing his community service, and each year his family has less and less.

What shall I do, if anything? B. F.

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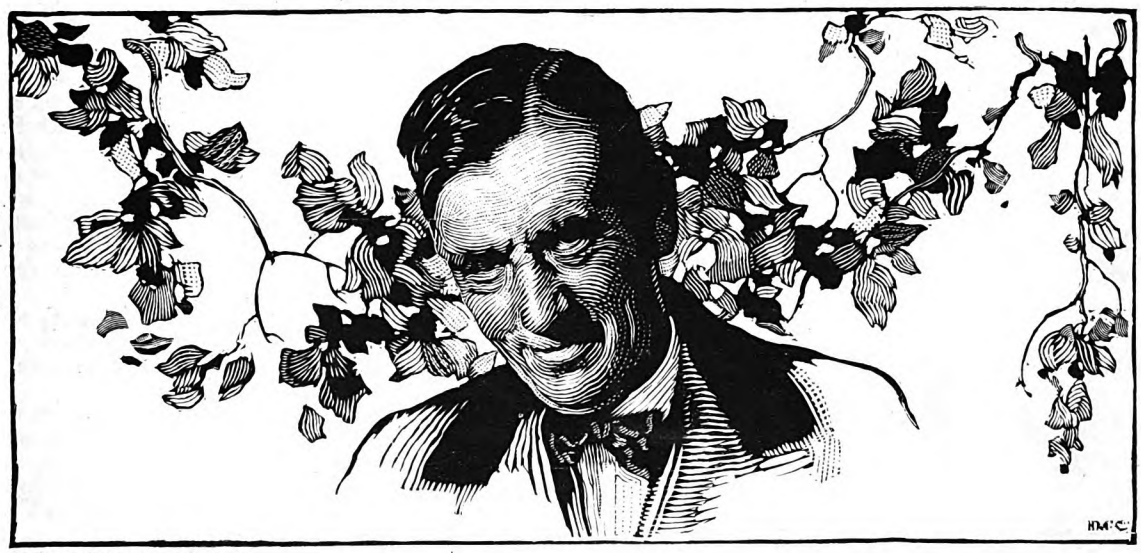
November, 1928

The American Magazine

MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION



WOOD ENGRAVING BY HOWARD MC CORMICK

The Art of Making Friends

By EDGAR A. GUEST

HE WAS a go-getter salesman.

I sensed that the minute he came into my office. I knew what he was going to say before he had uttered a word of it. And, strangely enough, I knew I was not going to sign on the dotted line for that man. I'd never seen him before, but I didn't like him. However, I let him talk, and the more he talked, the more I disliked him.

In no time at all, I gathered that he was a great salesman. He made no effort whatever to conceal this fact from me. He was once the sales manager for a large concern, so he told me; but he failed to add why he gave up the job. I had my own ideas on the subject.

But in spite of his ability to sell any- and everything, he had been a wanderer, going from city to city and from job to job. I learned *that* when he asked me to give him the names of a few of my friends to whom he could present his proposition.

"Any friends of your own here?" I asked.

"No," he said; "you see, I'm so busy doing big things, I don't have much time to make friends. Then, you see, I've changed about so much. You have to be on the go when you're selling."

In other words, this go-getter salesman could sell anything but himself. He could make stocks and bonds and merchandise attractive to others, but he couldn't make himself attractive. Even if he managed to make a good impression at first, it never lasted after people got to know him. Nobody, it seemed, cared to make any permanent business arrangement with him. He was good enough to sell goods; but he lacked that something which would make you invite him to the house for dinner.

HE HAD the art of salesmanship, but he hadn't the art of making friends.

And the genius for friendship is the greatest of all gifts.

Through one of my clubs passed a citizen of note one day. He has had everything this world can give him—wealth, position, power, respect—but he has few intimate friends. He has never been known to open his heart to another individual.

He walked through that room,

God is Not the Only One Who Loves a Cheerful Giver!

"NEVER set out to make a gift, or to do another a favor, unless you are prepared to do it graciously and wholeheartedly," says Mr. Guest. "The grudging giver spoils his gift in the making. Over and over, I've seen men and women struggling with themselves to be generous. They start out bravely to do the handsome thing, but they soon waver. It hurts them to part with quite so much, so they reduce the quantity. They can't bring themselves to go quite all the way with the one they started out to please, so they stop at the half-way mark.

"The result is cheap, tawdry, and insignificant. It would have been much better if they had given nothing at all. Where they meant to plant delight, only disappointment grew. Instead of gratitude, resentment and derision are their reward.

"Remember, a grudging gift never yet made a new friend, or helped to hold an old one!"

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filled with men he knew, as though nobody were there. He recognized a nod of greeting with a nod. He answered every "Hello" that was given to him, but that's all there was to it. If you had been away for six months or more, he would not have gone a step out of his way to welcome you home. Coming face to face with you, perhaps he would express pleasure at seeing you again. But you still would feel that if he could have passed you without speaking, he would have done so. He lacks interest in others.

I've known that man for years. I know that he values friends, and that he wishes he had more of them. But he probably never will, for he hasn't a genuine interest in people. It is too late now for him to start to win them. He has built up for himself a reputation for coldness and reserve and indifference. People expect him to be distant. Any attempt he made to be hail-fellow-well-met would be looked upon as insincere.

SOMEBODY got to a man of this type in a certain big business in Detroit. He was the millionaire stockholder who had the last word in the institution. What he said was the law, and everybody about the place knew it. He always had kept himself aloof. Day after day he entered that office without ever saying good morning to anyone.

The meddling somebody told this impersonal employer that he was all wrong. "You ought to be friendlier with the boys and girls in the plant," he said. "It would do you and them a lot of good if you walked among them occasionally and talked to them. They're all afraid of you. They think you're the Big Bear that is ready to gobble them up."

"I've never had the knack of making friends," said he, "and I'm sorry I've given the wrong impression. I'll try my best to treat the boys a little better from now on."

He started the very next morning. As he stepped into the elevator, he noticed in the car the foreman of one of the departments.

"Good morning, Jim," he said. "This is a beautiful day."

The reply was not what he expected.

Jim looked him straight in the eyes and said:

"Mr. ——, I've worked for this institution a little over twenty-five years now, and I've done fairly well for the company and my family without ever having you say 'Good morning' to me. You don't need to start now." And with that he stepped out of the car and went to his work.

It was too late. You can't slight a man for twenty-five years, and then decide to turn over a new leaf and greet him like a brother. You may mean to be friendly, but the other man will suspect your motive.

The comedian may long to play Hamlet, but the public won't have it. The tragedian may think he can do a better song-and-dance act than the vaudeville artist does; but the managers know better than to let him try.

Illustrations by Joseph Simont

To have friends, a man must first be a friend. He who has many friends has been a friend to many.

The art of friendship is self-acquired. Men go to schools to learn to paint, and carve, and draw, and write; there are dancing-schools and finishing-schools for girls where etiquette and deportment are taught for a price; there are correspondence schools for many crafts and many arts; but the greatest of all the arts—that of making friends—comes to a man from within, and only when he makes patient effort to deserve it.

Friendship must be a lifetime habit. The most important thing you can teach a boy is how to get along with his fellows. Nature, I suppose, has something to do with our likes and dislikes; our moods and fancies; our strengths and weaknesses. But the control of our conduct is in our own hands. He who comes to the end of life's road with few or no devoted friends has only himself to blame.

I have in mind a man in Detroit who is liked by all who know him. Even men he has discharged from his employ still cherish his friendship.

He hasn't found it necessary to sacrifice discipline to be kindly. He can run his business well, and still be human.

I was riding with him one day when he suddenly swerved his car off the main street.

"Do you mind going a few blocks out of the way?" he said. "It just occurred to me that I ought to make a stop on the way out."

In a few minutes, we were in a section of town inhabited by foreign workmen. The cottages looked all alike.

"Here's the place I'm looking for," he said and stopped. "I won't be a minute."

I NOTICED crape on the door which he was approaching. He had said nothing to me of his mission, but when he came out he remarked:

"I'm glad I did that. I hope you didn't mind waiting."

"Someone in trouble?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "We've had a young Pole working in our foundry for the past three or four years, a good, clean, honest, hard-working boy. I liked his manner the first time I saw him, and when I go through the plant, I usually stop to talk to him. I always get a laugh out of his quaint expressions. You know you really get to like those boys. His baby died yesterday. The firm sent out a few flowers, but I thought I'd just stop by myself and see if there was anything I could do."

"And was there anything you could do?" I asked.

"No, not a thing," he replied. "He had saved up some money, and everything's all right so far as the finances are concerned. But it seemed to cheer him up a lot to have me walk into his house. His wife kissed my hand and he introduced me to his people as 'the boss.' I couldn't understand a word they said, but I got enough to know how glad he was to know that I had called on him as his friend."

They don't teach that sort of thing in schools. That's inside art. That's friendship as practiced by one who knows what real friendship means. That millionaire employer went to the little cottage as the friend of a Polish father. I can reconstruct

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that scene. He talked to those grief-stricken parents simply and earnestly. There was no distinction then of head-office and foundry. They were all in the presence of death and the big man was helpless to change that situation, and he knew it. All his money and all his pride and all his power could do nothing. He probably put his arm about that suffering father and uttered what few words of consolation he could think to say. When he was being introduced to the strange friends of that family, he displayed no sense of superiority. I'll wager all I have that he made those people feel he was glad and proud to meet them. He was a friend of the family, and friends are friends whether they live in cottages or mansions.

WHY is it some people are liked and others greatly disliked? It is not altogether a question of honesty and fair dealing. Apparently it has nothing to do with respectability, for many respectable people are not popular. It seems to me to be wholly a matter of manners, and manners are usually prompted by the heart.

Analyzing the various people who seem always to annoy me and "get on my nerves" is not difficult. Some of them are boastful. They walk the world with a superior air; they are forever mentioning their possessions; they are always talking of people "who are beneath their notice." In a world so crowded, they would give you the idea that only they and a very few others are really worth while.

There are others who are flagrantly selfish in little things. They are openly bad-mannered. They want all the advantages. They are the elbowers in the crowd; the road hogs on the street; the rushers for first place at the dining table.

Another type I don't like is simply malicious. Persons of this class have bitter tongues and cruel minds. Their jests always carry a sting. They seem to lie in wait for you to spring the one sentence which they know will hurt you most. You can never be comfortable in their presence. Play host to one of these, and your party is dancing on dynamite. Sooner or later one of your guests is going to be insulted or slurred, for the poisoned tongue knows no law of hospitality or friendship or courtesy.

The two-faced man or woman is difficult to endure. This type leaves a trail of broken confidences behind it. It plies you with intimate questions, only to broadcast the information where it will do you the most harm. It is the sneak-thief of social life. It is false to all and true to none, and the only good thing about it is that it can so easily and quickly be detected and so simply guarded against. Unpopularity and isolation are its rewards.

Churlish people are unpopular everywhere. So are people filthy both of person and of speech. Nobody long enjoys the company of the loud and flashy person, or of the morose and crabbed. The flatterer falls on the rocks of insincerity, and the liar and the cheat are soon discarded by society.

The art of making friends lies in knowing how to avoid these dangers. It seems to me that he who would properly equip his boy or girl for life in this world should begin early with the teaching of manners.

Is an ill temper admired by anyone? Not at all. Then put away your silly fits of rage. Do you like the lad who cheats to win? You don't? Then never be a cheat yourself. Do you like to hear slurs and sneers and smart words that sting and burn? No. Then think twice before you utter them. Do you like to be warmly welcomed? Do you like to receive the little attentions which are evidences of thoughtfulness and respect for you? You do. Then bestow them always on others, particularly on those who may not rightfully expect them. This is the road to friendship.

The art of making friends is not difficult. The ways of people we like and love are not difficult to understand. There is nothing mysterious about them. They sigh when they are in trouble and they groan when they are hurt. They suffer disappointment and grief and loss. In every human way they are just like us—and yet they are different. And it is that difference which draws us to them.

There is a man of many friends in Detroit. He is still a young man. He is an outstanding business success; but above and beyond that shines his personal success. His presence radiates good feeling and good will. I have never heard the poorest man envy him his good fortune. The richest in town delight in his friendship. What is his secret? He hasn't any. The friends of his boyhood are his friends today. Drive up to his house in pride and arrogance, seeking to share in his power and glory, and what will you find? Arrogance and Pomp enthroned to greet you?

Not at all. You'll receive a duplicate of the welcome just given to the humbler friends who preceded you. He'll come to the door with a smile and a handshake and a word of delight for your coming. After that he will take you into that spacious living-room and introduce you to the friends of the family. Maybe you will find a friend of his boyhood, who now clerks in your store. At any rate you'd better leave any snobbishness or false pride at home.

I WAS there once when the house was new. An old couple, friends of his mother, who was still living with him, called. Never could royalty have received a warmer welcome. Those two lovely old people were plainly ill at ease. Perhaps in all their lives they had never before entered a rich man's house. They had known their host as a boy and had been friends with him, but he had gone up in the world and they had remained where he left them. No wonder they felt a little uncertain of their welcome.

But not for long. The dear old lady was almost swept off her feet by a hug which that great big boy gave her, and the little old man got a handshake which he'll never forget.

Proudly the young host introduced them to all of us. And then, turning to his two elderly visitors, he said, "Wouldn't you like to see the house?" Would they? They were itching to see it—every inch of it, from cellar to attic.

"Excuse me a few minutes," the boy said to the rest (*Continued on page 141*)

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S. S. VAN DINE'S MYSTERY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. STOOPS

The BISHOP

JOSEPH COCHRANE ROBIN—"Cock Robin" to his friends—had been found dead with an arrow through his heart. The last man to be seen with him was his rival—in archery and in love—and this man's name was Sperling, German for sparrow.

Such were the strange circumstances of the murder which Markham, District Attorney, was called upon to help solve. He turned instantly to Philo Vance, that eccentric young gentleman of fashion and leisure whose hobby had become the solution of unsolvable mysteries, and together with Van Dine (Vance's secretary) they set out at once for the scene of the crime.

This was the home of Professor Dillard, a dignified old house on Seventy-fifth Street, just off Riverside Drive, from which it was completely shut away by a huge apartment house. The basement of the house had been converted into a club-room, and the passageway between it and the apartment had been joined to the corresponding one leading in from Seventy-sixth Street, to make a practice range for archers. This because the professor's niece, who with Sigurd Arnesson, a mathematician and adopted son, made up the household, was an archery enthusiast.

At the time of the murder no one was at home except Professor Dillard and Pyne, the butler, and they had no light to throw on the mystery. Arnesson had been at the university all the morning; Belle Dillard, the niece, had returned around noon from a morning at tennis; Beedle, the cook, had been out marketing. Robin and Sperling had called to see Belle, and on finding her out had gone down to the basement club-room. Adolph Drukker had come to see Arnesson, and then returned to his home, the house on Seventy-sixth Street whose rear faced the rear of the Dillard house. A chess-player named Pardee, who lived on the opposite side of Seventy-fifth Street, had seen Beedle and Belle, but had noticed no one else coming or leaving.

It was the professor who, from a little balcony at the rear of the house, had discovered Robin's body in the archery range just outside the club-room door. The hunting arrow in Robin's heart had come from the rack in that room.

So matters stood when Heath, the police sergeant on the case, came in with a paper he had found in the professor's mail box. It read:

Joseph Cochrane Robin is dead.
Who killed Cock Robin?
Sperling means sparrow.

And in the lower right-hand corner were the two words, in capitals: "THE BISHOP."

PART II. CHAPTER V

A WOMAN'S SCREAM

(*Saturday, April 2d; 2:30 p. m.*)

VANCE, after glancing at the strange message with its even stranger signature, reached for his monocle with that slow deliberation which I knew indicated a keen suppressed interest. Having adjusted the glass he studied the paper intently. Then he handed it to Arnesson.

"Here's a valuable factor for your equation." His eyes were fixed banteringly on the man. Arnesson regarded the note superciliously, and with a wry grimace laid it on the table.

"I trust the clergy are not involved in this problem. They're notoriously unscientific. One can't attack them with mathematics. 'The Bishop' . . . ," he mused. "I'm unacquainted with any gentlemen of the cloth.— I think I'll rule out this abracadabra when making my calculations."

"If you do, Mr. Arnesson," replied Vance seriously, "your equation, I fear, will fall to pieces. That cryptic epistle strikes me as rather significant. Indeed—if you will pardon a mere lay opinion—I believe it is the most mathematical thing that has appeared thus far in the case. It relieves the situation of all haphazardness or accident. It's the *g*, so to speak—the gravitational constant which will govern all our equations."

Heath had stood looking down on the typewritten paper with solemn disgust.

"Some crank wrote this, Mr. Vance," he declared.

"Undoubtedly a crank, Sergeant," agreed Vance. "But don't overlook the fact that this particular crank must have known many interestin' and intimate details—to wit, that Mr. Robin's middle name was Cochrane; that the gentleman had been killed with a bow and arrow; and that Mr. Sperling was in the vicinity at the time of the Robin's passing. Moreover, this well-informed crank must have had what amounted to foreknowledge regarding the murder; for the note was obviously typed and inserted in the letter-

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BAFFLING SERIAL

Drukker heaved his squat body out of his chair and stood glaring down on Vance with menacing fury

Murder Case

box before you and your men arrived on the scene."

"Unless," countered Heath doggedly, "he's one of those bimboes out in the street, who got wise to what had happened and then stuck this paper in the box when the officer's back was turned."

"Having first run home and carefully typewritten his communication—eh, what?" Vance shook his head with a rueful smile. "No, Sergeant, I'm afraid your theory won't do."

"Then what *does* it mean?" Heath demanded truculently.

"I haven't the foggiest idea."

Vance yawned and rose. "Come, Markham, let's while away a few brief moments with this Mr. Drukker whom Beedle abhors."

"Drukker!" exclaimed Arnesson, with considerable surprise. "Where does he fit in?"

"Mr. Drukker," explained Markham, "called here this morning to see you; and it's barely possible he met Robin or Sperling before he returned home." He hesitated. "Would you care to accompany us?"

"No, thanks." Arnesson knocked out his pipe and got up. "I've a pile of class papers to look over.— It might be as well, however, to take Belle along. Lady Mae's a bit peculiar. . . ."

"Lady Mae?"

"My mistake. Forgot you didn't know her. We all call her Lady Mae. Courtesy title. Pleases the poor old soul. I'm referring to Drukker's mother. Odd character." He tapped his forehead significantly. "Bit touched. Oh, perfectly harmless. Bright as a whistle, but monominded, as it were. Thinks the sun rises and sets in Drukker. Mothers him as if he were an infant. Sad situation. . . . Yes, you'd better take Belle along. Lady Mae likes Belle."

"A good suggestion, Mr. Arnesson," said Vance. "Will you ask Miss Dillard if she'll be good enough to accompany us?"

"Oh, certainly." Arnesson gave us an inclusive smile of farewell—a smile which seemed at once patronizing and satirical—and went up-stairs. A few moments later Miss Dillard joined us.

"Sigurd tells me you want to see Adolph. He, of course, won't mind; but poor Lady Mae gets so upset over even the littlest things. . . ."

"We sha'n't upset her, I hope." Vance spoke reassuringly. "But Mr. Drukker was here this morning, d' ye see; and the cook says she thought she heard him speaking to Mr. Robin and Mr. Sperling in the archery-room. He may be able to help us."

"I'm sure he will if he can," the girl answered with emphasis. "But be very careful with Lady Mae, won't you?"

There was a pleading, protective note in her voice, and Vance regarded her curiously.

"Tell us something of Mrs. Drukker—or Lady Mae—before we visit her. Why should we be so careful?"

"SHE'S had such a tragic life," the girl explained. "She was once a great singer—oh, not just a second-rate artist, but a prima donna with a marvelous career before her.* She married a leading critic of Vienna—Otto Drucker†—and four years later Adolph was born. Then one day in the Wiener Prater, when the baby was two years old, she let him fall; and from that moment on her entire life was changed. Adolph's spine was injured, and he became a cripple. Lady Mae was heartbroken. She held herself to blame for his injury, and gave up her career to devote herself to his care. When her husband died a year later she brought Adolph to America, where she had spent some of her girlhood, and bought the house where she now lives. Her whole life has been centered on Adolph, who grew up a hunchback. She has sacrificed everything for him, and cares for him as though he were a baby. . . ." A shadow

***Mae Brenner will still be remembered by Continental music lovers. Her début was made at the unprecedented age of twenty-three as Sulamith in "Die Königin von Saba" at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna; although her greatest success was perhaps her Desdemona in "Otello"—the last rôle she sang before her retirement.**

†The name was, of course, originally spelled Drucker. The change—possibly some vague attempt at Americanization—was made by Mrs. Drukker when she settled in this country.

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crossed her face. "Sometimes I think—we all think—that she still imagines he's only a child. She has become—well, morbid about it. But it's the sweet, terrible morbidity of a tremendous mother love—a sort of insanity of tenderness, Uncle calls it. During the past few months she has grown very strange—and peculiar. I've often found her crooning old German lullabies and kindergarten songs, with her arms crossed on her breast, as if—oh, it seems so sacred and so terrible!—as if she were holding a baby. . . . And she has become frightfully jealous of Adolph. She's resentful of all other men. Only last week I took Mr. Sperling to see her—we often drop in to call on her: she seems so lonely and unhappy—and she looked at him almost fiercely, and said: 'Why weren't you a cripple, too?' . . ."

The girl paused and searched our faces.

"Now don't you understand why I asked you to be careful? . . . Lady Mae may think we have come to harm Adolph."

"We sha'n't add unnecessarily to her suffering," Vance assured her sympathetically. Then, as we moved toward the hall, he asked her a question which recalled to my mind his brief intent scrutiny of the Drukker house earlier that afternoon. "Where is Mrs. Drukker's room situated?"

THE girl shot him a startled look, but answered promptly:

"On the west side of the house—its bay window overlooks the archery range."

"Ah!" Vance took out his cigarette case, and carefully selected a *Régie*. "Does she sit much at this window?"

"A great deal. Lady Mae always watches us at archery practice—why, I don't know. I'm sure it pains her to s. us, for Adolph isn't strong enough to shoot. He's tried it several times, but it tired him so he had to give it up."

"She may watch you practicing for the very reason that it does torture her—a kind of self-immolation, y' know. Those situations are very distressing." Vance spoke almost with tenderness—which, to one who did not know his real nature, would have sounded strange. "Perhaps," he added, as we emerged into the archery range through the basement door, "it would be best if we saw Mrs. Drukker first for a moment. It might tend to allay any apprehensions our visit might cause her. Could we reach her room without Mr. Drukker's knowledge?"

"Oh, yes." The girl was pleased at the idea. "We can go in the rear way. Adolph's study, where he does his writing, is at the front of the house."

We found Mrs. Drukker sitting in the great bay window on a sprawling old-fashioned chaise-longue, propped up with pillows. Miss Dillard greeted her filially and, bending over her with tender concern, kissed her forehead.

"Something rather awful has happened at our house this morning, Lady Mae," she said; "and these gentlemen wanted to see you. I offered to bring them over. You don't mind, do you?"

Mrs. Drukker's pale, tragic face had been turned away from the door as we entered, but now she stared at us with fixed horror. She was a tall woman, slender to the point of emaciation; and her hands, which lay slightly flexed on the arms of the chair, were sinewy and wrinkled like the talons of fabulous bird-women. Her face, too, was thin and deeply seamed; but it was not an unattractive face. The eyes were clear and alive, and the nose was straight and dominant. Though she must have been well past sixty, her hair was luxuriant and brown.

For several minutes she neither moved nor spoke. Then her hands closed slowly, and her lips parted.

"What do you want?" she asked in a low resonant voice.

"Mrs. Drukker,"—it was Vance who answered—"as Miss Dillard has told you, a tragedy occurred next door this morning, and since your window is the only one directly overlooking the archery range, we thought that you might have seen something that would aid us in our investigation."

The woman's vigilance relaxed perceptibly, but it was a moment or two before she spoke.

"And what did take place?"

"A Mr. Robin was killed. You knew him perhaps?"

"The archer—Belle's Champion Archer? . . . Yes, I knew him. A strong healthy child who could pull a heavy bow and not get tired. Who killed him?"

"We don't know." Vance, despite his negligent air, was watching her astutely. "But inasmuch as he was killed on the range, within sight of your window, we hoped you might be able to help us."

Mrs. Drukker's eyelids drooped craftily and she clasped her hands with a kind of deliberate satisfaction.

"You are sure he was killed on the range?"

"We found him on the range," Vance returned noncommittally.

"I see. . . . But what can I do to help you?" She lay back relaxed.

"Did you notice anyone on the range this morning?" asked Vance.

"No!" The denial was swift and emphatic. "I saw no one. I haven't looked out on the range all day."

Sperling turned without another word and went out between his two captors

Vance met the woman's gaze steadily, and sighed.

"It's most unfortunate," he murmured. "Had you been looking out of the window this morning, it's wholly possible you might have seen the tragedy. . . . Mr. Robin was killed with a bow and arrow, and there seems to have been no motive whatever for the act."

"You know he was killed with a bow and arrow?" she asked, a tinge of color coming into her ashen cheeks.

"That was the Medical Examiner's report. There was an arrow through his heart when we found him."

"Of course. That seems perfectly natural, doesn't it? . . . An arrow through the Robin's heart!" She spoke with vague aloofness, a distant, fascinated look in her eyes.

There was a strained silence, and Vance moved toward the window.

"Do you mind if I look out?"

With difficulty the woman brought herself back from some distant train of thought.

"Oh, no. It isn't much of a view, though. I can see the trees of Seventy-sixth Street toward the north, and a part of the Dillard yard to the south. But that brick wall opposite is very depressing. Before the apartment house was built I had a beautiful view of the river."

Vance looked for a while down into the archery range.

"Yes," he observed; "if only you had been at the window this morning you might have seen what happened. Your view of the range and the basement door of the Dillards is very clear. . . . Too bad." He glanced at his watch. "Is your son in, Mrs. Drukker?"

"MY SON! My baby! What do you want with him?" Her voice rose pitifully, and her eyes fastened on Vance with venomous hatred.

"Nothing important," he said pacifyingly. "Only, he may have seen someone on the range—"

"He saw no one! He couldn't have seen anyone, for he wasn't here. He went out early this morning, and hasn't returned."

Vance looked with pity at the woman.

"He was away all morning? Do you know where he was?"

"I always know where he is," Mrs. Drukker answered proudly. "He tells me everything."

"And he told you where he was going this morning?" persisted Vance gently.

"Certainly. But I forget for the moment. Let me think. . . ." Her long fingers tapped on the arm of the chair, and her eyes shifted uneasily. "I can't recall. But I'll ask him the moment he returns."

Miss Dillard had stood watching the woman with growing perplexity.

"But, Lady Mae, Adolph was at our house this morning. He came to see Sigurd—"

Mrs Drukker drew herself up.

"Nothing of the kind!" she snapped, eying the girl almost viciously. "Adolph had to go—down-town somewhere. He wasn't near your house—I *know* he wasn't." Her eyes flashed, and she turned a defiant glare on Vance.

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There was a strained silence, and Vance moved toward the window

It was an embarrassing moment; but what followed was even more painful.

The door opened softly, and suddenly Mrs. Drukker's arms went out.

"My little boy—my baby!" she cried. "Come here, dear."

But the man at the door did not come forward. He stood blinking his beady little eyes at us, like a person waking in strange surroundings. Adolph Drukker was scarcely five feet tall. He had the typical congested appearance of the hunchback. His legs were spindling, and the size of his bulging, distorted torso seemed exaggerated by his huge, dome-like head. But there was intellectuality in the man's face—a terrific, passionate power which held one's attention. Professor Dillard had called him a mathematical genius; and one could have no doubts as to his erudition.*

"WHAT does all this mean?" he demanded in a high-pitched, tremulous voice, looking toward Miss Dillard. "Are these friends of yours, Belle?"

The girl started to speak, but Vance halted her with a gesture.

"The truth is, Mr. Drukker," he explained somberly, "there has been a tragedy next door. This is Mr. Markham, the District Attorney, and Sergeant Heath of the Police Department; and at our request Miss Dillard brought us here that we might ask your mother whether or not she had noticed anything unusual on the archery range this morning. The tragedy occurred just outside the basement door of the Dillard house."

Drukker thrust his chin forward and squinted.

"A tragedy, eh? What kind of a tragedy?"

"A Mr. Robin was killed—with a bow and arrow."

*He gave me very much the same impression as did General Homer Lee when I visited him at Santa Monica shortly before his death.

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The man's face began to twitch.

"Robin killed? *Killed?* . . . What time?"

"Sometime between eleven and twelve probably."

"Between eleven and twelve?" Quickly Drukker's gaze shifted to his mother. He seemed to grow excited, and his huge splay fingers worried the hem of his smoking-jacket. "What did you see?" His eyes glinted as he focused them on the woman.

"What do you mean, son?" The retort was a panic-stricken whisper.

Drukker's face became hard, and the suggestion of a sneer twisted his lips.

"I MEAN that it was about that time when I heard a scream in this room."

"You didn't! No—no!" She caught her breath, and wagged her head jerkily. "You're mistaken, son. I didn't scream this morning."

"Well, someone did." There was a cold relentlessness in the man's tone. Then, after a pause, he added: "The fact is, I came up-stairs after I heard the scream, and listened at the door here. But you were walking about humming 'Eia Popeia,' so I went back to my work."

Mrs. Drukker pressed a handkerchief to her face, and her eyes closed momentarily.

"You were at your work between eleven and twelve?" Her voice now rang with subdued eagerness. "But I called you several times—"

"I heard you. But I didn't answer. I was too busy."

"So that was it." She turned slowly toward the window. "I thought you were out. Didn't you tell me—?"

"I told you I was going to the Dillards'. But Sigurd wasn't there, and I came back a little before eleven."

"I didn't see you come in." The woman's energy was spent, and she lay back listlessly, her eyes on the brick wall opposite. "And when I called and you didn't answer I naturally thought you were still out."

"I left the Dillards' by the street gate, and took a walk in the park." Drukker's voice was irritable. "Then I let myself in by the front door."

"And you say you heard me scream. . . . But why should I scream, son? I've had no pains in my back this morning."

Drukker frowned, and his little eyes moved swiftly from Vance to Markham.

"I heard someone scream—a woman—in this room," he iterated stubbornly. "About half past eleven." Then he sank into a chair and gazed moodily at the floor.

This perplexing verbal intercourse between mother and son had held us all spellbound. Though Vance had stood before an old eighteenth-century print near the door, regarding it with apparent absorption, I knew that no word or inflection had escaped him. Now he swung about and, giving Markham a signal not to interfere, approached Mrs. Drukker.

"We're very sorry, madam, that we've had to trouble you. Forgive us, if you can."

He bowed and turned to Miss Dillard.

"Do you care to pilot us back? Or shall we find our own way down?"

"I'll come with you," the girl said; and going to Mrs. Drukker she put her arm about her. "I'm so sorry, Lady Mae."

As we were passing out into the hall Vance, as if on second thought, paused and looked back at Drukker.

"You'd better come with us, sir," he said, in a casual yet urgent tone. "You knew Mr. Robin, and you may be able to suggest something—"

"Don't go with them, son!" cried Mrs. Drukker. She was sitting upright now, her face contorted with anguish and fear. "Don't go! They're the enemy. They want to hurt you. . . ."

Drukker had risen.

"Why shouldn't I go with them?" he retorted petulantly. "I want to find out about this affair. Maybe—as they say—I can help them." And with a gesture of impatience he joined us.

Drukker

VI

"'I,' SAID THE SPARROW"

(*Saturday, April 2d; 3:00 p. m.*)

WHEN we were again in the Dillard drawing-room and Miss Dillard had left us to rejoin her uncle in the library, Vance, without preliminaries, proceeded to the business in hand.

"I didn't care to worry your mother, Mr. Drukker, by questioning you in front of her, but inasmuch as you called here this morning shortly before Mr. Robin's death, it is necessary—as a mere routine procedure—that we seek whatever information you can give us."

Drukker had seated himself near the fireplace. He now drew in his head cautiously, but made no answer.

"You came here," continued Vance, "about half past nine, I believe, to call on Mr. Arnesson."

"Yes."

"By way of the archery range and the basement door?"

"I always come that way. Why walk round the block?"

"But Mr. Arnesson was out this morning."

Drukker nodded. "At the university."

"And, finding Mr. Arnesson away, you sat for a while in the library with Professor Dillard, I understand, discussing an astronomical expedition to South America."

"The expedition of the Royal Astronomical Society to Sobral to test the Einsteinian deflection," amplified Drukker.

"How long were you in the library?"

"Less than half an hour."

"And then?"

"I went down to the archery-room, and glanced at one of the magazines. There was a chess problem in it—a *Zugszwang* end-game that came up recently between Shapiro and Marshall—and I sat down and worked it out. . . ."

"JUST a moment, Mr. Drukker." A note of suppressed interest came into Vance's voice. "You're interested in chess?"

"To a certain extent. I don't spend much time at it, however. The game is not purely mathematical; and it's insufficiently speculative to appeal to a wholly scientific mind."

"Did you find the Shapiro-Marshall position difficult?"

"Not so difficult as tricky." Drukker was watching Vance shrewdly. "As soon as I discovered that an apparently useless pawn move was the key to the impasse, the solution was simple."

"How long did it take you?"

"Half an hour or so."

"Until about half past ten, shall we say?"

"That would be about right." Drukker settled deeper into his chair, but his covert alertness did not relax.

"Then you must have been in the archery-room when Mr. Robin and Mr. Sperling came here."

The man did not answer at once, and Vance, pretending not to notice his hesitancy, added: "Professor Dillard said they called at the house about ten and, after waiting a while in the drawing-room here, went down to the basement."

"Where's Sperling now, by the way?" Drukker's eyes darted suspiciously from one to the other of us.

"We expect him here any minute," Vance replied. "Sergeant Heath has sent two of his men to fetch him."

The hunchback's eyebrows lifted. "Ah! So Sperling is being forcibly brought back." He pyramided his spatulate fingers and inspected them musingly. Then he slowly lifted his eyes to Vance. "You asked me if I saw Robin and Sperling in the archery-room. Yes; they came down-stairs just as I was going."

Vance leaned back and stretched his legs before him.

"Did you get the impression, Mr. Drukker, that they had—as we euphemistically say—been having words?"

THE man considered this question for several moments.

"Now that you mention it," he said at length, "I do recall that there seemed to be a coolness between them. I wouldn't, however, care to be too categorical on that point. You see, I left the room almost immediately after they entered."

"You went out the basement door, I think you said, and thence through the wall gate into Seventy-fifth Street. Is that correct?"

For a moment Drukker seemed loath to answer; but he replied with an effort at unconcern:

"Quite. I thought I'd take a stroll along the river before going back to work. I went to the Drive, down the bridle path, and turned into the park at Seventy-ninth Street."

Heath, with his (*Continued on page 69*)

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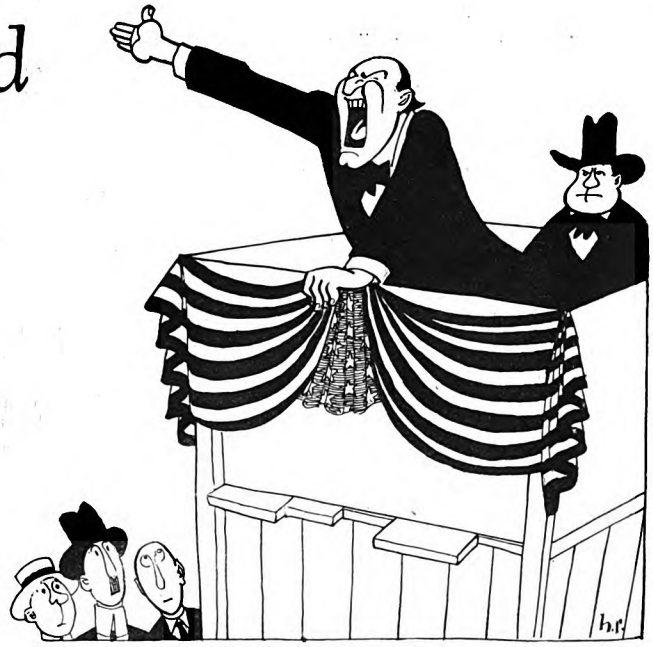
The Elephant and the Donkey Take the Air

By GRAHAM McNAMEE

CARTOONS BY HERBERT ROTH



TWO things have been said about prophets: One is that a man is never a prophet in his own country. The other is that a man should never be a prophet about his own century. That means that a man, if he doesn't want to have his prophecy explode right in his face, shouldn't make a prediction about things that are going to happen inside of a hundred years. After that, he and all the people who hear him will be dead and will never know whether he was a wise man or a fool.

In spite of these two admonitions, I am going to try my hand at a little prophesying. And it will be about something you can check up on in a few weeks. I don't know who is going to be elected President—Mr. Hoover or Mr. Smith. But I predict that Mr. Hoover will get more votes than any other Republican candidate in history and Mr. Smith will get more votes than any other Democratic candidate in history. In other words, we are going to see the greatest outpouring of voters the polls have ever known. If this turns out to be true, please remember my prediction and chalk up another credit for radio.

The last national election, when President Coolidge was renamed, was a very uninteresting and one-sided affair. The issues were not at all burning. The result was never in doubt. Yet, in spite of that, four million more people went to the polls on election day than in the preceding election between Harding and Cox, in which partisan feelings were very bitterly aroused. The outstanding explanation was the radio.

Things move so fast in this amazing age that we easily lose our perspective. At Kansas City and Houston I was amused to hear myself referred to frequently as "the veteran radio announcer." And yet, four years ago when I broadcast the two national conventions I didn't own a radio set. I couldn't afford one. My wife, who wanted to hear me during those dramatic days in Madison Square Garden, had to go out and stand on the sidewalk in front of a little radio shop to listen to the story. Veteran! Why, the week the Republican Convention opened in Kansas City marked my fifth anniversary as an announcer! And in that time radio has traveled so far that I am spoken of as a veteran.

I RECALL our feelings before the two great conventions of 1924. The National Broadcasting Company, which now occupies a beautiful building in Fifth Avenue, didn't exist. Our station was known as WEAF and belonged to the Radio Corporation. We occupied two little rooms. The management conceived the idea that it would be a great thing if the national party managers would let us broadcast the two conventions. But would they permit it? We didn't know; and so we waited for weeks before it was settled that the leaders would allow us to put a microphone into the convention halls.

Even after that we were looked upon with a good deal of suspicion. While I was waiting for the Democratic Convention to open I was busy in my little booth scribbling some notes to be used during the lulls. The publicity manager of the convention saw me.

"What's that for?" he asked.

I told him it was some descriptive notes about the convention to be sent out over the air.

"Well, I suppose it's all right; but I want you to understand, young man, that you can't send out any of that stuff until I have had a chance to see every word of it."

Later, when he saw I was quite safe, he withdrew the censorship. That was in 1924. Can you imagine such a thing now? How different it was this time. Not a thing was done at either of the great conventions without reference to the radio. The managers in advance decided that because of the radio audience the sessions must be begun scrupulously on time. At Houston, the keynote speech of Mr. Claude Bowers, instead of being delivered at the usual hour, was put off to the night time to reach the great radio audience. All sorts of little details were arranged for that all-important audience. At Kansas City on the first day, the rap of the chairman's gavel on the table sounded over the radio like someone breaking dishes. When the chairman heard this he promptly had the table covered with a soft piece of wall board, in order that the rap of the gavel would sound right over the air.

Another strange sound seemed to trouble the listeners-in. On the first day a wire came for me. It read: "The Republicans must certainly be meeting in harmony. I hear constant kissing going on." That wasn't kissing. It was the fitful hissing of the Klieg lights.

This will go down in history as the first great radio campaign. Why, both parties for the first time put radio planks in the platforms. At Houston, a delegate went into the convention hall the day before the opening. He saw a carpenter at work. "Do you know anything about the acoustics of this hall?" he asked. "No, sir, "replied the carpenter. "But (*Continued on page 152*)

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WILLIAM S. DUTTON *again visits* ROY L.

After a

"The Average Man" and his family sitting on the veranda of their home in Fort Madison, Iowa

NO, THE spotlight hasn't spoiled the Average Man, as typified by Roy L. Gray, of Fort Madison, Iowa.

His feet are still solidly on the ground, and the size of his hat hasn't changed.

He is a little wiser, a little grayer above the ears, and one year older, of course; but he drives the same old dark-blue automobile, which is now four years old instead of three. He still goes to work, afoot, at eight in the morning to the same "one-man" clothing store, which he still sweeps out himself. And on Sunday mornings, while Mrs. Gray and the two youngsters go to church, he still likes to potter around the house in his bedroom slippers.

"Change?" repeated Mr. Gray, and gave a puzzled rub to his chin. "What I can't figure out is why so many folks got the notion I was going to change."

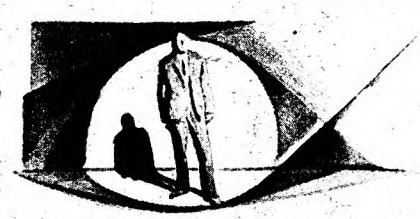
One year ago this month, prior to publication of the November issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, Roy L. Gray was just "one of a hundred million." No more distinguished was he over his fellows than is one grain of sand over another in a shovelful. He boasted neither fortune nor unusual talent. He never had made any great discovery nor done any great thing. Neither had he ever robbed a bank, nor shot his wife, nor bribed a government official.

Mr. Gray mowed his own grass, stoked his own furnace, and did his best to pay his bills and taxes when due. Being engaged in the men's retail clothing business, occasionally he pressed a pair of trousers for a customer who was in a hurry, or sewed on a missing suspender button. He had no hankering for the limelight, nor for a fashionable address in the Big Town. Least of all did he envision himself as ever being famous, or talked about, or interviewed by reporters from the big city papers. That likelihood seemed as distant as the moon.

THEN Fate, as she does, shuffled her cards!

This magazine announced that, according to census figures, geographical position and climate, Fort Madison with its 11,299 inhabitants in Lee County, Iowa, was *the* Average Town of America, or as near as you could come to it in fact.

Furthermore, that on an average street in Fort Madison, living in an average house at the head of an average family of four, it had discovered in Roy L. Gray the flesh-and-blood personification of *the* Average Man! He was forty-three years old and of average size. He had average education and average intelligence. He drove an average car, earned an average income, conducted an average business, and he thought and behaved



Bewildered, Bedeviled, Besought, and Beset

ONE year ago THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE presented Roy L. Gray, of Fort Madison, Iowa, as *the* average man. Then came the deluge of publicity! Reporters swarmed upon him; approximately 14,000 newspapers with a combined circulation of 100,000,000 carried stories about him. Editorials were written; professors lectured on him and his views. Foreign newspapers took up the trail that led to Fort Madison, and gravely discussed this "average American."

"You Have Heard of the Average Man?—Well, Here He Is!" was the title of the article printed in this magazine, and all the world seemed to take it as a tip to get some further statements from Mr. Gray. For a time he was bewildered, bedeviled, besought, and beset. Then things quieted down; reporters no longer went to him for his opinions on every subject from glands to Locarno. He took up again his old routine as proprietor of a small clothing store, and the Editor of this magazine wrote a note to William S. Dutton, who "discovered" Mr. Gray for us: "I want you to see Gray one year after this storm of publicity hit him. Maybe there is another good story to be had from him!" The result is this fascinating article, which does not depend upon its predecessor; it stands on its own feet, and will surely interest you. THE EDITOR.

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GRAY *"The Average Man"*

Year in the Spotlight

in an average way.

Next morning Roy L. Gray was probably the most talked-of man in America, and, like the opening shot in the American Revolution, his name was to be heard around the world!

Thousands of newspapers, from the biggest to the smallest, discussed him for a week—under flaring front-page headlines, in editorials, and in full-page "features" in the Sunday editions. Reporters of the big news associations sought his opinions on world affairs, and sent them broadcast by wire over the nation. Ministers extolled him in sermons, while others condemned him. His voice was carried by radio to listening millions, and he was taken to Chicago, with all expenses paid, to spend three days in "seeing the town."

DRAWN BY DAVID ROBINSON

TOURISTS came to see him and to shake his hand. Advertisers of hair tonics, liver pills and shoe polish begged his endorsement, while a promoter offered him one thousand dollars a week to make a forty-four-weeks tour of the motion-picture theatres of the country. Photographers snapped him shining his shoes and eating breakfast in his shirt sleeves, and the big Sunday newspaper supplements printed all these pictures.

He had done nothing, in the usual sense, to be construed as "news"—and yet even the great London "Times" editorialized at length on him and Czechoslovakians read his name in their morning papers. Cities, such as Denver, picked *their* Average Man, while colleges and high schools picked their Average Students. The historical research department of a famous university, even, was inspired to find, through painstaking investigation, the Average Man of the American Revolution. Many a controversy of state affecting nations has created less stir than did the average Mr. Gray.

And Mr. Gray, with a shrug at it all, is still selling men's suits in his one-man store in Fort Madison, just exactly as he would be doing if none of this had happened. He has been called twenty kinds of fool by some of his friends for not having capitalized his fame, and got rich; but he isn't lamenting over "what might have been." If he is no richer, neither is he any poorer. He feels that the world, on the whole, has treated him well.

"AT ANY rate," he assured me in all earnestness, "it's been worth it for the experience if for nothing else.

"Yes, I probably could have made a lot of money," Mr. Gray went on reflectively. "I could have made money by saying that a hair tonic I had never used has kept me from going bald, and for testifying that one bottle of patent medicine had cured me of an ailment I never had. And I could have made a pretty snug sum by going onto the stage—a promoter in Chicago actually started to draw up a contract for one thousand dollars a week. But there're other things in this world bigger than money."

"What things?" I asked.

"PLENTY of them," he replied. "One of them is the respect of the folks you live with and meet every day on the street. I'd rather have them say that my word is good than to make a million. Then a man has got to live with himself, and he can make himself a mighty uncomfortable bedfellow by doing things that go against his grain. And I've got a wife and two youngsters at home, and I want them to think the best they can of me; I want folks to think well of them.

"It's this way: if some big, responsible manufacturer who makes a product that I use and really believe in had asked me to say what I thought of it, I probably would have done it. I'd have said a good word, for instance, about my automobile: I've driven it for four years and know it. But when it comes to boosting a thing I know nothing about, I'm not interested—don't matter what they offer. Nobody with sense takes any stock in such testimonials anyway.

"This stage stuff, too, is a lot of tommy-rot. The theatre is supposed to be a place of entertainment and not an exhibition gallery. To me, it's just plain foolish to try to drag everybody whose name gets into the papers onto the stage for exhibition. You didn't see Lindbergh falling for such stuff, and he's a real man. In my little way, I'd rather follow Lindbergh.

"Of course," added Mr. Gray, "I did go up to Chicago for a few days; but I did that more for self-protection than for anything else.

"One of the Chicago papers called me by telephone and asked me to come to Chicago. This was (*Continued on page 143*)

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The Suppressed STORY of Mrs. Jackson

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

Illustrated by
JOSEPH SIMONT

NOW, if I were a newspaper man," said Aline to the young reporter who spent his weekly day off in her company, "I should write a story about Mrs. Jackson."

"Why?" he asked. "And who is Mrs. Jackson? And what is the story?"

"Mrs. Jackson," Aline replied, "is the most beautiful creature alive."

"An obvious misstatement," her escort objected, "while you stand erect in those pretty little shoes, wearing that blue dress, and the sunshine drapes a halo around your golden hair!"

"Nevertheless, I can prove it," Aline declared. And after glancing at her wrist watch, she added, "In less than one minute."

"Well, now, that is interesting," the reporter commented. "How will you go about it?"

"We will walk across this park," the young lady replied, "and stand in front of the church which you can see through the trees. In less than one minute the people will be coming out. You will point out to me the most beautiful woman you see, and that will be Mrs. Jackson."

"The challenge is accepted," her escort announced, and they reached the far side of the park just as two large double doors swung open.

AFTER three hundred or more persons had walked down the stone steps leading from these doors to the sidewalk Aline heard her companion laugh. "You have picked a very bad judge for your beauty contest," he explained. "Either that, or the wonderful Mrs. Jackson failed to come to church today, because the most beautiful woman I have seen emerge from those doors is the lovely old lady with the burnished silver hair and the peaches-and-cream complexion. She is dressed—Well, notice how she walks."

"Anything peculiar about her walk?" Aline asked.

"Yes. Very graceful. Regal, I should say. Do you see her?"

"Certainly. That is Mrs. Jackson."

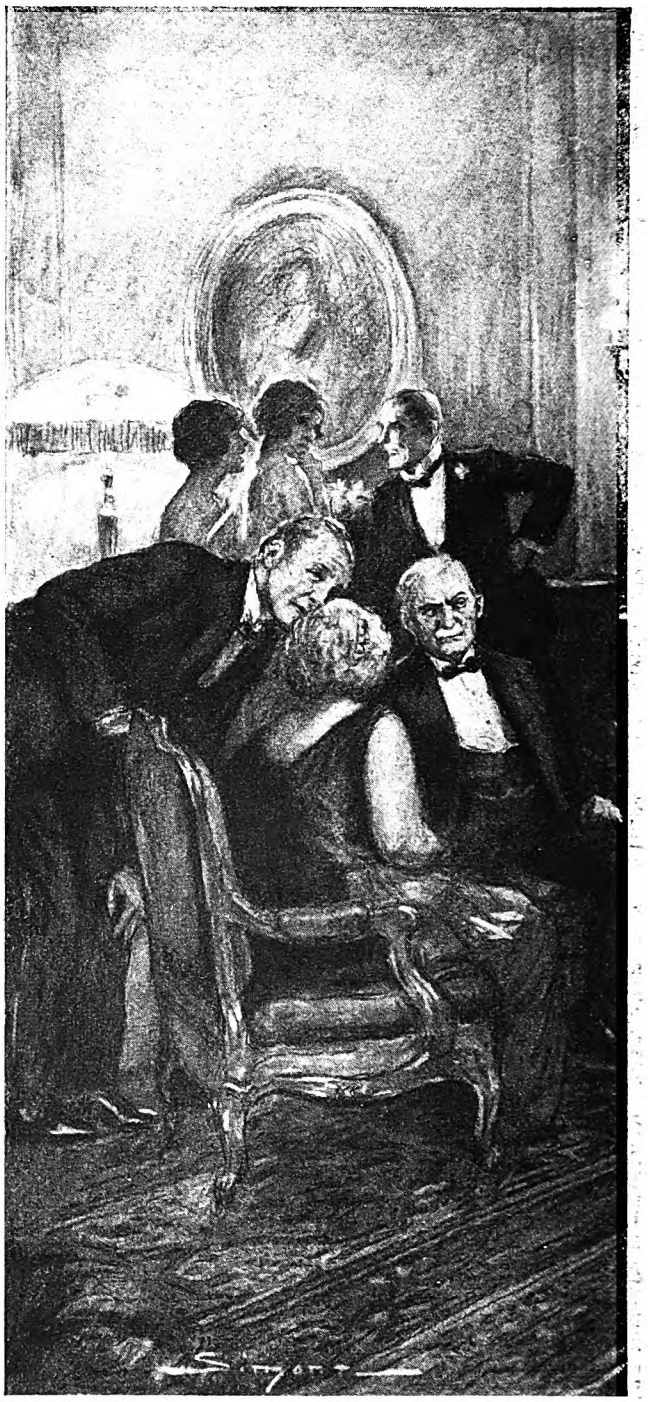
"Well, well. I was looking for a Helen of Troy."

"Of course you were," Aline commented, smiling. "But art triumphed after all, and so my point is proved."

"I should say it is," he agreed. "Don't tell me any scandal about Mrs. Jackson because I won't believe it. I prefer to make up my own story about her."

"What would it be?" Aline asked.

"That a beautiful painting is missing from the Metropolitan Museum," the young man promptly replied. "That it is a portrait of the wife of some early Virginia planter-statesman—mystery stuff—soul returns to portrait and walks off with it—Egyptian mystic gives his opinion. And so forth. That's the story as I see it."



The fashionable set had gone wild

"The real Mrs. Jackson," said Aline, "is neither a queen nor an escaped oil painting. She makes a living by doing plain sewing. But her manners are so lovely and she is so beautiful that our young matrons out on The Heights get catty with each other in the competition to employ her."

"Is she an artist with the needle?"

"No. I told you she does plain sewing. They fight over her because it advances one's social prestige to have her in the house. It shows that you recognize the aristocracy. We have no literary lions or wandering dukes in our brave city, so the dear girls whose hubbies are doing well in the automobile business patronize Mrs. Jackson. Her husband was an officer in the Confederate Army."

"He was?" the young man exclaimed.

"That's what they tell me out on The Heights," Aline said. "I don't know just which Jackson he was, though. Looking at her, I'd say he ought to have been the President of the Confederacy."

"Why don't you ask some of them?" he suggested.

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about Mrs. Jackson. They had her at their receptions and dinner parties as a sort of assistant to the hostess

"I did," Aline replied. "They don't know. Most of them are more interested in husbands, bridge, and babies than history. Offhand, they aren't sure whether Cæsar's wars or the Civil War came first. Marriage does funny things to some women. Are you going to write a story about Mrs. Jackson?"

"I should say I am," he replied, "just as soon as I find out what the story is."

VENTURING timidly into a private office labeled "Managing Editor," on the following afternoon, an eager young reporter who (now that I think of it) looked curiously like myself at the age of twenty, said, "Colonel Post, I've got a feature story, and I want an order for the photographer to make some pictures."

"Good," Colonel Post remarked. "What's it about?"

"A very beautiful old lady, widow of an officer of the Confederate Army. She lives here and does plain sewing."

Colonel Post's bushy eyebrows moved threateningly as, incidentally, they often did, and very curtly he snapped out a question: "Is her name Jackson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let her alone."

"But—"

"That's all, young man."

Argument was always impossible when Colonel Post wiggled his eyebrows, so the young reporter mumbled a second "Yes, sir," and departed, wondering.

Colonel Post was very interesting to us youngsters; and amusing, too, at times. He seemed always to be posing. There was, however, some excuse for it, since he bestrode his seventy years with grace, and now rode gallantly into our callow midst from dim decades long since festooned with romance. Even we boys reared in the South spotted him as a professional Southerner, but we didn't dare sneer because he so often lived up to the finest traditions of his self-imposed rôle. Spectacular and peppery he was, but even while one smiled and contemplated asking him where he got his title, there would be a flash of gold.

Later that afternoon an amusing coincidence occurred, and the mystery became even more interesting. Another star-eyed youth on the reportorial staff confronted Colonel Post and said, "I think there's a story in this; but I will tell you about it first. The fashionable set out on The Heights has gone dippy

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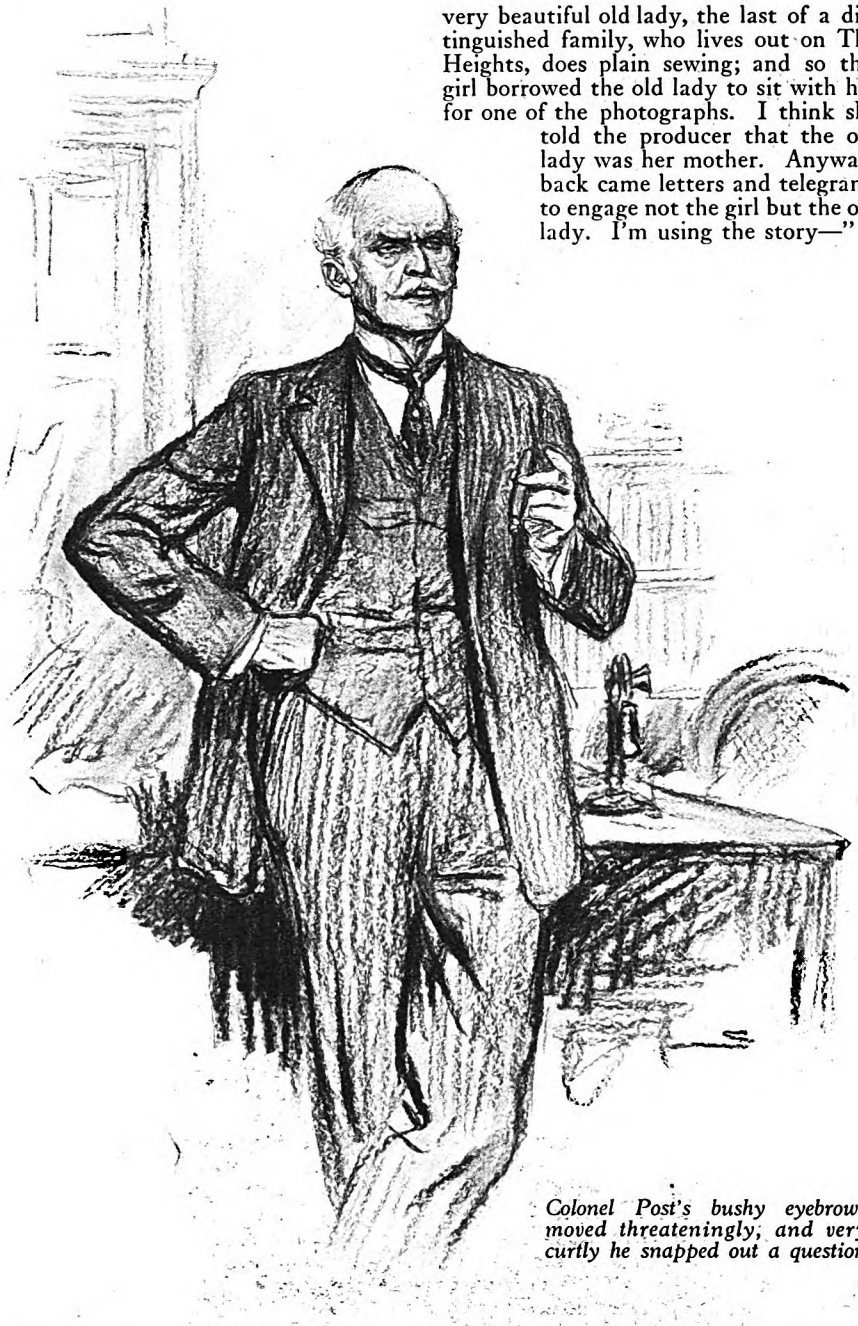

Colonel Post's bushy eyebrows moved threateningly, and very curtly he snapped out a question

about an old lady who sews for them; she is one of the most beautiful creatures I have ever seen; the young matrons out there have her at their receptions and dinner parties as a sort of assistant to the hostess, because her manners are so charming and she, herself, is so beautiful. Any woman lucky enough to employ her advances her social standing."

"Is her name Jackson?" asked Colonel Post curtly.

"Yes, sir."

"Let her alone."

"Yes, sir."

BUT the subject of Mrs. Jackson, beautiful widow of an officer in the Confederate Army, persistently recurred. Scarcely a week passed before another eager-eyed young man entered Colonel Post's private office, and remarked, "I've got a peach of a story for the Sunday dramatic page. There's a kid of a girl out on The Heights who is movie struck, so she had some pictures made and sent them to a producer in California. There is a very beautiful old lady, the last of a distinguished family, who lives out on The Heights, does plain sewing; and so this girl borrowed the old lady to sit with her for one of the photographs. I think she told the producer that the old lady was her mother. Anyway, back came letters and telegrams to engage not the girl but the old lady. I'm using the story—"

"You are not," said Colonel Post. "Why, what is the objection?"

"That, young squirrel, is my business."

"Must I kill the story?"

"You must."

There were now three aggrieved young men, nursing their resentment as they labored over less interesting items, and in due time they pooled their woes.

"I," said the one who looked curiously like myself, "am going to find out about this." And the youngster to whom he spoke remarked, "I'll bet there's a love affair of the vintage of 1860 back of it."

"That," said the third, "is my guess. Just for the fun of it, let's undertake a little research in early American romance. The colonel, according to local folklore, was fond of the ladies, and unless they were blind—" The sentence remained unfinished; but a moment later the speaker said: "Let's do a little sleuthing and meet tomorrow evening at six at Carter's Restaurant."

During the succeeding two weeks they met four or five times, and on the last of these occasions the young man who (now that I think of it) must have been myself said: "I have talked with Mrs. Jackson. She knew Colonel Post, casually, years ago, she said. Her husband and the colonel had business relations and were good friends. I asked her about her husband's war record, but she wouldn't say a word; just dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief and made me feel like a criminal. She's a very wonderful woman. Not brilliant, just sweet. Scarcely says anything. And all the while you want to touch her hand and tell her how lovely she is. No wonder the women are foolish about her. I asked four or five of them who her husband was, but they don't even know his initials. She has referred to him once or twice as 'general.' That's all they know. She doesn't talk much."

SO THE next young man made his report: "I looked up whole volumes of Civil War Jacksons," he said. "She doesn't fit in with any of the big ones. At least I don't think so. Jackson is not an unusual name. Maybe her husband was a lieutenant and became a general by courtesy after the war. Others have."

And so the third young man made his report: "I've been talking with several men," he said, "who have known the colonel for thirty years or more. They recall enough hectic love affairs to make it rather remarkable that the colonel survives; especially that he survives as a bachelor. I got one clue that I'm still working on: the beautiful Mrs. Jackson, they think, had one son, who went East to college years ago and never came back. They are not sure that this is the same Mrs. Jackson; but Colonel Post, they say, used to send money orders to a young man named Jackson who was in college."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed two young men in chorus. And then the three of them nearly fell out of their chairs, for Colonel Post was towering above their supper table and speaking. Fortunately, he was speaking cordially. Otherwise, heart failure.

"Good evening, boys," he said.

"Thank heaven," I sighed, "he is smiling. Perhaps, after all, he did not hear."

"When I see three heads so close together," he remarked. "I take it that there is a good story in the telling." The colonel, we judged, was in a mood for fraternizing. It was his custom to unbend occasionally, and wipe out the recollection of curt orders. The three young men looked at each other guiltily. "Don't be afraid of shocking my gray hairs," he persisted. "Let's have the story. Out with it! I haven't laughed out loud today."

"There isn't any," I finally said. "We were embarrassed because we had just been roasting you for killing our feature stories about Mrs. Jackson."

"Well," he drawled with expansive good nature, "many a good feature story has to remain unpublished. I, myself, know one that it seems a pity must go to the grave with me. Fact of the matter is, it shouldn't." He looked at us searchingly, and at least one of the young men gulped.

"I have a plan for saving that story," he continued. "I'm going to write it and seal it. I shall address the envelope to one of you three young men. No gentleman would use it until the principals are dead;

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not because it is disgraceful but because it is embarrassing. I am one of the principals. Now, the next question is which of you gets it. I'm going to summon that blackest waiter over at the far table. If he hasn't got a pair of dice on his person, then my observations of his race, which cover more than half a century, have been in vain. We will borrow his pair of dice, and by using them determine which one of you three young men gets the story. What do you say to that?"

We were delighted. Also, relieved. Beyond question the colonel was in a genial mood, whether he had overheard us or not. We felt sure that he was promising us the story of Mrs. Jackson, and as each lad in turn threw the dice he breathed on them fervently.

I won. That is to say, I won the dice game. Colonel Post never wrote the story. He left us after a pleasant dinner, went to his room at the club, and was found there the following morning, having died peacefully and without pain, while asleep.

I WENT to the lawyer who took charge of Colonel Post's effects. There was just a bare chance, I thought, that he might have written the story. If so, it would be in a sealed envelope addressed to me. Had any such envelope been found? No. But there was another letter; open, no envelope, no address, and the contents were difficult to understand. Could I give the administrator any assistance? Might I know who Mrs. Jackson was, without the aid of initials, first name, or address? Yes; I thought I might.

"I'm very glad to hear that," aid the lawyer. "Here is the letter. Please read it."

My dear Mrs. Jackson [I read from a plain sheet of bond paper], I am sending you herewith the funds of the General Jackson Memorial University. As you know, I objected to receiving these funds; but young Stonewall was bull-headed, and I have them anyway. It is my wish, as I have written him many times, that he should administer this fund. Since he declines, I place the money in your hands in the hope that you will eventually be able to convince him of his duty. With assurances of my high esteem and best wishes, I remain, dear madam, Sincerely yours,

T. H. Post.

"What do you make of it?" asked the lawyer.

"I don't know," I said. "There is no such university and no such person as young Stonewall. No amount is mentioned in this letter. Was there a check attached to it?"

"No. There was eighteen hundred and fifty dollars in currency in the letter. He evidently intended to send it by messenger. Queer sort of proceeding."

"Did he leave a will?" I asked.

"Yes. Everything goes to local charities. He had no surviving near relations. The question with regard to this money, of course, is, whose is it?"

"I am uneasy about this," I said, drawing my chair nearer.

"So am I," said the lawyer. "I knew Colonel Post many years; and, I thought, intimately. But it seems I was mistaken. Could you conduct me to this Mrs. Jackson? I feel an intuition that we had best handle this matter as quietly as possible."

THAT evening we called on Mrs. Jackson. She lived in an old stone house with a wide veranda; not a big house, but the lines were Colonial. Standing alone, I think it would have been regarded as rather a shabby house; but it was surrounded now by many new bungalows flaunting garish paint, and they gave it, by contrast, immense dignity. This old house had been here when what we now called The Heights was pasture land.

Mrs. Jackson received us with stately courtesy, and I remember catching a glimpse of the lawyer as his eyes opened wide. Like everyone who met her, he was not only impressed but subdued. I knew instantly that the interview would be in her hands. And it was.

As soon as we were seated, he explained his mission, showed her the letter, and waited for her to read it.

"It is his money," she said, dismissing the matter with a smile, and folding the letter.

"But this appears to call for explanation," he suggested humbly.

"I don't think so. No one will claim the money. It is his, and this letter is mine, so I shall keep it."

"Are you very sure the money is his?"

"Yes, sir. Positive."

"And you wouldn't like to explain the meaning of this letter?"

"I would prefer not to. The money is his."

The lawyer pondered. No sum was mentioned in the (*Continued on page 167*)

"I'm going to tell you the story and you can furnish your own seals," said Mrs. Jackson

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FAIR ELLEN
the Sightless—*and* Happy

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

SHE was the downiest and goldenest and prettiest and strongest of all that baby collie family—the greatest litter of pups we have been able, thus far, to raise at Sunnybank. There were five of them. She was the only female in the lot. I named her "Sunnybank Fair Ellen;" and I dreamed of a great future for her in the show-ring.

Her sire was my flawless champion Sunnybank Sigurd—the "Treve" of my stories. Her dam was my Sunnybank Alton Andeen, a dog of rare beauty and wealth of show points. Behind the golden baby glittered a long double line of champion ancestors. Do you wonder we hoped grand things for her?

One of the myriad non-killable misstatements about dogs is that pups open their eyes on the ninth day. Not once in five times do the shut lids open then. Far oftener the youngsters do not begin to see until they are anywhere from eleven to fourteen days old.

On the tenth day, Fair Ellen's biggest brother—later to become my Champion Sunnybank Sigurdson—opened his eyes. Next day his fiery brother, Sunnybank Cavalier, followed suit. Sunnybank Explorer and Sunnybank Jamie, on the twelfth day, displayed beady black eyes where puckered lids had been.

The fourteenth day, the fifteenth and the twentieth day, came and went. Fair Ellen was sturdier and cleverer than any of the others. She learned to lap warm milk from a dish while they were still hopelessly puzzled by the mystery of that new form of feeding. But her eyes did not open.

Then, when she was a day or two more than a month old, the lids parted. But no hatpin-head pupils shone forth. Instead, the entire eye was covered by a thick membrane, known as a "haw." That meant I must wait until she should be old enough and strong enough to stand the simple—yet sometimes perilous operation of having the haws removed.

Meanwhile, she was queen of the brood-nest quintet. She romped in clumsy vigor with her four less agile brothers; and she demanded and took the lion's share of the food dish's cargo. She throve mightily; and she began to develop a trick of finding her way around the nest by sense of smell and of hearing.

When the pups were graduated to the big puppy-yard, it was the same. Fair Ellen explored every inch of the yard before the others could muster courage and strength to toddle half way across it. There was no awkwardness now in her step. But there was, daily, more and more of caution in it. This, after she had collided painfully with water dish and feed pan and runway corners and with wire-swathed tree trunks.

I was watching her with ever-increasing interest. I noted that she never collided a second time with the same thing. Always, thereafter, the wisely sightless baby knew enough to come to a halt before she could run into it; or else she made a wide semicircle around it.

Now, this implied not only brain, but a certain reasoning power. And I augured more and more for her future qualities as a house dog and chum. It is by such seemingly trivial traits that I decide which puppies are going to show the true collie cleverness, and which are likely to grow up less brilliant. There was nothing stupid about Sunnybank Fair Ellen.

I noticed something else—her brothers, Sigurdson and Explorer and Cavalier (Jamie somehow had found and swallowed a piece of glass, on one of his rambles around the grounds, outside the puppy yard, and had died) were as rough as young bears in their romps with one another. But, for some occult reason, they were queerly gentle with their eye-veiled little sister.

At last, when Ellen was three months old, I sent for a skilled veterinary to operate on her eyes. More than once, partial haws have been removed carelessly or awkwardly from a collie's eyes; and blindness has followed. I was resolved that this misfortune should not befall the little golden dog I was growing so fond of. So I chose a veterinary who was pre-eminent in his profession. He came and looked Ellen over. Then he said:

"I'll operate. But I warn you there isn't much chance of success. See, she carries her left eye half shut, while her right eye is unnaturally wide-open. Unless I am mistaken, there is no sight in either eye. I believe both of them are filmed."

He removed the membranes skilfully. Then I saw he had been right in his glum forecast. A thick gray film covered each eye. There was no sight behind the film. His tests showed that.

MY BEAUTIFUL little golden collie was stone-blind.

She had always been blind. Always she would be blind. The springtime world around us was vivid with blue and gold, and ablaze with sunlight. But Ellen was living in eternal blackness. Ahead of her stretched a future without a glint of light in it. The thick haws had masked total blindness. From birth, no trace of sight had been in those mismated eyes of hers. To death, there could be no hope for her to see.

There seemed but one thing left for me to do. And, sick at heart, I prepared to do it. I had grown fond of the gallant and gay golden youngster; and I hated to shoot her. Yet—

"I am going to put her out of her misery," I told the Mistress.

"She has no misery to be put out of," answered the Mistress. "She is having a beautiful time in life. She doesn't know anything better. She thinks everyone and everything is like herself. Why should you kill her, while she is so happy? Wait till she finds out she is afflicted. Is there so much happiness in the world that you should kill something that has found it?"

PERHAPS that was maudlin sentimentality. Perhaps it was splendid wisdom. In any case, it was enough to make me take the shells out of my gun, with an odd sense of relief. The Mistress has a habit of being in the right. More and more, during the past twenty-six years or so, I have discovered that.

So Fair Ellen lived on.

Let me digress for a half-minute; to disarm or waive the criticism of any wise utilitarian who may chance to read this. I make no defense for handicapping my Sunnybank collie kennels with an inmate which, at that time, gave not the slightest prospect of being able to repay a penny of the somewhat high cost of her keep.

A blind dog cannot be taken to a dog-show. The American Kennel Club rules sensibly forbid that. A blind dog might well (for all I knew) have blind or otherwise defective offspring. There was every chance of Fair Ellen's remaining an unremunerative drag on my kennels for the rest of her days. I was foolish not to shoot her. I admit that, at the outset. There was no argument against it; except—well, it was springtime, and she was having a right jolly life there in the big puppy yard. And one is a long time dead.

My own observation has been that many a professional dog breeder looks upon his dogs with about the same tender affection that a garbage collector lavishes upon his garbage. At all events, seldom have I seen an aged or crippled or blind or otherwise non-asset dog kept on in such a breeder's kennels. No doubt there are exceptions; many of them. But I have seen few.

I make no apology for letting Fair Ellen live. The less so, because she has led a gorgeously happy little life of her own, for these past six years, and she gives sign of keeping on in much the same way until the end.

I say "life of her own," because, ever since puppyhood, she has lived to herself and by herself (*Continued on page 120*)

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Drawn from life by Charles Livingston Bull

SUNNYBANK FAIR ELLEN is one of Mr. Terhune's favorite dogs. She is blind, and has been always, but she has a great time. Ellen knows the location of all permanent objects about her master's grounds, so she romps and runs with considerable freedom. She is a dog of high intelligence, and is one of the most devoted of dog mothers.

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Walter Sherman Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, one of the outstanding figures in the new era of business, is but forty-three years old. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, of which he is president, employs, with its subsidiaries and connected concerns, 350,000 persons, and has assets of three and a half billion dollars. "The past was a period when one man prospered chiefly at the expense of his neighbor," says Mr. Gifford. "But today in America, we are building a new civilization, not on the conquest of our fellow men, but on the conquest of nature. Today the experimenter is the heart of business."

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DAYS of Drudgery Will Soon be Over

An interview with WALTER S. GIFFORD, head of the biggest industrial corporation in America

Reported by
SHERMAN GWINN

IT WAS nearing four o'clock in the morning. The house, the city, all of the Western world was asleep, but still I twirled the dials of the radio, searching the air.

At midnight the last Eastern station had signed off. An hour later and the Mid-West had said good night. Finally the last faint broadcast of the Pacific Coast had ceased, and from ocean to ocean the dying night was silent, except for the wind and the moan of straining trees!

But a spirit of adventure held me to the dials. It is a part of my work to search for the unusual—and the usual of the night had all passed; the regular programs which everybody hears were done. If any lone broadcaster now took up his microphone, I reasoned, he surely would not be commonplace, the commonplace just doesn't happen at four o'clock A. M.

So I waited. Suddenly the loud speaker came to life. The strains of a march, swift and triumphant, filled the room and Sousa himself seemed to step from a shadowed corner as the bars of his "Stars and Stripes Forever" swelled forth in martial challenge!

What strange station was this? I wondered. What purpose was behind this broadcasting of a march known to every schoolboy, while the whole country slept?

Presently came silence again; and then a crisp, matter-of-fact voice announced out of the night:

"You are listening to Experimental Station 3XN of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, at Whippany, New Jersey. These numbers are by phonograph records. The next will be 'O Sole Mio,' sung by Caruso."

Whereupon the lone program went on, though the hour hand of the clock crept toward five and the blackness of the night faded into gray. Nor would my wonder have been less had I known, that dawn, what I later was to learn: that in Experimental Station 3XN I had stumbled onto one of the outposts of a far-flung army, an army engaged in the greatest industrial warfare of all time!

Come with me to 195 Broadway, New York, to the office of Walter S. Gifford. As president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Mr. Gifford heads the biggest industrial organization in America. This company, with its associated operating companies that comprise the huge Bell System, and with its manufacturing unit and subsidiary and connecting concerns in the United States and Canada, gives employment to 350,000 men and women, and has assets of three and a half billions of dollars. The length of its wires mounts to the stupendous total of 57,000,000 miles. It daily serves more people than any other business organization on earth.

"I BELIEVE the world's work can and will be done with less labor and with more comfort than it is being done today," says Mr. Gifford. "The future, if I am correct, is going to add appreciably to our hours of leisure and our industrial freedom.

"The housewife more and more is going to see her work lightened and shortened by electricity. The farmer is going to find himself with plenty of time on his hands to do other things than run his farm. Machinery will increasingly take the load off men's shoulders in our factories. Every one of us will have more chance to do what he wills, which means greater opportunity, both materially and spiritually."

The Bell Laboratories, together with the experimental radio station at Whippany, are owned by the A. T. and T. Company. It was this fact which led me to Mr. Gifford, and to a major theme that is already ringing its changes in the lives of every one of us.

"The test program to which you listened from 3XN was part of our work in the development of an improved transmitting equipment," said Mr. Gifford. "That in itself is important, enough so to keep skilled engineers up until daybreak. Anything might result from it, because it represents a phase of man's effort to conquer space. But in a larger sense it is but one small sign of a new trend and a new spirit in American industry, which, in time, may remake our world.

"When all the production of industry would little more than feed, clothe, and shelter the population, if one man got richer many others had to get poorer. When power was furnished by men and beasts, almost the only way to increase output was to load more toil and longer days onto the laboring man. When there were no time-saving devices, costs were reduced by lowering wages. And when the people were poor and consumption limited, business prospered by destroying its rivals. The past was the period when one man prospered chiefly at the expense of his neighbor.

"THE present, and particularly the future, are the periods when all men prosper by the utilization of natural forces. Today in America we are building a new civilization, not on the conquest of our fellow men but on the conquest of nature. A new battle line has been drawn with science and organization on the one side and the unknown material forces that dam man's progress on the other. Those engineers working through the wee hours of the night at Whippany were engaged in the new warfare of industry in a spirit totally different from that of the past.

"I don't say that we have wiped out all of the old abuses, but the abuses have become the exceptions. The business which attains preëminence in its field today is the one that contributes new power and greater service to the public, not merely one which supplants a rival in doing only what that rival did. The man who becomes master is he who can perfect the best method.

"The old type (*Continued on page 148*)

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QUIT Picking *on* Yourself

By WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.

Cartoons by F. G. Cooper

RALPH was next to the youngest in a very gifted and talented family of nine children. Among his older brothers and sisters were the champion debater of the local high school, an athletic brother who had all but broken a half-dozen track records, a sister who was a talented musician, and another sister who was no mean painter. But Ralph didn't seem to have any special gifts. He used to hear his father and mother remark on the fact that he didn't appear to be as talented as the other children, and wonder what he would ever amount to. Naturally, poor overshadowed Ralph grew up with the feeling that he was practically a nit-wit.

Although he finished high school with fairly good grades, he refused to go to college. He was afraid he would flunk and disgrace the family. So he went to work in the business world and developed more and more into a melancholy lad, with repressed emotions. By the time he was twenty he had a first class, A-No. 1 inferiority complex working twenty-four hours of the day.

Ralph became so nervous and despondent that his father brought him to me, saying, "Doctor, there must be something wrong with this boy. He is so unlike his brothers and sisters. He doesn't seem to take an interest in anything, and he is getting worse."

A thorough overhauling of Ralph revealed just one thing—a deep-seated, well-grounded inferiority complex. He felt he was destined to be a failure in life, and that settled it. When he opened up to tell his story, he wept profusely about it. He had often thought of running away from his family to save them from the humiliation of his presence, but he doubted his ability to make a living. His inferiority complex kept him from picking up and striking out for himself, which in his case would have been the making of him. It was impossible to talk him out of his melancholy state.

I had several conversations with his mother, and learned that the only thing for which he had been commended in high school was his essays. Thereupon I conceived the idea that he might have some latent ability as a writer. I thought I would take a chance and try to develop it, so I sent for Ralph and pitched right into him. I asked him to produce a thesis of some sort within thirty days and submit it to me. He did, and for a first attempt it was quite good. After criticizing it and having it revised, I asked him to write a second one, and then a third. The third struck me as being good enough to sell. But Ralph started in at his old tricks. No;

he had no interest in such things; it wasn't any good anyway; it would come back; he couldn't write—thus ran the tenor of his comments. But I insisted that he send his manuscript to a list of magazines.

FIVE times the article was rejected, but the sixth time a check for fifty dollars came. Ralph came over to see me. I never saw such a change in a human being in my life. There was fire in his eyes, his face was lighted with enthusiasm, even the tone of his voice had changed. Clenching his fist, he pounded the desk, and said, "Gee, but it's great to find out you can do something! I have thought of half a dozen other things I want to do. I'm going to sit on top of the world from now on."

Well, that is about all there is to this story. Ralph's promotions have been rapid. He has a position of trust with his firm, and has written two books and scores of magazine articles. He has no desire to give up his connection with the business world to become an author. He knows that he is not a literary world-beater, but his writing serves as an emotional outlet, an avenue of self-expression. It is the club that successfully swatted his inferiority complex, and beat it into a shapeless pulp.

While it may be a bit far-fetched for parents to try to raise every boy with the Presidency of the United States in view, it is better to suggest the improbable, and even the impossible, to our children, rather than speak to them in a disparaging and discouraging way about their future prospects. It is easier to curb an exaggeration of ego in a child than fight an inferiority complex.

We should all be willing to recognize and admit our shortcomings and faults; but when we get into the habit of *picking* on ourselves, finding fault with ourselves over trifles; when we feel on an equality with the worms—there's trouble ahead.

AS a physician, I am constantly meeting hyperconscientious individuals, who, having done their best, always blame themselves for not having done better. I recently asked a middle-aged woman patient what her real trouble was and, after thinking for a moment, she said:

"Well, I guess my difficulty is that I am never satisfied with anything I do. Even when I know I've done my best, I feel I might have done better, and blame myself for my deficiencies."

Now, people who fall into this terrible rut of chronically chiding themselves are never going to amount to anything. Just because they can't write like Shakespeare or play like Kreisler is no reason why they should crawl into their holes and sit bemoaning their fates. I don't believe in smug self-satisfaction, but I do believe in a wise understanding of our limitations.

I have a dear friend who is a bit of a problem to me. He makes life miserable for himself and others by continually apologizing. I never meet him that he does not apologize for something or other. He is always afraid that he has hurt someone's feelings or slighted a friend in some way or other. He cannot get into a good-natured discussion and take sides without apologizing for his opinions, which, he fears, may wound the susceptibilities of someone present. It's getting beyond a joke. He'll soon be apologizing for encumbering the earth.

I've told this man that, in order to cure himself of this distressing habit, he'll have to follow, for a time at least, the advice of the famous man who said, "Never apologize and never explain." It's going to be hard, but having got off on the wrong foot something drastic has to be done. I believe in apologies when apologies are due; but there is no need to explain and apologize every step of the way.

This man's habit of apologizing, which is a reflection of his own keen sensitiveness to slights, imaginary and otherwise,

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has completely colored his world. Fearful lest his most insignificant action be misinterpreted, he launches forth into a long explanation, and then apologizes for having to explain.

My friend, in order to be cured of his inferiority complex, has to grow another layer of skin, so that his epidermis won't be pricked by every slight; he must learn that few people go around with the deliberate intent to wound others. He must also learn that continual apologizing is lowering to one's self-respect and esteem. It's a curious thing about this man: although he has an inferiority complex he is, at the same time, the victim of an inflated ego. The fact that he feels everyone is criticizing his conduct or feeling slighted over some little lapse of courtesy on his part shows how important he imagines himself to be in the lives of others. A deflation of his ego will put him on the right road to solving his problem, because just as soon as he realizes everything he does is not so all-fired important to others, he won't feel the need to explain and apologize.

RECENTLY I met a business man who picked on himself so hard that he made himself sick. He worried over minor things in his business dealings. He kept debating with himself as to whether this or that particular transaction was absolutely right and fair. Finally, he reached the point where to make a profit in a business transaction was wrong: he was taking unfair advantage of his fellow men.

This attitude of mind, of course, couldn't continue, if the man was to keep his health and his business. A number of conversations revealed the trouble. He had had his mind stirred up on this subject by a verse in the Bible condemning usury. He began worrying about what usury was. And the more he worried, the more rundown he became.

Finally, he fell a victim to the idea that any reasonable profit was profiteering. When we once got to the bottom of the trouble it was just a question of bringing him back to normalcy again by building up his health and disabusing his mind of the profiteering idea. Eventually he saw things from a common-sense standpoint.

A lot of our troubles could be side-stepped if we would only check ourselves up in reference to common sense. The average viewpoint is usually fairly sane, natural, and normal, and we should always take stock of ourselves when we move very far to either extreme as regards normal reactions of normal men and women to the problems of daily life.

While writing this article, I received a letter from a woman, now almost fifty years of age, in which she tells the story of the gradual development of an inferiority complex. The letter is helpful, as it shows how such a complex develops. She says:

"When a child, if I complained of pain or of feeling tired, my mother would say, 'You're just like your aunt Emma. She always had pain somewhere, and she never amounted to anything.' My parents were always too tired or too irritable to hear of my troubles, so I began to shut up like a clam. I remember what a tremendous impression it made on my young mind when my parents would say, 'It is strange she hasn't any common sense.' And sometimes they would startle me by exclaiming, 'Haven't you any sense at all?' I really believe that this fear of not having the average common sense has been sticking in my mind ever since.

"BUT the climax came when I was fourteen and my father punished me severely for something I did not do. This punishment was very humiliating, and it caused me not only to distrust parental love but it was a great blow to my personality.

"In this state of mind I did not get along well at school, so my parents decided I should go to work. I was too cowed, too afraid to say anything; but I did a lot of thinking. I was put to work in a factory. Up before six o'clock in the morning, and worn out at night, too tired to make any trouble, I guess, when I got home. About this time I got hold of a book that gave me a little religious consolation, or I don't know what would have happened. The people with whom I worked were all older than I, and I was so green that I afforded them a great deal of amusement. This all contributed to the formation of a deep-seated inferiority complex.

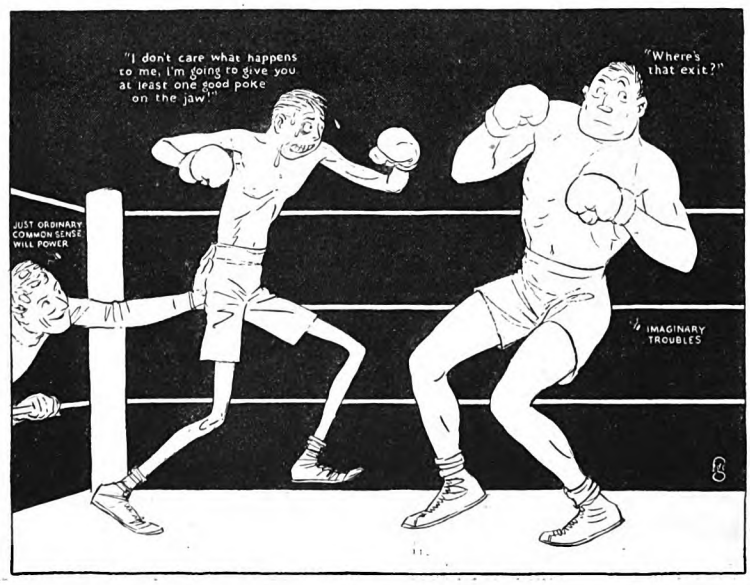
"About this time something went wrong with my heart, and I couldn't work regularly; and then, when I would stay home, I can remember hearing them say, 'Well, she can work when she wants to. I don't see where she gets this lazy streak.'

"In a short time I found lighter work at very small wages, and this also contributed to lowering my self-respect. But I sometimes wonder what I might have been if I had only had a reasonable chance.

"I am afraid to trust my own judgment. I don't want to face any responsibility.

"Even when people try to be nice to me, I have such a twisted view of things that I am afraid. I think it is because they are sorry for me, because they pity me. I recall what my

(*Continued on page 117*)



Be Yourself!

By Arthur Guiterman

WHEN out for a walk, while the town was sleeping,
I saw a little Ant on an ant-hill, weeping;
His tears rolled down with a splash and a spatter
Till I sobbed, "Little Ant, what's the mat-mat-matter?"
He moaned as he gestured with his long antennæ,
"I'm just no good, and I'm not worth a penny;
I long to be a Bird, or a great big Mammal,
An Elephant, a Gnu, a Giraffe, or a Camel;
I wish and I would, but there's no use a-tryin',
For I can't be a Buffalo, a Leopard, nor a Lion;
The world is so huge and I am so wee,
And there isn't any place for a mite like me!"

I soothed the little Ant with my courtesy meticulous
And said, "Noble friend, this is utterly ridiculous.
I don't know a lot, yet I know mighty well if Ants
Live as they should they're as worthwhile as Elephants.
We've overmuch of Lionhood and loads of Elephantery;
The need of all the Universe is pure and perfect Antery.
A silver dime is better than a pewtery simoleon,
A true John Brown than a try-to-be Napoleon.
Then be what you can, never mind what you can't;
Mere Lions must be Lions, but You are an Ant!"

The little Ant considered, and he finished up his worrying,
And soon he was hurrying and flurrying and scurrying,
Piling grains of sand while it seemed that he would never rest
Until he'd made the ant-heap high as Mount Everest,
Butting into flowers till his head was all polleny,
Gathering provisions for the whole Ant colony.
And when I came again, the hill was swarming;
The Queen was there, and her generals were forming
The big bull Ants and the tiniest rapscallions
In regiments, brigades, divisions, and battalions
With military bands; for the eager population
Was tendering the Ant a magnificent ovation,
While the bass drum boomed and the bagpipe skirled,
"He's the finest little Ant in the whole wide world!"

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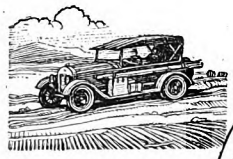
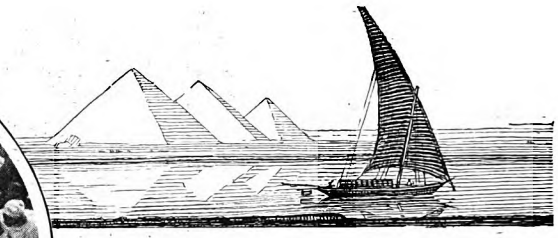


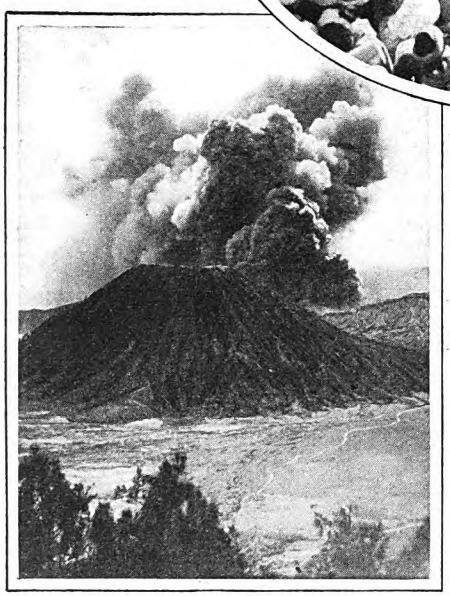
DECORATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

A Moorish Holy Man "curing" an invalid by the laying-on-of-feet method. If the patient survives the treatment, he should have no trouble in surviving the disease



I have the most Job on

By E. ALEXANDER



An eruption of Bromo, an active volcano in Eastern Java. The eruptions of Bromo are not serious as a rule

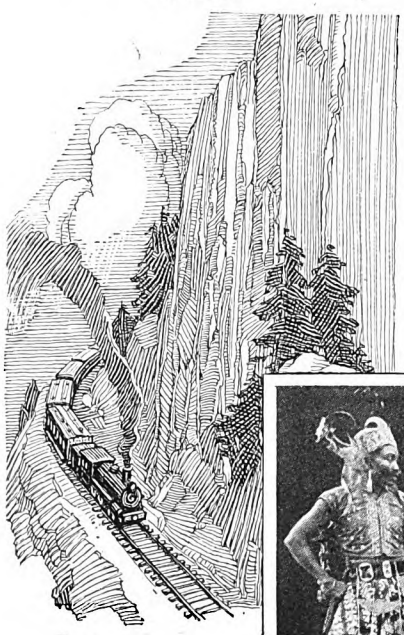
TO SPEND nine or ten months of every year in the Outlands, often along the very Edge of Things, in quest of the unusual, the fantastic, the strange; to view world dramas from the wings; to watch the wheels of history go round; to talk with those who have achieved notoriety, celebrity, or fame; and, through the medium of the printed page, to tell other people what I have heard and seen—that would be considered an interesting job, judged by almost any standards, wouldn't it?

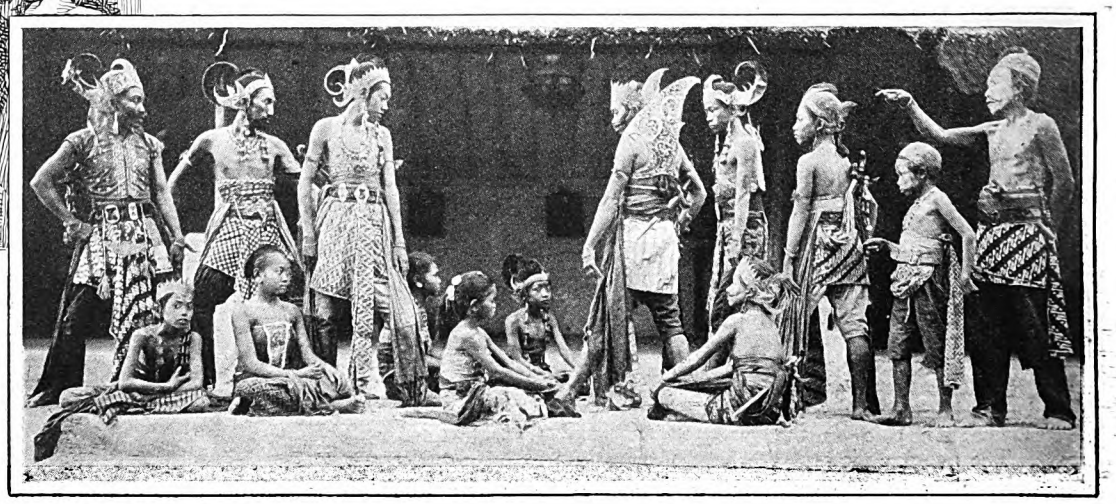
But I am somewhat perplexed when it comes to describing my vocation. Perhaps I would come nearest to it by describing myself as a literary free-lance, a writer of fortune. By this I mean that I write on my own initiative, choosing my own subjects, seeking my material wherever interest or adventure beckons, and disposing of the products of my typewriter wherever I can find the most profitable market. I am in no one's employ.

In quest of material I have covered the habitable globe. I have marched with armies, flown in airplanes and dirigibles, been captured by nomads, camped with cannibals, photographed head-hunters, lived in bombarded cities, witnessed massacres and executions, crossed deserts and ice-fields, penetrated jungles, floated down tropic rivers, and employed every means of transportation from dog teams to elephants. I have "covered" events ranging from international cup races to championship prize-fights, from revolutions to coronations; I have sat at table with emperors, kings, presidents, and sultans. Incidentally, I have been an advertising manager in London, a consul in Syria and Egypt, the leader of a motion-picture expedition in Malaysia, an officer of the American Expeditionary Forces—but these were only interludes.

Let me make it amply clear that for having seen and done the things I have mentioned I deserve not the slightest credit, for they have been part and parcel of my job. They have provided me with my bread and butter.

MY JOURNALISTIC experience was obtained during the two years when I worked as a reporter. The only literary training I ever had was acquired in the well-known College of Experience. Some people take up writing because they feel the literary urge; others because they feel the spur of necessity. I belong in the latter category. Shortly after my marriage, I obtained a position in London as adver-





"The Follies of Bali," or something like that. Anyway, they're native actors in the Dutch East Indies. Fourteen (count 'em), fourteen in the cast!

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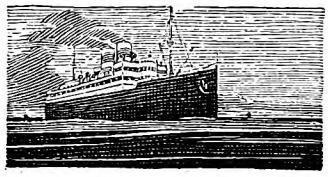
Interesting

Earth

POWELL



Getting a lift from the natives. Colonel Powell traveling by filanzana in the highlands of Madagascar

tising manager of an American typewriter company. We had a little cottage down in Hertfordshire, and everything was running smoothly. Then came a sudden financial depression, our advertising appropriation was abruptly cut off, and almost before I realized what had happened I found myself walking the streets of London, with a month's pay in my pocket, looking for a job.

"Why don't you try writing?" my wife inquired one evening when I came home, tired and disheartened, from my fruitless quest.

"What shall I write about?" I demanded.

"You might try an article on sport," she suggested hopefully. "Or on horses. Those are subjects which are sure to interest every Englishman."

As it happened, I had been familiar with horses, their breeding and training, since my childhood, and, having nothing better to do over the week-end, I pounded out an article and mailed it to the magazine which was, and still is, the recognized authority on English sport and country life. I never dreamed that it would be accepted; but a week later I received a check for ten guineas. Better still, it was accompanied by a note from the editor asking for more articles in the same vein. For some months I turned them out regularly, and they were as regularly accepted and paid for. Then one day the editor asked me to run up to town and see him.

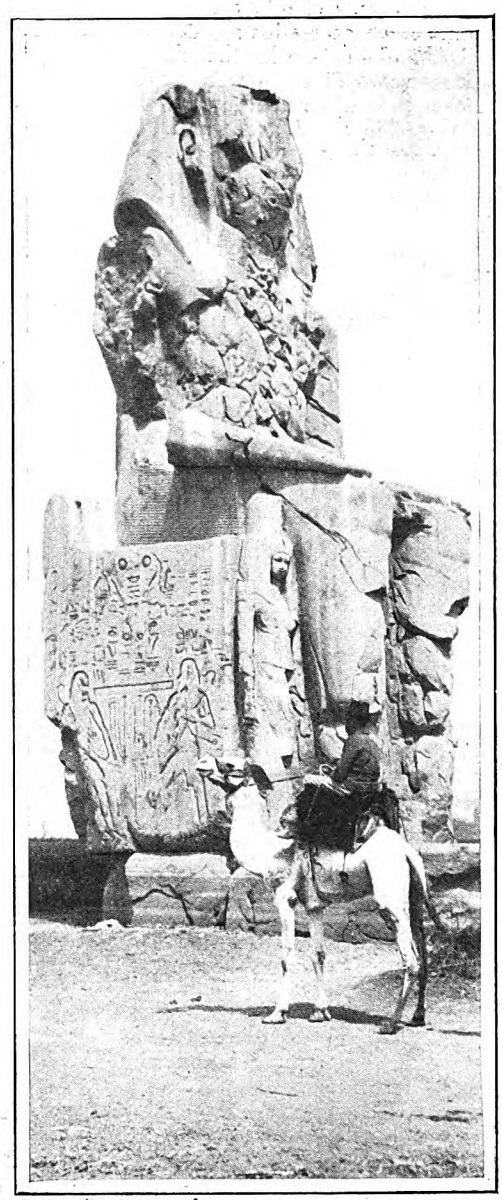
"Look here, young fellah," he began abruptly, "the Duke of Beaufort, who owns this magazine, has taken quite a fancy to your articles. Rather different from the ordinary run of stuff, y'know. His Grace wants you to do a series for us on 'Royal Homes of Sport.' Twenty guineas apiece and your expenses. Are you on?"

Was I? No one ever embraced an opportunity as suddenly as I did that one. A week later, I was off for the Continent. On that trip I visited the sporting estates and breeding establishments of the Czar, the German and Austrian emperors, the kings of Italy and Spain, and the president of France. And there wasn't one of them who didn't make me welcome, for rulers are no different from common folk in their liking for favorable write-ups. Moreover, everyone likes to read about royalty, particularly royalty at play, and the articles made a decided hit.

Meanwhile, I had been gathering material for other articles, which I succeeded in selling to American magazines. In a year I was earning twice as much as I had received from the typewriter company.

WHEN, four and a half years later, I returned to the United States, I found myself a stranger in my own land. But Lady Luck still had a friendly eye on me, for the first editor on whom I called asked if I had anything definite in mind. I had carefully rehearsed that interview, for I realized how much depended on it, and I outlined a series of articles that I had planned. "Sounds good," he said briefly. "Tell the treasurer how much you need for expenses and go to it." And I have been going—to Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea—ever since.

Unless a writer is fortunate enough to have an independent income, he can't pick and choose until he has (*Continued on page 171*)



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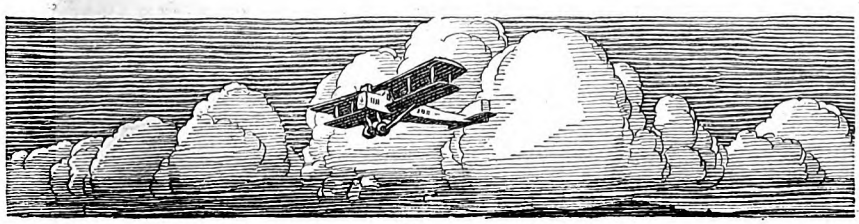
One of the Colossi of "Memnon" at Thebes, Egypt. This great statue was once attached to the funerary temple of Amenophis III. It is more than three thousand years since Amenophis ruled in Egypt



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"I did it for

Two I Love

Troona and a collie dog"

A story by

DIXIE WILLSON

ON a farm where a Norwegian named Furmil Peterson lived were sixty or seventy broken orchard trees, the ground under them a muck of rotted fruit.

One Sunday in hot late August, a bare-legged fourteen-year-old boy, with a collie dog, was out on the dusty stretch of Peterson's road, the dog yapping at shadows, catching at blowing leaves, jumping at grasshoppers. The boy had a sack of apples slung across his shoulders, a stick in his hand for the collie to hunt and fetch, and the two of them were poking in a gopher hole when the boy saw Peterson coming. He stood and waited for him.

"Hello, Peterson," he said.

"Le' go that sack!" Peterson shouted, too angry to care that he shouted when he didn't need to shout. "I'll learn ya' to steal!"

He shut his hand like a clamp on the boy's arm, reached for a buggy whip hid in the weeds and curled the lash around those bare thin legs once, twice! Red welts came up like streaks of a raw burn! The collie yelped—caught Peterson's clothes in his teeth. Peterson kicked the dog's belly.

"Leave that dog be," the boy panted. "He ain't done nothin'!"

"Nor he won't," Peterson snarled, and struck the butt of his whip with ugly strength against the dog's neck. A little whine, a convulsive doubling together—and the collie fell into the grass. The boy cried out—wrenched away from Peterson—stumbled to his knees, and caught the yellow body against him.

"You—you Peterson," he choked. His face drained of every drop of color. "I'll pay you—you—Peterson! Some day I'll get everything you've got! I'll—I'll—"

The dog jerked with a crying, piteous breath. The boy hid his face against the quivering ears.

Furmil Peterson took the sack of apples and went up the road to his sod house, where a woman, straight hair, colorless face, was outside washing over a tub.

"Who was you hollerin' at?" she asked.

"Jim Randis," Peterson said. "I broke his dog's back fer 'im!"

A little girl, nine, ten years old, wide child eyes, pale tangled hair, looked out from behind the woman's dress and began to whimper.

"Shut up, Troona," the farmer mumbled.

He dropped the apples on the ground.

"Poi," he called shrilly, "poi—poi!"

A dozen blear-eyed pigs came out of the shed, snorting, snuffling against each other.

SUMMER, winter; winter, summer; year after year, the old men of Scarville would sit around the stove in Hanson's store. In winter the stove would be bronze from heat, little round holes in the doors red with fire; but in summer, when it was only a black drum, rusty with tobacco stains outside, cold trash inside, they would sit there just the same: Pa Polk, his grandchildren coming after pennies all day; old Ansel Dawson, who'd been Justice thirty years; Rec Maforty, who'd run the mill till the creek had gone dry; Sittin' Bull Bruce, still wearing the proud, ragged buckskin of a scout; Tod Buckles, stone deaf, who'd lived alone sixty years in the house his father had died in; Seth Park, only thirty or thirty-five or forty, but idle, shiftless, whittling sticks to pieces.

Summer, winter, they would sit there in Hanson's: Dawson quoting law, old Bruce telling stories, Seth whittling sticks, and always Tod Buckles with his quavering old hand behind his ear—"What say? What say?" Always wistful groping question in his faded eyes, always eager hope that somebody perhaps would answer him.

Each day the old men would know who would be in to trade. Ollie Jensen and the Thorndeckers on a Monday,

Illustrated by

STOCKTON MULFORD

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Old Man Peddlety and Sophie Trisby's folks on Tuesday, Steve Crumb on Wednesday, Norwegian Peterson and his wife on Thursday, his wife bringing the wooden packs of head cheese—her eyes hopeless, her hands weary. Monday the old men would speculate on Jensen's corn crop, Tuesday on simpleton old Shaver Peddlety tinkering year in and year out on a patent onion puller, Wednesday on Steve Crumb, boring his pasture full of holes for oil. . . .

TEN years. And then one Thursday something happened. Peterson's wife, hitching up the team to come to town, was kicked by a horse.

Bill Hicks was the county coroner. When he came in the store the morning afterward, the old men around the stove quit talking, so they could hear what he would say to Hanson. Tod Buckles looked up to see who had come in. He had been trying since the day before to find out what they were talking about—Jensen and Peddlety and Steve Crumb. Now, when he saw Bill Hicks, he knew it must be that somebody was dead.

"What's happened?" he rasped at Old Man Polk.

But Polk didn't answer. Why should he? Tod Buckles, seventy-nine, half paralyzed, old plush cap, fringe of white, ragged hair, old runover shoes, knotted hands, weak old eyes. Why should anybody answer old Buckles?

Tod got out of his chair like dry old wood bending, and went across the store to Bill, his hitching steps bobbing the little plush balls tied across his cap.

"Who's dead?" he asked—cracked old voice.

"Horse kicked Furm Peterson's wife," Hicks shouted against the cup of Tod's hand.

Todd stared up at Bill.

"Peterson's wife?" he rasped. "Horse killed her? You goin' out there?"

Hicks nodded. Old Tod picked at Bill's sleeve.

"Drive me out, will ya'?" he quavered.

"No," Bill said shortly. "Team's too wild."

"What say?" Tod asked. But Bill didn't answer again.

Old Tod shuffled outdoors to Bill's spring wagon, and when he saw Bill coming to untie the team, he climbed in.

"You can't go, Tod," Bill said. "I'm late."

"Date?" Tod repeated. "Fifteenth, ain't it?"

Crickets shrilled in the dust, a pump handle creaked by the livery stable. It was hot summer noon. A wooden coffin under the seat. Somehow Bill didn't want to shout against a silence like that, so when he drove out of town old Buckles was with him.

At Peterson's farm the sod-house door was open, neighbor men standing around the barn in Sunday clothes, neighbor women in stiff black silk in the kitchen.

In the front room, on the only bed, Furm Peterson's wife lay with a sheaf of flowers in her crossed hands, a pillow of wild roses under her white face.

The chain that binds you to the hours of day, the scorn of men, will break at last. At last, the ones who gave you scathing charity surround you with the awe they pay only to majesty so supreme; it is as far beyond their minds as stars above the dirt!

BILL got out and called one of the men to help lift the coffin. Tod went to the back door.

"Tell Peterson I want to see him," he said to a woman who was stirring soup on the stove.

Peterson came out, sullen, defiant.

"Furm," Tod said, "you've been owin' rent on this here place five years, runnin' six. I've let it go on account a' your wife. Now you can give me eleven hundred dollars, or git out."

"I haven't got it," Peterson said.

A rabbit scuttled out of a box. Peterson kicked a clod after it, sent it scurrying into the weeds.

"I haven't got eleven hundred," he said again, louder.

"All right; git off the place. I'll stay here while you pack up," old Tod said, and started back to Bill's team.

And then a girl came out of the house—yellow hair—cotton dress—her face stark with grief.

"What's the trouble, Pa?" she asked, frightened eyes, voice choked with tears.

"Go back inside," Peterson said, like a man driving cattle.

Tod Buckles saw her there—frail flower on pitiless soil.

"'S'at Peterson's girl?" he asked Bill, who had come back. "'S'at Troona Peterson?"

Bill nodded.

"Goin' on how old?" Tod asked him.

"Nineteen," Bill shouted.

Tod put his hand on Bill's arm.

"She got any folks besides Peterson?"

Bill shook his head. Old Tod shuffled half way back to the house.

"If your girl ain't got no home but this—you c'n stay, Furm," he said.

Hanson's settled down again to Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday; Jensen, Peddlety, Steve Crumb. Old Tod, with his hand cupped around his ear—"What say? What say?" Nobody to answer him. Come winter—come spring—pussy willow and crocus. April—May—fire in the stove gone out. Jensen, Peddlety, Steve Crumb. Weigh and speculate. June, come July. . . .

And then one day a stranger came. A young man strolling up the street, who stopped in Hanson's open door, feet apart, hands in the pockets of light brown city clothes, polished shoes, light vest, soft hat.

July sunshine streaked across the floor. In the back of the store Hanson was packing butter in five-pound crocks. The stranger smiled, lazy eyes, lazy smile, tall, dark, handsome. He took a cigarette out of a silver case, tapped it on the back of his hand.

"Hello, boys," he said, and pushed his hat back and came in.

HANSON looked up from the butter tub, stared over his specs. Pa Polk's grandson crawled under a chair and looked out, like a shaggy little thing in a cage. The store was suddenly so hushed there was no sound at all but the weak cry of a mess of kittens behind the feed sacks.

Then old Tod straightened back in his chair, one hand around his chin whiskers.

"Howdy, Jim Randis," he said.

The tall young stranger laughed out loud, strode across the store and reached for Tod's hard old hand.

"Howdy, Tod Buckles," he shouted in Tod's ear. "How's Jensen's corn crop? Steve struck oil yet?"

"Nope, still borin'," Tod chuckled. "Corn crop no good neither; but kick me if Peddlety didn't make a thousand on that good-for-nothin' onion puller!"

Randis stood by Tod and looked around at the others.

"Hello, Seth. Howdy, Judge! Well, there hasn't been a whisker trimmed in ten years, has there, boys?"

Young Maforty, who worked for Hanson, came

"You—you Peterson," the boy choked. "I'll pay you! . . . Some day I'll get everything you've got!"

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up from the cellar with a slab of salt pork.

"Is this here piece lean enough?" Jim Randis heard him ask somebody, and then, back by the meat counter, Jim saw a slim, yellow-haired, little slip of a thing, wide eyes, cotton dress.

Maforty did up a brown paper package of pork. Randis watched the girl put it in her basket and go out across the square of hard, dry ground to where a team was tied. Something about her was beautiful, nothing to make her so—cheap dress, coarse shoes—but somehow like blue flax, like young willow, she was beautiful, just the same.

"THAT there's Troona Peterson," Tod said.

Jim walked to the back door and stood where he could see her out there, the sun shining on her bare throat, the wind blowing her hair. She got into the wagon, turned the team toward the road, then she looked back at the tall young man standing in the door.

"Howdy, Jim," she said, and smiled at him.

"Well, how long you here for?" Hanson wanted to know.

Jim turned back from the door.

"Don't know, Hans," he laughed. "Don't know how long it'll take me to get what I came for. Maybe a day—maybe a year."

"Stayin' with your gra'maw?" Tod asked.

"Sure thing," Randis told him. "Granny and my old dog Scot have got their bad boy back again."

The minister came in, Reverend Mr. Bascom. The minister had come to Scarville since Randis had gone away—little man, worried hands, meek eyes. For six months he had been trying nervously, desperately, to raise a hundred and fifty dollars to shingle the church.

Tod introduced them. Randis's hand crumpled Mr. Bascom's fingers.

"Greetings, Parson," he smiled. "Stopping in at Scarville on your way to Heaven, are you?"

Randis stayed a week—two weeks—shot billiards with the boys in the pool hall, gave Hanson ten dollars to build a horse trough by the store, sat around with the old men and swapped stories.

But he never came down till one or two o'clock in the afternoon. All morning he would sit in the sun by his granny's door, where an old collie dog would nose over his fingers. On a strip of rag carpet on the ground, Jim would sit, where the dog could stretch against him, lick his fingers, strain closer and closer—eyes pleading with Jim never to go—begging to go with him! Hour after hour, Jim would sit by the old dog that lay year in and out with useless paralyzed legs.

Then about two o'clock every afternoon, the old men in Hanson's would begin watching down-street speculating whether Jim would stop at the pool hall first, or come in to Hanson's first.

Sometimes he'd come in the back way to fool them. Once he wore overalls and a straw hat and specs and stood at Hanson's counter an hour, laughing at the old men while they wondered why he didn't come.

But, no matter how he came or when, it was always Tod Buckles he said howdy to first. Always moved his chair next to Tod's and shouted what was going on up and down Main Street—who was at the post office, who'd come in on the noon train. Then, near supper time, he'd buy groceries for Granny—buy more in a day than anyone else in Scarville bought in a month. He would ask Hanson to send away for figs in spice, imported sardines, fancy squab, and foreign fruit that would come packed in ice! He would take Granny chocolates and roses. He treated her more handsomely than any man in town did his sweetheart! He spent more money than the president of the bank.

So the old men began to speculate where Jim Randis got the money he spent. What'd he done the nine years since he'd gone away. What'd he want in Scarville! What was it he'd come after!

But Jim didn't tell anybody anything.

EVERY Thursday since Peterson's wife had died, Peterson had brought Troona to town with him. One Thursday when he came in the store he left Troona outside.

"Well," Polk was saying, "Jim come after my ax to split wood fer old Rheumatiz Emma, and she give him a quarter, and he give it back, and I said right out, 'Jim, have you got so much money you ain't got no use fer a quarter no more?' But he said he give it back because Emma give him apple pie, so I didn't find nothin' out about his money, after all!"

In the back of the store Peterson was measuring fence wire.

"Furm, that girl a' yourn tryin' to catch Jimmy Randis?" Seth called out.

Peterson looked up with an ugly move of his hand.

"Talk to yourself," he snarled.

ACROSS the street by the post office, Jim Randis had been standing on the sidewalk when Troona had gone in to get the mail, yellow braids around her head, arms slim and brown in the sun.

"Hello, Troona," he had said, when she came out, and he had caught her hand and made her look at him, had asked her a question, and made her answer—had pinned a pink rose on her dress.

Seth had a habit of keeping one eye on the post office while he sat by Hanson's stove.

"Well," he remarked, squinting along the wood box, "I c'n talk to myself and have awful good company; but seein' the two of 'm together out there got me thinkin' it must seem awful good to Troona to talk to a man with a smile on his face."

The big Norwegian turned from Hanson's counter, eyes snarling, and then he saw Troona out there with Jim.

He strode out of the store—fence wire jangling down, Hanson's boy dodging, and stood facing across the street like a block of gnarled wood!

Jim saw a scream of fear in Troona's eyes!

"Stay here!" she said sharply. "Don't come with me! Don't come, *please!*"

And she ran across the road to the wagon, and backed the team in front of the store between Jim and Peterson.

Peterson caught the horses' heads, jerked them into a rear, got up in the wagon and wheeled west to the road out of town.

Jim felt his body growing hot and cold, and hot again! Across his legs he seemed to feel the sting of the lash of a whip, against his feet the quivering body of a collie dog, eyes looking up in an agony of helplessness!

He went over to the store. The old men had left their chairs, were in a tremulous little group behind the window. They gathered around him, pressed back to the stove with Jim among them.

"He might 'a' killed you, Jim!" Tod quavered. "He hates you so he goes crazy at the sight a' you!"

"It's Troona he might 'a' killed," Judge Dawson said. "Jim, fer her own sake, leave her be!"

Jim stood there, looking out across the road where a trail of pink rose petals had blown along the dust.

"So Peterson hates me as much as that," he said, his

In the white shadows of summer moonlight, he and Troona walked down the Scarville street

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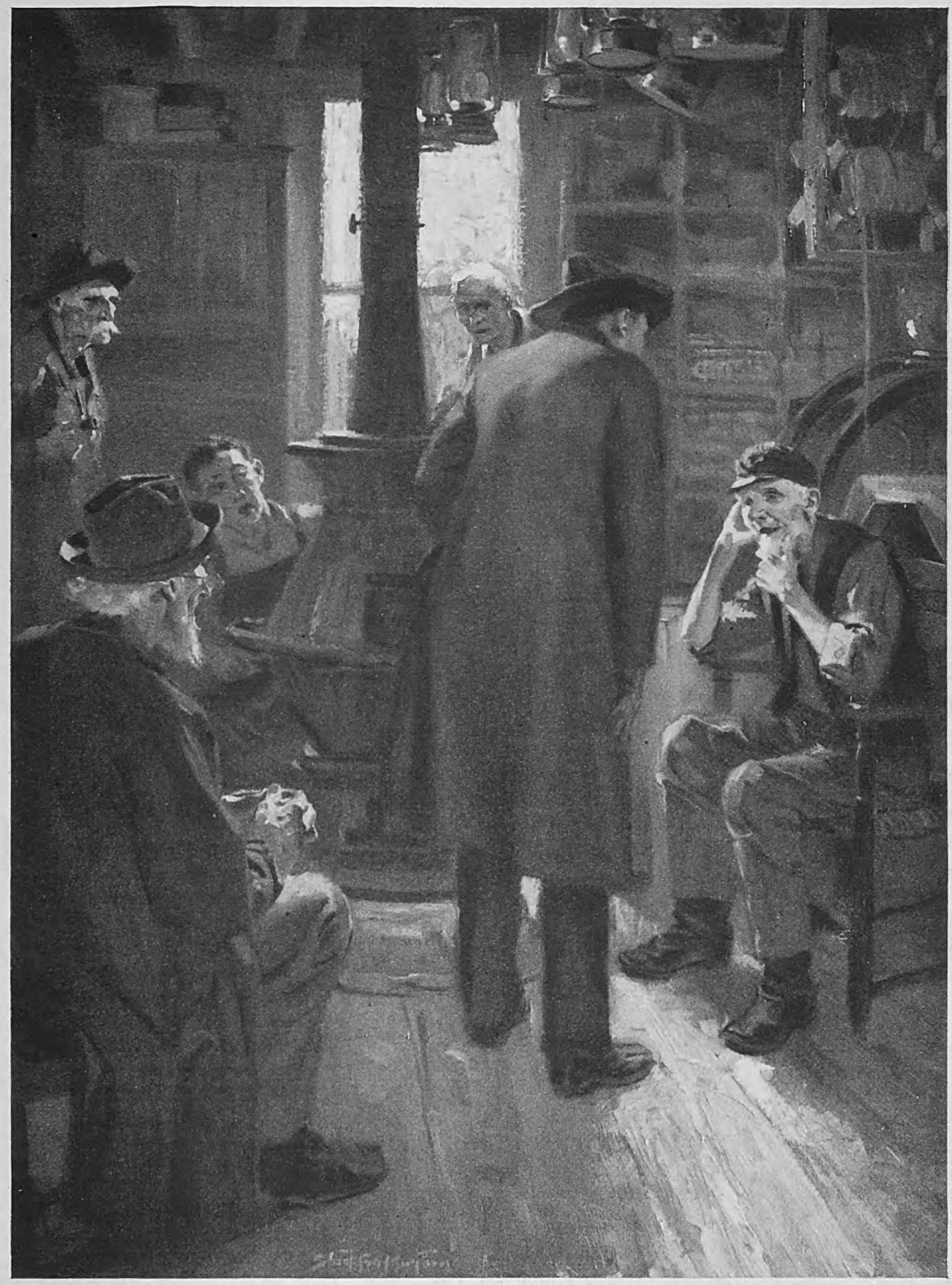

The tall young stranger laughed out loud, strode across the store and reached for Tod's hard old hand

voice quiet—soft as a song. "I told Furm Peterson once I'd get everything he had some day, and he knows I mean it. Brutes are cowards. He hates me because he's afraid of me! There's no hate so bitter as a hate that's out of fear!"

That night Jim Randis rented a livery rig and drove to Peterson's farm. As he got in sight of it, Peterson was going across the pasture to slop the hogs. Randis went to the house, and looked in at the open door. A lamp was burning on the table, leavings of food—but no one there.

He went out to the barn, pushed the gate open, and in the flickering light of a lantern there was Troona feeding the horses, a bruise across her face where a hand had struck her.

She looked up startled—drew back against the sagging wall.

"Don't be afraid," Jim said. "Come here. I want to ask you something."

And while Peterson was down across the field, Troona went with Jim Randis to marry him, Jim laughing about what Peterson would say when he found it out!

Troona was timid, afraid, said only the two words the justice asked her. Jim returned the livery rig, and in the white shadows of summer moonlight, he and Troona walked down the Scarville street, past gardens of damp, old-fashioned flowers, wooden (*Continued on page 157*)

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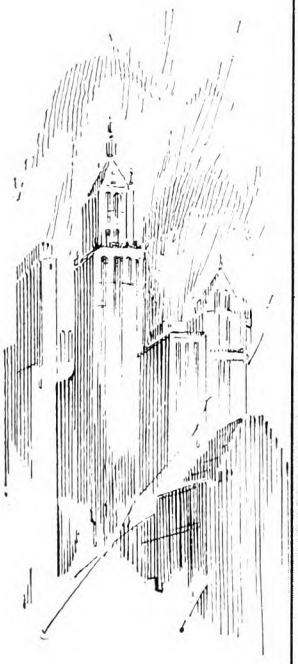
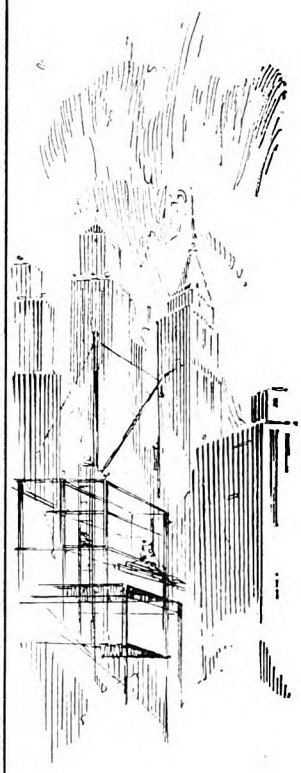


PHOTOGRAPH BY BLANK-STOLLER, N. Y.



The Skyscrapers of NEW YORK Rest on BREUCHAUD'S Genius

By ROSA STRIDER REILLY

THE wind-burned young deputy sheriff of Billings, Montana, was waiting at the depot on a morning of September, 1883.

His boots made a path in the sand as he paced up and down, up and down, in front of the rough shack which served as a railroad station. The mark of the frontier was on his face and in the swing of his wiry frame. But not on his clothes. He was dressed in the best the Territory of Montana could afford.

It was no ordinary train for which he waited. But for the first passenger train ever to run over the Northern Pacific Railroad on a coast-to-coast route. A momentous page in the history of the West was being written on that sunny September morning. And the young deputy sheriff was fully alive to the significance and glamour of the hour.

To add to his excitement, he had been deserted by the two Civil War veterans who had been appointed by the citizens of Billings to form with him a committee of three to welcome one of the distinguished guests expected to arrive on the train. The ex-soldiers could face gun fire, but not a formal reception. However, the young peace officer was not exactly alone. Behind him swarmed every other man, woman, and child of the community in holiday attire.

The deputy again drew out his thick gold repeating watch. And again his eye wandered along the shining rails that stretched away toward the cottonwoods. As an engineer for the Northern Pacific, he had helped to lay those rails. And somewhere around the bend the first Iron Horse was galloping on this road of steel, linking East and West, its hoofbeats drumming the march of American Progress. It made the twenty-five-year-old deputy quicken his step to think of it.

Later in the day, a mammoth celebration was to take place at Bozeman, a few miles away, where a golden spike was to be driven to mark the spot where the rails from the East and the rails from the West met. At each wayside station the celebrities were descending from the train to inspect the frontier towns and to glimpse the wonders of the unknown West.

The young deputy's reflections were interrupted by the hoarse blast of a whistle. Around the bend they came! Not one, but four Iron Horses. Four gleaming locomotives, each drawing ten glistening Pullman cars!

COWBOYS, miners, pretty ladies, bullwhackers, contractors, sturdy children, engineers, worn pioneer women—all surged around the trains, as Ulysses S. Grant, ex-President of the United States, stepped out of the first Pullman car.

A fine soldierly appearing man he was, with gray creeping into his dark brown beard and showing in silvery stripes under his black derby hat. He was followed by the president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the mayor of Chicago, and other distinguished citizens of America, besides many foreign officials who were interested in the new transportation system.

The deputy sheriff of Billings was somewhat perturbed at the thought of enter-

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taining General Grant alone. Nevertheless, with the same diplomacy which distinguishes him to this day, he walked up and held out a gracious, capable hand: "General Grant, it is an honor to welcome you to Billings. I am Jules Breuchaud, the deputy sheriff. And I have a carriage here, sir, to show you about the town."

The serious, strong-featured countenance of the ex-President relaxed into a warm smile as he grasped the deputy's hand.

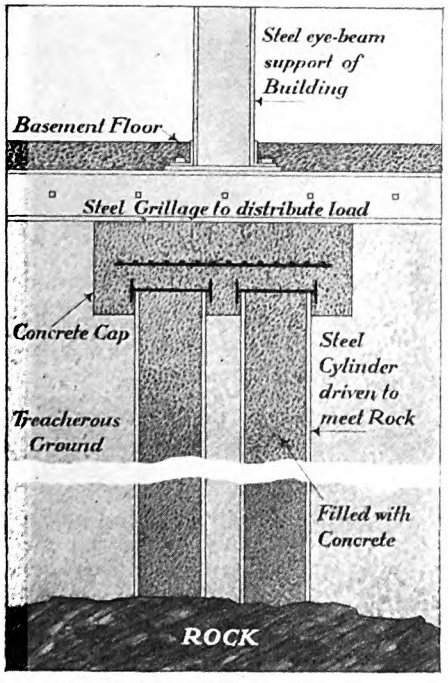
History was still being made in the Billings of that year. The West was being wooed and won. It was still the day of "The Quick or the Dead." The Red Man had not accepted the dominance of the white man. And the work on the plains by Jules Breuchaud and his fellow engineers had to be carried on under the eye of the United States Cavalry carbines.

BILLINGS in those days was a wide-open town. Gin mills and dance halls flourished. The whirr of the rattlesnake had a companion piece in the click of the roulette wheel and the dice box. No trees softened the ugly contours of the monotonous rows of the town's wooden houses. It was a man's town in a man's world.

Finally, after the meager sights of Billings had been shown to the ex-President, and a half-hour before the train was to move along to Bozeman, the deputy sheriff had his driver pull up the white horses at a little wind-scarred burying-ground on a lonely hill. Thirty stubble-grown graves lay there, marked by blistered crosses.

"General," spoke the younger man, as he took off his hat, "this place isn't much for looks, but we here in Billings are mighty proud of it. Because every man resting here,"—and his voice was soft—"died with his boots on, either defending his home from the Indians or helping to build up the West."

It has been nearly fifty years since Jules Breuchaud spoke those words, and yet, more than any other words could, perhaps, they (*Continued on page 126*)



Breuchaud's method of underpinning

If You Ask Me:

Hope is One of Our Grandest Virtues

THERE is one trait belonging to my fellow humans which never has received one fiftieth of the credit it deserves, a trait which gives me a queer thrill of pride in belonging to the human race and in sharing, perhaps to some slight degree, in that glorious trait's possession. Here are a handful of illustrations that will describe the quality I am talking of better than could any clumsily stilted definition of mine:

I am writing this in Miami, Florida. Some time ago, the prospering White City was smitten with hurricane and flood that wiped out of existence thousands of homes and other buildings, destroying great groves of palms, and well-nigh destroying all plant life as well as human habitation. All this on top of the collapse of the real-estate boom.

By the time the tidal wave had subsided, the people had shaken off their daze of horror, and were toiling with unbelievable vigor and eagerness and skill to restore their wrecked city and to repair damages that seemed irreparable.

Two days after the fire which burned most of Chicago into a smoking ruin, a few decades ago, a householder was examining the scattered bricks that so recently had formed part of his snug home. A reporter asked what he was doing. He made reply:

"I'm figuring out how soon these bricks will be cool enough for me to start rebuilding with them."

Oscar Hammerstein was bankrupt. His loved theatre had failed, and it had ruined him. As he stepped forth, penniless, from the playhouse which no longer was his, he halted and stared dully up and down the street. A friend begged him to rise above his lethargy of despair.

"Despair, nothing!" snorted Hammerstein. "I'm trying to pick out a good site for my next theatre."

Have I made you understand what I mean when I say I revere and love this magnificent human trait? The trite name for it, I suppose, is "Hope." Hope, in the very highest and bravest sense of the word. ("Bravest," because there can be no true hope where there is no bravery.)

The Bible cites Faith, Hope, and Charity as three all-desirable virtues. Many a sermon has been preached on Charity and on Faith. Hope seems to be overlooked in such discourses. But don't forget, please, that the Bible itself places Hope on the same gleaming pedestal as it places Faith and Charity. And Hope belongs there! To me, it is the grandest attribute in all the strange mixture which goes to make up our human nature.

Albert Payson Terhune

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EDITH BARNARD DELANO'S *story*

proves again that a home is not

A Good Home

unless it's where the heart is!

Illustrated by
VICTOR C. ANDERSON

A NUMBER of things happened when the Tinker was going to be seven. Some of them he knew about before they happened; others surprised him a good deal. He knew, of course, about cities and railroads and going-to-school, though he had never seen any of them. He had seen plenty of dogs and horses, and cows and chickens, and fields of cotton, and people of all shades of brown, so of course he knew about those, without having to think about them at all.

Aunts and uncles he knew about, although there were kinds he had never actually seen. On the plantation there were several old brown men that everybody called "Uncle;" and there was Aunt Sue, who looked after him, yellow and wrinkled, small and kind, but very determined about lots of silly things like finishing your oatmeal and going to bed and having ears washed in the wrinkles where it could not possibly show.

But there was a picture on Mum's mantelpiece of the other kind of aunts—white ones, his mother's family. Aunt Sue said they were Yankees, which probably accounted for their appearance. He also knew about Christmas, of course, and Fo'th-a-July and birthdays. Mum and Daddy had birthdays too, but he liked his own birthday best.

He remembered his sixth birthday very well. Mum and Daddy gave him presents in the morning, and in the afternoon every little darky on the place came to the little white boy's party at the Big House, and he gave every one of them a big dish of ice cream and a big piece of cake with pink icing. They sat on the porch steps and on the grass and everywhere, while they ate; Mum laughed a good deal, and the children rolled their eyes and giggled. He heard Mum tell Daddy afterward that they were so stiffly starched they would have cracked if they moved much; he wondered what cracked children looked like. But he thought they had a pretty good time; he had a good time himself.

Quite a while after that, he woke up one morning to observe that Aunt Sue had not wrapped up her head. It was the first time he had known that she had gray hair—or any hair at all, for that matter.

"You come le'me get you into yo' clo'es real quick, now," she said. "I got

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"I've been hunting all around for Mum," he said. "Where do you s'pose she's hiding, Aunt Sue?"

somethin' to show you." She took him into Mum's sitting-room, and there was a basket that he had never seen before, and in the basket a very small crinkled face with blankets wrapped all around it.

"It's yo' baby sister," Aunt Sue informed him.

He stared for a moment; he had not known about sisters, as they might relate to himself. "Do they always come in baskets?" he asked.

"Ma lord!" said Aunt Sue. "They sleeps in baskets." He stood there looking at the little pink face. "Don't you like it?" Aunt Sue asked. "Ain't you grateful you got a baby sister? You been cravin' for someone to play with."

"I don't believe I care much about this one," he said. "It's a baby one. I think I'll ask Mum to change it."

"Ma lord!" said Aunt Sue again. "Here, you come get yo' breakfuss."

He did not see Mum that day nor the next—nor for several days, in fact. He was told she was feeling po'ly, and that he must tiptoe past her room. Then for a while Aunt Sue took him off every day right after breakfast, and they had a picnic until it was time to go home and go to bed. He got rather tired of picnics; but every minute they were not on a picnic Aunt Sue made him stay right up-stairs with her.

And there was something the matter with her, too; because every now and then she would hold on to her elbows and rock herself backward and forward, and tears would go trinkling down her face the way they did in the song she used to sing to him about Lord Lovel. "The tears come trinkelin' down, down-down, The tea-ers come trinkelin' down." He remembered other words of that song, too, and one day, when Aunt Sue was acting that strange way, without thinking

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about them at all he began to sing them:

"And out of her grave there grew a red rose, And out of Lord Lovel's a briar, riar-riar. And out of Lord Lovel's a briar . . ."

"Oh, ma Lord an' ma Redeemer, listen to dat chile a-singin' about graves," said Aunt Sue, and took him off, protesting, on another picnic.

When they got back from that picnic it was almost dark, and Daddy was standing on the walk in front of the house, as if he was afraid to go in. He grabbed the Tinker up in his arms and hugged him until it hurt, and the Tinker squealed with delight and wriggled down. He had not seen much of Daddy, because of all those picnics.

"Hey, you old scout!" he cried, doubling up his fist and whacking his father's leg. "There's a fish in the brook down back of Torm's house. Let's get Mum and go fishing!"

But his father sat down on the front steps and began to cry. He wasn't even ashamed of crying; he didn't run away to hide it, or anything. Just sat there with his head in his hands and cried.

"There!" said Aunt Sue. "Praise the Lord, the tears done come to you at last! You set right there and cry, Marst' Bob. Let de tears wash de grief away."

The Tinker just had to say something. "How did he get grief on his face?" he asked; but Aunt Sue jerked at his hand, and he began to howl. She led him into the house.

THE next morning as he came along the hall he saw that the doors of Mum's bedroom and sitting-room were both open, so he knew she must be all right again. He thought he'd like to talk with her about that baby; but the basket was not there, nor was Mum in either room. It surprised him for a moment; then he remembered that she often went out in the flower garden before breakfast. But she was not there, either.

"I've been hunting all around for Mum," he told Aunt Sue when he answered her call to breakfast. "Where do you s'pose she's hiding, Aunt Sue?"

"Now you listen to me," Aunt Sue said, taking his hand and setting his collar straight. "Yo' mama's done gone away for a little w'ile. She done took yo' baby sister along with her, 'cause the baby couldn't get along without her. Don't you fret about yo' mama."

The Tinker felt queer, inside of him. "Well, I think that's a pretty funny thing for her to do," said he, his face flushing. "What made her go away without me and Daddy? Why didn't she kiss me good-by?"

"If you ain't the askin'est chil'!" Aunt Sue said crossly. "You come along in to yo' breakfuss."

But she did not insist on his eating all his oatmeal, and she even let him go off and play with some of the little colored children. They went to see some new puppies down at Lije's house. And Aunt Sue let him have two helpings of dessert, and did not remind him to stop a-gulpin' down his milk, and eat like a gemman.

After dinner he wandered down to the stable to see a friend. Uncle Enos, who had charge of all the stable boys and the horses and everything, was sitting on a box outside the stable door. Usually, he was very busy; but today he just sat there, as if he was sad. The Tinker found another box and sat down near Uncle Enos; for a while the two kept silence, for that was the sort of friends they were. But presently the Tinker said, casually:

"I just thought I'd come down and see if you happened to know where my mother went to, Unc' Enos. I guess you know about everything there is to know, don't you?"

The old man glanced at him, then looked up at a buzzard that was soaring far above. "Ain't dey done tol' you where she gone to?"

The Tinker shook his head; his insides were feeling queer again.

"Sho now," said Uncle Enos. He was scratching the back of his neck. "Sho now! Look a-here, Marst' Bobbitty, son—ever'body has to go away some time. Ain't nothin' oncommon about goin' away."

"I know," the Tinker agreed. "But there seems to be something kind of funny about my mother's going away. She never did it before. I—I don't think I like it very much."

"No," said Uncle Enos; "ain't none of us like it very much. An' dat's de Lord's trufe!"

So, after all, it was his father who told him. Mum had gone away, very far away. It would be a long time before they saw her again. But he had Daddy, and Daddy had the old Tinker. They would have to get along the best way they could. . . .

He cried himself to sleep in his father's arms. Aunt Sue didn't even come to remind him it was bedtime. When he woke up in the morning, he could not remember having gotten into bed at all; but there he was!

After that, everybody on the plantation was even nicer to him than usual. Uncle Enos let him ride in the training sulky with him, go 'round and 'round the track behind the beautiful big shiny colts that he knew by name. Torm took him fishing whenever he wanted to go. Aunt Sue did not say a word when he came in all dirty.

MUM used to play with him every afternoon; now his father let him invite some of the colored children up to the house to play, and nobody reminded him when he talked just the way they did. His father took him riding with him very often, and told him stories every night.

But what was probably the best of all was the puppy. Of course there were plenty of dogs about the place, setters and houn'-dogs; but they were just anybody's. The puppy was his very own; Lije let him choose any one he wanted, and he took the one with a black spot over its eye, and named it Patch. Daddy laughed when he saw it, and asked if we had come to that; but nobody made him keep it out of the house. Some of the colored children helped him give it a bath, and Uncle Enos found a collar for it.

"Ma lord, I never did s'spect I'd sink so low as to have a dorg a-sleepin' in de same room," Aunt Sue said; but when the Tinker howled to have the puppy sleep on the foot of his bed, Daddy said it couldn't really do him any harm in the end, so Aunt Sue let it stay there. Not that it really did stay there, of course; it had a comforting way of wriggling up and licking the Tinker's face, and then of snuggling down under the covers with him.

So the summer went on toward the time when he was going to be seven, and one day his father got a letter that he read and reread several times. The next day he took the Tinker on his knees and held him close.

"Old Tinker," he said, "do you realize that you're getting to be quite grown up?"

"I reckon I am," the Tinker agreed. "I'm gwine to be seben befo' ve'y long."

Daddy groaned. "Tinker," he asked, "do you really have to talk that way?"

"What a-way?" asked the Tinker.

"That settles it," said Daddy. "Aunt Elizabeth is right. You didn't talk like the darkies when—when—"

DADDY'S head was pressed against the Tinker's hair, and the Tinker understood what was wrong. "When Mum was here," he said softly. "I know. She wouldn't let me."

"I can't let you grow up here without a woman," Daddy told him. "And there's no school here that you could go to. Aunt Elizabeth is right. Mum would have wanted it."

"I know who Aunt Elizabeth is," said the Tinker. "She's the lady up on Mum's mantelpiece. She's a Yankee."

But his father said, "You're half Yankee yourself, old Tinker. It's only fair to give you your chance. It won't be so easy. But we're both men. We can stand it, can't we?"

One day, when he was starting off for a drive with Daddy, Aunt Sue cried. When he looked back at the house, wondering what was the matter with her, she was sitting on the porch steps with her apron over her head, rocking herself forward and back. It was queer.

They drove a very long time, and the Tinker must have taken a nap; because he woke up at the sound of a big, loud toot, and there was a railroad train. It was the first real one he had ever seen, and he and Daddy got on, and Torm and Uncle Enos took their bags into the train and shook hands with him and Daddy, and the train shook, and tooted some more, and jerked, and everything outside the window was moving backward.

"Why, Dad!" the Tinker cried excitedly, shrilly, "Dad, you old scout! We're going away! Look. We're going away!"

People in the car turned around and laughed.

They stayed on the train for ever and ever so long. They even went to bed in the car. It was all very wonderful; but the best thing about it was just that they were going away. Mum had gone away, and they were going away; his father had not mentioned it, so the Tinker knew he meant it to be a grand surprise, and was too polite to give any hint that he suspected; but of course, of course they were going to find Mum.

Finally his father said, "Well, old Tinker, we're almost there!"

And pretty soon they were there. They got off the train and stood on a long platform in the midst of their bags. The Tinker looked up and down, looked everywhere, but Mum was not in sight. A pretty lady in a yellow dress had come rushing up in a shiny car and jumped

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out; now she was running along the platform toward them. She shook hands with Daddy and stooped over the Tinker.

"Why! Who is this?" she asked, laughing. "Who is this great big boy?"

The Tinker held out his hand. "I'm very well, thank you," he said, remembering that Mum told him always to say that. "My name is Robert Henderson, Junior."

He was a good deal surprised when the pretty lady laughed merrily and hugged him—and even kissed him. "Oh, you lamb," she cried; and when she stood up her eyes were full of tears. "Bob—Bob—we'll do our very best by him!"

But Daddy did not answer her; he was stooping over the bags, and trying to get them all into his hands at once.

They all three got into the lady's car. "You sit in front with Auntie Midge," the pretty lady said; and then the Tinker knew. They had not come to the place where Mum was; Auntie Midge was another one of the ladies on Mum's mantel. . . .

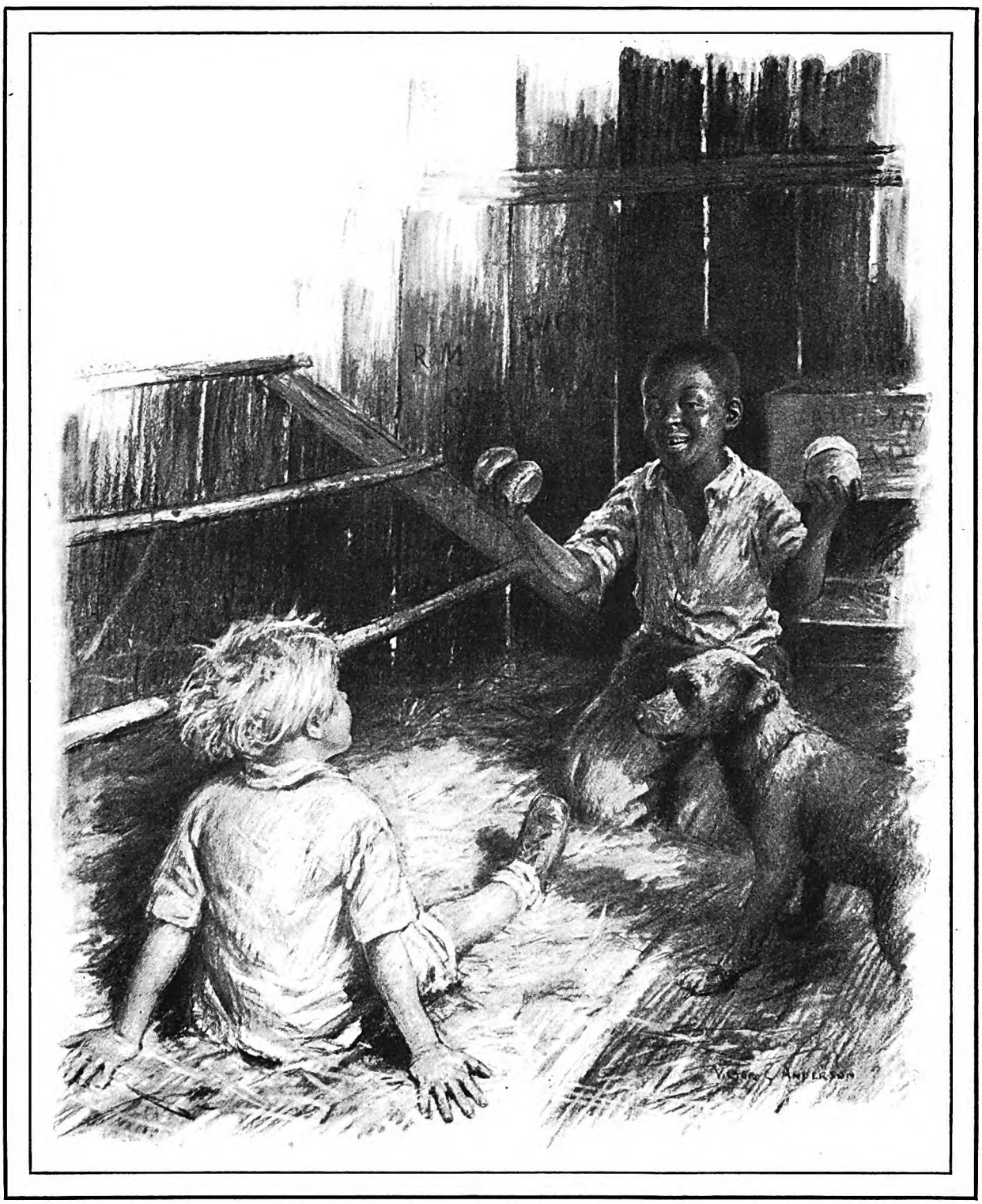
They all got out at a big yellow house, and Aunt Elizabeth was there. She had white hair, perfectly white, and the Tinker could scarcely stop looking at it. The grown people had tea and sandwiches and cakes, and the Tinker had a cake; there was a good deal of talk. Most of the talk he didn't bother to listen to; he watched Aunt Elizabeth's white hair, and looked around him at the room. It was more—more—shiny than any room at home. He heard Daddy say:

"Yes, tonight. I'm afraid I could never leave him if I put off the break."

He had heard about putting on brakes; he had never before thought about putting them off. Before he got through thinking about it, Auntie Midge took him to a dining-room and gave him some supper, and then she took him up-stairs to bed. Daddy came and kissed him good-night. He hugged him tight for quite a long while, and said:

"Be good, little son—old Tinker!"

The next day (*Continued on page 179*)



The next thing the Tinker knew, the sun was streaming over him, and Clarence was there with his hands full of hot rolls

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Are You Asking *too much of* Life?

If so, you are courting disaster, says DR. S. PARKES CADMAN, the famous preacher to whom thousands of people have come with their hopes and their fears, their triumphs and their defeats

A MAN forty-two years of age, married but separated for fifteen years from his wife and two children, has just left my office. In the course of our extended interview he remarked that life had no further hold on him, and that but for the disgrace his suicide would bring on his family he would "pass out of it" by his own hand.

There was no pretense in the attitude of the man who sat before me, no self-pity, no maudlin justification or long-winded excuse-making. He confessed his habitual wrong-doing with a sincerity and candor which showed me he might well be capable of better things. He had been a public official who was disgraced through drinking and gambling, and whose nearest ones were compelled to place themselves under legal protection from his occasional violence. When his madness was spent, and his exhausted vices forced him to seek the relief of amendment, it was too late for him to return to those whose presence and consolation he now craves. Was there any hope for him, he wondered? Was there a way out of the wreck—a way to rise that he might find, even at this late hour?

Of course I reminded him that none of us can contract out of life for the things we want in another world. We may adjourn its pains and problems, as well as its defeats and victories, to another existence; but its responsibilities, I pointed out, are inescapable in this world or the next.

This man's conduct, he knew, had injured his body, his mind, his business, and his dearest ones; and the sole spark of hope remaining in his manhood's expiring embers was his determination to face the issue. He realized that the bill was now presented for payment, and that he had asked too much of life in the things that common sense and decency should have kept him happily clear of.

The question raised by the case of this unfortunate individual must be met by parents, pastors, and teachers everywhere, for it constitutes a fairly general problem. Certainly it is one that is revealed to me almost every day in the correspondence that comes to my desk. Apropos of this, we must never forget that where the diagnosis is human frailty, the prescription must be human charity. However hurtful the records of social wrecks and outcasts may be, however unorganized they are in themselves or in their surroundings, mere denunciation is absolutely useless, and wise sympathetic counsel is always essential.

Asking too much of life!

In my many years' experience both as a pastor and as a lecturer I have come to see the almost universal tendency to make too exacting demands upon earthly existence. Young people in particular often retard their successful life voyage, and not infrequently wreck what might have been a happy and prosperous career, by making similar exorbitant demands upon life. Then, like the unhappy individual in question, they seek in the aftermath a place for repentance, and quite forlornly do not find it.

Letters I receive daily show that the reckless optimism behind unsafe pleasures or illicit pursuits is usually a radiant morn followed by an overclouded evening. License dominates decency, impulse smashes conventionalities which the history of the world shows cannot be affronted without cost; and the will of the individual is forced into entirely wrong channels. The consequences of all this folly are obvious, and the thrice-told tale of it flows to my desk in an endless stream.

There are those who are "driven to drink," and who have to return ragged and torn in soul and body. There is the sower of wild oats who discovers when it is too late his frailty's inevitable tendency to take root in his backbone; and there is the dweller in dreams who passes his life on a treadmill and gets nowhere.

MARK! I do not disparage youthful imagination. Quite otherwise. Building castles in Spain or an Elysium on the Bowery of New York is wholly commendable, provided the building materials are of the proper qualities. But when these day dreamers propose to outwit straightforward dealing, and get by with insolence rather than integrity, or smartness rather than service, they stifle honorable character and action.

Make your day dreams, therefore, an incentive to right living and aggressive work, and they will pave the path to paradise for you. Center them on iniquitous desires, and they will pave the path to perdition. From first to last, ventures in the imaginative realm have to steer between two extremes, or mischief will ensue. In fact, the most distressing self-revelations I have to hear or read are those due to the abuse of this selfsame faculty of the mind.

The name of these poor souls is legion.

One of them, for example, is a young woman of oversanguine temperament whose letter revels in prospective wealth and everything that wealth can obtain. She cherishes almost pathetic delusions about herself, her accomplishments and her charms, expressing her supposed possession of these attractions in crude terms and with childish simplicity.

ANOTHER of her kind is badly bitten by the movies, and naïvely declares that their patrons are being robbed of her contribution to the screen by fat-witted producers blind to her exceptional gifts.

A boy of eighteen writes me no less than fourteen pages, in an almost illegible scrawl, minutely relating his phenomenal abilities. Born to be a millionaire and a merchant prince, he is consigned to the lot of a grocer's assistant. So he heartily damns his daily task and contends that it deprives him of his rightful opportunities.

The harm which lurks in these uncharted excursions into the unattainable can drift into a mental disease. Many a likable boy or girl, who plays fast and loose with life and flirts with the impossible, wastes shiftless hours watching his or her shadowy double dancing the wildest vagaries. It is a vice almost comparable to the drink habit in its braking power on the wheels of the individual's progress.

Yet there come to me by nearly every mail other letters which invest the dreariest routine with unusual interest and provoke the profoundest pity. Since one has to select out of this mass of correspondence its life documents, I venture to quote from an upstanding miner of twenty-five who has what Coleridge calls "the shaping spirit of the imagination."

Buried seven hours a day in an Illinois coal pit, this healthy specimen of genuine Americanism takes life seriously, and manages to squeeze its vital juice out of his own very restrictions. He has discovered for himself the unfamiliar fact that repression is (*Continued on page 162*)

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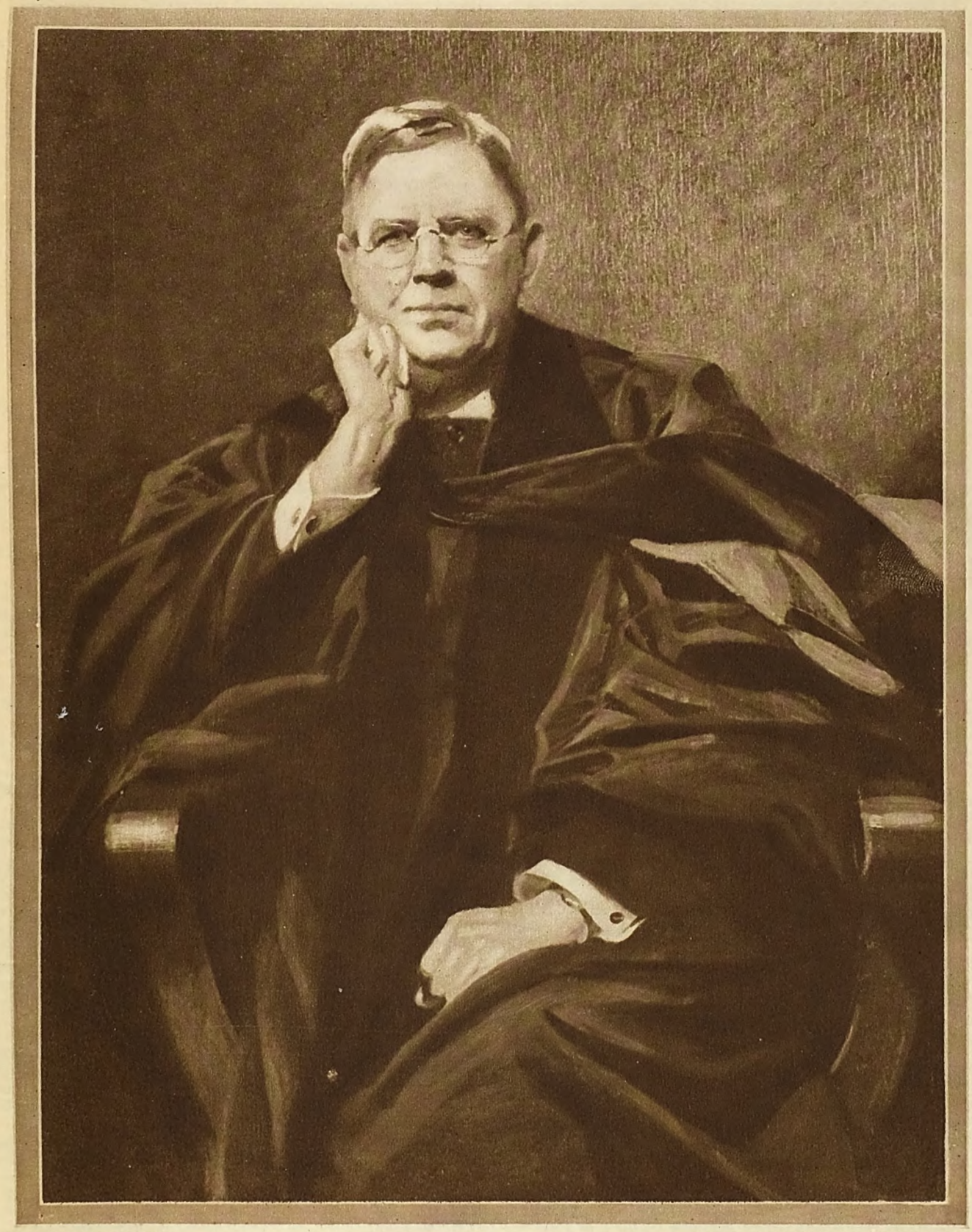

Portrait by Frank O. Salisbury

Photographed by Zerbe, Herald-Tribune, N. Y.

S. Parkes Cadman

THE MAGNETIC personality and brilliant mind of Doctor Cadman have made him one of the world's best known preachers. Through his sermons from the pulpit, his radio talks, his lectures, and his syndicated newspaper "questions and answers" column, he has become a familiar religious institution. Doctor Cadman is pastor—and has been since 1901—of the Central Congregational Church, in Brooklyn; also he is president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. One of his greatest aids in his work is a phenomenal memory; he once told a friend that he read an encyclopedia through, and remembered every fact in it that he wished to remember.

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Photograph by Kaufman & Fabry, Chicago

William Hoskins

WILLIAM HOSKINS is a consulting, research, and analytical chemist. He has also taken occasional excursions into the manufacturing end of his profession. His discoveries, numbering over one hundred, range from special chalk for billiard cues, to the high-resistance wire used in electric heating appliances. As a hobby, he has kept records of hundreds of false scientific projects—projects which have caused hard-boiled business men to part with their capital and roped in thousands of "suckers."

Almost anybody, he says, may be taken off guard by a clever scientific fake. Mr. Hoskins is president of the Hoskins Process Development Company, of Chicago, and a member of many scientific societies.

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Water has never yet been burned, but thousands of investors have been scorched because of the universal desire to get

Something *for* Nothing

WILLIAM HOSKINS, *distinguished chemist, tells in this interview with* NEIL M. CLARK *how scientific fakers have cashed in on the credulity of people who hope for quick riches*

THE scientific fake is a modern innovation that takes advantage of an ancient human trait—credulity. Some years ago a factory was set up in Chicago to make gold. In spite of the fact that the promoters declared they would sell no stock to the public shares were available, and two friends asked my opinion of them as an investment.

"Save your money," I advised; "there isn't a chance that the company will make any gold *for you!*"

But the advice came too late. They had already put in two thousand dollars.

A little later the "manufacturer" slipped out of town with some forty thousand dollars of sucker money.

A scientific fake may be defined as some product or process, supposedly the outcome of scientific research, that actually has no scientific foundation. Not all such fakes are frauds in the sense that the promoters mean to cheat. Honest but misguided promoters probably outnumber the deliberate cheaters. But the question of honesty or dishonesty makes no difference to the individual unlucky enough to buy the products or invest money—he loses, just the same.

For forty years and more, as a practicing chemist, I have come across literally thousands of these fakes. In my scrapbook are the descriptions of marvelous devices for burning water and ashes, for making electricity from sunshine, platinum from dirt; curing diseases in outlandish ways; making rain; locating minerals, oil, water, and buried treasure by "scientific" magic; making engines run with water and little else; taking gold out of the sea; bringing electricity from outer space at no cost; making fantastic uses of radio-activity, liquid air, electrons, and nearly every other modern discovery; and many more. On the whole, the contents form a meaty commentary on the gullibility of human nature.

Almost anybody may be taken off guard by a clever scientific fake. However, there are marks by which a careful man may usually recognize fakes.

Certain schemes as old as the hills keep cropping up in novel scientific guises and people should always be on guard against them. Few ideas, for example, have been tried oftener than the transmutation of

metals; that is, changing one element into another. Usually, some cheap ore or chemical is to be converted into gold or platinum. This is the problem the alchemists used to dabble at—and never solved. Recent discoveries in physics and in chemistry have given to the old idea new life.

The gold scheme in which my two friends invested was an elaborate fraud. The "inventor" leased a vacant factory and set up huge furnaces and vats, claiming that from material costing not more than one hundred and fifty dollars a ton he would produce ore containing gold and silver worth three thousand dollars per ton. Newspaper men and interested friends were allowed to view operations, the direct product of which was a gold ore, so called; some of the ore, when refined, was found to contain a high percentage of real gold.

However, one stage of this inventor's process required absolute secrecy and locked doors. "This," he said, "was for self-protection." The explanation would have sounded better were it not a fact that nine out of ten scientific fakers say the same thing. His actual reason was the need to introduce some real gold into the furnaces, in order that it might be found in the ore, and so entice people into purchasing stock.

SOMETHING vital left unexplained is almost invariably one mark of a fake. Indeed, it is a safe rule that *whenever there is something secret, which nobody but the inventor must know, nobody but the inventor should risk his money.* There are secrets, to be sure, in legitimate business and science. But they are far fewer than is commonly supposed.

Generally it is not so much *what* people are asked to believe, as *how* and *by* whom. This inventor's smart pretense of taking no partners naturally made dozens of people keen to buy shares. Here is another case:

A stranger, whom I will call Jones, settled in a small Connecticut city. Jones did no work, but apparently had plenty of money. He made a few friends, among them the teacher of geology in the local high school.

One day the teacher asked him pointedly about the source of his income.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," said Jones.

With evident reluctance, he permitted the following story to be drawn out:

"I am," he said, "a research chemist. By accident, I discovered the formula for a liquid that concentrates gold. I do not have to work for a living, because, whenever I need money I make up a batch of gold."

UNDER different circumstances, the teacher might have been skeptical. But Jones seemed to have become his friend in a perfectly natural way. Furthermore, he himself had literally plagued the man until he revealed the source of his income. Above all, his suspicions, if he had any, were lulled by a demonstration he witnessed.

"Yonder," said Jones, pointing to a row of glass jars in a private room, "you see all there is to it. The secret is the liquid I keep in there."

He dropped a gold coin into a jar and screwed on the cover.

"By tomorrow," he said, "that will concentrate quite a bit of new gold. The more I put in, the more it concentrates."

The two men left the room locked, and were together until they returned the following morning. They found the bottom of the jar covered with gold dust!

Enormously excited, the teacher soon broached a great idea. He was not rich, but had inherited enough to make him comfortably well-off.

"Let me," he said, "draw several thousand dollars at the bank. You take it and make a lot of gold; then we'll divide the proceeds and go to Europe for a high old time!"

Jones at first did not appear to care for the idea, but allowed himself to be persuaded.

"Of course," he said, "making all that gold will take more than one night. We'll have to wait a week."

The teacher did not mind this. He drew the money and (*Continued on page 84*)

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Queer Kicks *about the* Movies

People are terribly touchy on a lot of things they see in the pictures, especially on the nationality of villains and the religious affiliations of any parsons who may appear in the play

By MARY B. MULLETT

MOVIE magnates have made fortunes. But if you are inclined to envy them, you can mix a little pity with your envy. For we who go to the movies keep these magnates on a mighty hot griddle of worry and uncertainty.

Twenty millions of us go to the pictures every day, in this country. At the same time, other millions in other countries are watching American films. Naturally, every producer would like to please every one of these millions of spectators. A noble ambition, to be sure; but a perfectly hopeless one.

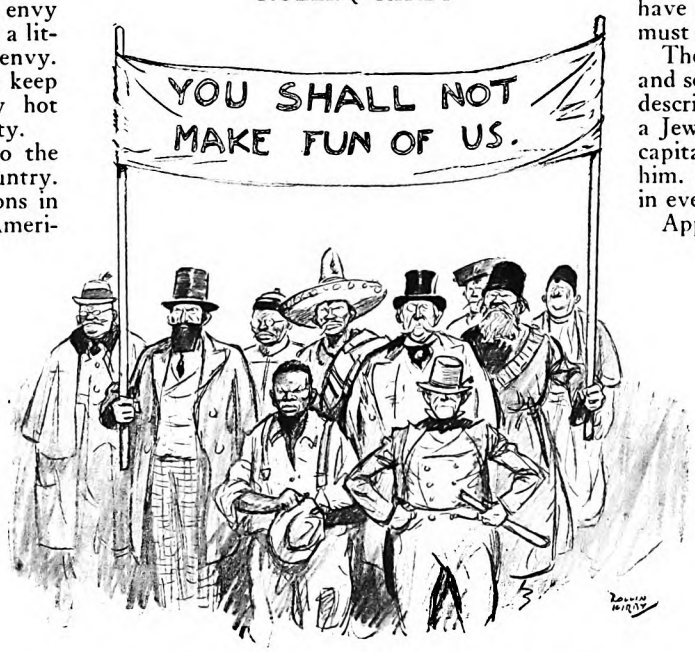
For example, most movie stories must have a more or less villainous villain. Ten years ago it was as easy to provide a villain for our picture plays as to furnish a cereal for our breakfasts. But those good old days have forever gone beyond recall.

In Western films the villain used to be a Mexican or an Indian. He could be a Japanese, a Chinaman, a Frenchman, a "dago," a Yankee. During the war he just naturally was a German.

But how times have changed! Nowadays, show a villain of any specified nationality—and, presto! there is a loud howl of protest.

It comes not only from people in this country but also from the offended citizens of other countries. Even Governments sit up and take official notice.

CARTOONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY



Red men, black men, yellow men, and almost every variety of white men have declared that the movie villain must not be drawn from *their* ranks.

The army objects to furnishing him and so does the navy. He mustn't be described as a Catholic, a Protestant, a Jew, or even an atheist! Both the capitalists and the workers repudiate him. Yet we have to have a villain in every picture.

Apparently, the only way to avoid hurting anybody's feelings is to make the villain a man without country, religion, or occupation.

Somebody has suggested a synthetic villain: one that would be a little of everything and not much of anything. But probably he wouldn't be much of a villain either.

ANYWAY, this isn't the only subject on which people are touchy. They pounce upon a picture, a scene, or even a single title, which they think shows them in an unfavorable light.

Last November, the Spanish Government took offense at a certain American-made picture. The objection was to several scenes; especially one in which the supposed Governor of Barcelona was de-

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picted as a drunken profligate, engaged in chasing women around a room.

This slur on Spanish officials was so deeply resented that the Government at Madrid forbade the showing of any films by the company which had produced this picture.

It was only when the American Embassy interceded with the Spanish Dictator, Primo de Rivera, that the ban was lifted. But the Americans were warned that they would be again barred out if they attempted to show another objectionable film.

In this case the protest seems to have been justified; but motion picture producers have received scores of far less reasonable complaints.

The queer thing about these protests is the fact that so many of them are absolutely contradictory; especially in regard to pictures dealing with religion.

You would be surprised to know how many Protestants write to motion-picture producers declaring that they "smell a plot" to denounce their faith and to favor the Catholics.

Curiously enough, however, the very same picture which has caused the Protestants to complain may bring letters from Catholics who assert that the films discriminate against *their* faith in favor of the Protestants!

Ministers of churches, and their members, protest against what they call the "misrepresentation" of the clergy. Yet the same picture which they cite as an offensive example will bring approving comments from other ministers and church members! No wonder the producer is bewildered.

I HAVE already referred to the difficulty of finding a villain who will hurt no one's feelings. But the situation at the other extreme is almost as bad: Nobody wants to be used as the *comic* element in a picture.

We all claim to have a sense of humor, but apparently we object to furnishing the laugh!

A typical example of this sensitiveness was the resentment roused by a certain Irish comedy.

It was no different from hundreds of similar comedies which have been produced on the speaking stage without bringing a single protest. Yet when it was shown on the screen, a society composed of Irish-Americans promptly took official action.

"Our people generally," the society declared, "will not tolerate exhibitions which grossly caricature and insult the Irish race."

In reply, it was patiently explained that picture producers don't want to insult *any* race. They couldn't afford to do it, even if they wanted to. But a picture must have comedy; and the comedy must be taken from life.

Sometimes the Englishman, with his monocle and side-whiskers, furnishes it. Which does not imply that all Englishmen wear monocles and sport Dundrearys. Sometimes the comic element is a Jewish peddler; yet not all Jews sell shoe strings from pushcarts. Sometimes it is the Yankee farmer; yet not all Americans are farmers; not all farmers are Yankees, and not all Yankee farmers are comic.

The Irish think it's all right if there's a funny Jew in a picture. The Jews find an Irish comedy entertaining, but harmless. The English smile at a joke on the Scotch, and the Scotch chuckle when they see an Englishman making himself absurd.

Every group has a sense of humor—as long as the laugh is on somebody else!

WHEN "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to be filmed, the original story provided the "villain" in the person of Simon Legree, the cruel overseer.

Mrs. Stowe, writing before the Civil War, had made Legree a Southerner; which was then the natural thing to do. But for the producers of the screen version the matter was not so simple.

They were afraid that Southerners might object to Legree, claiming that he was a libel on their slave-owning ancestry. Yet as the film would be an expensive production the company couldn't afford to lose the South as part of the market.

They finally solved the problem by making Legree a Northerner. In the first place, they figured that the North, having won the Civil War, is not so sensitive about the dissensions of that period. Moreover, a Northern "slave-driver" could not be regarded as a Northern type, but as a freak exception.

And here is the amusing detail: At first, they thought of making Legree a native of Rhode Island. Not that they had any grudge against our smallest state! But simply because, since it *is* the smallest, there would be fewer people who might think their toes were being trod on. But evidently someone tipped them off that Rhode Island was small only in the geographic sense.

Finally, however, it was decided not to saddle the slave-driving Simon on any state at all. It seemed safer to have him come simply from the vastness and vagueness of "the North."

Which is just exactly what they did.

Some of the kicks directed against the movie goat seem absurd. And yet, if one takes the kicker's point of view, they are not altogether unreasonable.

Last October, for example, a producer who prided himself on having made a "bomb-proof" photo-play received a protesting letter from a firm which manufactures billiard tables.

"The disreputable pool halls shown in motion pictures," declared the writer of this letter, "are very far-fetched in our day and time. Any such unjust picturization of the billiard game today is naturally resented by billiard fans."

This protest deserved serious consideration; and it received it. But if a film story called for a scene in an old-time pool-room, it was found impossible to eliminate the billiard table, since that was then part of the equipment of such resorts.

Protests have been received from dentists who object to comedy scenes showing a patient writhing in a dental chair. They say it injures their business by suggesting that a visit to the dentist is a terrible ordeal. As to that—well, we all have our own opinion.

A motion picture, entitled "Oh! What a Nurse!" was advertised by a poster showing a burlesque figure wearing a nurse's cap. A vigorous protest was promptly and publicly made by an organization of trained nurses.

A picture which was said to expose magic stirred up the exponents of legerdemain.

"This film," they asserted, "does great harm and injustice to all magicians, both professional and amateur."

ALMOST the same day came another indignant outburst, this from a social welfare agency.

"We must protest," the usual beginning of such complaints, "against untrue scenes, in some motion pictures, presenting social workers as meddlers or heartless tyrants."

That sounded pretty bad; so the producer asked for the titles of the offending films. In reply, only a single picture was named. In that one, so it was alleged, "two hatchet-faced women" were described as "social settlement workers" and as "welfare workers."

At the request of the producer, representatives of eight social service organizations viewed the film which had stirred up this complaint. They thoroughly approved it as "good entertainment," merely recommending that certain words in three subtitles be changed. This was done. "Social workers" and "settlement workers" became "lady slummers" and "settlement slummers." And so the alleged stigma was removed.

While collecting this symposium of complaints, I began to wonder whether there is *anyone* who doesn't carry some sort of chip on his shoulder.

(*Continued on page 136*)

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When Tempests Lash *the* Cradle *of the* Deep

By GEORGE W. GRAY

INTO the tumultuous blackness of a North Atlantic gale rasped the imploring radio call, Q R T, S O S. All along the storm-swept coast of Virginia and the Carolinas and far out to sea, radio operators shut off their dynamos and began to turn dials in search of the distressed vessel.

(Q R T, *quiet, everybody stop sending.* S O S, *a ship is in peril.*)

Feebly, the position of the endangered vessel began to come in. It was a schooner, the "Pioneer." Two of her crew had been washed overboard. The sea had smashed her foreboom, carried away her foremast rigging, and opened her seams. She was adrift south of Diamond Shoals.

Diamond Shoals, as every seaman knows, is the outpost of the most dreaded spot on the North American seaboard, Cape Hatteras. The ships that have broken on those shifting sands would rival in numbers the fleet of the Grand Armada, and the lives that have been swallowed up in its foaming waters would man a navy.

A disabled schooner caught in the tricky currents that swirl over and around the bars of Diamond Shoals would be out of luck, even on a fair night. In a gale it was in deadly danger. And this was a howling northeast gale.

Suddenly, another message began to spurt into the storm, a firm, powerful crackle in continental code: "The 'Manning' is proceeding to assist 'Pioneer.'"

You can imagine the sigh of relief that went up from hundreds of anxious listeners. All along the coast and among scores of vessels which picked up the message, a feeling of security uprose. For the "Manning" is as well known in those waters as old Hatteras herself—but with a far different reputation.

The "Manning" is the veteran cutter of the Coast Guard which bases at Norfolk, Virginia, a trim white cruising vessel of 200-foot length, with powerful engines, strong enough to pull ocean liners out of danger, and a stanch hull built to withstand high winds and heavy seas. Her

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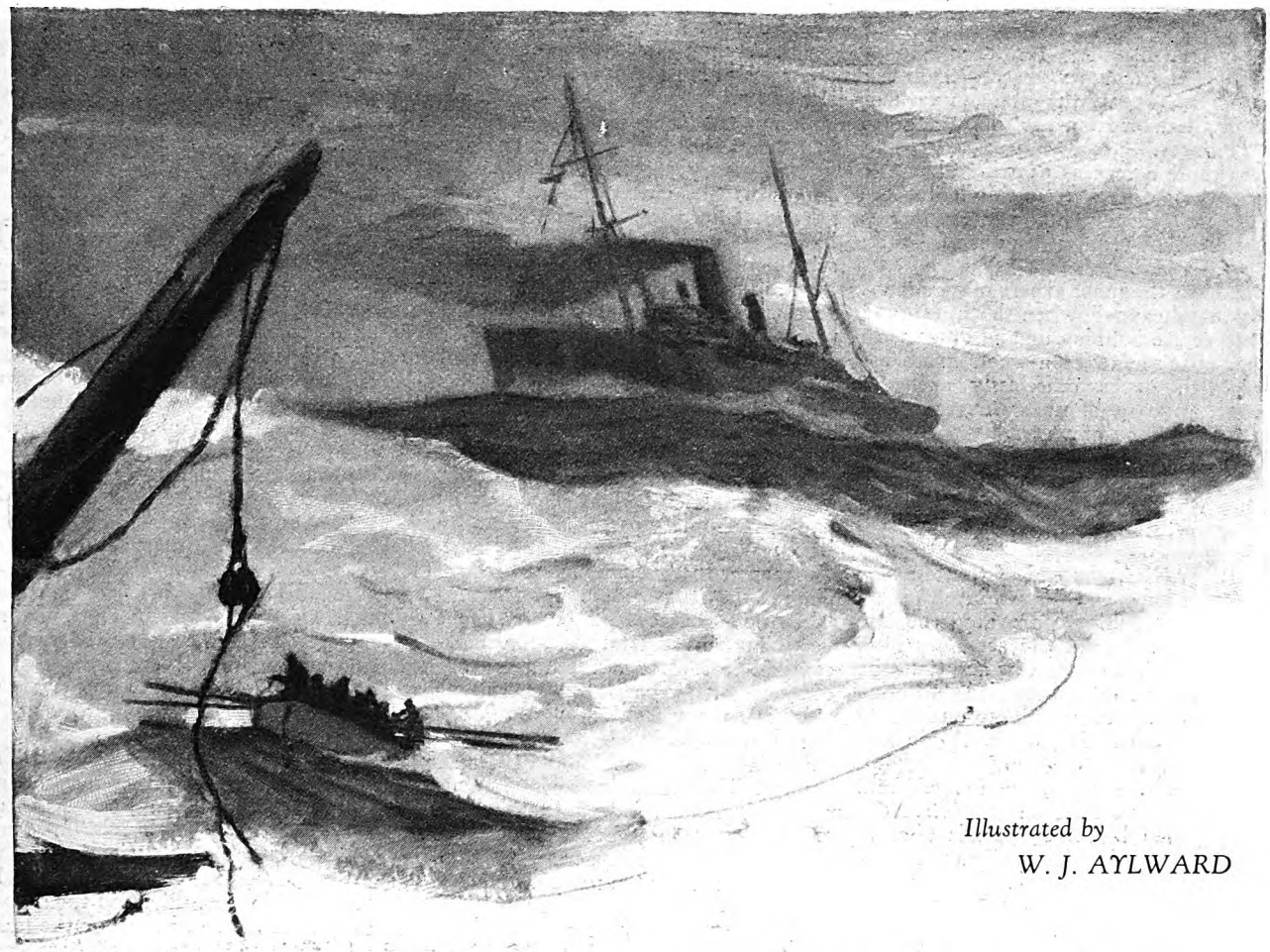

Illustrated by
W. J. AYLWARD

The U. S. Revenue Cutter "Manning" puts out in the teeth of the storm to the aid of any ship in distress

job is to look for trouble, to nose through fogs and storms for ships in distress, and to dare the very claws and teeth of the sea to rescue those in need.

LAUNCHED in East Boston in 1897, and christened after the Honorable Daniel Manning, who was Secretary of the Treasury under President Cleveland, the "Manning" is known as a "lucky ship." She has tried her luck in many parts of the world.

She has patrolled the ice floes of New England waters, navigated the stormy channels of the Straits of Magellan, battled through squalls off the Chilean coast, braved the fogs and gales of Bering Sea, scraped her bottom on hidden rocks in Prince William Sound, and left her name on the Alaskan map without leaving her hull in its icy waters, braved the Spanish guns at Santiago in 1898, and the German submarines in 1918—and through all this adventurous career her luck has lasted. A lucky ship? She needs to be, for courage and seamanship alone are not enough to match the wiles and treacheries of Hatteras.

Finding the "Pioneer" in that raging gale is itself an example of "Manning" luck. For hours she had to fight every foot of her way through seas that loomed mast-high. Her propeller alternately churned angry water and fanned the shrieking air, as she rolled and swung through the mountainous furrows. To the men on the bridge the whole universe seemed a confusion of two hells—the white foaming hell of infuriated waters and the black booming hell of rushing winds. In the bos'n's expressive phrase, "It was blowing great guns." The gusts exploded overhead like invisible bombs. The radio crackled, searching for the lost ship. And up in the pilot house eyes strained through the purple blackness, trying to sight some light, some shape, some sign from the vast howling immensity.

At last a light glimmered in the southeast. A steamship, laboring through the tempest. Again the radio sizzled its inquiry, but the ether is a tricky medium; sometimes it lets in distant calls at the very moment it smothers the nearby signal. The "Manning" pushed on toward the steamer, her decks awash most of the time, with now and then spray breaking over the bridge.

"Did you see that light!" exclaimed Captain Alger in the pilot house, and all eyes strained forward. "Just off the port side—a dim flash. Seemed a little astern of the steamer."

The navigating officer, on the bridge, was doubtful.

But the skipper knew that he had seen a gleam outside.

"Throw on the searchlight," he ordered, and presently a long arm of light reached out from the "Manning." Like a vast gesture of command it swept the ocean, penetrating the dark, cavernous troughs of the sea, pushing here and there, restless, vibrant, dauntless, in spite of the ceaseless roll of the ship and the thunderous shock that shook her every time the sea hit her.

"There," said the captain, looking through his binoculars. And there, a quarter of a mile behind the steamer, was something. To my eye or yours it would seem only a deeper shadow on the darkness of the waters; but the trained eyes of the mariners identified it at once as a schooner.

NOW the radio began to stutter again, and this time the ether was obliging. The steamer said she was the "Katonia," bound for New York, with the disabled "Pioneer" in tow.

"But your hawser has parted," said the "Manning."

Unknown to those on the steamer, the tow line had broken. The "Pioneer" was adrift, sweeping toward the shoals.

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After making sure that the cutter assumed responsibility for the helpless schooner, the steamer proceeded on her way. Then began the difficult task of getting a hawser from the "Manning" to the "Pioneer."

So simple a feat as drawing alongside and tossing a line is unthinkable—the danger of smashing hull against hull is too great. The usual method is to shoot a line with a gun.

But even the most expert marksman is badly handicapped when both he and his target are bobbing up and down with the gigantic seesaw of a whole northeast gale, with decks ceaselessly swinging through an angle of ninety degrees, and awash with tons of water.

"There's more'n one way to turn the trick," said the gunner of the "Manning." "When we'd tried shooting, and lost out three times, we tried buoying."

IN BUOYING, the end of the line was tied to a buoy and thrown into the sea. Then the "Manning," dragging the line astern, swept around the schooner in a wide half-circle, and the tow and the drift of the current combined carried the line to the "Pioneer." Picking it up out of the sea was back-breaking work. Again and again the "Pioneer's" grapnels took hold, only to lose it. Finally, the line held and was caught by strong hands. Then the schooner men began to pull it aboard, dragging in two hundred and fifty feet of line to bring the eight-inch hawser that was to link the "Pioneer" to her rescuer.

During all these hours of struggle, wind and sea and current had not been idle for a single second. When at last the hawser was fast, the schooner lay only ten miles off Hatteras, and the shoals were scarce a mile away.

Slowly the "Manning" began her long haul from the danger zone. The powerful machinery throbbed confidence and strength, the cutter pushed her way northward into the face of the wind, the hawser tightened, obediently the dripping schooner followed behind. And then, a blessed peace took possession of the remnant of her crew. Tired sailormen, who had had no rest for days, while they fought shrieking death every hour of the time, turned in for rest. Port was assured.

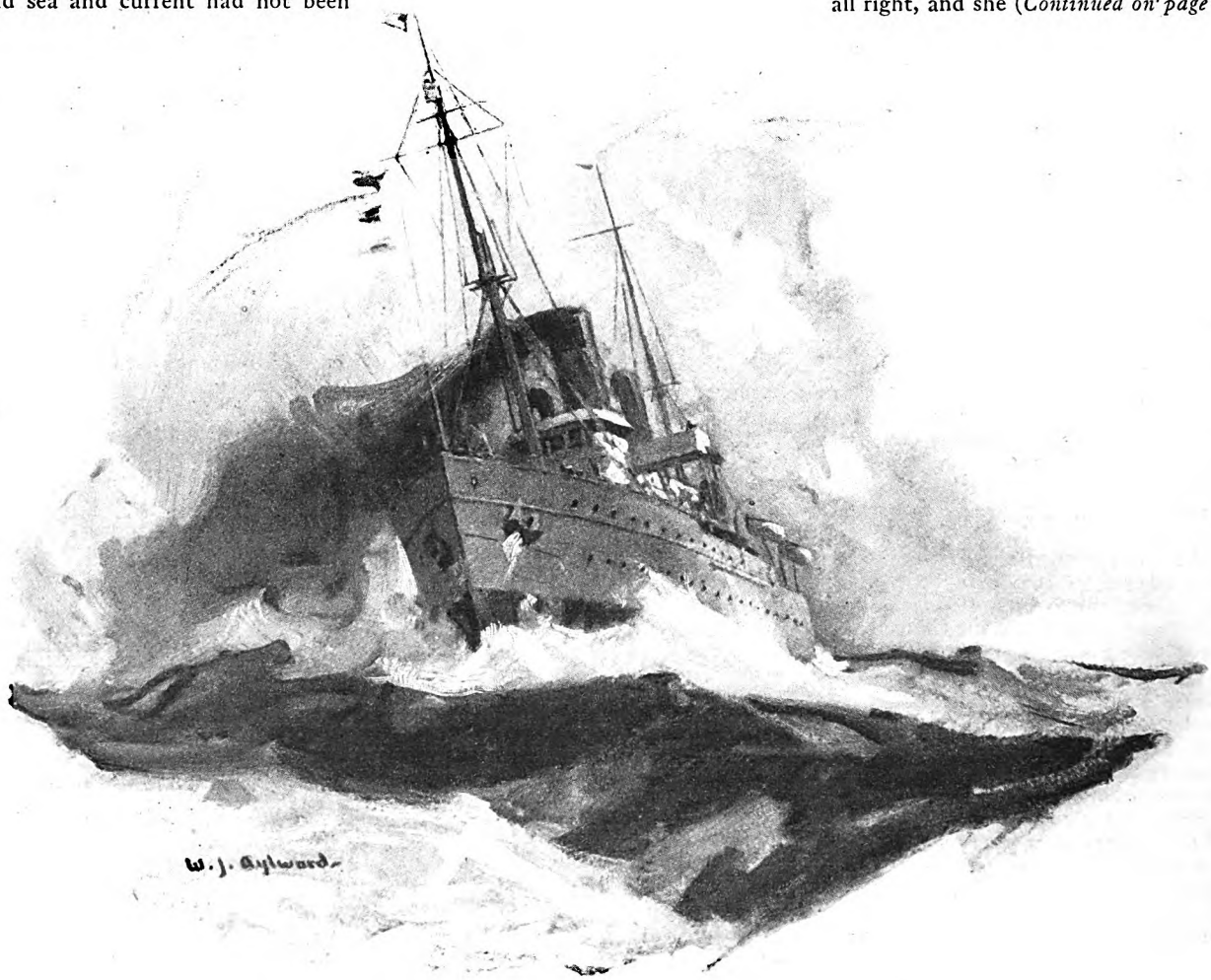
The "Manning" can make fifteen knots an hour under favorable conditions—in her youth she was known to make eighteen; but it took more than a day to tow this maimed seabird the one hundred and seven miles to the safety of Lynnhaven Roads. There, the "Pioneer," streaked with salt, was left to rest a bit before the tugs came for her. The "Manning" proceeded on to her own berth in Norfolk Harbor. She had her coating of salt too, a reminder of the closeness of her struggle with the sea.

I have reported this "assistance"—as it is called officially—in detail; not because it is exceptional but because it is typical. The "Manning's" life is made up of such incidents. Indeed, they are part of the routine of any Coast Guard cutter; but, because of her longer service, the log of the "Manning" is more crowded with rescues than that of most ships. This March gale is only one of hundreds of gales which the "Manning" has pushed into, to save life and property; and the "Pioneer" is but one of hundreds of vessels that the veteran cutter has brought safely into harbor after a bitter tussle with the sea.

NOT every tussle is so fortunate. There was the case of the "Virginia," a Cuban schooner which left Havana on November 27th, 1919, with a cargo of molasses for New York. Off Jupiter Light, on the Florida coast, a storm hit her, and for the next fortnight she fought her way up the coast in a succession of gales, to meet her hardest blow off the tip of old Hatteras. Her sails were torn to shreds, and she was reported in a helpless condition when the "Manning" got first word and set out to the rescue.

"It was eight-thirty at night when we unmoored and stood to sea," said Captain William J. Wheeler, who was in command that winter. "At nine o'clock next morning we arrived at the estimated position of the schooner. Nothing was in sight, and we immediately began a systematic search, broadcasting inquiries by radio every few minutes.

"This kept up al' that day and through the night and next morning, and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before we got direct word of the wreck. Then we spoke the steamship 'Chicomico,' which reported by radio that she had the 'Virginia' in tow. She said the schooner's sails were blown away; but the hull was all right, and she (*Continued on page 186*)



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How I Lost Money Trying to Get Rich

A hard-headed business man tells frankly of his financial follies when he set out to beat the game and make money in side lines he knew nothing about, and in schemes which promised quick returns

RIDING down to the office one day last year I came across this item in the morning paper:

$128,000 All N. G.
Courthouse Employee Leaves Prize Collection of Worthless Stocks

Charles F. Jones, for more than thirty years a clerk at the county courthouse, boasted to his fellow employees that he would die a millionaire. The examination of his papers yesterday showed that he did not leave enough to bury him, and a collection is being taken up by his associates to provide a simple funeral.

The assortment of worthless securities which was found among his effects was said to be the prize exhibit of all time. More than 106 different stocks were represented, in amounts varying from $100 to $2,000. The extraordinary thing was that out of 106 chances Mr. Jones did not pick a single winner. The whole collection of green and gold certificates with a face value of $128,000 was not worth fifty cents in the market.

A drab incident, one of the thousand bits of pathos that float through every week's papers. You can picture the hard-working little clerk in his shabby bedroom. It is Saturday night. He has received his week's wage of, let us say, $30. He has paid six dollars for the next week's rent and set aside fifteen dollars for food.

He lives near the office in order to save car fare. His clothes are shabby, and he shines his own shoes. A very bitter existence, you will say, but it has its reward.

With shining eyes he unlocks a drawer in his desk and pulls out his treasures. Lovingly he fingers the hundred shares of the oil stock that will be paying him a hundred dollars a month—when oil is struck! And the fake mining stocks. And the stock in the company that will manufacture an appliance to be screwed onto every automobile.

He has cash in the drawer as well as certificates. He adds fifteen dollars to the roll and counts it lovingly; more than a hundred dollars, enough for another investment. With a happy smile he turns to his mail and tears open one long envelope after another: nice big letters from every city; friendly letters from men of importance who have heard about him as an investor and who are willing to take him in along with them on the ground floor.

Shall we pity him? Perhaps he would have scorned our pity. Possibly the hours that he spent in imagination as a millionaire—scattering the dividends from his mines and wells and real estate—were happier than any hours of realization could have been. No one of us can know the whole secret of another's heart. . . . Still, the picture of the poor little fellow haunted me.

I CLIPPED out the brief story, and when I reached my desk I had my secretary copy it and send it around the office. I attached a memorandum saying that this man's experience ought to interest those who were saving money, and that if any of our people desired to talk with me about their investments I should be glad to have them come to my office.

Two people came. One was our vice president in charge of production. He had heard that a certain company was about to declare a stock dividend, and he asked me to call up one of the directors and verify the rumor. The other was a stenographer who is helping support her mother out of her $33 a week and managing, heaven knows how, to build up a savings account besides.

Two folks out of more than two hundred thought enough of the old man's judgment to consult him. I was surprised and a little hurt, though I know now that I ought not to have been. Few people are willing to talk freely about their investments. And hardly anyone is so inexperienced or so unsuccessful that he does not cling to the belief that heaven has given him a special gift for picking winners in the stock market. It sometimes seems as though each generation learns only by repeating the mistakes of its predecessors. Here am I, the president of a company, knowing perfectly well that I could save my young people a lot of loss and pain if they would come to me frankly and let me help them. Yet they will not—any more than I would listen to the advice of older men when I was making my financial mistakes. Yet the advice which I could give is not cheap advice. I have paid for it at a cost of many thousands of dollars.

IN a private corner of my safe I keep a little locked box, my chamber of horrors. It holds the records of my folly—the children of greed, offspring of the too-eager desire to beat the game, to get rich overnight. Not a single certificate in it is any good, and yet I am supposed to be a hard-headed business man. Perhaps, even though my own young people will not listen to me, there may be others who will. Perhaps it will be worth while to open the box and tell frankly the story of some of these sad investments.

My first stock investment was in a company making a marvelous new slot machine that was to go into railroad stations and public parks and sell everything a traveler might need, from a pocket comb to a change of underwear. The device was ingenious, but not half so clever as the statistics which had been assembled around it. These pointed out how many million people needed their hair combed every day and how, if only one per cent of these patronized us, the revenue would run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. And so on and so on. Of course the railroads and the parks would not allow the machines to be installed, and of course the few that were set up never did any business, and I lost (*Continued on page 105*)

Remember:

All That Glitters Isn't Gilt-Edged

"MONEY is hard to get," says the author of this article. "Don't fool yourself that people just stumble on it, or that the rich man isn't, in most instances, a smart man.

"It takes an awful lot of money, patience, and good management to start a new enterprise and make it successful.

"Don't be misled by glittering new things—only one in a thousand succeeds.

"The established enterprises in a rich and fast-growing country are bound to appreciate in value.

"Hitch your financial wagon to some of these brightest stars and then forget that you have done so."

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As the TWIG is Bent

The story of a father who was willing to give more than his life for his son

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrated by
GEORGE BREHM

THE lean, ascetic face of Jim Hanvey's visitor was marked with deep lines of worry. It was a fine, intelligent face, the face of a gentleman and a man of culture.

Roger Steele was blessed with a figure tall and lithe and graceful. His shoulders were broad and his waist slender. He had the body of an athlete, and only the stern face and the iron-gray hair above it gave a hint of middle age.

He walked to the window, where he stood silent, his form silhouetted against the deep red glow of late afternoon. His body was bent slightly at the waist. Hands were clasped behind his back and his lips were set in a grim straight line. Once he raised his eyes and scrutinized the enormous figure which wallowed in the easy chair.

Jim Hanvey was everything that Roger Steele was not. He was a man of gigantic proportions whose figure lacked any hint of symmetry. His head was over-large and supported by a column of chins. Ready-made clothes hung loosely on the huge figure, and his round, moon-like face seemed hopelessly to lack any reflection of intelligence.

Yet the bond between these men was based upon mutual respect. Each paid wholesome and unreserved tribute to the other. Jim knew that Roger Steele was the outstanding gentleman crook of America. Steele understood that Hanvey was preëminently the foremost detective in the country. One was immaculate, the other slovenly; one was dynamic, the other lethargic. A queer pair: hunter and hunted—sincerely fond of each other.

Knowing Hanvey less well, Roger Steele might have been annoyed. Hanvey appeared to be asleep. His colorless eyes were half closed. Fat fingers fumbled with a golden toothpick which dangled from a huge watch chain. Hanvey neither spoke nor moved. It was only when Steele left the window and seated himself on the edge of a chair that the detective produced from his breast pocket a thin black cigar. He lighted this with scrupulous care and puffed luxuriously. Steele winced as the vile odor of bad tobacco assailed his nostrils. But he did not make the usual caustic comment.

Instead, he leaned forward and bored Hanvey with his keen gray eyes.

"Jim," he said, "I'm in trouble."

Hanvey blinked with exasperating slowness.

"Gosh! I'm sorry to hear that, Roger."

"I have come to you for help."

"You know I'll be glad . . . provided it ain't the police."

"It's not about myself, Jim. I give you my word on that. I've had too much on my mind to run foul of the law recently." Steele lighted a cigarette. "Mind if I start at the beginning, Jim?"

"That's usually an awful good place to commence, Roger. Shoot!"

Obviously, Steele did not find the task simple. Usually at ease, his manner now was constrained. He bit his lip—then spoke swiftly:

"You've known me a long time, Jim. You know what I've been and what I am. No need to rehash. I've swindled and cheated and lied and stolen . . . always like a gentleman. I've made a living playing with marked cards for high stakes. I've engineered fraudulent promotions. I've been rotten all the way through. I—"

"Aw! Say, Roger. You ain't got any right pannin' yourself that-away. You're a fine feller . . . with a sort of twist."

"That's it," interrupted Steele harshly. "A twist! The appearance and education of a gentleman and the psychological complex of a dirty thief. I've always had that, Jim, ever since I was a kid. I can thank my brain for keeping out of jail. I'm not holding anything back. I want you to understand at the outset that I haven't a redeeming trait."

"You're a good friend, Roger. I know that myself."

THE long, slender fingers of the other man were clenched.

"Once in my life, Jim Hanvey, I was straight. That was long before you knew me. It was then that I went through the only clean, decent phase of my life."

He drew a long breath and hesitated a moment, as though abashed by his own emotion. Hanvey had not moved; once again it seemed as though he were slumbering.

"There was a girl, Jim." Hanvey detected a slight break in the man's voice. "We went through the university together. She was—well, anyway, I was in love with her: so much in love that I forgot all the crooked instincts which had been eating my soul. We married the day after graduation. We were . . . we were very happy."

The voice stopped. Hanvey toyed with the golden toothpick, silently waiting for his friend to continue.

"I took a job. Twenty-five dollars a week. We lived on the money. A two-room apartment. No friends—we were sufficient unto each other. It was hard sledding, but worth it. Eighteen months after our marriage . . . my son was born." Steele's face twisted. "She died!"

The detective looked away. It was not pleasant to watch the suffering of a strong man.

"RIGHT after that, Jim, I took my first crooked step. Nothing mattered then, it seemed, and all my instinct was toward the rose path. Besides, there was the boy to consider. . . .

"I needed money for him. The love I had borne my wife was transferred to Ted. All of that love, plus the love which a father has for his first-born. He had a trained nurse, and then, as he grew older, there were private schools. By that time I was successful . . . as you have known me. I don't want you to think that I'm claiming I went wrong for the boy's sake. I did it because it was in me; that's all.

"But I saw my problem developing. I knew that Ted must never know the truth about me. He was a fine boy, Jim, even as a youngster. But I knew his heritage, and I was afraid of it. When he was out of school, I made myself his buddy. We played around together. I tried to instill in him every idea of honor and decency which I had discarded. I wanted my son to be straight and clean. But, most of all I wished to revere, in him, the memory of the only woman I ever loved—to keep alive the only thoroughly decent thing in my life. Do you understand, Jim?"

The detective nodded heavily. "Yes, Roger, I understand."

"Ted always thought of me as a man of leisure. I taught him to believe that I possessed modestly ample means. I gave him everything he could wish for, within reason. I was careful not to spoil him. I didn't allow him to become accustomed to luxuries, because I was afraid that the craving for them might injure him in later years. As he grew older, I became more and more haunted by the ghastly fear that he would learn about me. You can see what that would have meant. . . . I guess you can't understand the love I have for the lad, Jim. You're not a father . . ."

"I can imagine things, can't I, Roger?"

"I believe you can. Anyway, I stayed

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with the boy as much as I could; it was man and man, not exactly father and son. I taught him to look up to me. It wasn't always easy to face the honest, trusting look in his eyes."

STEELE'S face was grim. "For once in my life, Jim Hanvey, I'm talking sentiment. You're the first man who has heard anything like this from me, and I hope you'll be the last. It's been bottled up inside—and I had to let loose.

"To continue: Ted and I went hunting in the winter when he was on vacation from college. In the summer we went into the Rockies, or sometimes to Europe. Then, when he graduated, I had a plain talk with him. I explained that he must provide for himself. You see, Jim, I didn't want him to think that life was easy. I wanted him to appreciate money. So I was delighted when he took a job in a broker's office in New York. They started him off at fifty dollars a week. For two years, Jim, I have been a very proud man. And then—just a week ago—the blow fell!"

His voice stopped. Abruptly. Hanvey's bulbous head moved slowly from side to side.

"What blow, Roger?"

The lean, handsome face of the professional was raised.

"Jim," he said hoarsely, "my boy has gone crooked!"

Jim's hands dropped limply into his lap. He wanted to express his deep sympathy, but all he could say was, "Gosh!"

"He's gone crooked, Jim. How far, I don't know. But he's on the road—and I didn't discover it until too late. That's why I've come to you." Steele rose nervously. "You've got to help me, Jim. You've got to keep my boy straight. It isn't too late. It is only by a miracle, Jim, that I'm not in prison now for murder. That was the impulse I had when I heard who Ted had gotten in with."

"Who?" inquired the detective.

"Rip Hanlon and Barney Lane."

Hanvey inbreathed audibly. No further explanation was needed. He knew Hanlon and Lane: keen, unscrupulous crooks who hated Roger Steele and were, in turn, hated by him. If they had their hands on Steele's son—Jim pursed his lips sympathetically.

"They hooked him, eh?"

"Yes. When I heard it, I started packing. I was going to New York and kill them both. Then I saw that I'd simply be making a fool of myself. Nothing would be accomplished. It isn't that I care for myself, you know that, Jim. I'd give my life for that boy. But the important thing is to keep him straight."

"H'm! Not so nice, Roger. Of course you know I'll help. But Rip Hanlon and Barney Lane are the fair-haired boys when it comes to bein' slick. If they've hooked the kid, you can lay your bottom dollar that they've hog-tied him and are in the clear themselves. They're hitting at you, of course."

"Yes," said Roger Steele dully. "But that isn't the important thing. I can forget my feud with them. The thing that's driving me crazy, Jim, is this: Ted has a heritage of rottenness. He gets it from me. I've tried to educate it out of him . . . but it's there. He has brain. He has a softness of manner I never had. And he has courage. He would make a successful crook, Jim; that's the horrible thought."

"I understand. About Rip—What's his racket?"

"FAKE stock." Steele was speaking crisply. "You know a large proportion of our emeralds come from South America. Colombia. Lots of money has been made by investors in emerald mines. Good enough. Ted organized a company, Tropical Emerald. He is president, and there are two dummy incorporators—stenographers in the office. They own a tract of worthless land in Colombia. They've issued glorious prospectuses with pictures of the mines and all that sort of stuff. It's full of figures about how much money has been made from Colombian emerald mines. Trouble is, they have no mines and no emeralds.

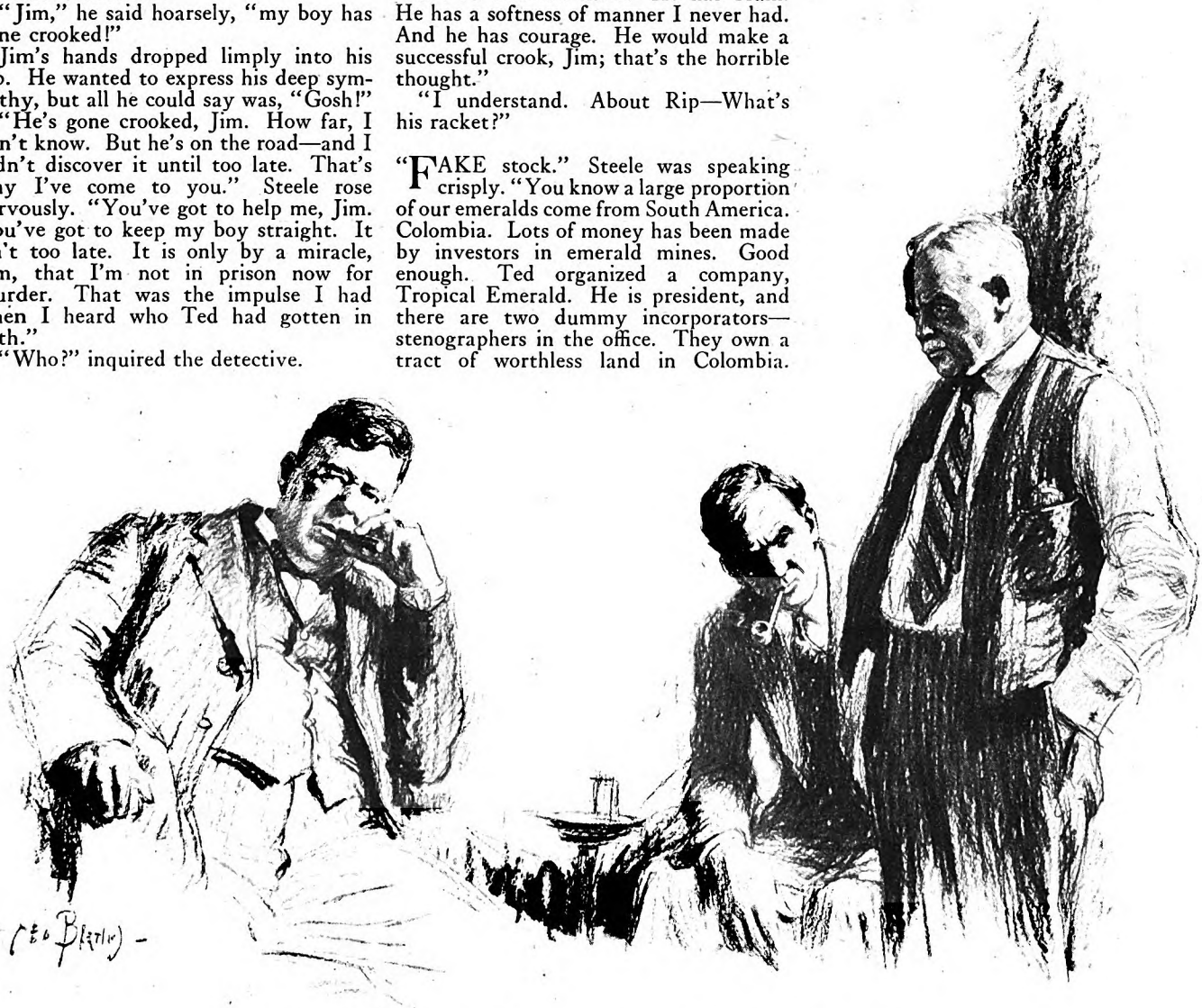
"But the stock-selling is a cinch. There's romance in it, and the prospect of quick and enormous riches. The stock is going to be listed on a wildcat, outlaw exchange, one of those fungus exchanges which exist by duping the ignorant investor. They're going to put it on the market at a dollar a share and manipulate it up. Then, when the crash comes—Ted's holding the bag all by himself. It'll be jail for him. And after that—"

"Sure. . . . But about Rip and Barney?"

"THEY'RE out of the picture. Their names don't appear. Not even on the books of the company."

"And Ted fell for that?"

"No," snapped Roger Steele. "He didn't. He knew it was crooked. That's what frightens me. Jim, I'm desperate. The boy has got to be scared out of this. He's got to be given a shock that will do what my education and training have



Hanvey blinked slowly. "I won't even try appealing to the decent side of you fellows," he murmured, "because rats haven't got any decent side."

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never been able to accomplish. If he gets caught and goes to jail, it will be horrible. If he makes money on this thing and goes scot-free, it will be even worse. Can't you see what I'm up against? And can't you understand that I've got to have your help? If I talked to those men, I'd kill them. Or they—they'd tell Ted the truth about me."

He turned away and pretended to busy himself with a cigarette. But Jim understood. He hoisted himself to his feet and waddled alongside his friend. One fat hand was dropped affectionately on a shoulder which had bent under this blow.

"I don't know what I'll be able to do, Roger. Those two babies are slick, awful slick. But tonight you and me are gonna hop the rattler and beat it for New York. And I'm gonna bust a suspender tryin' to straighten the lad out."

Steele did not speak. He merely wrapped powerful fingers around Jim's flabby wrist and gave a pressure which made the detective wince.

TWO days later they were in New York. Roger telephoned his son at the office of Tropical Emerald, Incorporated. Jim stood close beside him and sounded a warning:

"Play dumb, Roger. Don't give the lad a hint."

The father nodded. Then his voice softened, grew gentle as a woman's, as he spoke to his son. Would the lad join them at dinner in the hotel that night? Yes. . . . At eight o'clock.

They were in the lobby when the boy arrived. Hanvey had spoken briefly to the father: "Let him do what talking is done about this stuff, Roger. Of course you'll ask him what he's doing; but don't be too interested. You savvy?"

"Yes."

Hanvey recognized the lad when he was half a lobby away. He knew that this was Steele's son, and he knew in a flash why Roger Steele worshiped him.

The boy was tall as his father and as broad. He had his father's clear-cut features and his level, gray eyes; but he had a softness, a gentleness, which his father had never possessed. Father and son placed their hands on each other's shoulders.

"Dad!"

"Son!"

Then Steele turned. "This is a friend of mine, son. Mr. Hanvey, this is Ted."

Socially trained, Ted did not betray the shock occasioned by Hanvey's grotesque appearance. Jim felt his hand gripped in a strong pressure, and discovered that he couldn't help liking the lad. His first thought was that Ted was dangerously attractive. Too attractive for his own good. They talked generally, and it was Roger Steele who shifted the subject to the boy's new business. Jim applauded his coolness. He would have sworn that Roger knew nothing—and feared nothing.

"What's this new job of yours, son? It sounds terribly impressive."

Jim saw the lad flush, but his answer was ready:

"Some friends of mine discovered a big deposit of emeralds in Colombia, Dad. They bought the land and we organized a company to exploit it. I think we're going to make a lot of money."

Roger Steele looked away. The boy was so frank, so naïve—Steele was horribly afraid that already Ted had advanced far along the wrong path. The boy talked more of his prospects. He spoke with sincerity and enthusiasm, just as he would have spoken to a would-be buyer of stock in Tropical Emerald. Of course he presumed that his father knew nothing about such things, and would never suspect; and Jim's sympathies went out to the older man.

After dinner it was easier, and later they went to a musical show, and it was nearly midnight before they separated. Back in the hotel Roger Steele turned a haggard face toward his ponderous friend.

"You see, Jim, the lad has it in him. He could sell stock to anyone. That is the curse of it: he'll either land in jail or be successful in this enterprise. I hardly know which would be worse."

The following morning Hanvey did a little investigating. He located Rip Hanlon and Barney Lane in an apartment hotel in the Eighties.

They were a chubby, cheerful pair of criminals. One would have taken them to be successful business men and avid members of luncheon clubs—nice, respectable family men with never a thought in the world beyond their offices and the verandas of their homes.

As Hanvey entered the apartment, their eyes met for the fraction of an instant. It was a searching, warning glance. Then they turned beaming faces upon their visitor, as though he was the one person in the world whom they were most delighted to welcome.

"If it isn't my old friend, Jim Hanvey! Well, well, well! Have a seat, Jim, and make yourself comfortable. No—we won't smoke one of your rotten cigars; but you can if you wish." They bustled about, quizzing him about himself. He grinned, settled himself in a chair, lighted a black cigar, and stretched.

"How's everything, boys?"

"Fine, Jim. I might almost say, great!"

"And Tropical Emerald?"

Again that lightning flash of warning from Rip to Barney.

"What's that, Jim?"

"How's Tropical Emerald getting along?"

Rip Hanlon scratched his partly bald head. "What is Tropical Emerald, Jim?"

Hanvey chuckled. "Same cagy birds, ain't you? You wouldn't admit anything even if you knew I knew it, would you?"

"Aw now, Jim. That ain't fair. You know good and well we wouldn't think of concealing anything from you. We're a pair of respectable, honest men."

"YOU'RE lucky," drawled Jim, "that you're not both dead men right now."

Barney Lane frowned. "How's that, Jim?"

"Because Roger Steele first thought of killing you. Ain't you boys got any better sense than to stir up that sort of hornet's nest? When Steele gets going, he's poison—and you know it."

The cherubic expressions had fled from the faces of the two men. They were grim and hard.

"We don't like Steele, Jim. More than that: we're not scared of him."

"You better be. You've touched him in a mighty vulnerable spot."

"The kid?" They had thrown pretense aside. They saw that Jim knew facts. 'Listen here, Jim, that youngster is a natural wonder. It's just our good luck that he's on the right side of the fence."

"And the fact that you hate his dad didn't have anything to do with it?"

Rip Hanlon stepped directly in front of the detective. His eyes narrowed to pin points.

"There's no use lying to you, Jim. It did! Now—what about it?"

Hanvey's voice was still drawly. He spoke with perfect good nature.

"You boys couldn't have managed to think of a lower-down, rottener, meaner, filthier trick, could you?"

Barney's face flushed; Rip turned purple. His fists clenched.

"Now, listen here, Hanvey—"

"I'll listen to nothing more right now from you two worms." Hanvey had not moved, his voice had not been raised, but it contained a dangerous note. "I don't often get mad, but I'm mad now. I'm plumb sore! You two ain't fitten to be crooks. You belong down in the gutter. Just 'cause you hate the old man, and ain't got the guts to hit straight at him, you set out to ruin the boy's life!"

"Aw! Quit shooting off your mouth. I'm sick and tired of it." Barney Lane leaned closer to the detective. "Suppose you take a look at the records of Tropical Emerald before you start yelling. Our names don't figure in it. Nothing but Ted Steele and a couple of dummies. And if you try to make any trouble we'll tell the kid about his old man."

"And get killed for your trouble."

"A fat lot we're afraid of Steele! He makes me sick—posing around as a gentleman."

HANVEY blinked slowly. "I won't even try appealing to the decent side of you fellows," he murmured, "because rats haven't got any decent side. I'm just asking you: What are you going to make out of this?"

"We square accounts with Roger Steele, in the first place. We've always sworn we would. And, in the second, if you must know, we aren't planning to slough his kid. He's all right, and maybe we'll make him a high-class crook some day. We've got things fixed so he'll come through this all right. Of course if things should go wrong—he'll be the goat."

"In other words, you fellows are safe, and he'll either be in jail, or a successful criminal. Is that it?"

"Precisely. And no better than his high-hat father!"

Jim shuddered. "I never knew there could be nothin' as low as you two fellers," he commented.

"Well, what of it? We're laying our cards on the table. And, no matter how slick you are, there ain't a thing you can do about it. We ain't going to budge. Look over our books if you want. We're in the clear. The minute the kid sells one share of stock, he's in so deep he'll never get out. Everything's set. The stock will go on sale to the public in the next few days. And let me say one more thing, Hanvey—you're a fat nuisance, and we don't want to be bothered with you any more. We know what we're doing and we intend to see it through. We don't want you butting in."

"No-o. I reckon not. I'll hand you

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Feeling very ill at ease, Ted seated himself and stared first at Hanvey and then at his father

boys this much—you've kept yourself nicely in the clear. But I'll say this for your information: I don't like either of you."

Rip Hanlon gave a short, harsh laugh.

"Scare a guy like Steele with that sort of hooey," he invited. "We're no amateurs!"

Hanvey rose and swayed toward the door. There he turned.

"I'm going back to my hotel, boys. After sittin' here with you fellers I feel like I need a bath."

The door closed behind him, shutting out their sarcastic farewells.

JIM HANVEY was angry. More than that: he was worried. He was of a deeply sentimental nature and the immediate prospect horrified him.

He was fond of Roger Steele and he liked Steele's son. A fine, upstanding lad who had inherited a cloven hoof. He understood Rip Hanlon and Barney Lane too well. They were not planning to double-cross Ted Steele into jail. Not a bit of it. They expected Tropical Emerald to be a success. But things were framed so that if there should happen to be an explosion, Ted would be the sole victim.

Roger Steele was in the hotel room when Hanvey arrived. He seemed to have aged in the brief span of Hanvey's absence. He turned hopefully toward the detective, and winced as the prodigious head waggled negatively.

"Nothing stirring, Roger. They're hard-boiled as a pair of twenty-minute eggs."

Steele bit his lip, but kept himself under excellent control.

"Give me the layout, Jim."

Hanvey spoke deliberately, selecting his words with care so as to cause the father the least misery. When he was finished Steele looked up:

"They've got Ted bound and gagged, haven't they?"

"Yes."

"And of course he knew the thing wasn't on the level."

Jim flushed. "I believe so, Roger."

"Of course he did. That's what scares me. He's got the wrong stuff in him. He inherits it from me—and it's up to me to save him." He hesitated a moment "The question is—how?"

"Uh-huh. . . . Of course—no violence"

"No. Not now, at any rate. It would be easy, but it wouldn't do any good."

Roger Steele rose and paced the room. Hanvey watched him sympathetically. At length he turned and his eyes sought those of his detective friend.

"We're thinking the same thing, aren't we, Jim?"

"I reckon so, Roger."

"There's nothing else to do?"

"I wish I thought there was. . . ." Jim hesitated. "The kid is crazy about you."

"I think so. And you never can know how I feel toward him. He's wife and son and—and everything—rolled into one. That's why I've got to buck it through. But it isn't going to be easy, Jim. God knows it isn't."

THERE was nothing Hanvey could say. He felt as though he were talking to a man who was planning to commit suicide. About Roger Steele there was that air of inescapable disaster. He had reached the end of his rope. The hopes and ambitions of a lifetime were to be crushed; the most wonderful thing in his life was to be smashed.

Jim Hanvey knew what Steele meant. The great criminal was going to tell the truth to his son.

Steele walked to the telephone and called the office of Tropical Emerald. He winced with pain as the bright, cheery voice of his idolized son came back to him through the receiver.

"I've got to see you right away, Ted. Down here at the hotel. It's mighty important."

"But, Dad—"

"Come right away, won't you, son? You know I wouldn't insist if it was anything which could wait."

He turned away from the 'phone. He was pitifully old. "He's coming now, Jim. I wonder if you'd mind sitting through this with me?"

HANVEY crossed the room to his friend and held out his hand.

"On one condition, Roger."

"What is that?"

"No violence. To those other fellers—or yourself."

Steele hesitated, then nodded.

"All right; you have my word."

Then they fell silent. Jim was reminded of a grim experience out of his past when he had remained all night in the cell of a man who was to die the next morning. Except that this was worse than a death sentence to Roger Steele.

The lad arrived at the hotel. He breezed into the room and smiled greetings to them both. Then he frowned.

"What's this?" he inquired lightly. "Looks as though I'd stepped into a funeral."

Steele did not look up.

"Sit down, son."

The lad was disturbed and deeply impressed. Feeling very ill at ease, he seated himself and stared first at Hanvey and then at his father. Roger Steele's voice came slowly. His words were clear and close-clipped; his tone colorless.

"I want you to listen until I finish, Ted. No interruptions, please, because this is going to be hard enough anyway."

He drew a long breath.

"Son, you're in trouble. You don't know it, but I do. I know all about Tropical Emerald . . . and, what's worse, I know that you know. You know it's crooked. You (*Continued on page 177*)

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Alligator Tales

ONE day in March Charles Livingston Bull and I were paddling in a small punt up Coming Tee Lagoon. Spring was somewhat late in the Carolina plantation country. The cypresses around the edges of the lagoon were putting on their feathery foliage, the sweet gums were a brilliant green, golden jessamine glimmered on the margins of the swamps. We were looking for water-turkeys, yellow-crowned night herons, and any other interesting forms of wild life that might show themselves. Suddenly Bull, who was in the bow of the punt, called my attention to a movement in the water close to the right-hand shore, perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead of us. Evidently some large animal was putting out from the bank, and we knew at once what the animal was—a big alligator.

We wanted to get a good look at it, but the situation required strategy. We paddled on slowly for some minutes, then headed the punt toward the shore some three hundred yards from the point where we had seen the movement in the water. As the boat's bow touched the bank, Bull stepped out in the shadow of the cypresses. I was about to follow him, when, happening to turn my head, I saw an astonishing spectacle.

Through a floating field of lily pads and other aquatic plants, a hundred yards or so away on the surface of the lagoon, a large alligator was rushing straight toward us. He was coming about as fast as a hungry alligator can travel, which is pretty fast. As he charged through the lily pads, tossing them aside, his great black head and five or six feet of his jagged back showing above the surface, he was a sight to make any man open his eyes.

The punt had now drifted some yards out from the shore, and for a moment or two I wished that I was on the bank with Bull. I had no weapon, and I realized in a flash that this black dragon of the waters was amply big enough to smash the little boat with a blow of his powerful tail and crunch my bones with his massive tusk-studded jaws.

THE thought passed as quickly as it came —after all, I had enjoyed a fairly long acquaintance with gators—and I sat perfectly still in the punt, watching the monster come on. He was not a gator of the largest size, but the nearer he got to me the bigger he looked. His nine or ten feet of armored, plated body appeared to me not less than eighteen, and his grotesque black head with raised periscope eyes and nostrils seemed as huge as the head of a hippopotamus.

Through the floating lily pads and into the open water nearer at hand the dragon surged onward at full speed, still heading straight for me and evidently determined to have my blood. As has happened so often in history, it was a woman who rang the curtain down upon the drama.

Our wives had been following us up the lagoon in another punt. They had dropped far behind, but now they were near enough to see what was happening; and seeing this gator charging me in the punt, and thinking that I was unaware of his approach, my wife began to shout somewhat excited warnings to me. I shook my head to quiet her, and the gator, spotting the movement instantly, sank like a submerging submarine beneath the waters.

This was an interesting little adventure because it illustrated in an unusually dramatic way a phase of alligator life that is little known. I was never in the slightest danger, of course. Alligators do not attack human beings unless brought to

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By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

bay or unless they are cut off from some nearby body of water which they are trying to reach.

This alligator had not the slightest suspicion that he was charging a man. Lying far out in the lagoon, with only his eyes and nostrils showing, he saw the punt against the bank and detected some movement in it perhaps as Bull stepped ashore. Undoubtedly he believed that this unfamiliar object at the waterside was a woods-ranging hog, and, being in all likelihood very hungry after his long winter fast, he charged the punt recklessly without stopping to investigate.

Probably many an adventurous youngster has felt from time to time that much of the romance of country life disappeared when all the large wild animals that preyed on the farmer's live stock were killed off. It must have been thrilling to be a farmer in those times when any night might bring a raid on the hogs or cattle by a panther or a big black bear.

That is one reason why the alligator is to me a creature of extraordinary interest. It brings a savor of the early wilderness and the early wilderness days. It is the only wild animal left in the eastern half of the United States, with the exception of an occasional black bear, which still carries on in true wilderness style the war that the wilderness used to wage against the flocks and herds of civilized man.

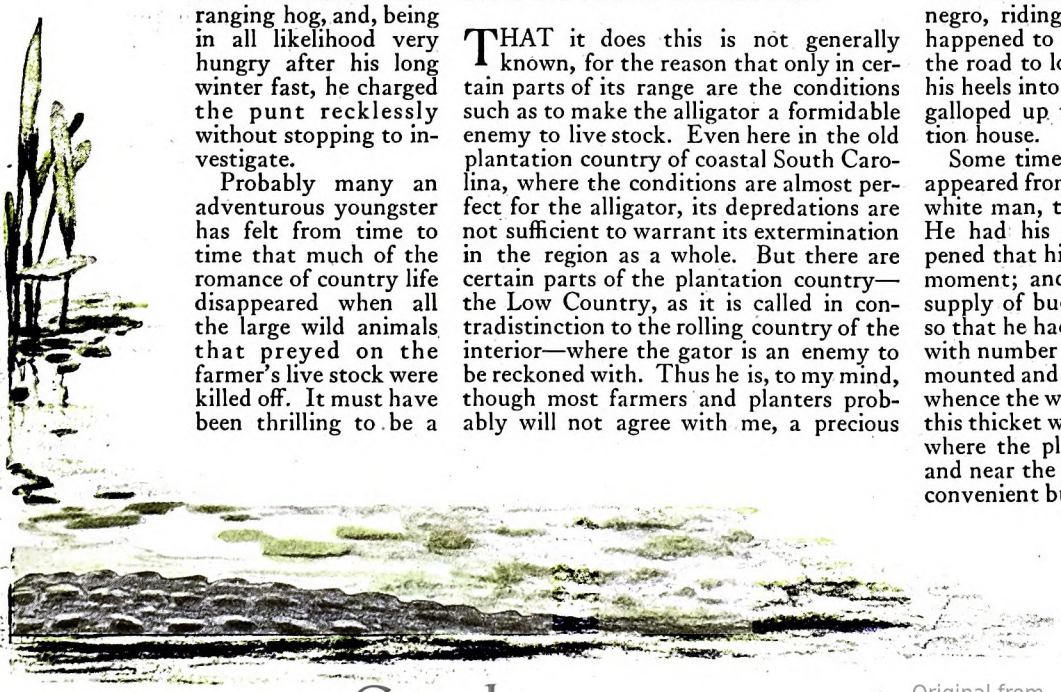
THAT it does this is not generally known, for the reason that only in certain parts of its range are the conditions such as to make the alligator a formidable enemy to live stock. Even here in the old plantation country of coastal South Carolina, where the conditions are almost perfect for the alligator, its depredations are not sufficient to warrant its extermination in the region as a whole. But there are certain parts of the plantation country—the Low Country, as it is called in contradistinction to the rolling country of the interior—where the gator is an enemy to be reckoned with. Thus he is, to my mind, though most farmers and planters probably will not agree with me, a precious link with those glamorous and adventurous early days when the pioneer's trusty rifle was the only thing that protected his live stock from the wild denizens of the untamed forests.

One summer day, on a plantation that I visit frequently, a hog came slowly out of a thicket into a large level pasture. The hog had been black, but now it was mainly red—red with its own blood. The skin and flesh of one flank had been slashed and ripped and almost torn off the animal.

A road ran through the pasture, and a negro, riding a small, wiry marsh pony, happened to be passing. He pulled out of the road to look at the hog; then, digging his heels into the ribs of his little horse, he galloped up the road toward the plantation house.

Some time elapsed; then another rider appeared from the direction of the house, a white man, the master of the plantation. He had his shotgun with him—it happened that his rifle was unavailable at the moment; and it happened, too, that his supply of buckshot shells was exhausted, so that he had to rely on cartridges loaded with number eights. Nevertheless, he dismounted and made his way into the thicket whence the wounded hog had emerged. In this thicket was a small pool of fresh water where the plantation stock often drank; and near the margin of this pool, behind a convenient bush, the planter sat down and waited patiently.

The water was as smooth as glass; there was nothing to show that beneath its surface lurked black, armored death. After a while he heard the



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grunting of hogs coming down to the water, and presently, as the sounds grew louder, he saw two rounded knobs appear upon the still surface of the pool.

It was a matter of moments then. A pig came out of the bushes and began to root in the muck at the water's edge, and the two knobs moved slowly forward, so slowly as scarcely to make a ripple on the glassy surface. Suddenly, when those two knobs were no more than a few yards from the rooting pig, they were transformed into a long, hideous head. In another instant the fatal rush would have been launched; but at that moment the shotgun roared, and at that close range the charge of number eights tore a gaping wound. It required several additional shots to finish the marauder, which measured nine feet nine inches from nose to tail tip.

The presence of this nine-footer in a small and isolated pool within sight of a plantation house illustrates another interesting phase of alligator life. Evidently, this gator had come overland, either from a creek about half a mile distant or from one of several lagoons, the nearest of which was probably a mile away. He had made this pool his ambush because the plantation animals were in the habit of drinking there, and in this way he was able to pick up some easy meals. As a matter of fact, alligators occasionally make considerable journeys overland, and not infrequently gators of fairly large size are found in bodies of water of ridiculously inadequate dimensions.

The average American thinks of the alligator as a Florida animal, and is much surprised to learn that it exists elsewhere—perhaps more abundantly today—than in Florida, where its numbers have been greatly reduced. In the Carolina plantation country it abounds. Here is a beautiful and romantic region of many rivers and creeks, of many placid lagoons, of many cypress-bordered backwaters or "reserves" of the old rice-planting days; and in most of these the alligator is at home. A few weeks ago Charles Bull and I spent a morning in a leafy ambush beside a little fresh-water lagoon within half an hour's ride of a large plantation house, and there was scarcely a minute when we could not see at least six large alligators, sometimes as many as ten, in the small area of weedy water in front of us.

THERE is all the difference in the world between a captive alligator in a tank and a big bull dragon of the waters in his native wild. Something incredibly fantastic, something monstrously uncouth and outlandish invests such a scene as that which we saw from our place beside the lagoon.

Dense woods surrounded the little lake, and, except a few bird songs, the only sound was the low moaning of the Atlantic billows, hardly more than quarter of a mile away. In the still waters in front of us, eying us warily—for we had not gained our hiding place unobserved—the long, black, armored masters of the lagoon lurked, grim and forbidding, waiting and watching with the long patience of their race, patience that is well-nigh inexhaustible.

Some of them lay just beneath the surface, only their nostrils and the two black knobs which were their eyes being visible. Through those eyes, raised a little above the level of the broad, flattened head, they could keep watch without exposing an inch of body to a possible rifle shot, much as a submerged submarine views the surrounding sea by means of a periscope.

Others, at a greater distance, lay at the surface with all the upper part of the head and five or six feet of the plated, spiny back plainly visible.

In that wild and solitary place, with the weedy water around them and the jungle-like woods for background, these huge saurians seemed worthy descendants of the mighty dinosaurs of the Jurassic inland seas.

YET even more strange and more grotesque was an apparition that now and again fixed our attention upon a certain spot on the surface of the lagoon, directly in front of us and not more than twenty yards away.

At that spot, at more or less regular intervals, the black water stirred uneasily and a huge rounded muzzle appeared above the surface, rising higher and higher very slowly. Little by little it emerged, growing larger and larger, taking on a more definite shape and yet appearing each instant more chimerically shapeless—until at last we saw nearly the whole head of a great alligator, covered with green and yellow water-weeds resembling long wet hair, thrust above the water, and tilted upward as though the creature were gazing at the sky or the treetops above the shores of the lagoon.

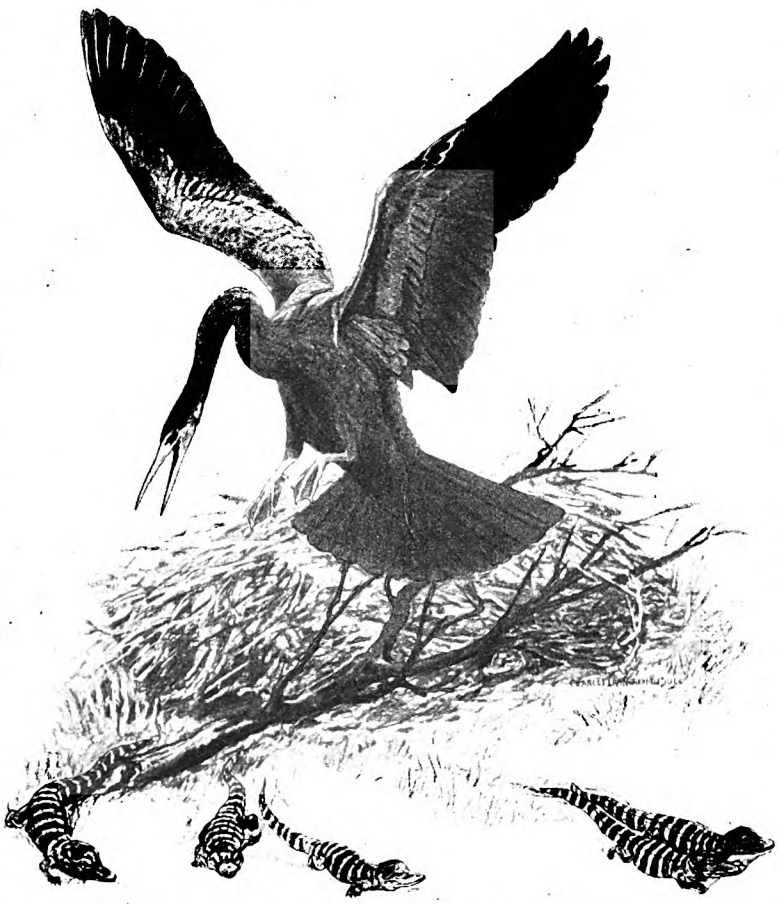
Not only the head but the whole broad, blunt muzzle with its protruding tusks, the whole wicked chin and much of the scaly throat were exposed; and sometimes when it thus rose slowly from the depths, this fearful dragon-countenance was turned toward us, so that we could see its appalling breadth and thickness, while at other times we viewed it in profile, and could measure its length with our eyes.

As again and again the huge uplifted head rose slowly, to remain exposed for some minutes and then sink out of sight, the spectacle puzzled us more and more. Alligators do not rise in this fashion with uptilted muzzle, but come up with the head parallel with the plane of the water, so that the periscope eyes appear first above the surface. At last the mystery was solved:

Near that monstrous upthrust countenance another great alligator head appeared, not tilted upward like the first but resting flat in the water and pointing away from the other head. It rose higher until part of the creature's back was visible; and we saw then that the first gator was lying with its lower throat resting upon the submerged body of the other, and that this was why, when the second gator rose at intervals close to the surface, the head of its companion appeared above the water in that grotesque uptilted attitude.

A simple enough explanation, as most woods explanations are; but I have seen no more fantastic sight in the woods than that uplifted dragon face, with its green and yellow water-weed hair, rising mysteriously from the depths and staring at the sky.

IT IS only in certain parts of the plantation country where the conditions are exceptionally favorable to the saurian marauders that the alligators are able to make serious inroads on the planters' live stock. The lagoon mentioned just now, where Bull and I were studying gators, is situated in the woods on a long, narrow island with the sea on one side of it and open marshes on the other. A friend of mine, last summer, attempted to raise hogs on this island, but found that the gators got nearly all the young pigs. On



The journey to the water is sometimes a perilous one for the baby gators

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Again and again the huge uplifted head rose slowly, to remain exposed for some minutes and then sink out of sight

another plantation, some thirty miles inland, a negro whom I knew waxed eloquent on the subject of alligators, the last time I talked with him, his eloquence being due to the fact that the reptilian raiders had taken seven of his half-grown hogs in rapid succession, deliberately stalking them in the open rice fields bordering the creek near his house.

Of course, it is only occasionally that an alligator is able to enjoy pork. As a rule, his diet consists of fish and frogs with now and then a water fowl or a marsh rabbit. If there is one thing that he loves better than pork, it is dog. In this region a number of dogs are taken by gators every year; and this, even more than his occasional inroads on the planters' woods-ranging hogs, is responsible for the incessant warfare waged against the gator. Except in winter, when the saurians have retired to their secret dens, they are a serious menace to the lean, long-eared hounds of the deer-hunting packs, which sometimes, in the excitement of the chase, follow the deer into waters teeming with unseen dangers.

There are many instances of such tragedies, though in most cases they are not witnessed by human eyes. A dog is missing at the end of the hunt. Nobody knows positively what became of him, yet any hunter can easily reconstruct the scenes. The great black saurian lying like a log among the lily pads, listening with a grim glint in his cold, inscrutable, vertically slitted eyes to the approaching music of the pack; a buck plunging into the river or lagoon, followed a few moments later by a hound or perhaps several hounds; a long armored submarine gliding swiftly through the water, only its periscope eyes showing above the surface; a scream of agony, a bloody swirl, then silence as the monster sinks with its prey.

Apparently the deer is seldom, if ever, attacked. Fawns are taken from time to time, but I know of no instance in which a full-grown deer has met death in a gator's jaws. A dog, once seized, has almost no chance of escape, yet I know of one case in which a large and powerful hound, pulled under by an alligator in a deep, broad river, freed himself in some miraculous way from his terrible assailant and reached the shore not much the worse for his experience.

IN DEEP water, the gator's huge jaws, studded with long, stout teeth, are his primary weapons of offense. Approaching his quarry just below the surface with only his eyes visible, or else rising suddenly from the depths, his attack is all the more paralyzing because of its utter unexpectedness. In shallow water or when stalking a victim at the water's edge, he relies largely upon his extraordinarily powerful tail.

His skill with this weapon is amazing. The entire body is bent like a bow almost in the twinkling of an eye, and the long plated tail, compressed or flattened at the sides, sweeps the victim within reach of the waiting jaws. An acquaintance of mine, casting with a net for shrimp in a creek where gators were not known to be common, was accompanied by his dog, a large white setter. The dog was on the bank close to the water's edge when a gator suddenly hurled him into the water with a sudden blow of the tail, and in another moment carried him beneath the surface.

A negro rabbit hunter witnessed an equally dramatic episode. He was out hunting with his dog, which was following a trail near the edge of a thicket in a large open pasture. Suddenly the negro saw a big gator rear himself out of the weeds, and, with a lightning-like blow of his tail sweep the dog into his open jaws. The man was so astonished that he stood gaping, and the alligator got safely into a deep pool just within the thicket's edge with his prey.

I had, last July, an interesting demonstration of the alligator's inordinate fondness for dog meat. I had just built a camp, a small three-room cottage, on the bank of a salt-water creek. (*Continued on page 99*)

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The

By

"Though He slay me,
yet will I trust in Him"

ILLUSTRATED
BY
F. C. CROOKS

HE WAS a frail, somber-eyed fellow in his early thirties. He had sparse black hair, a high forehead, a square-shaped face. His shoulders were narrow and his hands ungainly. At times he walked with the trace of a limp. Fallen arches caused this lameness.

Joe Coates, who opened the first store in Grapeville when enough settlers had come into the Southern California desert to assure him of a livelihood, often watched the reticent stranger trudging along the town's one blistering street, and remarked on his likeness to Edgar Allan Poe.

Joe said so to old "Mandamus" Flagg one noontime—a lawyer from Iowa who had trouble with his hearing. Mandamus didn't catch the merchant's remark. He got the idea that Poe was the newcomer's bona fide name. Thereafter, when they met Mandamus greeted him: "Howdy, Mr. Poe!" and no one corrected him. Correcting Mandamus simply wasn't done. Certainly the anemic young grape-grower himself was not of a type to show personal resentment—concerning a nickname or anything else.

The stranger's real name was Mortimer Nobel.

This silent, reticent fellow whom no one understood, a flavor of tragedy always about him, arrived in Grapeville on a hot day in June. He had come from Virginia, the townspeople learned. An uncle had left him fifty acres of land, taken from a tourist in exchange for a debt. California real estate, fifty acres of it, had the aspect of a competency back East in Dixie. The boom around Los Angeles was beginning to be talked of; travelers from the Coast flashed profits made in deals. With eight dollars and a few odd coppers in his pocket, he trudged to his holdings on the south edge of town. A flat, sandy waste interspersed with mesquite, greasewood, bunchgrass, and rocks was the hapless termination of that long, expensive journey.

"What do you grow on such land as this?" he inquired of two men who came past in a buckboard.

"Whiskers, kids, an' trouble!" laughed the driver in reply. "That is, providin' you build a house an' live here."

The new proprietor of this dried-river-bottom waste had been clad in a dark broadcloth suit, a cape like an Inverness, a soft, shapeless hat—on a burning June noontime when natives stayed indoors. Sweat streaked his face and dust grayed his shoes. On the exposed end of a nearby culvert, a satchel had been set, one of those quaint green carpet bags which might have been salvaged from an Old Dominion attic.

"Seemed fer a minute he wuz goin' t' cry," Sam Bishop said later, reporting to Coates. "Them big, dark woman's eyes o' his looked as though I'd hit him. I see he didn't kid, so I sort o' helped him out.

"'Bout all that land's good fer,' says I, 'is *grapes*. Once a year, in th' rainy season, th' water frum th' Canyon flows over this flat. Leaves enough moisture t' keep th' vines watered—providin' you're lucky an' don't git too much. Most everybuddy up an' down this valley is goin' in fer grapes. In another ten years they'll be th' main crop.'

"'An' what do you grow 'em frum—seed?' says he.

"'No,' says I, pityin' him, 'seed takes too long. You hev t' buy shoots—young plants—from up North. They's a firm t' LaVerne thet sells 'em at wholesale. Cost quite a lot t' lay this flat t' grapes. Lumber, too, has t' be brought—t' be *trucked*—frum Los Angeles. It's some'at expensive, gettin' settled down here.'

"'Do you know any place where I could get work?' wuz the next thing he asks me. 'I've got t' live somehow. I could clear this tract Sundays.'

"'You got a whale of a chore ahead o' you,' thinks I, 'clearin' this tract while you try t' hold a job.' But I didn't let him know. Struck me his health warn't so good t' commence with. 'Got any folks?' says I, t' be neighborly.

"'No, I'm all alone,' he answers me, wistful-like. 'Do you know any family who'd trust me fer board?'"

THE BISHOPS took him in, buxom Ma Bishop being touched by his eyes. They lived across the flat and were going in for walnuts.

And there at the Bishops he first met the Clay girl.

Amelia, her name was. The Bishops called her Amy. But she was a tall, droopy female—a native of Missouri "So darn thin she cud make a dress out o' six feet o' garden hose," Sam described her, "an' still need a lot took up in th' back." Like many other settlers in that dry, burning climate, she had come to the Coast to mend her frail health.

Sam introduced them in the cluttered rear yard. "Here's a new hand," he announced to the servant. Then, turning to Nobel, "Th' hired girl, stranger. She works here fer her board."

Nobel's dark eyes took in the girl's figure. Her arms were like flails. She had no breasts or hips. But she did possess something which made Nobel stare. She had the most beautiful tresses ever seen on a woman—a riot of sunshine that reflected in her face. Glorious hair. Happy hair. The man stood entranced.

Sam hadn't meant to humiliate her. Yet vaguely he had done so. A dull crimson flush crept up from her neck. Only a hired girl. She worked there for her board! Nobel perceived it, and bowed to her deeply. No man had ever bowed to Amy Clay in such a serious manner—not with such charming old-fashioned grace.

"I'm . . . awful glad to meet you," she stammered. "It gets sort o' lonesome here at times . . . in the evenin'."

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Man Who Believed in God

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

He seemed a frenzied figure from the heart of the storm as he mounted the steps and turned the crush back

"I trust I can make it less so," he assured her.

And their romance began.

The first inkling the valley had of it, Amy Clay was over in the river bed, after sundown and on Sundays, "helpin' Edgar Allan Poe git hisself a stake."

Where she ever got the strength to chop mesquite roots was something that Grapeville never determined. "She even helps him gather stones—big ones!" Joe Sadler exclaimed some six weeks later. "I seen her pilin' some I could scarcely lift myself."

"A lean horse for a long race," quoted Mandamus Flagg. "I'll bet that skinny Clay girl can outwork, outlive, and outlove any three fat uns in Escondido County."

"Outlove 'em!" cried Sadler.

"She's so all-fired thin I don't believe she ever had a man look at her twice in her life. Here comes along this sad-appearin' feller with only half a shirt to his back, an' she falls for him like a ton o' brick—"

"*Rock!*" corrected Sadler. "Count o' lumber bein' so scarce, an' niggerheads on their flat so plentiful, they're gonna build 'em a whole house o' rock. If that beanpole ain't toted a couple o' ton, she ain't toted a pound."

"FUNNY 'bout some females," said Mandamus. "Ain't never happier than when workin' their fingers to the bone for some fool man."

"I was over t' the Bishops' t' other night when the two of 'em come in. Fairly staggerin' with weariness, they was. The woman's skirts were tore an' her fingers showed bloodstains. Poe had went t' the barns t' see t' some chores, an' ol' Ma Bishop started jawin'—fer her doin' work that belonged t' a man. She straightened her back an' looked Ma in th' eye. 'It's the first time in my life I've had a goal t' work fer that counted,' says she. 'Mort loves me an' I love Mort. What does *work* matter? I'm so happy it hurts!' An' she was, too—if th' looks of her hair was anything t' judge by."

"Her what?" exclaimed Mandamus, not certain that he heard right.

"Hair! Mort—as she calls him—tol' Sam a few nights back thet he fell in love with her on account of her hair. 'My life has been enriched by three exquisitely beautiful things,' says he, in that solemn way o' his: 'religion—Miss Clay's disposition—an' th' joy I take in her wonderful tresses.' Called 'em that. 'Tresses.' I swear he's a queer un. But then no woman with her curves in all their right places 'd think o' fallin' in love with such as him, anyhow."

The whole valley caught the pathos and heroism of it—a lonely man and a heart-starved woman toiling together out under

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the blazing sky to clear a spot of wilderness, cultivate it, make it yield its increase, support a new home.

The work was inhuman But Amy Clay welcomed it. In fact, the Missouri girl, helping the first man who had ever loved her to lay the basis for future affluence, appeared to thrive on it. She put on no weight, but her lean body hardened.

Nobel was entering his thirties when he first came to Grapeville. Amy married him on her twenty-eighth birthday. And her disposition continued the despair and envy of every much-married male from San Jacinto to Tia Juana.

What sort of disposition she possessed —what type of helpmeet Mort Nobel had really acquired in the Bishop's hired girl—was disclosed at the end of their first autumn of matrimony, with the advent of the rainy season, which in Southern California sets in with December.

Their flat at last cleared, planted with vines just commencing to get a roothold—vines procured by the hard-working pair on credit—their house erected and occupied, though furnished with little more than some chairs and a table, a stove and a bed—when the rains descended on the Southland.

Epochal rains they were, that year. Such rainfall seems to appear in cycles, five or six years apart. There came a midnight when the waters rose higher and higher as they gathered on the flat. Culverts washed out. Bridges were undermined. The flood down the valley became a small deluge.

AND in howling, rain-lashed dark, a man and a woman, hatless, in sodden clothing, stood on a little promontory with a lantern. Around and below them the savage dun-colored waters ripped out and wrecked their labors of a year. Wiped them out in a night. Costly vines were torn up and washed down the desert in a tangle of débris. About half past two in the morning, the south wall of their house buckled. Twenty minutes later the rest of the structure collapsed. Dank clammy dawn showed a sweep of water-gored wilderness—as it had been a twelvemonth before, except that in place of the mesquite and greasewood there were thousands of stones left nude by the current-sweep.

"Well, Amy," the man said at last, "it looks . . . as if . . . we were right back . . . to where we started from."

"Yes," she laughed thoughtfully, "it certainly does."

Mort turned at that laugh in her voice. A queer time to laugh. Yet it had heroism in it—a laugh of defiance in the face of disaster—the mirth of dauntless courage—the grim humor of a soul that refuses to accept calamity as sent by Providence, but sees in catastrophe some failure of human perspicacity, some lesson to be learned to build better the next time, the resolute galvanism that is the essence of achievement, that in generations past has wrought wild America from an Indian-infested waste to the earth's greatest nation.

"Amy . . . what . . . are we going . . . to do?"

"Do? Start in and build all over, of course. Build better the next time. Put in a concrete retaining wall along the head of the flat, to run all this water on the other side of the road. What else is there to do? We're certainly not going to admit one little flood can whip us!"

Nobel looked at his wife in cold morning mist. It should have bedraggled her, that mist. Especially her hair. But her hair had not lost its beautiful wave, a happy sort of wave, even as her eyes had lost none of their joy.

HOG PARKIN came to Grapeville in a battered car that was much like his person. "Hog" was a nickname, and yet it was not. The man had been christened Henry Oleson Gideon Parkin. Considering the combination of initials, his parents got credit for a rare sense of humor. Not to mention intuition.

He was a thick-set, beefy-faced fellow with a weirdly-shaped head and soft, puffy hands. His half-naked skull had a dent in one corner, the result of a fracture sustained in young manhood. He had lifeless gray eyes and the mouth of a fish. He greeted people by giving their hands a brief moist pressure and letting them drop as quickly as possible.

The "haybaler" which he ran insolently on the Nobel front lawn was rakish of top and blowzy of body. Its windshield was cracked and its chassis was oil-starved. The only thing not dilapidated about it was its current year's license plate.

Midway of the lawn, approaching a new and larger stone house, Parkin stopped. He pushed a cloth cap toward the back of his head, smudged off cigar ash which had fallen down his vest and assayed Three-Mile Flat with complacent grimace.

An angular, work-hardened, middle-aged woman—a woman with a stunning head of hair who was singing to herself as she clipped veranda vines in the joy of possession—paused at sight of him.

"Mort!" she called softly through the door screen. "That man who was stalking up and down the road by the culvert yesterday has stopped out front, with his car on our lawn. I think he's coming in."

H. O. G. Parkin appraised the stone residence, its solid construction, its deep cool veranda. He looked across fecund acres of ripening, blood-red grapevines. He did not miss the expensive water-pumping system, the concrete work to the north, the masses of flowers, the modest roadster run into a shed.

Mortimer Nobel appeared at the door.

"Fine place you got here," Hog Parkin greeted him.

"We think so," answered Mort. He said it modestly, not without curiosity. He came through the door.

"Whatta you consider it worth?"

The dark, gentle eyes of the owner seemed to smile. A proud sort of smile. "My friend, no amount of money could purchase this property."

"Who said anything about buyin' it? I arst you what it's worth."

Mort Nobel sat down with a flush of resentment. And yet he motioned his caller to a chair. Parkin took it anyway, and chewed his dead cigar.

"My wife and I have put in a lot of hard work here, sir. The land I had left me. It's what we've done to it since that matters."

"How long you been here?"

"This will be our fifth year. It took us two years to construct this house. The first one we built was washed down by a flood. Only last year we got our first real crop—made any real money that got us out of debt. We put in a cistern and all that cement work—"

"Yeah, I can see it."

"I tell you, I've found God down here in this desert, sir. Found it in my wife—the way she's stood by me. Found it in my neighbors—the way they gave me a hand when we found ourselves homeless. Found it in the vines—"

"I never did go much on this God-dope m'self." The stranger crossed his legs and laced his fat fingers across his round stomach. "Been plenty able t' take care o' m'self, I have. So you think th' place is valuable? Well, I arst you—how much?"

"Might I ask your reasons for wanting to know?"

"You got a deed t' your property, I s'pose?"

"A deed? Of course I've got a deed."

"Ever had it recorded?"

The owner nodded, puzzled. "Certainly —the first week I came here."

"Ever had a surveyor show you your lines?"

"N-n-no . . you see . . . it was all raw desert—stones and sand and greasewood. Nobody paid much attention to lines. It was like free land—in the days of the Old West—"

"Yeah? Well, Mr. Squatter"—and the stranger seemed to stiffen as though for a conflict—"natcherly I'm sorry fer what I got t' tell you; but when you Easterners come out here an' take up land—raw desert—any sort o' land—th' first thing t' do is make sure o' your lines."

"What . . . do you . . . mean?"

"I mean, th' land you really inherited is six mile down the flat. *I own this tract and everything that's on it!*"

For an instant Mort Nobel appeared as one stricken.

"YOU own—what?"

"I bought it fer money, ten years ago. Been North in th' lumber business. Come down last week t' see t' my property —th' increase in its value; and you cud knocked me fer a goal when I found it set t' vines an' a swell house built on it." And Parkin glanced about with obvious approval.

"You must be mistaken!"

"I thought so m'self. But I went t' Escondido an' looked up m' lines. You'd doubtless decided this piece was yourn on account o' th' culvert. Well, they's another culvert precisely like it, six mile farther south. *That's* yourn. This tract b'longs t' me. Find God in that!" And Parkin laughed nervously.

Silence followed, tragic, dramatic. Amy Nobel appeared. Husband and wife exchanged stupefied glances.

"You can prove this?" stammered Nobel at last.

"You bet I can prove it."

"Surely you won't hold us to such an error—if you're right," cried the woman in panic. "If we really own a similar tract six miles down the desert—and we transfer you title—exchange—"

"You'd hardly arsk me t' swap fifty acres o' first-rate vines, with a house an' everything, fer a patch o' gravel an' greasewood an' stones?"

"But *we* own the vines! *We* own the house! We got them by working—cruelly hard—" The wife seemed to choke. She

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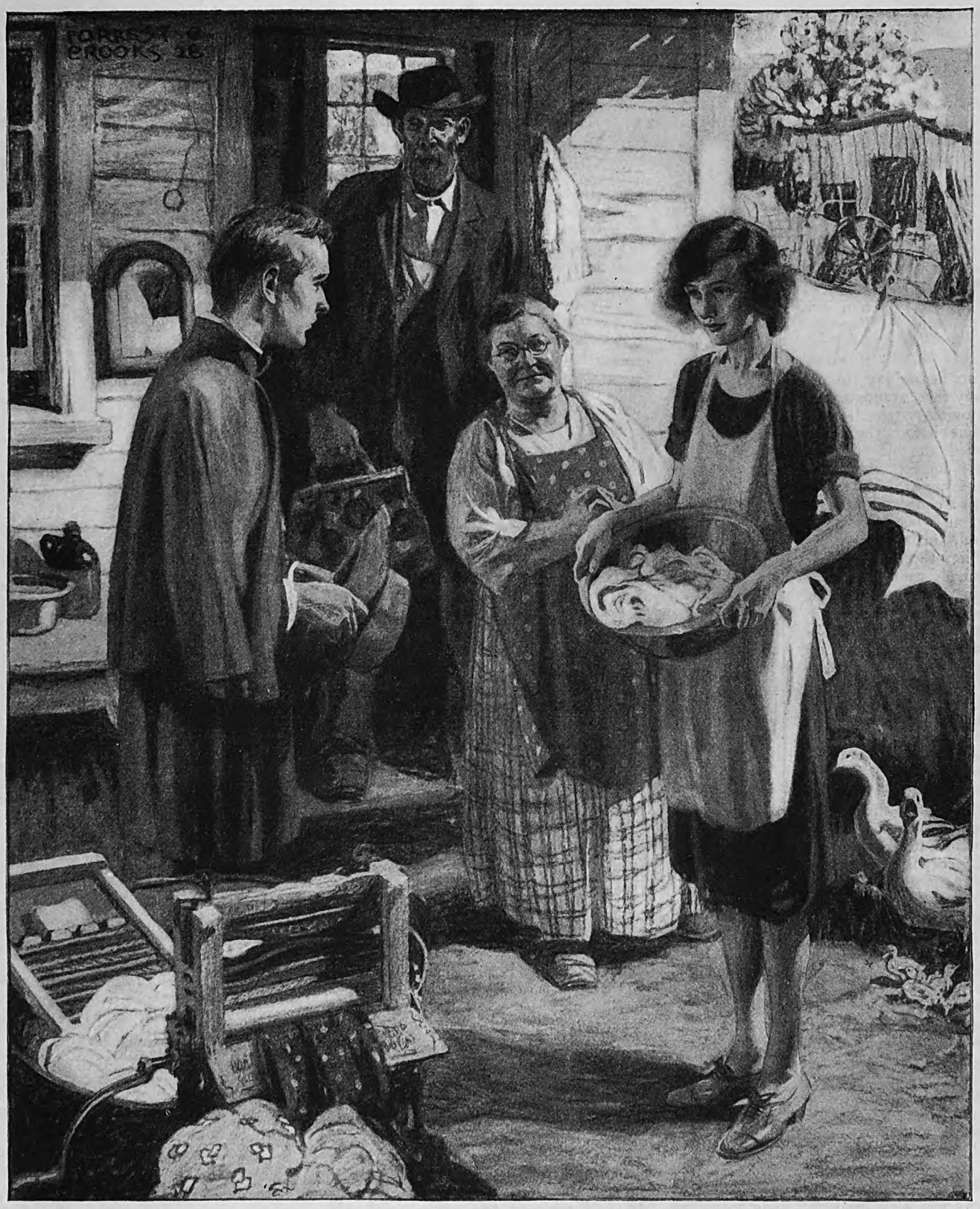

"Here's a new hand," Sam announced to the servant. Then, turning to Nobel, "Th' hired girl, stranger. She works here fer her board"

bit back her tears. It was the first time since he had married her that Mortimer Nobel had ever seen tears in the eyes of his partner. At least *that* kind of tears.

"Seems they's a lot about California law you ain't aware of. In this state, whatever's *on* a piece o' land is part of it. Law don't make no diff'rence between real estate an' buildin's."

"You mean," asked Mort hoarsely, "you *are* going to hold us to it? *You're going to take it away?*"

"Oh, I don't aim t' chuck you off this afternoon. Natcherly, you got t' have a little time—t' sort o' look 'round an' find a place t' move. All o' thirty days I'm willin' t' give you—on th' understandin' that you don't do no damage."

"Damage!" cried Amy. Her eyes sought the lawn, the flowers, the labyrinth of vines—the low-lying, wealth-producing vines—that stretched toward the south. "As if we would!"

Mort Nobel rallied: "Maybe we have made a mistake. But there's some way out, and I'm certain we'll find it. Assuming I find your claim correct, sir, how much'll you take for the original tract—as it was before improvements?"

Parkin showed relief. Here was only a chicken-hearted sap with a beanpole of a wife, who talked about God and—buying the property.

"Well now, there's a question: Lumber business ain't so spry as it might be. An' with grapes fetchin' so much on account o' prohibition, I got a yen t' have m' own vineyard."

"You mean (*Continued on page 111*)

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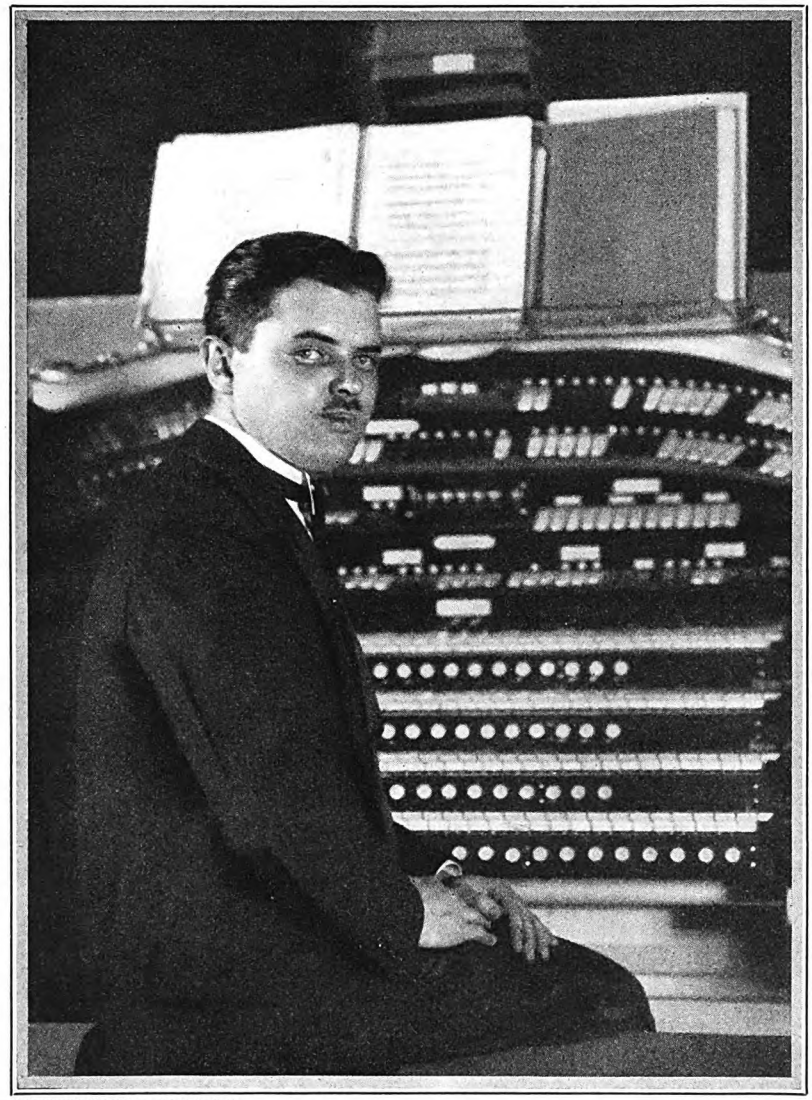

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS F. NATHAN, N. Y.

Jesse Crawford plays the world's largest movie organ, although he never took a lesson in his life

From Country Crossroads *to the* Crossroads *of the* World

WHERE busy Forty-third Street cuts across gay Broadway there stands a vast moving-picture theatre. Here before the high-piled magnificence of the largest orchestral pipe organ in the world sits a country boy. His name is Jesse Crawford and, although he is thirty-three years old, nobody could ever take him for anything else but what he is—a good-looking, round-faced country boy.

The remarkable thing about this man who achieved unusual success in his early twenties is that he never has had an organ lesson in his life. He is absolutely self-trained; yet the yearly salary he earns is larger than that of many a big corporation president.

Jesse Crawford was born in Woodland, California, and his parents died when he was very young. Because he had no friends and no relatives to care for him, the good nuns at the orphanage of Our Lady of Lourdes undertook to rear the boy. One of the Sisters gave Jesse piano lessons twice a week; but nobody had time to train the boy's musical tastes.

Despite this handicap, before many years had gone by the Sister realized that there was little more she could teach the lad; for, while he had not her technique, he had something which she never did and never would have—feeling, deep, poignant feeling.

Soon the day came when the boy could no longer remain in the orphanage. He must earn his living and make way for younger and more helpless lads. And Jesse had no trade.

Down in Baltimore, Maryland, about that time, another orphan without a trade, Babe Ruth, was going out into the world. And just as the Babe chose baseball because it was what he liked best, so Jesse Crawford decided to make his way by playing the piano, because it was the thing he loved the most.

But it wasn't easy. Jesse had had no more training than any other little boy or girl who carries a music roll down Main Street. From town to town he wandered; but none of the picture theatres would engage him because he looked so young. He even tried the movie "store shows," too, without success. In those days, a man who hadn't sufficient capital to start a film theatre would often set up a projection machine in a small store, hire chairs from the village undertaker, and so start a little enterprise without laying out more than two or three hundred dollars.

Almost the entire length of California Jesse Crawford wandered, and nobody offered him a job. And then, after traveling many months and many hundreds of miles on foot, the boy crossed over the border into the state of Washington. Finally, in South Park, just outside of Spokane, a theatre owner offered him the position of piano player—at five dollars a week!

The youngster found playing the piano for pictures and playing for the convent Sister were two different things. When a film of a storm was thrown on the screen you needed rumbling music, and Jesse had none. He had plenty of pathetic melodies for the death scenes, but nothing rollicking for the comedians, nor lilting for young love. When the villain crept in, ready to harm the heroine, the boy couldn't remember any strains with that peculiar staccato quality which is necessary to express tenseness, expectancy, menace. So Jesse began to improvise.

Three years it took him before he conquered the piano from a film standpoint, before he could make those ivory keys tell stories of love, hunger, joy, fear, war, flood, despair, and death. Three years it took him to teach himself to drag out of that battered old square piano every musical expression of feeling.

By this time Jesse was earning twenty-five dollars a week; but he had a hunger in him which the piano could never satisfy. Each Sunday when he went to church the music of the organ transported him strangely. You could do such wonderful things with an organ. Press one little white tab and it sounded like a harp. Another turned it into a 'cello. A whole symphony could be played on an organ—if you only knew the mastery of it.

But dreaming didn't help the boy any, he realized, so he hunted around, trying to find a picture house where there was such an instrument.

At last he found a theatre in the heart of Spokane that contained a fair organ, and he applied there for the position of organist. The only reason the inexperi-

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enced Jesse got the job was because the theatre was doing badly and expenses had to be cut. He was willing to work for ten dollars a week. That was fifteen less than he was earning, but he was glad of the opportunity it provided.

To this day he is not sure how he got through the first performance. Outside of knowing that you played the bass with your feet and the treble with your hands, he understood nothing. What to do with the three keyboards instead of one was a problem. Before the matinée started, the boy had a half-hour to find out. Somehow he figured out the foot pedals, and managed to join up a simple bass octave with the treble tones.

He finished the afternoon without being fired.

For two years Jesse Crawford forgot the world. He lived only for that organ. And how he struggled with it! He had no teacher, not even a book of instruction. He just pulled out stop after stop, stepped on strange pedals, and tried one musical combination after another. At the end of two years, however, he had mastered the instrument, and he was ready for new fields to conquer.

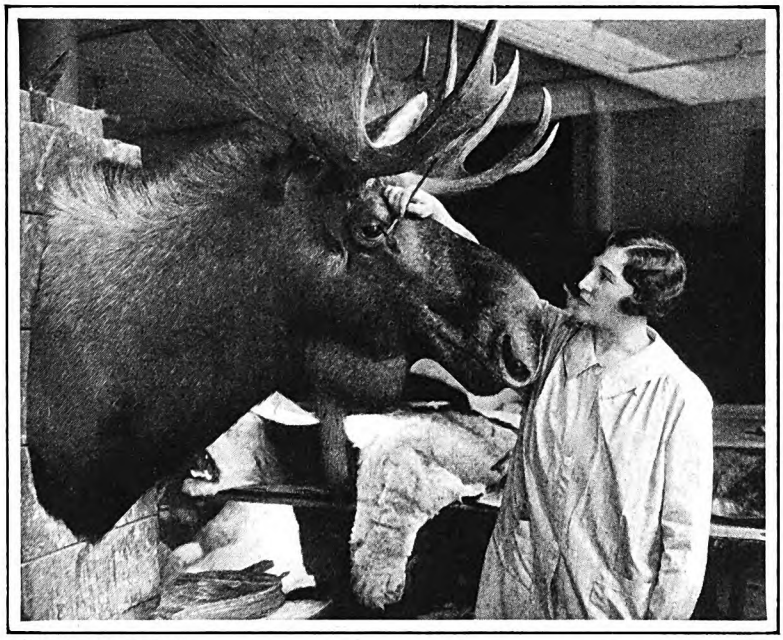
Because his playing was exceptional, other theatres heard of him. From smaller houses he progressed to larger ones. Finally, after five years had passed, he was known as one of the best organists on the Pacific Coast. When a famous theatre was opened in Los Angeles, Jesse was summoned to the organ console at a weekly salary as large as he earned the whole first year in his South Park position.

Twelve months later, the young man was invited to Chicago, where he became organist at first one and then another well-known movie house. His technique and his compensation increased with each move. It was inevitable that he should reach America's musical center, New York. And one day, about two years ago, he was called to the crossroads of the world—to preside over the organ in that theatre building which stands aloft like a thoughtful giant, brooding over crowded Broadway.

In Chicago Jesse Crawford met the girl who is his wife. She was at that time an organist in a large film theatre. She was born in a little town—just as her husband was—and both of them have fought their separate ways to the crossroads of the world by their own efforts.

ROSA STRIDER REILLY

A Woman Big Game Hunter Who Used to Fear Mice



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. JAY CULVER

Mrs. James L. Clark, who hunts big game, and then reconstructs the animals so they seem alive

MRS. JAMES L. CLARK, wife of the assistant director of the American Museum of Natural History, is one of the few women in the world to engage in the art of taxidermy as a business. She is also an authority on the "raw products" of her "factory," for she and her husband have hunted big game together from the pine forests of North America to the heart of the African jungle. On a recent trip to the Cassiar Mountains in Alaska, Mrs. Clark killed a monster grizzly bear. And yet ten years ago—she says so herself—this young woman was actually afraid of a small mouse!

Being afraid of mice is far more significant in the story of her success than being able to look a grizzly serenely in the eye, Mrs. Clark thinks. For it was a mouse that really began her combined career of hunter and taxidermist—work, by the way, which requires great courage, hardihood, artistic ability, and much technical skill.

As a typical business woman with little time or money to satisfy her wish to be an artist, Mrs. Clark was unable to collect adventure stories first-hand. That, of course, was before she became Mrs. Clark. She had never been to the woods; but she was fond of travel books and longed to paint pictures which would express her love of action and color. All the lions she had ever seen, however, grew in safe steel cages or were used as rugs.

A glimpse of a dead mouse was enough to make her mount the nearest chair.

Then she married Mr. Clark, a sculptor of wild life and an enthusiastic hunter of big game. With so many elephant, rhinoceros and lion notches on his gun, Mr. Clark was very much amused at the idea of anyone being afraid of mice. He enjoyed telling his wife the most hair-raising tales of adventure he could remember.

One evening, when they were deep in a story of the African jungle, a mouse stole out of its hole in the living-room and the Clark cat chased it under the furniture, and right under Mrs. Clark's feet. She was far too interested in the tale of the jungle to notice anything smaller than an elephant. "And now," said Mr. Clark, quietly, having watched the whole performance out of the corner of his eye, "you can go to Africa with me. I'll make a hunter of you yet!"

That first hunting trip was a revelation to Mrs. Clark. She learned, first of all, that to know a thing well is to lose all fear of it. She learned to love wild animals and to study them in their natural settings. In a short time, too, she was a crack shot with any sort of firearm; and she learned to enjoy the thrill of the hunt and the freedom of the out-of-doors. Her enthusiasm for it all was so great that when she returned to the United States, it was to study taxidermy and take over the management of the Clark studios, one of the largest and best equipped organizations of its kind in the country.

She has twenty skilled men working under her direction now. The animals are sent to her by sportsmen from all over the world—the trophies of many famous expeditions. The Clark studios hold as varied a collection of beasts as Noah's Ark ever did—bison, gorillas, boars, hyenas, deer, zebras, dik-diks, lions, tapirs, hippopotami.

"Taxidermy has progressed almost unbelievably in the past twenty years," says Mrs. Clark. "The old method was to reconstruct the animal with wooden 'bones,' and to stuff the skin with straw and cotton padding.

"The modern method is much more scientific. A taxidermist usually accompanies every expedition, and it is his job to put the skins into condition for traveling.

"If a life-size model is to be made, the bones are very carefully saved after the

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animal is skinned, while the entire pelt is rubbed with a preservative. Then skin, bones, and horns are shipped to us in a state we call 'in the green.' Mr. Clark makes a sculptured model of every animal, and it is used constantly in the work thereafter.

"Our first step is to tan the skin and measure it carefully. A burlap and papier-mâché manikin is made next, using Mr. Clark's model so that the proportions will be absolutely perfect. A great deal of skill is required in stretching the skin over the manikin; and setting the eyes and teeth in place is another precise and delicate job.

"It is in these smaller touches that real artistry shows, in getting the exact expression that gives them that spark of life. Then comes the waxing and tinting, the brushing and glossing. Each piece undergoes a very rigid inspection before it is passed along to the next department. The object in all the work is to make a lifelike, vital-looking creation."

Elephants are not received very often in Mrs. Clark's mail, of course, but the other day along came a big shipment of elephants' *feet* to be transformed into umbrella stands and waste-paper baskets.

ESTHER MELBOURNE KNOX

A White Rag is Their Distress Signal for This Doctor

IF YOU were riding over a country road and saw a white rag tied to a gate in front of a farmhouse, you would probably pay little or no attention to it.

Down in the lower part of Currituck County, North Carolina, these white rags tied to gates in front of houses have a meaning. They are distress signals, and are looked for with as much vigilance as a forest ranger looks for telltale signs of smoke. Only here it is a country doctor who looks for them.

He is William T. Griggs, one of the few remaining old-time country doctors. Doctor Griggs was born at Point Harbor, North Carolina, in 1868. In those days schools were not so plentiful as they now are, and it was in a little one-room school, open only three months in each year, that he learned to read and write. By hard work during the summer months, however, he managed to earn enough to pay his way through a private school and prepare himself for college.

Doctor Griggs entered the University of Virginia to study medicine. Working his way through the institution, he was graduated in 1896. He practiced one year in Charlottesville, Virginia, and then decided that he was needed in his own state. He went back to North Carolina, where he opened an office at Poplar Branch, near his old home. He has been there thirty-one years. Now, at an age when most people retire from active service, William T. Griggs is working harder than ever.

For years, Dr. William T. Griggs, of Poplar Branch, North Carolina, has been averaging four hours' sleep daily. His numerous patients are the reason

"Is it a fact that you get only four hours' sleep each night?" I asked.

He studied for a moment and then said, "I'll average about that, I reckon. I remember a period of five weeks, during an epidemic, when I could not get any regular rest—hardly had time to take off my clothes, and sometimes I dozed while going in my buggy from home to home."

Before automobiles came into use, Doctor Griggs kept eight driving horses and two drivers. "I kept my drivers so busy I had to keep raising their pay to hold them. Now that I use an automobile, it isn't so hard on me.

"It's quite different now from what it was when I first started practicing. Then, the roads were nothing more than trails. We had no automobiles and no telephones in this section. I had hard going to reach my patients. I remember, soon after I began practicing here, I was called to visit a lady seventy years old who was suffering from peritonitis. There was no way to get her to a hospital and I was up against it.

"An old doctor who had retired was living near me, so I sent for him. He came and looked my patient over. Then he said, 'William, if she isn't carried to a hospital she's going to die; but there's no way to get her to one. If you operate she's going to die anyway.' With his help, however, I performed the operation and my patient got well and lived to be eighty-five. That was one of my first cases and one that I am proudest of."

The doctor has a thirty-mile strip of beach in his territory. On this beach live members of the Coast Guard with their families, gun-club guides, and fishermen. The only way to reach this region is by boat, across a treacherous body of water from three to six miles wide.

"A few years ago, a guide at the gun club had his arm shot to pieces," said Doctor Griggs. "The sound was frozen, and we were having a terrible snowstorm. In some places the ice would hold a person up, and in some places it wouldn't. It took three men and a boat to get me over there. We shoved the boat through the ice until it was cut through and started leaking; then we got it on the ice and managed to get across. I amputated the arm and saved my patient; but I didn't get home until the following day. When I did arrive, I was wearing two storm coats and a lady's neckpiece. You see, my patients take the best of care of me."

When questioned concerning the rags on the gate posts along the highway, Doctor Griggs smiled.

"That's a system of grapevine telegraph," he said, "that my patients picked up from their mountain kin-folks. You see, a great many of them do not have telephones; but they know I travel that road both day and night, every day in the year. So if there is anyone sick in any of these homes which do not have telephones, they hang a white rag on the gate post in the day and a lantern at night. I always look for them, and I haven't missed one yet."

RUPERT E. WEST

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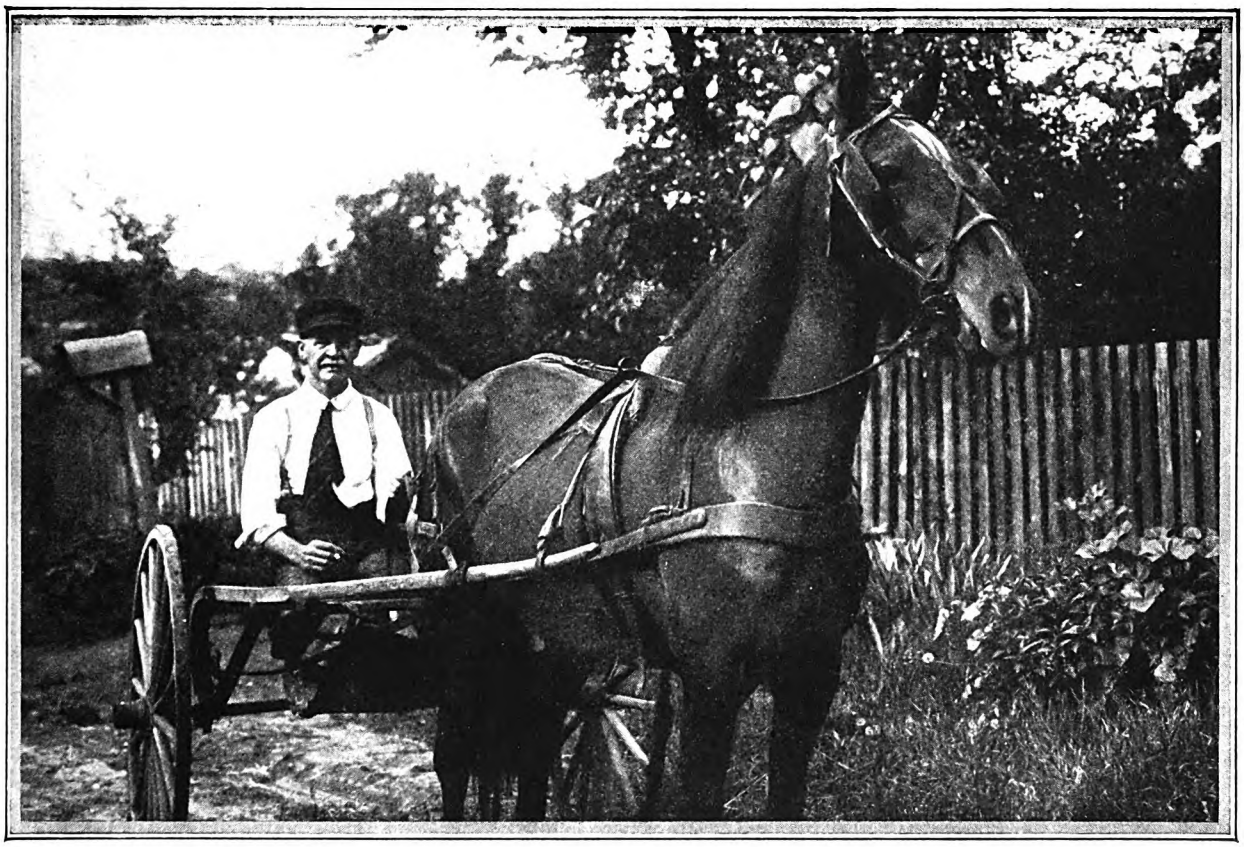

William Boular, of Atchison, Kansas, never lets the fact that he is legless keep him from going duck-hunting

He's Deaf, Dumb, and Legless *but the* Hardest Worker in His Town

FIFTY-SIX years ago William Boular was born in Atchison, Kansas. Shortly afterward, scarlet fever left him permanently deaf, and dumb as well. To say that his parents were in humble circumstances would not be accurate. They were poor, desperately poor. And then, when William Boular was eight years old, he was run over by a switch engine, which crushed both legs.

My father was a surgeon in Atchison. He died when I was five years old, but I have often heard my mother tell the story of little William Boular's accident. Father came home and related the pitiful case of a deaf and dumb child with both legs injured so badly that amputation was necessary. One leg was crushed below the knee, the other above; but, in order that the boy might walk if he survived, both legs had to be amputated above the knee.

Each time Father went out to dress the wounds he would have a different citizen with him, and he always took care to ask a man who was well-to-do. He started a nest egg with a gold piece, which the lad kept under his pillow wrapped in a bandanna handkerchief. Father would ask William to show the visitor what he had under his pillow, with the result that more gold pieces were added, until he had enough to send him to a school where he could learn the deaf and dumb language.

I first remember Boular when I was a very small boy. Crowds gathered on the street to watch him lay paving bricks. These bricks were laid by piece-work, and Boular was the champion bricklayer of the Missouri Valley. He did not have to stoop or kneel. He could lay bricks with such rapidity that his pay envelope usually contained twice as much as his closest competitor's. It took a whole corps of darkies to wheel them to him fast enough. Crowds gathered to watch him working on the street, and they marveled, for he always smiled when he worked.

From the time he was o'd enough to secure any sort of job at manual labor, he was the support of his mother. Rain or shine, warm or cold, he was always on the job. Unable to walk the distance necessary to go from his home to his work, he secured a pony and a two-wheeled cart. In this rig he has been for years a familiar sight on the streets of Atchison.

Later, I worked in the office of the Thayer Foundry Company, and the thought occurred to Will Thayer that Boular could be taught to mold and make the rougher type of castings, such as sash weights. We discussed the matter, and Boular was sent for. He was enthusiastic, as he always was about everything. Sash-weight molding is also piece-work, and it was no time at all before Boular's envelope again contained more money than those of the men working by his side on the foundry floor.

He was always the first man to arrive in the morning. His patience, industry, and cheerfulness were an inspiration to all with whom he came in contact.

Whether he was making sash weights against time or wrestling with someone while waiting for the iron, he had a smile for everyone. He married a widow with a family, and while he has no children of his own he raised her little family. He bought and paid for his own home, and his credit was always good.

And, marvel of marvels, this man, deaf and dumb and without legs, shot wild ducks, and rabbits, and quail. Many a time I've met him up the river duck-hunting. Because of his handicap, he did much of his shooting from a boat, and on Sundays and holidays he brought back as many ducks and quail as any other man.

The great Missouri River bars near Atchison often, through a change of the current, abutted the mainland. Out on these bars Boular would sometimes go with his two-wheeled cart and pony. He had a strap that fastened across the stumps of his legs to keep the lunging of the vehicle or a sudden jump of the horse from throwing him backward. He had a pair of rabbit dogs that would also flush quail, and with this outfit he scoured the sand bars near town for all he was worth.

Last winter, a careless automobile driver smashed into Boular, threw him from his cart and broke his hip. Surely fate has been unkind; but in the hospital Boular smiled and assured everybody that his hip would get all right and he'd soon be back at work. The superintendent of the Atchison hospital, the doctors, and the nurses were unanimous in the contention that he was the most cheerful patient they had ever encountered.

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Atchison is the home of Ed Howe. His son, Gene Howe, runs Ed's old paper, the Atchison "Globe." In an item telling of Boular's misfortune, the paper stated that it intended to help Boular with his hospital bills and other expenses. One thousand dollars was subscribed almost immediately by the citizens of the town.

Boular did not ask for charity; he didn't want charity. But again, as was the case in his early childhood, it was thrust upon him. A chance to work is all that Boular asks of life, and the knowledge of this has made him well liked wherever he is known.

I was in Atchison in January. At that time he was out of the hospital. I drove out to his little home at the edge of town to see him. Since I left Atchison, his wife had died, and he had an old gray-haired lady keeping house for him. When he saw me, his smile was good for the soul, and he gripped my hand like a steel vise. With childlike enthusiasm, he showed me that he had good motion in his hip, and that in a few weeks more he would be able to walk—and work.

When there exists a man on this earth with the determination and the spirit of William Boular, it makes you wonder, as you drop a coin into the professional beggar's hat, why there are not more like him.

R. P. HOLLAND

Her Passengers Never Miss Their Trains

IF YOU were to ask any homekeeper in Maplewood, New Jersey, what kept her domestic machinery running smoothly, she would answer, without even stopping to think, "Why, Mrs. Sculthorpe, of course!" For Mrs. Sculthorpe has been the town "handy-man" for the past six years. She is owner and operator of the Maplewood Taxi Company—a fleet of nine automobiles.

When Charlotte Sculthorpe had been married seven years, she and her husband faced a future that held a bank account dwindled to seventy-five dollars, a family of three—and no income. Edward Sculthorpe had been six months recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia and he was still too ill to work. Mrs. Sculthorpe couldn't paint or sew or give music lessons well enough to earn a living for the family, but she did have one asset: she could handle a car better than most women. It was rather an expensive asset, when she had no income and, more important than that, no car! But a working knowledge of suburban emergencies, combined with her talent for driving, gave Mrs. Sculthorpe an idea.

Mrs. Charlotte Sculthorpe, of Maplewood, New Jersey, is one of the town's busiest taxi-drivers

She drew the seventy-five dollars out of the bank and bought a second-hand Ford chassis from the town garage. She persuaded the garage man to "throw in" a battered taxi body that was cluttering up his storage space and, much amused, he helped her get a hackman's license, as well.

The next Sunday evening found Charlotte Sculthorpe, with her heart in her throat, at the railroad station, all ready for "business."

"All I could think of was that maybe nobody would ride in my car because I was a woman. The car was pretty awful too, although I had shined it up all I could. A train pulled into the station, and a passenger helped an old lady down and looked anxiously around the parking space. Mine was the only car there and, battered though it was, I'm sure it looked much braver than I felt.

"From their expressions I knew the passengers didn't put much stock in me as a taxi driver, but they got in. I was so afraid of jarring my first customers that I went two blocks out of my way—and at a snail's pace, too—because I remembered a few 'thank-you-marms' in the road."

From then on Mrs. Sculthorpe's day began at six A. M., when she drove the early commuters to catch the 6:31. It still ends at 2 A. M., after she has taken home the passengers from the last train at night. Her biggest business is meeting the trains, and she makes it a rule to see that her customers never miss them.

"One winter," she said, "when the roads from one section of town to the station were blocked with cars stuck in the snow, I got all my regular people to their trains by going clear around to the next village, and to the station that way.

"I take several loads of children to school every morning. They know my 'honk' at their front doors is as regular as the school bell. It has always been my custom to stand at the door of the schoolhouse and make sure they all go in, too.

"Another lady who is tied down at home always telephones me her grocery order because she says she can't depend on the store to send the right things. So I pick them out for her and drive them right up to her kitchen door myself.

"I have even collected delayed refreshments from the caterer's in answer to a hostess's frantic telephone call. And a request like this is all in the day's work too: 'My aunt Mary expects me to meet her at the 2:58; but I can't make it. Will you meet her for me? She's little, and will probably be wearing her new blue hat.'

"The queerest passenger I ever had was a dead dog. A lady telephoned me in great distress that her dog had died in the night, and she didn't want the children to see him. Would I please come for him as soon as they got off to school? So I drove the poor old thing in state to a cemetery for pets several miles out of town.

"Nearly every evening some mother will call up and say, 'My daughter has gone to the theatre with some girls and won't get in until the twelve-fifteen. I told her she could go if she would ride home from the station in your taxi. You'll surely be there yourself, won't you?'

"And I always am." E. M. WRIGHT

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SOUP

and the woman who tried

ONCE UPON a time—and it may have been yesterday—there was a woman who said to herself: "I wonder whether I am wise, after all, never to have tried these condensed soups you can buy at the store."

This woman always had insisted on making her soups at home. She and her family are so very fond of good soup. She would not think of serving any but the best soup. She prided herself on the deliciousness of the soups she made. She is a wonderful housekeeper—a wife and mother who always provides the most delightful and healthful meals. It was only natural for her to hesitate about buying soups made outside the home, for she *took it for granted* that they could not be as good as her own.

BUT THEN she tried. She noticed that her most careful friends always served Campbell's Soups. So she decided to "see for herself". And now she realizes how much useless bother and expense she gave herself in making soups in her kitchen. For in Campbell's Soups she discovered just the delicious quality and flavor she demanded.

Adding an equal quantity of water. Bringing to a boil. Simmering a few minutes. Then the soup is all ready for your table—savory, tempting and delightful. The strictly high quality of Campbell's Soups has given them such tremendous popularity. But the ease and convenience of their service is not overlooked by the housewives of America.

Campbell's Soups—there are twenty-one, all listed on the label—offer you a variety in selection that is most welcome. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of these soups you select. 12 cents a can.

I'm Rollicking Rollo, the Flash,
To race me, it surely is rash,
For I and my steed
Are lightning for speed
When Campbell's thrill me for the dash!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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FLAVOR to tempt you - BULK for health!

Millions find it the best ally against constipation

Millions avoid constipation, pleasantly, naturally, because they eat this delicious health cereal once a day. Post's Bran Flakes is a bulk food. It provides bran in its most appetizing form. It tastes so good you look forward to it every morning. It is so effective that it has become the most popular bran food in the world. Try it and see how good it is. Eat it every day for two weeks and see how much better you feel. Ready to eat, right from the package, with milk or cream, with fruits or in muffins or bread.

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

- ¾ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ cups Post's Bran Flakes
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- ⅔ cup milk
- 2 tablespoons butter or other shortening, melted

Sift flour once, add baking powder and salt and sift three times. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine eggs and sugar. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, beating well after each addition. Add butter and beat well. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling each about two-thirds full. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 9 to 12 muffins.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

Ordinary cases of constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

Post Health Products

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The Bishop Murder Case

(*Continued from page 14*)

habitual suspicion of all statements made to the police, put the next question.

"Did you meet anyone you knew?"

Drukker turned angrily, but Vance quickly stepped into the breach.

"It really doesn't matter, Sergeant. If it's necess'ry later on to ascertain that point, we can take the matter up again." Then to Drukker: "You returned from your walk a little before eleven, I think you said, and entered your house by the front door."

"That's right."

"You saw nothing, by the by, that was in the least extr'ordin'ry when you were here this morning?"

"I saw nothing except what I've told you."

"And you're quite sure you heard your mother scream at about half past eleven?"

VANCE did not move as he asked this question; but a slightly different note had crept into his voice, and it acted on Drukker in a startling manner. He heaved his squat body out of his chair, and stood glaring down on Vance with menacing fury. His eyes flashed, and his lips worked convulsively. His hands, dangling before him, flexed and unflexed like those of a man in a paroxysm.

"What are you driving at?" he demanded, his voice a shrill falsetto. "I tell you I heard her scream. I don't care whether she admits it or not. Moreover, I heard her walking in her room. *She was in her room*, understand, *and I was in my room*, between eleven and twelve. And you can't prove anything different. Furthermore, I'm not going to be cross-examined by you or anyone else as to what I was doing or where I was. It's none of your business—do you hear me? . . ."

So insensate was his wrath that I expected any minute to see him hurl himself on Vance. Heath had risen and stepped forward, sensing the potential danger of the man. Vance, however, did not move. He continued to smoke languidly, and when the other's fury had been spent, he said quietly and without a trace of emotion:

"There's nothing more we have to ask you, Mr. Drukker. And really, y' know, there's no need to work yourself up. It merely occurred to me that your mother's scream might help to establish the exact time of the murder."

"What could her scream have to do with the time of Robin's death? Didn't she tell you she saw nothing?" Drukker appeared exhausted, and leaned heavily against the table.

At this moment Professor Dillard appeared in the archway. Behind him stood Arnesson.

"What seems to be the matter?" the professor asked. "I heard the noise here, and came down." He regarded Drukker coldly. "Hasn't Belle been through enough today, without your frightening her this way?"

Vance had risen, but before he could speak Arnesson came forward and shook his finger in mock reprimand at Drukker.

"You really should learn control, Adolph. You take life with such abominable seriousness. You've worked in interstellar spacial magnitudes long enough to have some sense of proportion. Why attach so much importance to this pinpoint of life on earth?"

Drukker was breathing stertorously.

"These swine—" he began.

"Oh, my dear Adolph!" Arnesson cut him short. "The entire human race are swine. Why particularize? . . . Come along. I'll see you home." And he took Drukker's arm and led him downstairs.

"We're very sorry we disturbed you, sir," Markham apologized to Professor Dillard. "The man flew off the handle for some unknown reason. These investigations are not the pleasantest things in the world; but we hope to be through before long."

"Well, make it as brief as you can, Markham. And do try to spare Belle as much as possible.— Let me see you before you go."

When Professor Dillard had returned up-stairs, Markham took a turn up and down the room, his brows knit, his hands clasped behind him.

"What do you make of Drukker?" he asked, halting before Vance.

"Decidedly not a pleasant character. Diseased physically and mentally. A congenital liar. But canny—oh, deuced canny. An abnormal brain—you often find it in cripples of his type. Sometimes it runs to real constructive genius, as with Steinmetz; but too often it takes to abstruse speculation along impractical lines, as with Drukker. Still, our little verbal give-and-take has not been without fruit. He's hiding something that he'd like to tell but doesn't dare."

"That's possible, of course," returned Markham doubtfully. "He's touchy on the subject of that hour between eleven and noon. And he was watching you all the time like a cat."

"A weasel," Vance corrected him. "Yes, I was aware of his flatterin' scrutiny."

"Anyway, I can't see that he's helped us very much."

"No," agreed Vance. "We're not exactly forrader. But we're at least getting some luggage aboard. Our excitable mathematical wizard has opened up some very interestin' lines of speculation. And Mrs. Drukker is fairly teemin' with possibilities. If we knew what both of 'em together know we might find the key to this business."

HEATH had been sullen for the past hour, and had looked on at the proceedings with bored disdain. But now he drew himself up combatively.

"I'm here to tell you, Mr. Markham, that we're wasting our time. Sperling's the boy we want, and when my men bring him in and put him through a little sweating, we'll have enough material for an indictment. He was in love with the Dillard girl and was jealous of Robin—not only on account of the girl, but because Robin could shoot those red sticks straighter than he could. He had a scrap with Robin in this here room—the professor heard 'em at it; and he was down-stairs with Robin, according to the evidence, a few minutes before the murder. . . ."

"And," added Vance ironically, "his name means 'sparrow.' *Quod erat demonstrandum*. No, Sergeant; it's much too easy. It works out like a game of Canfield with the cards stacked; whereas this thing was planned much too carefully for suspicion to fall directly on the guilty person."

"I CAN'T see any careful planning about it," persisted Heath. "This Sperling gets sore, picks up a bow, grabs an arrow off of the wall, follows Robin outside, shoots him through the heart, and beats it."

Vance sighed.

"You're far too forthright for this wicked world, Sergeant. If only things happened with such naïve dispatch, life would be very simple—and depressin'. But such was not the *modus operandi* of the Robin's murder. First, no archer could shoot at a moving human target and strike just between the ribs over the vital spot of the heart. Secondly, there's that fracture of Robin's skull. He may have acquired it in falling, but it's not likely. Thirdly, his hat was at his feet, where it wouldn't have been if he had fallen naturally. Fourthly, the nock on the arrow is so bruised that I doubt if it would hold a string. Fifthly, Robin was facing the arrow, and during the drawing and aiming of the bow he would have had time to call out and cover himself. Sixthly . . ."

Vance paused in the act of lighting a cigarette.

"*By Jove*, Sergeant! I've overlooked something. A man stabbed in the heart has a pretty big external hemorrhage, especially when the end of the weapon is larger than the shaft and there's no adequate plug for the hole. I say! It's quite possible that you'll find some blood spots on the floor of the archery-room—somewhere near the door most likely."

Heath hesitated, but only momentarily. Experience had long since taught him that Vance's suggestions were not to be treated cavalierly; and with a good-natured grunt he got up and disappeared toward the rear of the house.

"I think, Vance, I begin to see what you mean," observed Markham, with a troubled look. "But if Robin's apparent death with a bow and arrow was merely an *ex-post-facto* stage-setting, then we're confronted by something almost too diabolical to contemplate."

"It was the work of a maniac," declared Vance, with unwonted sobriety. "Oh, not the conventional maniac who imagines he's Napoleon, but a madman with a brain so colossal that he has carried sanity to a, humanly speaking, *reductio ad absurdum*—to a point, that is, where humor itself becomes a formula in four dimensions."

Markham smoked vigorously, lost in speculation.

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"I hope Heath doesn't find anything," he said at length.

"Why—in Heaven's name?" returned Vance. "If there's no material evidence that Robin met his end in the archery-room, it'll only make the problem more difficult legally."

But the material evidence was forthcoming. The Sergeant returned a few minutes later, crestfallen but excited.

"Damn it, Mr. Vance!" he blurted. "You had the dope all right." He made no attempt to keep the admiration out of his look. "There isn't any actual blood on the floor; but there's a dark place on the cement where somebody's scrubbed it with a wet rag today sometime. It ain't dry yet; and the place is right near the door, where you said. And what makes it more suspicious is that one of those rugs has been pulled over it.— But that don't let Sperling out altogether," he added. "He mighta shot Robin indoors."

"And then cleaned up the blood, wiped off the bow and arrow, and placed the body and the bow on the range, before making his departure? . . . Why? . . . Archery, to begin with, isn't an indoor sport, Sergeant. And Sperling knows too much about it to attempt murder with a bow and arrow. A hit such as the one that ended Robin's uneventful career would have been a pure fluke. Teucer himself couldn't have achieved it with any degree of certainty—and, according to Homer, Teucer was the champion archer of the Greeks."

AS HE spoke Pardee passed down the hall on his way out. He had nearly reached the front door when Vance rose suddenly and went to the archway.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Pardee. Just a moment, please."

The man turned with an air of gracious compliance.

"There is one other question we'd like to ask you," said Vance. "You mentioned seeing Mr. Sperling and Beedle leave here this morning by the wall gate. Are you sure you saw no one else use the gate?"

"Quite sure. That is, I don't recall anyone else."

"I was thinking particularly of Mr. Drukker."

"Oh, Drukker?" Pardee shook his head with mild emphasis. "No, I would have remembered him. But you realize a dozen people might have entered and left this house without my noticing them."

"Quite—quite," Vance murmured indifferently. "How good a chess-player, by the by, is Mr. Drukker?"

Pardee showed a flicker of surprise.

"He's not a player in the practical sense at all," he explained with careful precision. "He's an excellent analyst, however, and understands the theory of the game amazingly well. But he's had little practice at actual over-the-board play."

When Pardee had gone Heath cocked a triumphant eye at Vance.

"I notice, sir," he remarked good-naturedly, "that I'm not the only one who'd like to check the hunchback's alibi."

"Ah, but there's a difference between checking an alibi, and demanding that the person himself prove it."

At this moment the front door was thrown open. There were heavy footsteps in the hall, and three men appeared in the archway. Two were obviously detectives, and between them stood a tall, clean-cut youth of about thirty.

"We got him, Sergeant," announced one of the detectives, with a grin of vicious satisfaction. "He beat it straight home from here, and was packing up when we walked in on him."

SPERLING'S eyes swept the room with angry apprehension. Heath had planted himself before the man, and stood looking him up and down triumphantly.

"Well, young fella, you thought you'd get away, did you?" The Sergeant's cigar bobbed up and down between his lips as he spoke.

The color mounted to Sperling's cheeks, and he set his mouth stubbornly.

"So! You've got nothing to say?" Heath went on, squaring his jaw ferociously. "You're one of these silent lads, are you? Well, we'll make you talk." He turned to Markham. "How about it, sir? Shall I take him to Headquarters?"

"Perhaps Mr. Sperling will not object to answering a few questions here," said Markham quietly.

Sperling studied the District Attorney a moment; then his gaze moved to Vance, who nodded to him encouragingly.

"Answer questions about what?" he asked, with an obvious effort at self-control. "I was preparing to go away for the week-end when these ruffians forced their way into my room; and I was brought here without a word of explanation or even an opportunity to communicate with my family. Now you talk of taking me to Police Headquarters." He gave Heath a defiant glare. "All right, take me to Police Headquarters!"

"What time did you leave here this morning, Mr. Sperling?" Vance's tone was soft and ingratiating, and his manner reassuring.

"About a quarter past eleven," the man answered. "In time to catch the eleven-forty Scarsdale train from Grand Central."

"And Mr. Robin?"

"I don't know what time Robin went. He said he was going to wait for Belle—Miss Dillard. I left him in the archery-room."

"You saw Mr. Drukker?"

"For a minute—yes. He was in the archery-room when Robin and I went down-stairs; but he left immediately."

"Through the wall gate? Or did he walk down the range?"

"I don't remember—in fact, I didn't notice. . . . Say, look here: what's all this about anyway?"

"Mr. Robin was killed this morning," said Vance, "—at some time near eleven o'clock."

Sperling's eyes seemed to start from his head.

"Robin killed? My God! . . . Who—who killed him?" The man's lips were dry, and he wetted them with his tongue.

"We don't know yet," Vance answered. "He was shot through the heart with an arrow."

This news left Sperling stunned. His eyes traveled vaguely from side to side, and he fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette.

Heath stepped nearer to him, and thrust out his chin.

"Maybe *you* can tell us who killed him —*with a bow and arrow!*"

"Why—why do you—think I know?" Sperling managed to stammer.

"Well," returned the Sergeant relentlessly, "you were jealous of Robin, weren't you? You had a hot argument with him about the girl, right in this room, didn't you? And you were alone with him just before he was croaked, weren't you? And you're a pretty good shot with the bow and arrow, aren't you? —That's why I think that maybe you know something." He narrowed his eyes and drew his upper lip over his teeth. "Say! Come clean. Nobody else but you coulda done it. You had a fight with him over the girl, and you were the last person seen with him—*only a few minutes before he was killed.* And who else woulda shot him with a bow and arrow except a champeen archer—huh? . . . Make it easy for yourself, and spill the story. We've got you."

A STRANGE light had gathered in Sperling's eyes, and his body became rigid.

"Tell me,"—he spoke in a strained, unnatural voice—"did you find the bow?"

"Sure we found it." Heath laughed unpleasantly. "Right where you left it—in the alley."

"What kind of a bow was it?" Sperling's gaze had not moved from some distant point.

"What kind of a bow?" repeated Heath. "A regular bow—"

Vance, who had been watching the youth closely, interrupted:

"I think I understand the question, Sergeant.—It was a woman's bow, Mr. Sperling. About five-feet-six, and rather light—under thirty pounds, I should say."

Sperling drew a slow deep breath, like a man steeling himself for some bitter resolution. Then his lips parted in a faint, grim smile.

"What's the use?" he asked listlessly. "I thought I'd have time to get away. . . . Yes, I killed him."

Heath grunted with satisfaction, and his belligerent manner at once disappeared.

"You got more sense than I thought you had," he said, in an almost paternal tone, nodding in a businesslike manner to the two detectives. "Take him along, boys. Use my buggy—it's outside. And lock him up without booking him. I'll prefer the charge when I get to the office."

"Come along, bo," ordered one of the detectives, turning toward the hall.

But Sperling did not at once obey. Instead he looked appealingly at Vance.

"Could I—might I—?" he began.

Vance shook his head.

"No, Mr. Sperling. It would be best if you didn't see Miss Dillard. No use of harrowin' her feelings just now. . . . Cheerio."

The man turned without another word and went out between his captors.

VII

VANCE REACHES A CONCLUSION

(*Saturday, April 2d; 3:30 p. m.*)

WHEN we were again alone in the drawing-room Vance rose and, stretching himself, went to the window. The scene that had just been enacted, with its startling climax, had left us all somewhat dazed. Our minds were

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busy, I think, with the same idea; and when Vance spoke it was as if he were voicing our thoughts.

"We're back in the nursery, it seems. . . .

"'I,' said the Sparrow,
'With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.' . . .

I say, Markham; this is getting a bit thick."

He came slowly back to the center-table and crushed out his cigarette. From the corner of his eye he looked at Heath.

"Why so pensive, Sergeant? You should be singing roundelays and doing a joyous tarantella. Has not your villain confessed to the dark deed? Does it not fill you with gladness to know that the culprit will soon be languishin' in an oubliette?"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Vance," Heath admitted sullenly, "I'm not satisfied. That confession came too easy, and —well, I've seen a lot of guys come across; but this one somehow didn't act like he was guilty. And that's a fact, sir."

"At any rate," submitted Markham hopefully, "his preposterous confession will damp the newspapers' curiosity and give us a free field to push our investigation. This case is going to make an ungodly noise; but as long as the reporters think the guilty person is jailed, they won't be bothering us for news of 'developments'."

"I'm not saying he ain't guilty," asserted Heath pugnaciously, obviously arguing against his own convictions. "We certainly had the goods on him, and he mighta realized it and spilled the works, thinking it would go easier with him at the trial. Maybe he's not so dumb, after all."

"It won't do, Sergeant," said Vance. "The lad's mental workin's were deucedly simple. He knew Robin was waiting to see Miss Dillard, and he also knew she'd non-suited him, so to speak, last night. Sperling evidently didn't have a high opinion of Robin; and when he heard of the gentleman's death at the hands of someone who wielded a short, light bow, he jumped to the conclusion that Robin had overstepped the bounds of propriety in his wooing, and received a righteous shaft through the heart. There was then nothing for our noble, mid-Victorian sparrow to do but slap his own manly bosom and proclaim: '*Ecce homo!*' . . . It's most distressin'."

"Well, anyhow," grumbled Heath, "I'm not going to turn him loose. If Mr. Markham don't want to prosecute, that's up to him."

MARKHAM looked at the Sergeant tolerantly. He realized the strain the man was under, and it was in keeping with his bigness of nature that he took no offense at the other's words.

"Perhaps, however, Sergeant," he said kindly, "you'll not object to continuing the investigation with me, even if I don't decide to prosecute Sperling."

Heath was at once contrite. He got up briskly and, going to Markham, held out his hand.

"You know it, sir!"

Markham took the offered hand, and rose with a gracious smile.

"I'll leave things with you, then, for the time being. I've some work to do at the office, and I told Swacker to wait for me."* He moved dispiritedly toward the hall. "I'll explain the situation to Miss Dillard and the professor before I go.—Anything special in mind, Sergeant?"

"Well, sir, I think I'll take a good look for that rag that was used to wipe up the floor down-stairs. And while I'm at it I'll go over the archery-room with a fine-tooth comb. Also, I'll put the screws to the cook and the butler again—especially the cook. She musta been mighty close at hand when the dirty work was going on. . . . Then the regular routine stuff—inquiries in the neighborhood and that sorta thing."

"Let me know the results. I'll be at the Stuyvesant Club later today and tomorrow afternoon."

VANCE had joined Markham in the archway.

"I say, old man," he remarked, as we went toward the stairs; "don't minimize the importance of that cryptic note left in the mailbox. I've a strong psychic suspicion that it may be the key to the nursery. You'd better ask Professor Dillard and his niece if 'Bishop' has any provocative significance for them. That diocesan signature has a meaning."

"I'm not so sure," returned Markham dubiously. "It appears utterly meaningless to me. But I'll follow your suggestion."

Neither the professor nor Miss Dillard, however, could recall any personal association with the word *Bishop;* and the professor was inclined to agree with Markham that the note was without any significant bearing on the case.

"It strikes me," he said, "as a piece of juvenile melodrama. It isn't likely that the person who killed Robin would adopt a vague pseudonym and write notes about his crime. I'm not acquainted with criminals, but such conduct doesn't impress me as logical."

"But the crime itself was illogical," ventured Vance pleasantly.

"One can't speak of a thing being illogical, sir," returned the professor tartly, "when one is ignorant of the very premises of a syllogism."

"Exactly." Vance's tone was studiously courteous. "Therefore, the note itself may not be without logic."

Markham tactfully changed the subject.

"What I came particularly to tell you, Professor, is that Mr. Sperling called a short time ago and, when informed of Mr. Robin's death, confessed to having done it himself. . . ."

"Raymond confessed!" gasped Miss Dillard.

Markham looked at the girl sympathetically.

"To be quite frank, I didn't believe Mr. Sperling. Some mistaken idea of chivalry undoubtedly led him to admit the crime."

"'Chivalry'?" she repeated, leaning forward tensely. "What exactly do you mean by that, Mr. Markham?"

It was Vance who answered:

"The bow that was found on the range was a woman's bow."

"Oh!" The girl covered her face with her hands, and her body shook with sobs.

Professor Dillard regarded her helplessly; and his impotency took the form of irritation.

"What flummery is this, Markham?" he demanded. "Any archer can shoot with a woman's bow. . . . That unutterably young idiot! Why should he make Belle miserable by his preposterous confession? . . . Markham, my friend, do what you can for the boy."

Markham gave his assurances, and we rose to go.

"By the by, Professor Dillard," said Vance, pausing at the door, "I trust you won't misunderstand me, but there's a bare possibility that it was someone with access to this house who indulged in the practical joke of typing that note. Is there, by any chance, a typewriter on the premises?"

It was patent that the professor resented Vance's question, but he answered civilly enough.

"No,—nor has there ever been one to my knowledge. I threw my own machine away ten years ago when I left the university. An agency does whatever typing I need."

"And Mr. Arnesson?"

"He never uses a typewriter."

As we descended the stairs we met Arnesson returning from Drukker's.

"I've placated our local Leipnitz," he announced, with an exaggerated sigh. "Poor old Adolph! The world is too much with him. When he's wallowing in the relativist formulas of Lorentz and Einstein he's serene. But when he's dragged down to actuality he disintegrates."

"IT MAY interest you to know," said Vance casually, "that Sperling has just confessed to the murder."

"Ha!" Arnesson chuckled. "Quite in keeping. 'I,' said the Sparrow. . . . Very neat. Still, I don't know how it'll work out mathematically."

"And, since we agreed to keep you posted," continued Vance, "it may help your calculations to know that we have reason to believe that Robin was killed in the archery-room and placed on the range afterward."

"Glad to know it." Arnesson became momentarily serious. "Yes, that may affect my problem." He walked with us to the front door. "If there's any way I can be of service to you, call on me."

Vance had paused to light a cigarette; but I knew, by the languid look in his eyes, that he was making a decision. Slowly he turned to Arnesson.

"Do you know if Mr. Drukker or Mr. Pardee has a typewriter?"

Arnesson gave a slight start, and his eyes twinkled shrewdly.

"Aha! That Bishop note. . . . I see. Merely a matter of being thorough. Quite right." He nodded with satisfaction. "Yes; both have typewriters. Drukker types incessantly—thinks to the keyboard, so he says. And Pardee's chess correspondence is as voluminous as a movie hero's. Types it all himself, too."

"Would it be any great trouble to you," asked Vance, "to secure a specimen of the typing of each machine, and also a sample of the paper these two gentlemen use?"

"None whatever." Arnesson appeared delighted with the commission. "Have them for you this afternoon. Where'll you be?"

"Mr. Markham will be at the Stuy-

*Saturday was a "half day" at the District Attorney's office. Swacker was Markham's secretary.

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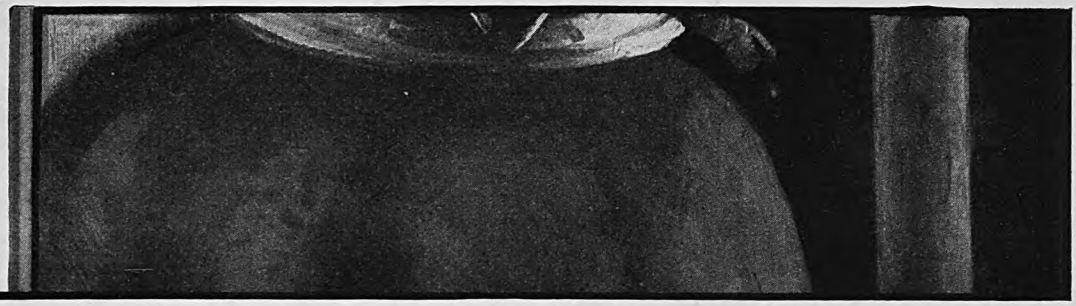

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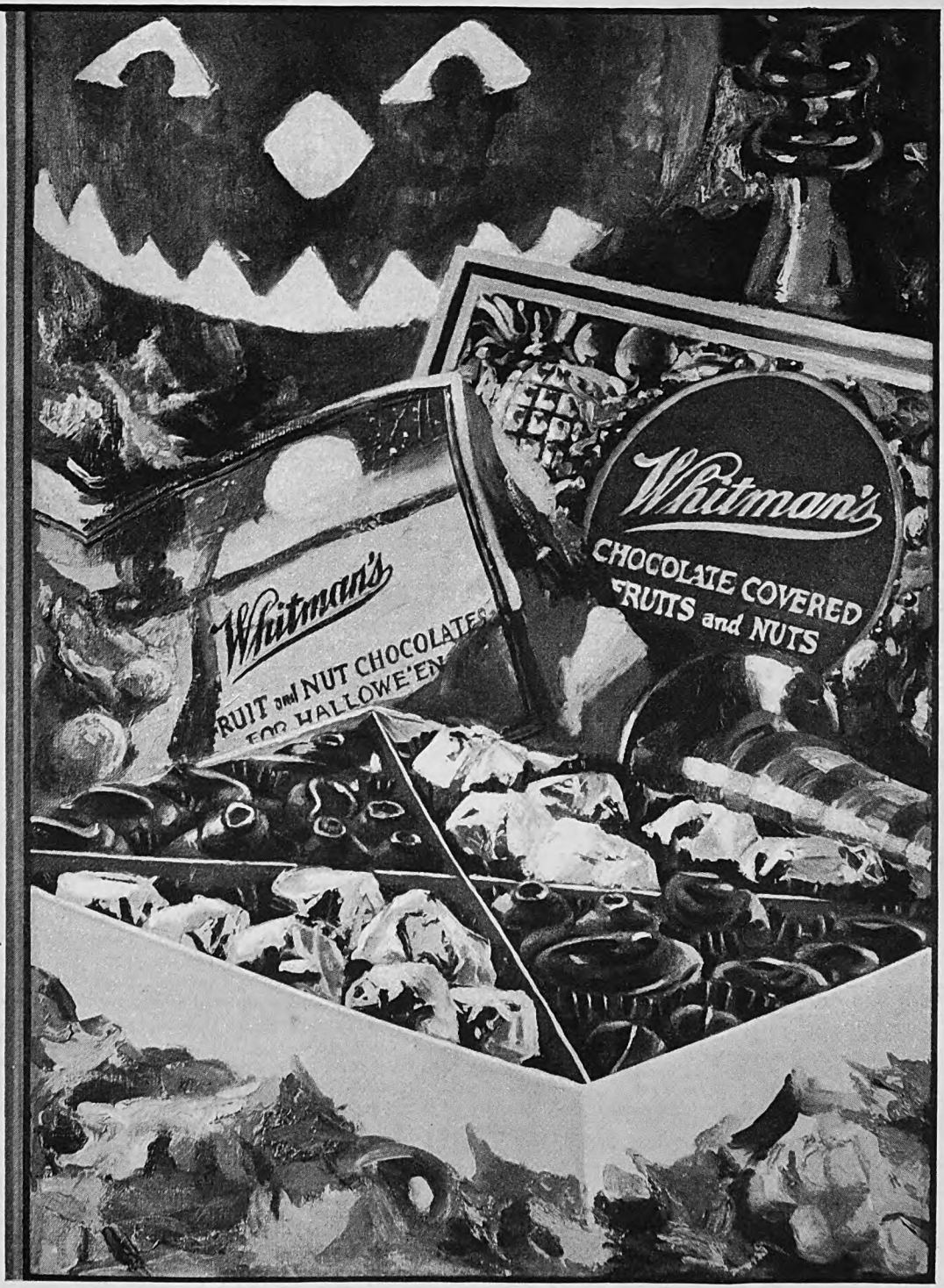

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vesant Club. You might 'phone him there, and he can arrange—"

"Why bother to arrange anything? I'll bring my findings to Mr. Markham personally. Only too glad. Fascinating game, being a sleuth."

VANCE and I returned home in the District Attorney's car, and Markham continued to the office. At seven o'clock that night the three of us met at the Stuyvesant Club for dinner; and at half past eight we were sitting in Markham's favorite corner of the lounge-room smoking and having our coffee.

During the meal no mention of the case had been made. The late editions of the afternoon papers had carried brief accounts of Robin's death. Heath had evidently succeeded in curbing the reporters' curiosity and clipping the wings of their imagination. The District Attorney's office being closed, the newspaper men were unable to bombard Markham with questions, and so the late press was inadequately supplied with information. The Sergeant had guarded the Dillard house well, for the reporters had not succeeded in reaching any member of the household.

Markham had picked up a late "Sun" on his way from the dining-room, and glanced through it carefully as he sipped his coffee.

"This is the first faint echo," he commented ruefully. "I shudder to think what the morning papers will contain."

"There's nothing to do but bear it," smiled Vance unfeelingly. "The moment some bright journalistic lad awakes to the robin-sparrow-arrow combination the city editors will go mad with joy, and every front page in the country will look like a Mother-Goose hoarding."

Markham lapsed into despondency. Finally he struck the arm of his chair angrily with his fist.

"Confound it, Vance! I won't let you inflame my imagination with this idiocy about nursery rhymes." Then he added, with the ferocity of uncertainty: "It's sheer coincidence, I tell you. There simply couldn't be anything in it."

Vance sighed. "Convince yourself against your will; you're of the same opinion still—to paraphrase Butler." He reached into his pocket and took out a sheet of paper. "Putting all juvenilia to one side *pro tempore*, here's an edifyin' chronology I drew up before dinner. . . . Edifyin'? Well, it might be if we knew how to interpret it."

MARKHAM studied the paper for several minutes. What Vance had written down was this:

9:00 A. M. Arnesson left house to go to university library.
9:15 A. M. Belle Dillard left house for the tennis courts.
9:30 A. M. Drukker called at house to see Arnesson.
9:50 A. M. Drukker went down-stairs to archery-room.
10:00 A. M. Robin and Sperling called at house and remained in drawing-room for half an hour.
10:30 A. M. Robin and Sperling went down to archery-room.
10:32 A. M. Drukker says he went out for a walk, by the wall gate.
10:35 A. M. Beedle went marketing.
10:55 A. M. Drukker says he returned to his own house.
11:15 A. M. Sperling went away by wall gate.
11:30 A. M. Drukker says he heard a scream in his mother's room.
11:35 A. M. Professor Dillard went on balcony of Arnesson's room.
11:40 A. M. Professor Dillard saw Robin's body in archery range.
11:45 A. M. Professor Dillard telephoned to District Attorney's office.
12:25 P. M. Belle Dillard returned from tennis.
12:30 P. M. Police arrived at Dillard house.
12:35 P. M. Beedle returned from market.
2:00 P. M. Arnesson returned from university.

Ergo: Robin was killed at some time between 11:15 (when Sperling departed) and 11:40 (when Professor Dillard discovered body).

The only other persons known to have been in the house during this time were Pyne and Professor Dillard.

The disposition of all other persons connected in any way with the murder was as follows (according to statements and evidence now in hand):

1. Arnesson was at the university library between 9 A. M. and 2 P. M.
2. Belle Dillard was at the tennis courts between 9:15 A. M. and 12:25 P. M.
3. Drukker was walking in the park between 10:32 A. M. and 10:55 A. M.; and was in his study from 10:55 A. M. on.
4. Pardee was in his house the entire morning.
5. Mrs. Drukker was in her room the entire morning.
6. Beedle was marketing between 10:35 A. M. and 12:35 P. M.
7. Sperling was on his way to the Grand Central Station between 11:15 A. M. and 11:40 A. M., at which hour he took a train for Scarsdale.

Conclusion: Unless at least one of these seven alibis is shaken, the whole weight of suspicion, and indeed the actual culpability, must rest upon either Pyne or Professor Dillard.

When Markham finished reading the paper, he made a gesture of exasperation.

"Your entire implication is preposterous," he said irritably; "and your conclusion is a *non-sequitur*. The chronology helps set the time of Robin's death, but your assumption that one of the persons we've seen today is necessarily guilty is arrant nonsense. You completely ignore the possibility that any outsider could have committed the crime. There were three ways of reaching the range and the archery-room without entering the house—the wall gate on Seventy-fifth Street, the other wall gate on Seventy-sixth Street, and the alleyway between the two apartment houses, leading to Riverside Drive."

"Oh, it's highly probable that one of these three entrances was used," returned Vance. "But don't overlook the fact that the most secluded, and therefore the most likely, of these three means of entry—to wit, the alleyway—is guarded by a locked door to which no one would be apt to have a key except some member of the Dillard household. I can't picture a murderer walking into the range from either of the street gates: he would be taking too many chances of being seen."

Vance leaned forward seriously.

"And, Markham, there are other reasons why we may eliminate strangers or casual prowlers. The person who sent Robin to his Maker must have been privy to the exact state of affairs in the Dillard house this morning between a quarter past eleven and twenty minutes to twelve. He knew that Pyne and the old professor were alone there. He knew that Belle Dillard was not roaming about the premises. He knew that Beedle was away and could neither hear him nor surprise him. He knew that Robin—his victim—was there, and that Sperling had departed. Moreover, he knew something of the lie of the land—the situation of the archery-room, for instance; for it's only too plain that Robin was killed in that room. No one who wasn't familiar with all these details would have dared enter the grounds and stage a spectacular murder. I tell you, Markham, it was someone very close to the Dillard ménage—someone who was able to find out just what conditions obtained in that household this morning."

"What about that scream of Mrs. Drukker's?"

"Ah, what about it, indeed? Mrs. Drukker's window may have been a factor that the murderer overlooked. Or perhaps he knew about it and decided to take that one chance of being seen. On the other hand, we don't know whether the lady screamed or not. She says No; Drukker says Yes. They both have an ulterior motive for what they poured into our trustin' ears. Drukker may have told of the scream by way of proving he was at home between eleven and twelve; and Mrs. Drukker may have denied it for fear he wasn't home. But it doesn't matter. The point I'm trying to make is that only an intimate of the Dillard house could have done this devilish business."

"We have too few facts to warrant that conclusion," asserted Markham. "Chance may have played a part—"

"Oh, I say, old man! Chance may work out to a few permutations, but not to twenty.—And there is that note left in the mail-box. The murderer even knew Robin's middle name."

"Assuming, of course, that the murderer wrote the note."

"Do you prefer to assume that some balmy joker found out about the crime through telepathy or crystal-gazing, hied to a typewriter, composed a dithyramb, returned hot-footed to the house, and, for no good reason, took the terrific risk of being seen putting the paper in the mail-box?"

BEFORE Markham could answer Heath entered the lounge-room and hurried to our corner. That he was worried and uneasy was obvious. With scarcely a word of greeting he handed a typewritten envelope to Markham.

"That was received by the 'World' in the late afternoon mail. Quinan, the police reporter of the 'World,' brought it to me a little while ago; and he says that the 'Times' and the 'Herald' also got copies of it. The letters were stamped at one o'clock today, so they were probably posted between eleven and twelve. What's more, Mr. Markham, they were mailed in the neighborhood of the Dillard house, for they went through Post Office Station 'N' on West Sixty-ninth Street."

Markham withdrew the enclosure from the envelope. Suddenly his eyes opened wide, and the muscles about his mouth tightened. Without looking up he handed the letter to Vance. It consisted of a single sheet of typewriting paper, and the words printed on it were identical to those of the note left in the Dillard mail-box.

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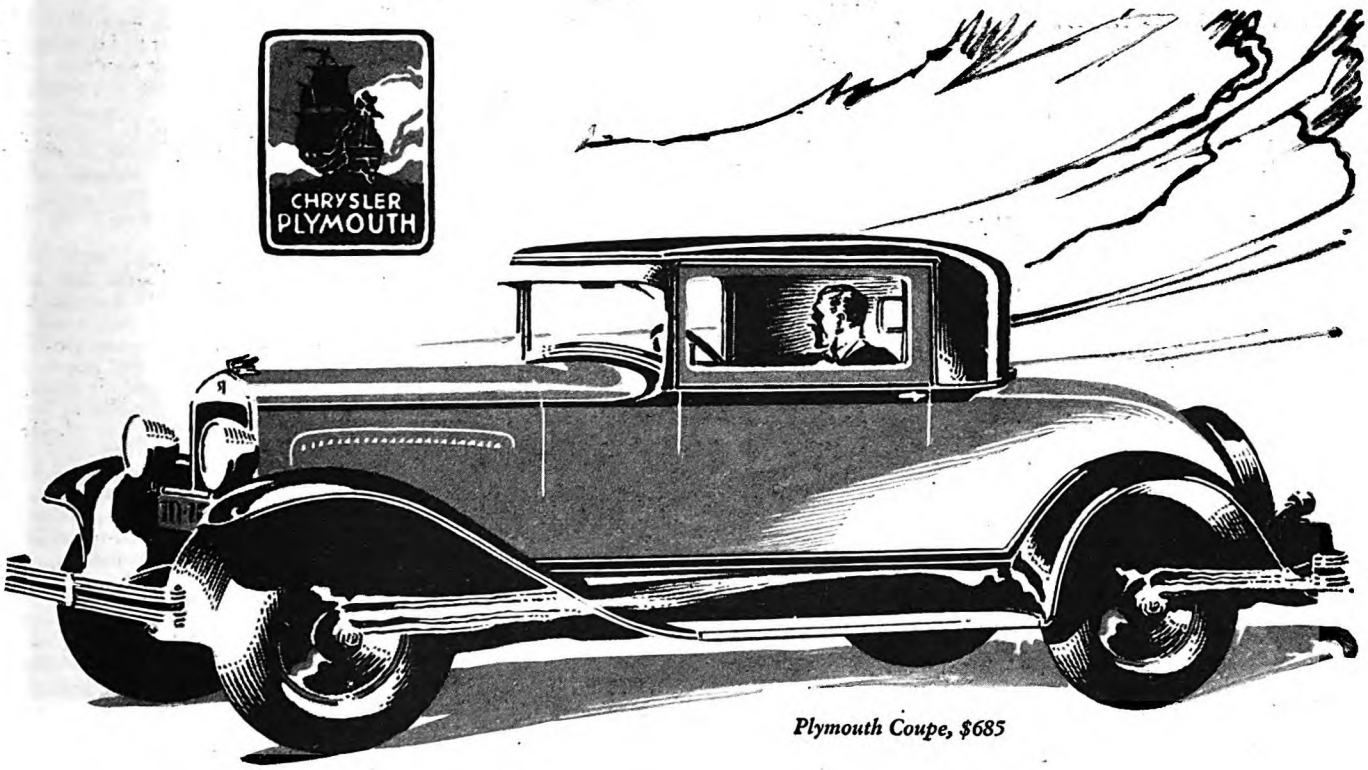
CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH



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Indeed, the communication was an exact duplicate of the other:—"Joseph Cochrane Robin is dead. Who Killed Cock Robin? Sperling means sparrow.—THE BISHOP."

Vance scarcely glanced at the paper.

"Quite in keeping, don't y' know," he said indifferently. "The Bishop was afraid the public might miss the point of his joke; so he explained it to the press."

"Joke, did you say, Mr. Vance?" asked Heath bitterly. "It ain't the kind of joke I'm used to. This case gets crazier—"

"Exactly, Sergeant. A crazy joke."

A uniformed boy stepped up to the District Attorney and, bending over his shoulder discreetly, whispered something.

"Bring him here right away," ordered Markham. Then to us: "It's Arnesson. He'll probably have those specimens of typing." A shadow had settled on his face; and he glanced again at the note Heath had brought him. "Vance," he said in a low voice, "I'm beginning to believe that this case may turn out to be as terrible as you think. I wonder if the typing will correspond. . . ."

But when the note was compared with the specimens Arnesson brought, no similarity whatever could be discerned. Not only were the typing and the ink different from those of either Pardee's or Drukker's machine, but the paper did not match any one of the samples that Arnesson had secured.

VIII

ACT TWO

(*Monday, April 11th; 11:30 a. m.*)

THERE is no need to recall here the nation-wide sensation caused by Robin's murder. Everyone remembers how that startling tragedy was featured in the country's press. It was referred to by various designations. Some newspapers called it the Cock Robin murder. Others, more alliterative but less accurate,* termed it the Mother Goose murder. But the signature of the typewritten notes appealed strongly to the journalistic sense of mystery; and in time the killing of Robin came to be known as the Bishop murder case. Its strange and fearful combination of horror and nursery jargon inflamed the public's imagination; and the sinister and insane implications of its details affected the entire country like some grotesque nightmare whose atmosphere could not be shaken off.

During the week following the discovery of Robin's body the detectives of the Homicide Bureau, as well as the detectives connected with the District Attorney's office, were busy night and day pushing their inquiries. The receipt of the duplicate Bishop notes by the leading New York morning papers had dissipated whatever ideas Heath may have held as to Sperling's guilt; and though he refused to put his official imprimatur on the young man's innocence, he threw himself, with his usual gusto and pertinacity, into the task of finding another and more plausible culprit. The investigation which he organized and superintended was as complete as had been that of the Greene murder case. No avenue which held the meagerest hope of results was overlooked; and the report he drew up would have given joy even to those meticulous criminologists of the University of Lausanne.

On the afternoon of the day of the murder he and his men had searched for the cloth that had been used to wipe up the blood in the archery-room; but no trace of it was found. Also, a thorough examination of the Dillard basement was made in the hope of finding other clews; but although Heath had put the task in the hands of experts, the result was negative. The only point brought to light was that the fiber rug near the door had recently been moved so as to cover the cleansed spot on the cement floor. This fact, however, merely substantiated the Sergeant's earlier observation.

THE post-mortem report of Doctor Doremus lent color to the now officially accepted theory that Robin had been killed in the archery-room and then placed on the range. The autopsy showed that the blow on the back of his skull had been a particularly violent one and had been made with a heavy rounded instrument, resulting in a depressed fracture quite different from the fissured fracture caused by striking a flat surface. A search was instituted for the weapon with which the blow had been dealt; but no likely instrument was turned up.

Though Beedle and Pyne were questioned by Heath several times, nothing new was learned from them. Pyne insisted that he had been up-stairs the entire morning in Arnesson's room, except for a few brief absences to the linen-closet and the front door, and clung tenaciously to his denial that he had touched either the body or the bow when sent by Professor Dillard to find Sperling. The Sergeant, however, was not entirely satisfied with the man's testimony.

"That bleary-eyed old cormorant has got something up his sleeve," he told Markham disgustedly. "But it would take the rubber hose and the water cure to make him spill it."

A canvass of all the houses in Seventy-fifth Street between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive was made, in the hope of finding a tenant who had noticed someone entering or emerging from the Dillard wall gate during the forenoon. But nothing was gained by this tedious campaign. Pardee, it seemed, was the only resident within view of the Dillard house who had observed anyone in the neighborhood that morning. In fact, after several days of arduous inquiries along this line the Sergeant realized that he would have to proceed without any outside or fortuitous assistance.

The various alibis of the seven persons whom Vance had tabulated in his notation for Markham, were gone into as thoroughly as circumstances would permit. It was obviously impossible to check them completely, for, in the main, they were based solely on the statements of the individuals involved. Moreover, the investigation had to be made with the utmost care lest suspicion be aroused. The results of these inquiries were as follows:

1. Arnesson had been seen in the university library by various people, including an assistant librarian and two students. But the time covered by their evidence was neither consecutive nor specific as to the hour.

2. Belle Dillard had played several sets of tennis at the public courts at 119th Street and Riverside Drive, but because there had been more than four in her party she had twice relinquished her place to a friend; and none of the players could state positively that she had remained at the courts during these periods.

3. The time that Drukker departed from the archery-room was definitely determined by Sperling; but no one could be found who had seen him thereafter. He admitted he had met no one he knew in the park, but insisted he had stopped for a few minutes to play with some strange children.

4. Pardee had been alone in his study. His old cook and his Japanese valet had been in the rear of the house, and had not seen him until lunch time. His alibi therefore was purely a negative one.

5. Mrs. Drukker's word had to be accepted as to her whereabouts that morning, for no one had seen her between ten o'clock, when Drukker went to call on Arnesson, and one o'clock, when the cook brought up her luncheon.

6. Beedle's alibi was checked with fairly satisfactory completeness. Pardee had seen her leave the house at 10:35; and she was remembered by several of the hucksters at the Jefferson Market between eleven and twelve.

7. The fact that Sperling had taken the 11:40 train to Scarsdale was verified; therefore he would have had to leave the Dillard house at the time he stated—namely: 11:15. The determination of this point, however, was merely a matter of routine, for he had been practically eliminated from the case. But if, as Heath explained, it had been found that he had not taken the 11:40 train, he would have again become an important possibility.

Pursuing his investigations along more general lines, the Sergeant went into the histories and associations of the various persons involved. The task was not a difficult one. All were well-known, and information concerning them was readily accessible; but not one item was unearthed that could be regarded as even remotely throwing any light on Robin's murder. Nothing transpired to give so much as a hint to the motive for the crime; and after a week's intensive inquiry and speculation the case was still cloaked in seemingly impenetrable mystery.

SPERLING had not been released. The *prima facie* evidence against him, combined with his absurd confession, made impossible such a step on the part of the authorities. Markham, however, had held an unofficial conference with the attorneys whom Sperling's father had engaged to handle the case, and some sort of a "gentleman's agreement" had, I imagine, been reached; for although the State made no move to apply for an indictment (despite the fact that the Grand Jury was sitting at the time), the defense lawyers did not institute *habeas corpus* proceedings. All the indications pointed to the supposition that both Markham and Sperling's attorneys were waiting for the real culprit to be apprehended.

Markham had had several interviews with the members of the Dillard household, in a persistent effort to bring out some trivial point that might lead to a fruitful line of inquiry; and Pardee had been summoned to the District Attorney's office to make an affidavit as to what he had observed from his window on the morning of the tragedy. Mrs. Drukker had been interrogated again; but not only

*The old anonymous nursery rhyme, "The Death and Burial of Cock Robin," is not, as is commonly supposed, one of the original "Mother Goose Melodies," although it has often been included in modern editions of that famous work.

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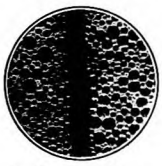
Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture at the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.



Ordinary Lather
Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

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Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

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Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down to the base . . . ready for the razor.

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Address_____

did she emphatically deny having looked out of her window that morning, but she scoffed at the idea that she had screamed.

Drukker, when requestioned, modified somewhat his former testimony. He explained that he might have been mistaken as to the source of the scream, and suggested that it could have come from the street or from one of the court windows of the apartment house. In fact, he said, it was highly unlikely that his mother had uttered the scream, for when he went to her door a moment later she was humming an old German nursery song from Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel." Markham, convinced that nothing further was to be learned from either him or Mrs. Drukker, finally concentrated on the Dillard house itself.

ARNESSON attended the informal conferences held in Markham's office; but for all his voluble and cynical observations, he appeared to be as much at sea as the rest of us. Vance chaffed him good-naturedly about the mathematical formula that was to solve the case, but Arnesson insisted that a formula could not be worked out until all the factors of the theorem were available. He appeared to regard the entire affair as a kind of Juvenalian lark; and Markham on several occasions gave vent to his exasperation. He reproached Vance for having made Arnesson an unofficial confrère in the investigation, but Vance defended himself on the ground that sooner or later Arnesson would supply some piece of seemingly irrelevant information that could be used as an advantageous *point de départ.*

"His crimino-mathematical theory is of course rubbish," said Vance. "Psychology—not abstract science—will eventually reduce this conundrum to its elements. But we need material to go on, and Arnesson knows the inwardness of the Dillard home better than we can ever know it. He knows the Drukkers, and he knows Pardee; and it goes without saying that a man who has had the academic honors heaped on him that he has, possesses an unusually keen mind. As long as he gives his thought and attention to the case, there's the chance that he'll hit upon something of vital importance."

"You may be right," grumbled Markham. "But the man's derisive attitude gets on my nerves."

"Be more catholic," urged Vance. "Consider his ironies in relation to his scientific speculations. What could be more natural than that a man who projects his mind constantly into the vast interplanet'ry reaches, and deals with light-years and infinities and hyperphysical dimensions, should sniff derisively at the infinitesimals of this life? . . . Stout fella, Arnesson. Not homey and comfortable perhaps, but dashed interestin'."

Vance himself had taken the case with unwonted seriousness. His translations had been definitely put aside. He became moody and waspish—a sure sign that his mind was busy with an absorbing problem. After dinner each night he went into his library and read for hours—not the classic and esthetic volumes on which he generally spent his time, but such books as Bernard Hart's "The Psychology of Insanity," Freud's "Der Witz und seine Beziehung zum Unbewussten," Coriat's "Abnormal Psychology" and "Repressed

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Speak Up!

ALMOST every other person you meet today is grumbling about something connected with government and almost every other man or woman you meet neglected to vote on last Presidential Election Day.

Often you hear them say, "What's the use of voting? My vote won't change the result." Many of the men and women who should have cast their ballots in 1924 must have talked like that, for only 52 percent of them voted.

America has faced many crises. She has made laws, amended laws, abolished laws. She has kept step with changing world conditions. But many old problems remain unsolved. New ones will arise. Your government will be as sound and wise as you and other Americans make it. You have great responsibility and great power. It is your duty to exercise that power. And the way to exercise it is through your vote. Do not neglect it.

By failing to vote, you offer encouragement to the political plunderer and other unscrupulous persons who are eager to profit by the opportunity you give them. Only by voting can the majority of Americans holding like opinions dictate their wishes and save themselves from the danger of being governed by a minority holding opposite opinions.

Your next President will not be a despot or a dictator. He will not make or unmake laws, but he has great power and influence and will go into office bound to use them to bring about the kind of government wanted by those who elected him.

Once in four years you are called upon to vote for a President and thereby help to solve great problems.

Let no private affairs prevent you from doing your duty to your country on Election Day.

Be a good citizen. Go to the polls on November 6th and vote.

In 1920, 54,053,000 citizens of the United States were eligible to vote. Only 26,674,171 voted—approximately 49 percent. In 1924, out of a total of 56,215,000 men and women who should have voted, only 29,091,417 did—about 52 percent.

Most good Americans are willing to abide by the will of the majority. The trouble is that many of us are not sure that the will of the majority is being expressed.

When about one-half of the voters neglect their duty the country is governed not by a majority of the people—but merely by a majority of the minority.

In 1928 America needs every possible vote so that the will of the real majority may be known. No one else can speak for you on Election Day. Speak for yourself. Vote.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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Wonder working plans *that lift a load from mothers' shoulders*

"Instead of the old 'discipline' many mothers are finding ways to use the child's own interests to guide him to the thing he should do," says Margaret Gray Blanton, who with Dr. Smiley Blanton, Professor of Child Study at Vassar College, has written "Child Guidance."

Bubbling over with mischief! How children chafe against restraint! Perplexed mothers are getting wonderful help from the new, sane ways of handling these little human dynamos.

There's the question of the right sort of breakfast, for instance. Mothers read about the nation-wide school tests that prove how the best records are made by children who start out with a *hot, cooked* cereal. They know that in 70,000 school rooms this sign hangs on the wall:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

So, because they're utterly convinced, themselves, about its value, mothers sometimes urge too hard! "Now, eat your cereal. It's so good for you."

And red-blooded, normal boys very often reply, "Aw, I don't like Cream of Wheat!"—or oatmeal—or whatever cereal it is. These same boys would scorn a football, given them for health!

But when the *hot, cooked* cereal habit becomes a fascinating game—that's another story! That's why this splendid plan—a children's club—has been approved by psychologists. No more coaxing at the breakfast table. Given a reason they can see, children fairly hustle to do the thing you want.

This jolly plan is called the H. C. B. Club. Children first eat their Cream of Wheat because it's part of the game. But soon they're scraping their bowls because they've got the habit.

FREE—*this plan that gets results at breakfast*

This fascinating H. C. B. Club plan arouses children's enthusiasm for a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. Badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts! All material free, sent direct to your children with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. They'll work it out for themselves. 90,000 mothers are finding it such an easy way to be sure their children get the *hot, cooked* cereal they need so much. Send the coupon in today.

For 32 years the choice of child specialists

Specialists in child health have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

1. It is abundantly rich in the physical and mental energy growing children need. It is all real food.
2. With every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and simple to digest.
3. Its creamy goodness is easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

Safeguard your boys and girls by giving them, regularly, Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

© 1928, C. of W. Co.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY DEPT. P-17
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name.....
First name *Last name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

Emotions," Lippo's "Komik und Humor," Daniel A. Huebsch's "The Murder Complex," Janet's "Les Obsessions et la Psychasthènie," Donath's "Über Arithmomanie," Riklin's "Wish Fulfillment and Fairy Tales," Leppman's "Die forensische Bedeutung der Zwangsvorstellungen," Kuno Fischer's "Über den Witz," Erich Wulffen "Kriminalpsychologie," Hollenden's "The Insanity of Genius" and Groos's "Die Spiele des Menschen."

He spent hours going over the police reports. He called twice at the Dillards, and on one occasion visited Mrs. Drukker in company with Belle Dillard. He had a long discussion one night with Drukker and Arnesson on de Sitter's conception of physical space as a Lobatchewskian pseudosphere, his object being, I surmised, to acquaint himself with Drukker's mentality. He read Drukker's book, "World Lines in Multidimensional Continua;" and spent nearly an entire day studying Janowski's and Tarrasch's analyses of the Pardee gambit.

On Sunday—eight days after the murder of Robin—he said to me:

"*Eheu*, Van! This problem is unbelievably subtle. No ordin'ry investigation will ever probe it. It lies in a strange territ'ry of the brain; and its superficial childishness is its most terrible and bafflin' aspect. Nor is the perpetrator going to be content with a single coup. Cock Robin's death serves no definitive end. The perverted imagination that concocted this beastly crime is insatiable; and unless we can expose the abnormal psychological mechanism back of it there will be more grim jokes to contend with. . . ."

THE very next morning his prognostication was verified. We went to Markham's office at eleven o'clock to hear Heath's report and to discuss further lines of action. Though nine days had passed since Robin had been found murdered, no progress had been made in the case, and the newspapers had grown bitter in their criticisms of the police and the District Attorney's office. It was therefore with considerable depression that Markham greeted us that Monday morning. Heath had not yet arrived; but when he came a few minutes later it was obvious that he, too, was discouraged.

"We run up against a brick wall, sir, every way we turn," he repined, when he had outlined the results of his men's activities. "There ain't a sign of a motive, and outside of Sperling there's nobody on the landscape that we can hang anything on. I'm coming to the conclusion that it was some stick-up man who ambled into the archery-room that morning and messed things up."

"'Stick-up' men, Sergeant," countered Vance, "are deuced unimaginative, and they're without a sense of humor; whereas the johnny who sent Robin on the long, long trail had both imagination and humor. He wasn't content merely to kill Robin: he had to turn the act into an insane joke. Then, lest the public wouldn't see the point, he wrote explanat'ry letters to the press.—Does that sound like the procedure of an itinerant thug?"

Heath smoked unhappily for several minutes and at length turned a gaze of exasperated dismay upon Markham.

"There's no sense in anything that's

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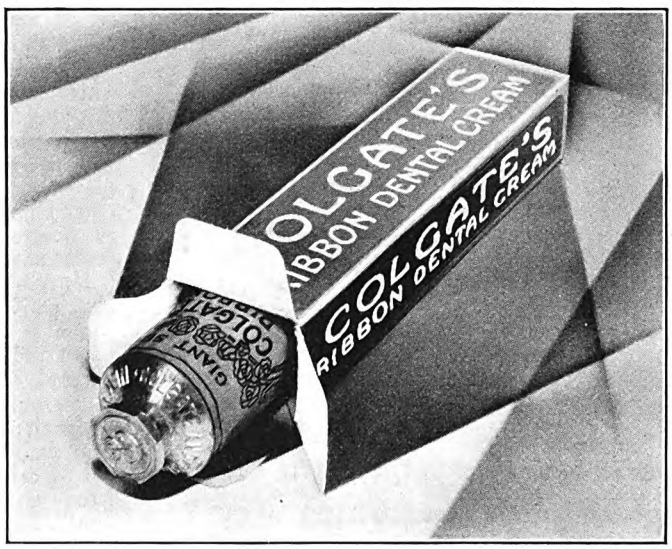
clean... clean... clean...

. . . that is what your dentifrice should do . . . what Colgate's *does*

If a dentifrice really *cleans*, it need not do anything else . . . medicines, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are all unnecessary. Leading dental and medical authorities advise that a dentifrice should be non-medicated and made to *clean*. The bubbling, sparkling foam of Colgate's is a dental cleanser unsurpassed. It leaves your teeth white . . . your mouth refreshed. It does its work thoroughly. And *safely*—safely for a lifetime of use.



Colgate's cleans this dependable way

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, pure, mild form . . . combined with calcium carbonate and aromatic oils.

As you brush Colgate's upon your teeth, the cleansing agent forms a bubbling, sparkling foam. This cleansing foam penetrates between the teeth, reaches inaccessible surfaces, purifies and stimulates the gums... the entire mouth.

And carried by this searching, foaming wave, the fine calcium carbonate powder helps to clean away mucin and food deposits... polishes tooth enamel to shining smoothness . . . destroys acids in the crevices at the gum margins, sweetens all the mouth surfaces. The mildly antiseptic aromatic oils add refreshing action to the thorough cleansing.

Constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's!

The coupon brings trial tube, free

The brightening effect of Colgate's upon your teeth will delight you. Even a short test proves that cleaning is the main thing . . . that when a dentifrice really cleans, medicines, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are unnecessary.

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the mouth.

Colgate & Company, Dept 201-K, 595 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy," and a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE
MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE

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IN DETROIT MEN WEAR
BOSTONIANS
SHOES FOR MEN

IN Detroit, where motor makers gather, men who create modern style and appreciate it, too, wear Bostonians. Smart as next year's cars. As carefully made as their pistons. Bostonians' price? Surprisingly moderate—*$7 to $10 for most styles.*

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

In Detroit you'll find Bostonians at Schmidt & Shroder, 1127 Farmer St. and at Bostonians Shoe Stores, 124 Michigan Ave. or Barlum Tower Bldg.

Color harmony, the new note in dress, is fully explained in our new Style Booklet, A-3, showing the new Fall Bostonians. Would you like a copy?

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

© 1928 C. S. & L. Co.

breaking round this town lately," he complained. "Just this morning a guy named Sprigg was shot in Riverside Park, up near Eighty-fourth Street. Money in his pocket—nothing taken. Just shot. Young fella—student at Columbia. Lived with his parents; no enemies. Went out to take his usual walk before going to class. Found dead half an hour later by a bricklayer." The Sergeant chewed viciously on his cigar. "Now we got that homicide to worry about; and there's nothing—absolutely nothing—to go on."

"Still, Sergeant," said Vance consolingly, "shooting a man is an ordin'ry event. There are numerous commonplace reasons for that sort of crime. It's the scenic and dramatic appurtenances of Robin's murder that play havoc with all our processes of deduction. If only it wasn't a nursery affair—"

SUDDENLY he stopped speaking, and his eyelids drooped slightly. Leaning forward he very deliberately crushed out his cigarette.

"Did you say, Sergeant, that this chap's name was Sprigg?"

Heath nodded gloomily.

"And I say,"—despite Vance's effort, there was a note of eagerness in his tone—"what was his first name?"

Heath gave Vance a look of puzzled surprise; but he drew forth his battered notebook and riffled the pages.

"John Sprigg," he answered. "John E. Sprigg."

Vance took out another cigarette, and lighted it with great care.

"And tell me: was he shot with a .32?"

"Huh?" Heath's eyes rounded, and his chin shot forward. "Yes, a .32. . . ."

"And was he shot through the top of his head?"

The Sergeant sprang to his feet, and stared at Vance with ludicrous bewilderment. Slowly his head moved up and down.

"That's right.—But how in—"

Vance held up a silencing hand. It was, however, the look on his face, rather than his gesture, that cut short the query.

"Oh, my precious aunt!" He rose like a man in a daze and gazed fixedly before him. Had I not known him so well I would have sworn he was frightened. Then going to the tall window behind Markham's desk he stood looking down on the gray stone walls of the Tombs.

"I can't credit it," he murmured. "It's too ghastly. . . . But of course it's so! . . ."

Markham's impatient voice sounded: "What's all this mumbling about, Vance? Don't be so confounded mysterious! How did you happen to know Sprigg was shot through the crown with a .32? And what's the point, anyway?"

Vance turned and met Markham's eyes.

"Don't you see?" he asked softly. "It's the second act of this devilish parody! . . . Have you forgotten your 'Mother Goose'?" And in a hushed voice that brought a sense of unutterable horror into that dingy old office he recited:

"There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He shot Johnny Sprig
Through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it right off of his head, head, head.'"

(*To be continued*)

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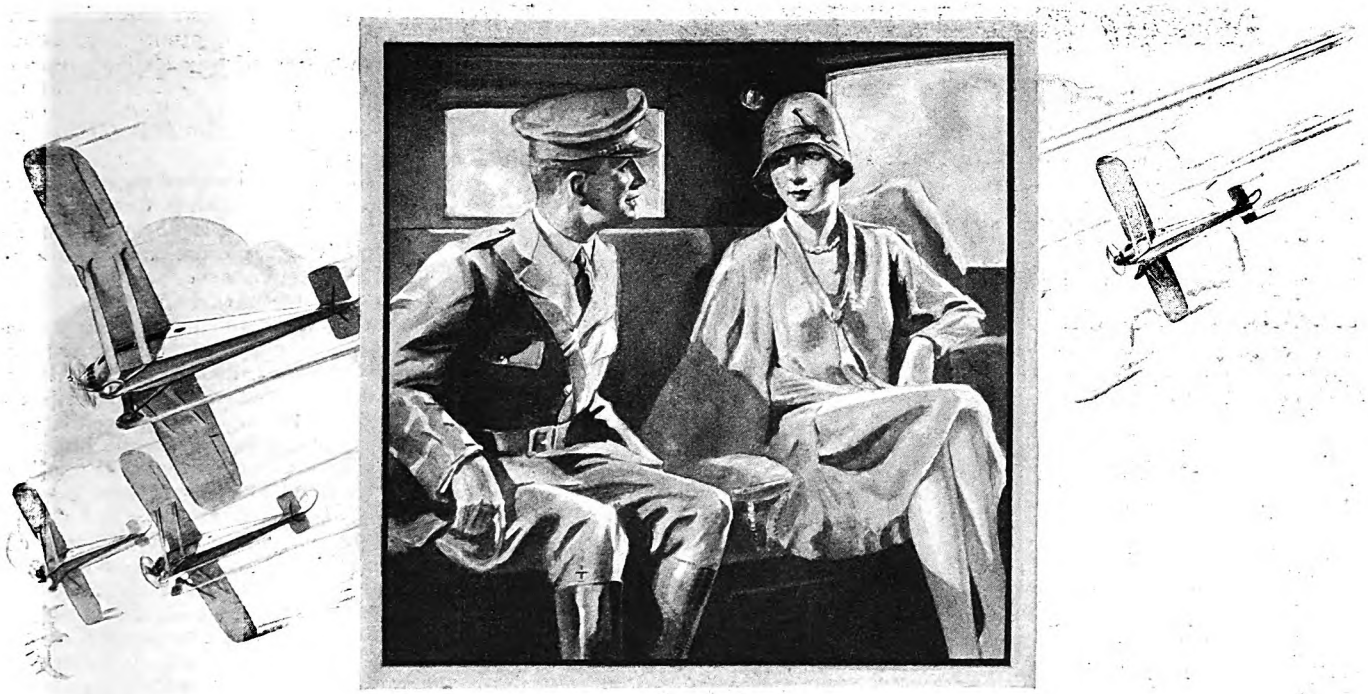


The new Franklin AIRMAN LIMITED sets the STYLE and sets the PACE

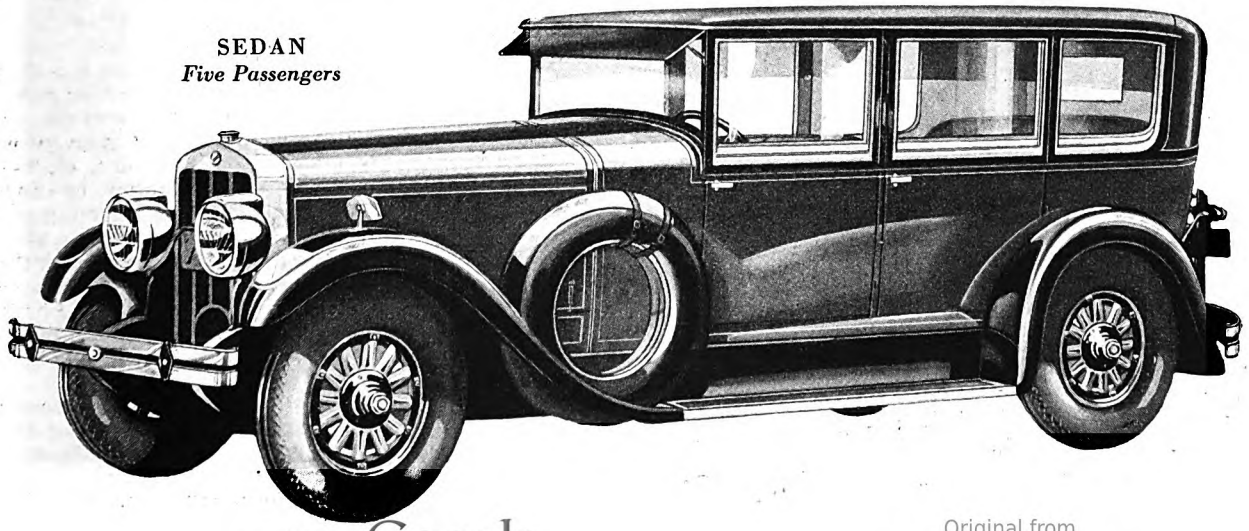
ACHIEVING faster and infinitely more comfortable road travel—the new Airman Limited has gained undisputed leadership in the field of fine American motor cars. Luxurious fast travel—as here presented—creates a wholly new vogue in modern transportation.

Two dramatic demonstrations conclusively prove Franklin the *world's fastest road car.* A flash from Los Angeles to New York and return in 6½ days, which shattered the previous record by more than 10½ hours! A streak up famous Lookout Mountain, Tenn., and return, 46% steeper than the Pike's Peak grade, averaging 40.8 miles per hour for the distance and beating the previous titleholder by 4.6 miles per hour! For sustained high speed and hill-climbing, air-cooling is supreme.

This astonishing performance is made immeasurably more enjoyable by the luxury and beauty of the Airman Limited interiors. Here are absolutely new and elegant designs in upholstery, fabrics and appointments. Complete comfort features—arm rest, pillow, foot cushions, carriage robe. Original and delightful colorings. The whole effect is interesting, different, epoch-making.

Today the new Airman Limited is the standard of comparison. You must see and drive it to get the full meaning of the modern spirit in style and performance. FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

SEDAN
Five Passengers



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New! MENNEN lather

faster on pick-up and beard-softening

Menthol-iced, too!

The famous Mennen Shaving Cream, dermutized for instantaneous beard-softening. Blended a new way to give an even quicker, richer lather. Menthol-iced to cool your face with its tingling touch.

In this new lather dermutation is faster, more complete. It softens the beard so quickly, you'll be amazed to find what life there's in the old blade yet. Dermutation wilts the beard so the razor cuts the hairs off square without yanking or pulling. It relaxes and smooths the skin so there's no flaying or nicking or scraping the face. No free caustic to burn or smart. Lathers in any water. Soothes and conditions the skin.

Your shave is only as good as your lather

MENNEN

the *dermutized* shave

Try Mennen Menthol-iced at our expense

To prove to your satisfaction what extra speed, what comfort there is in this new Mennen Shaving Cream we are now offering:

A full-size tin of Mennen Talcum for Men, and a big, free tube of the new Mennen Shaving Cream "Menthol-iced" — both for the price of the talcum alone. Get this special package — today. 25c at your dealer.

Something for Nothing

(*Continued from page 43*)

handed it over, and waited eagerly for his dream of sudden wealth to come true. Of course it never did. Long before the week was up, Jones and the cash had disappeared, and were never seen again.

The jars, when examined, proved to contain a simple liquid, mostly water, with no gold-making power whatever. Each jar had a clever double cover. When screwed on tight, the lower cover tipped slightly, enough to allow the gold dust, placed on it in advance, to sift into the liquid in a fine stream, eventually settling on the bottom. That's all there was to this gold-making secret!

Schemes for making precious metals or gems are always without number. The idea is fascinating to scientists as well as near-scientists. In my early days I nearly sent an innocent family to kingdom come, as the result of an ambitious attempt to make rubies. Small diamonds have been made, though at prohibitive cost. Science does not declare the transmutation of metals impossible; indeed, new theories of the atom and the constitution of matter indicate that it may be easy—when we learn more than we know now.

It is commonly known that there is gold in sea water, and scores of schemes have been devised in the hope of extracting it at a profit; but none has yet been successful. The amount of gold is so small—about four cents' worth to the ton—that it is really hardly worth bothering about. But people continue to invest in gold-from-sea-water schemes.

PROBABLY the most pretentious effort to exploit the extraction of gold from sea water was a company with a plant in Maine, where high tides were said to be especially favorable to the process; it was reported that consignments of gold left the plant regularly.

This organization was the brain child of a minister out of a job. He had no scientific training, but he was a persuasive talker. The shares had a wide sale. When the ex-preacher cashed in and left the country—under an assumed name!—he is said to have carried off close to half a million dollars in immediately negotiable securities: *not* those of his own company! Shareholders were left to hold an empty bag.

Fake ore-refining schemes are in a class by themselves. There are literally scores of them, and they have separated many a good dollar from its owner. The inventors usually propose some machine, electrochemical process, heat process, or other means that they declare gets more metal out of the ore, or gets it more cheaply, than other refining methods. They picture the opportunity to use mines that others have been unable to operate profitably. I have even had to investigate refining schemes which were said to recover *more gold than there was in the ore!*

But nobody could be a firmer optimist than I. Confidently I believe that the past and the present of science, brilliant as they are, represent only the beginning.

This is an inspiring thought. Alongside it must be put another thought, no less

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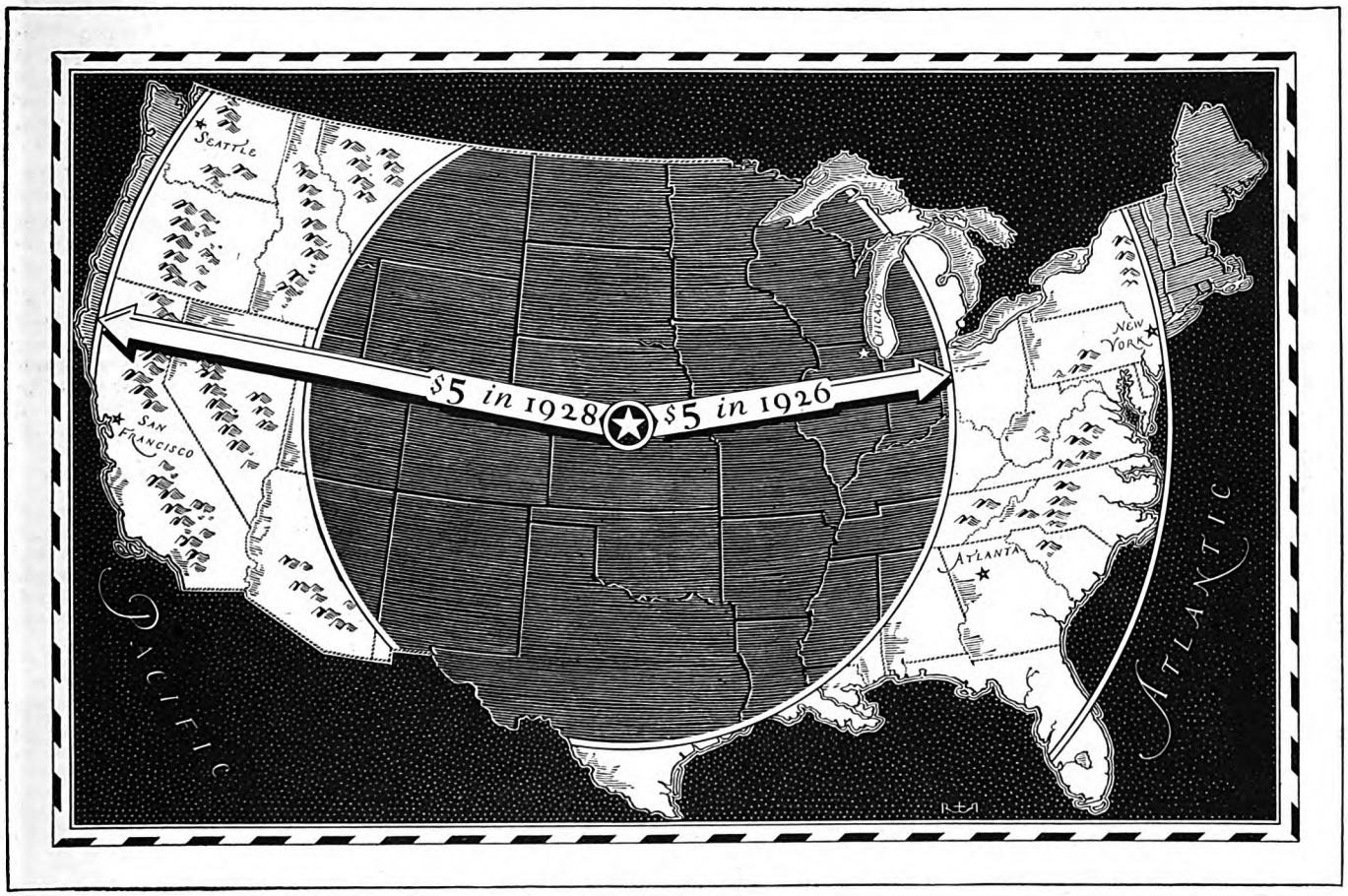
Now only $5 to telephone half way Across the Continent



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

NEXT to how much may be accomplished by long distance telephone calls, and the speed with which they are now being put through, the most surprising thing about them is: How little the calls cost.

Picture a man in Smith Center, Kansas, geographical center of the United States. Under the new station to station day rates he can now "travel" to the Atlantic or the Pacific coasts and return for $5. From Chicago one can go to New York and back for $3.25. To Los Angeles and return for $6.25. To Dallas and return for $3.25. All the way to London and back for $48.

Every long distance call is a round-trip journey. In a long distance call a man not only speaks what is in his mind but gets the answer. From his office in any city, a man whose time is valuable can speed from one concern and market to another, regardless of distance, in a few minutes and at small expense.

A Nashville lumber company relies on long distance calls for collecting slow accounts.

A Portland, Oregon, fruit company figures its sales overhead, where the telephone is used, at 2%. Where personal solicitation only is used, 7%.

A Chicago miller, by a telephone call to Philadelphia, costing $3.10, sold 60 carloads of flour for more than $100,000.

Why not let Long Distance help your business? What distant places could you profitably reach, by telephone now? . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and no drying alcohol). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine Tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon below is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

Check Sample Desired

For 10c enclosed send sample of PACKER'S

- ☐ Olive Oil Shampoo
- ☐ Tar Shampoo
- ☐ Tar Soap

Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 6-K, Box 85, G. P. O., New York City: Send me the offer checked, with 28-page book on hair health.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

inspiring in its way: *in science there are no miracles*. We learn one thing, then the next. Progress is a growth, a building. Great ideas come; but the way is prepared, they are foreshadowed. Examine recent achievements. If they seem miraculous, closer examination shows that each advance was achieved by arduous study, preparation, experiment, failure, discouragement, persistence, final victory; in short, by hard work. It always has been that way, and I believe it always will be.

SO MANY, however, do not comprehend that scientific progress is like this. In my collection I have a typical letter. An inventor wants money, saying that his work is at a standstill because of "a weakened constitution and an embarrassed financial condition, with the visible goal plainly ahead." He has set himself the task of revolutionizing ocean transportation. His efforts, inspired by the sinking of the "Titanic," have resulted marvelously: these are a few of the things he claims:

> I have invented a steamer which has no resemblance whatever to the present types, and whose main characteristics are as follows:
>
> First, although the waves be most terrific and gigantic, they can neither rock nor upset the boat;
>
> Second, the propelling system is unlike all present systems;
>
> Third, it attains twice the speed of any existing vessel;
>
> Fourth, though traveling at the greatest speed with danger ahead, it can come to an immediate standstill or swerve aside;
>
> Fifth, al hough possessing the largest possible dimensions, it can turn around on the spot without the preliminary method of moving forward or backing up.
>
> In other words, this newly invented steamer will be made to travel the roughest waters with such speed and safety that no one has ever dreamed of.

This poor chap does not understand even the elementary laws of physics. Enthusiasm, like other things, needs solid ground to stand on!

To make even slight improvements requires pain and persistence. Once the president of a street-car company asked me to devise a scheme for preventing the misuse of transfers. After weeks of work, I thought I had the solution: the conductor, upon issuing a transfer, was to stamp it; but nothing was to appear immediately—by means of retarding agents, I arranged that the printed word "Void" should become visible in about an hour.

"Splendid!" said the president, when I explained it to him.

I was getting ready to spend my fee!

"By the way," he added, "what will happen if a woman sticks the transfer in her glove?"

Here was a rough test of use that I had not taken into account, and it upset my calculations. The heat of the body affected the chemicals, and the word became visible, not in an hour but in about two minutes!

Many fakes, not intentionally fraudulent, are like this; that is, they lack the final tests and studies that might make them workable, or prove them impractical.

An advertisement before me asks people to buy stock in a concern which proposes to build an engine that "does away with transmission gears, poppet valves, clutch, carburetor, and gives *four times the power*

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DE SOTO SIX

IN THE SPOTLIGHT OF PUBLIC FAVOR - - -

De Soto Six—true to the traditions of its namesake—pioneer of greater values in the field of low priced sixes—discoverer of new heights of beauty, performance and comfort,

and the Product of Chrysler Engineering

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION (*Division of Chrysler Corporation*), *Detroit, Michigan*

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Defies Dirt!

ORDINARY paint is helpless against the soiling dust that filters indoors everywhere today. White turns a permanent grey—tints lose their beauty. But Barreled Sunlight literally defies this menace. It gives walls and woodwork a surface so satin-smooth that dirt cannot become embedded—a surface that washes like tile.

Unsurpassed in sheer beauty. A richly lustrous enamel finish with a "depth" peculiar to itself.

Flows freely from the brush, spreads evenly, and has remarkable opacity or "hiding power."

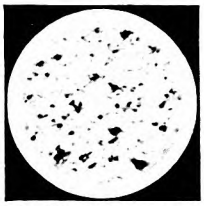
Guaranteed to remain white longest.

In Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat. Cans and drums. For priming, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

Easy to tint any shade. Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors in handy tubes.

Also ask about the new exterior painting product—Outside Barreled Sunlight.

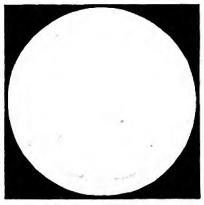
U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 33-G Dudley Street Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—San Francisco. Distributors in principal cities. Over 7000 retail dealers.



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint

The Microscope Shows Why Barreled Sunlight Is So Easy to Keep Clean

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.



Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
33-G Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Please send me information on the use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in: (Check) ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings ☐ Industrial Plants. (If you wish a sample can, enclose 10c.)

☐ Please send me full information on Outside Barreled Sunlight.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

for the same size and weight of any similar engine." The italics are mine. Anybody who devised a practicable method for increasing the power obtainable from a gasolene engine by only as much as five per cent, could sell his idea to any one of half a dozen corporations for enough to keep him in comfort a long time!

There is a fallacious argument used frequently in the literature of fakes. If an inventor was laughed at in his early days, and later made millions, it may be a most inspiring circumstance; but decidedly it is not proof that another inventor will do the same. Nevertheless, scores of promoters argue as if it were precisely that. A case in point is a "public letter" addressed to prospective investors in a ten-million-dollar company being organized to promote a new type of engine—one of the "changed-lever" type. The inventor's name is altered, but otherwise this quotation stands as written:

> A comparison of Henry Ford and "the wonderful inventor," E. F. Hedrick, as seen by a successful and conservative business man!
>
> Ford was a plain working man; so was Hedrick. Ford saw the rich driving cars, and conceived the plan of making one to meet the needs of common people. Both for service and pleasure. Hedrick went him one better; he conceived the plan of cutting the gas bill in half through levers. They laughed at Ford; they laughed at Hedrick. They called Ford's car "Ford's Folly." They called Hedrick's invention "Perpetual Motion." Ford had to beg people to buy his stock; so did Hedrick. . . . Ford was a Michigan man, Hedrick a Montana man, and Hedrick's invention is as much bigger than Ford's as Montana is bigger than Michigan. . . . They say Ford's stock is worth eighty thousand dollars per share. Will not Hedrick's stock be more some day?

As argument, this is fairly good fiction!

NEW and, it is hoped, cheap fuels, whether for power, heat, or light, are the basis of many valueless inventions. I had to do with the curious case of Carlo Mario, self-styled Count de Foras, who came to Chicago with the announced intention of putting the Standard Oil Company out of business. His method of doing so was to burn water!

Mario gave such convincing demonstrations with old-fashioned kerosene lamps that he induced a conservative banker to invest eight thousand dollars toward starting a company. The banker was on the point of investing much more, but took the precaution of asking me to investigate first.

At the demonstration for my benefit, Mario permitted me to bring my own lamp, and allowed me to fill it with water from the tap. He then put in a wick which, he said, had been soaked in a certain chemical that made the burning of water possible. Touching a match to it, a brilliant light was given off. After burning for some time, there was a perceptible lowering of the water level. It really looked as if the lamp were burning water.

However, upon entering the room, I had made a guess as to how the "Count" was getting his effects; any chemist would have known, from the odor. The outcome proved the guess correct.

He did not really burn water, but during the changing of the wick, managed to slip in a small quantity of an expensive chemical, amyl acetate, familiar to most people as the component that gives banana oil its

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"I wish I'd seen The Hoover first!"

WHO are the women who are saying, "I wish I had seen The Hoover first?" Invariably, so Hoover representatives tell us, they are those who have purchased ordinary vacuum cleaners from the first salesman who appeared. Without investigation. Without comparison.

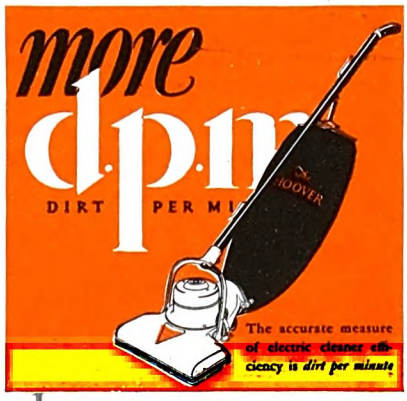
Later, such women see The Hoover in action on their own rugs. They discover the difference between "Positive Agitation" and ordinary *vacuum* cleaning. Their regret is unmistakable.

There is really a lesson to be learned from these housewives. It is: *Don't buy any cleaner without first seeing what The Hoover will do.*

The Hoover deserves this consideration. It is the leader in its field—and always has been. Product of the oldest and largest manufacturer. Used in more homes than any other. Approved by the largest and most representative retailers. Endorsed by the leading rug and carpet manufacturers.

But more important still, it is the only electric cleaner which embodies "Positive Agitation," the revolutionary cleaning principle which enables The Hoover to remove easily and quickly from rugs and carpets more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner.

You can readily see what a great difference in home cleanliness this Hoover super-cleaning means, when you consider that about 90% of the dirt in the home is lodged in the floor coverings.



Don't be one of the women who say, "I wish I had seen The Hoover first." *See* The Hoover first. Any Hoover dealer will gladly bring a Hoover to your home for a demonstration any time you say. Telephone him.

Cash prices: Model 700 Hoover, $75. Model 543, $59.50. Dusting tools, $12.50. Model 972, $135; Dusting tools, $15. Floor polishing attachment, adaptable to models built in the last 5 years, $7.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.

TUNE IN

On the Air—Every Thursday, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, The Hoover Sentinels, through the N. B. C. Red Net-work. Tune in!

THE HOOVER COMPANY
NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

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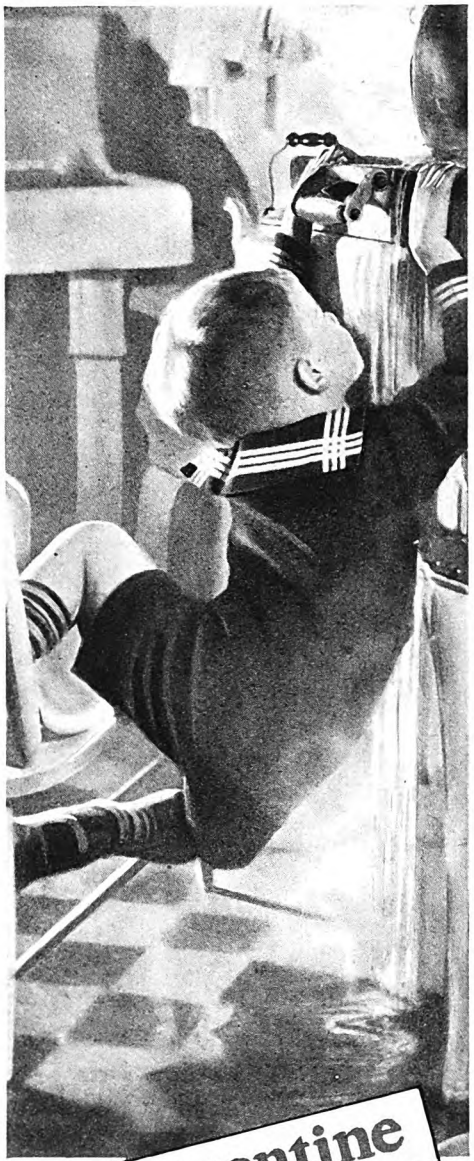
"I was just too late . . . pitiful his pain!"



"My four-year-old son turned over a pan of boiling hot soup. The scalding liquid drenched the tender little face. I remembered Unguentine—applied it freely. The agony was eased quickly. My doctor said I couldn't have done a better thing. No scars were left at all."

FIRE has hurt all of us. To some it has already brought disaster. For others tragedy still waits . . . And minor burns—painful little scalds—these come almost as a matter of course to every family.

Physicians say: "Be ready. Even the slightest burn may become infected." Terrible suffering, lifelong scars may be the penalty! You can be prepared. KeepUnguentine always at hand.

Unguentine is the dressing used for burns in hospitals from coast to coast. Spread it liberally on all burns. Pain is banished. Germs are excluded—quick, normal healing starts at once. *And almost invariably no scar is left.*

Use Unguentine on cuts, scratches and bruises, too. In severe cases, apply on gauze and bandage lightly. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Unguentine

LEFT

"I carelessly lifted the lid from the washboiler. A cloud of steam shot out. My arm was terribly scalded. I applied Unguentine at once. Relief was almost instantaneous. The burn healed quickly—*without the least scar.*"

The surgical dressing physicians use

FREE!

—A trusted name

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. A-23
Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

peculiar bouquet. Amyl acetate is lighter than water, and has about the same angle of refraction to light, so that it floated and was invisible in the lamp; besides, it burns brilliantly. The exhaustion of the water in Mario's lamp was due to the fact that a certain amount was sucked up by the wick and vaporized in the flame. *It did not burn!*

I had a hard time convincing the banker of these facts; he badly wanted to believe the "Count." He did not know a great deal about chemistry and was not certain I did. But he understood human nature fairly well, and was convinced the scheme was a fraud when Carlo Mario disappeared with what remained of the financial harvest he had been able to gather.

HUNDREDS of people, too, have worked on schemes to get some fuel for automobiles cheaper than gasolene. One man in public demonstrations used a "light green liquid chemical." Another claimed that, by adding an ounce of sulphuric acid to a gallon of water, he got more mileage than with the best gasolene.

Dozens of schemes have been proposed for getting more heat and power out of coal, counting for success on the fact that the average coal user finds his coal bill a burden. Of one such scheme, a liquid to be sprayed on the coal before burning, the promoters said:

"We absolutely guarantee a 25 per cent saving on your coal bill."

A ridiculous promise; with no responsible organization to back it up. The liquid proved to be salty water utterly worthless for the purpose intended.

It seems to be a curious trait in human nature that schemes proposed by ignorant men, or those without special knowledge, are believed more readily than the hard facts of a scientist who has studied the same problem for years. Perhaps it is because the uninformed leap obstacles without knowing they are there, and arrive suddenly at a result, unsound, but pleasing to everybody.

The solar furnace, by that name or some other, is another favorite power idea. The sun sends off illimitable quantities of light, heat, and energy. Why not catch and harness some of it direct? It is a teasing conception. Sometime it may be done effectively and economically. Science can only say that it has not *yet* been done at reasonable cost.

But ill-advised inventions keep coming. One outfit, to be installed on house roofs, was described in the promoter's circular as follows:

> Attached to the water hydrant it works automatically, and carries steam down through pipes to the kitchen, where it is attached to a steam cooker, cooking a dozen different kinds of food at the same time without fire, fuel, or expense, and furnishing boiling water for the bath, the laundry, and all other purposes without any expense for fuel, without any attention whatever, except starting it in the morning.

Another device employed sunshine to generate electricity. The inventor organized a five-million-dollar company, on the factual claim that one "sun electric generator" four feet square on the roof of his work-shop, generated enough electricity to light several tungsten lamps.

This claim is not beyond belief. But the rest was a dream. To housewives he said:

Wouldn't it be delightful to just reach out

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The ancient university of Paris, which has made Dr. Rosenthal Laureate of the Academy of Medicine

Dr. Georges Rosenthal

Laureate of the Institute, and of the Academy of Medicine, and of the Academy of the Moral Sciences, Paris. Doctor of the schools of the City of Paris. Doctor of the Anti-Tuberculosis Dispensaries of the Social Hygiene Department, Paris. Assistant at the Pasteur Institute. Laureate of the Municipal Welfare Work of the City of Paris. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor

Yeast keeps the body cells young

says Dr. Georges Rosenthal, *noted French specialist*

"Yeast acts as the watchful policeman of the alimentary canal. It reduces the poisons which, penetrating into the blood stream, make the body cells grow old and wear out more quickly. Yeast is one of the best agents of intestinal purification. The continued use of yeast, by cleansing the organs, protects human health."

Dr Georges Rosenthal.

FAMOUS alike in Europe and America for his remarkable studies of the blood, Dr. Georges Rosenthal speaks with acknowledged authority.

This distinguished scientist and physician confirms the discovery made by thousands of Americans that eating fresh yeast prevents sluggish, poisoned intestines and—in his own words—"protects human health" from all the ills that follow.

"Yeast feeds on and absorbs the wastes," he says. "It deprives the disease microbes, which are always ready to develop in our bodies, of their nourishment. That is how yeast acts as the watchful policeman of the intestinal tract. At the same time it stops poisonous decay and thereby helps to a great degree the normal working of the intestine."

Where the trouble starts... where yeast works

From throat to colon is one continuous tube. Here is where 90% of your ailments start, doctors say. Fleischmann's Yeast, a food as fresh as any garden vegetable, keeps this entire tract *clean*, active, healthy; prevents poisoning; promotes health, youth

Dr. Rosenthal's words reveal the importance of a healthy and *active* colon, shown below.

Keep Young with Yeast

Clogged intestines are easily restored to normal activity when you eat fresh yeast which Dr. Rosenthal has shown to be so effective.

Half the doctors reporting in a recent survey in the United States said they prescribed yeast.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly—daily*—one cake before each meal, or between meals. To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Cheeks will bloom, skin will clear; that tired feeling vanishes; happiness and success seem easy. All grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet — free. Health Research Dept. J-58, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

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Method by which one Sundstrand salesman demonstrates its simplicity. With ten minutes' practice you can do the same.

Only one hand . . .

Simple ten-key keyboard . . . easily remembered . . . makes it the quickest machine for business calculations

THE ten numeral keys of the Sundstrand are arranged in the most natural position for quick development of the touch system. In ten minutes the most inexperienced operator has memorized their location. You can cover all ten keys with one hand. No complicated series of banks and columns. No danger of errors due to incorrect column selection. You strike the keys in the order that you would write down the figures with a pencil, and the machine automatically places them in the right columns.

The machine operation is all controlled by one hand—the other hand is always free to follow the work.

You do not have to take your eyes from books or papers from which you are taking the figures. Hence you can do the work with a Sundstrand far quicker than with any other machine.

What you can do with the Sundstrand is astonishing . . . positively uncanny. It not only adds, subtracts directly and multiplies faster than you ever believed it could be done . . . but it literally carries *in its head* the most involved calculations. You can figure debits and credits in the same operation and at the end get the total of the difference between the two. The Sundstrand Credit Balance Feature enables you to subtract credits in excess of debits and get the answer—directly.

You can buy a Sundstrand for as little as $100. Let us send you our illustrated booklet describing completely the Sundstrand line of adding, figuring and bookkeeping machines and cash registers. Use the coupon.

Sundstrand

ADDING, FIGURING, BOOKKEEPING MACHINES AND CASH REGISTERS

Product of

General Office Equipment Corporation

342 MADISON AVENUE · NEW YORK CITY

ALSO MAKERS OF ELLIOTT-FISHER FLAT SURFACE ACCOUNTING-WRITING MACHINES

GENERAL OFFICE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
342 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me your illustrated booklet, "Under Your Finger Tips."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

from your cozy bed and prepare breakfast just by the touch of a button, while you are arranging your toilet?

Touch another button and your dishes are being washed, the nasty pots and pans being scoured.

Another button begins the wash; an electric iron makes ironing cool and interesting.

You may sweep your carpets, clean your windows and ceilings and the woodwork, drive your sewing machine, wash your floors, sharpen your tools, grind your coffee, make your bread, your ice, chop your meats, play your piano, drive your fans, all with the aid of a Sun Electric Generator.

"This offer," declared the inventor, "is an extraordinary chance for money-making."

It was—for him. He was not arrested for using the mails to defraud until he had sold nearly a million dollars' worth of stock!

A MOST curious power scheme was the electric aërial "ladder" invented by a man who had visions of tapping an unfailing free fountain of electricity. Nearly two hundred years ago, Benjamin Franklin flew a kite during a thundershower, and drew electricity from the clouds on a silken thread. Others have found that, by flying a kite high enough in clear weather, it is possible to create a faint current, due to the difference in potential between the upper and lower ends of the kite string. This man may have been misled by these facts. At any rate, he conceived a curious notion.

"Beyond the earth's atmosphere," he argued, "lies an 'ocean of electricity' filling all space." It was this supposed ocean that he aimed to tap.

Human nature being what it is, it is not strange that he secured backers and the money to go ahead with a scheme in which the following were high spots: The summit of Pike's Peak was chosen for the experiment. From here he proposed firing a bomb with a wire attached, straight up. A timing device was to explode the bomb at the moment when, normally, it would begin falling back to earth. This explosion, theoretically, was to release a second bomb and project it still higher. There were to be third, fourth, fifth, and subsequent bombs until, as the inventor estimated, the last one would carry the end of the wire so high that the centrifugal force of the earth in rotation would *keep it up!* He believed the upper end of the wire would then be in the supposed ocean of electricity, in which case a current would flow down, and he could get all the power he wanted, for nothing.

Eventually, his company went into the hands of a receiver. And when the receiver asked to be discharged, a year or so later, he reported that the sole remaining asset was an application for a patent, which had not been granted!

Turning from power schemes, there is a host of scientific fakes, falling in no particular class, that reappear regularly in one guise or another. An old favorite is rain-making. The idea of controlling rainfall is a heritage from primitive ancestors. Nearly all savages of semi-arid regions had "medicine men," dances, and other means of propitiating the "rain gods." The idea still flourishes, nowadays usually under a "scientific" guise.

Scientists do not call rain-making impossible. They do say emphatically that

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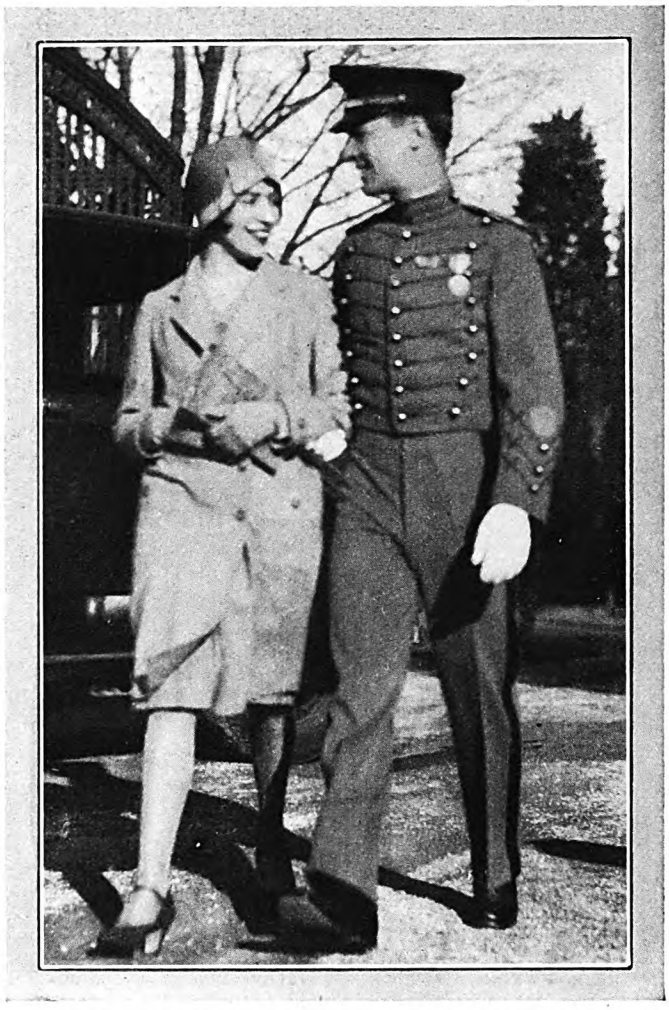
THE CHRYSANTHEMUM DISPLAY in a recent Philadelphia flower exhibit charmed thousands by its beauty. No less charming is the smile of Miss Laurna Wilkins, kept bright and gleaming through daily use of Pepsodent.



DAZZLING WHITE TEETH and health go hand in hand. Thus Cadet Stephen J. De Voe, Jr., considers the daily use of Pepsodent as important as his calisthenics.

Finding the Sparkle in Your Smile

Dentists tell you why keeping smiles gleaming white also wards off tooth and gum disorders

ORDINARY brushing can never give the gleaming white teeth you envy nor the healthy teeth and gums you long for. Only an effective film-removing dentifrice can do that, for it is film that keeps both from you.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel that film; a slippery, viscous coating.

Film, present-day dental opinion has proved, is the source of "off-color" teeth and many of the common tooth and gum disorders.

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It is a fertile breeding place for germs by the millions.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar with germs is a prevalent cause of pyorrhea. It fosters, too, the quick-acting acids of decay.

Now on dental advice thousands are turning to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. A tooth paste different in formula, theory and effect from any other known. Pepsodent, compounded for the specific purpose of removing film, first curdles film, then removes it in complete safety to the enamel.

Pepsodent, by unique properties, goes further and acts to firm the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of saliva, thus neutralizes the acids of decay. It brightens teeth and whitens them as no way has ever done before.

Dentists, in 58 nations, urge you to cleanse teeth this way. Its twice daily use is the utmost known in home care.

Get a large tube at your druggist's, or write to address below for *free* ten days' supply. You will marvel at results.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., *Toronto 2*, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N. S. W.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

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Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup! What gives it that cheery red color? Juicy tomatoes. That tempting savor? Spices. And that smooth richness? Can it be cream? Yes, cream, rich cream. Tomatoes and spices and cream. What a wonderful combination for flavor! What a wonderful soup for dinner!

A friend of ours was once visiting in the country. Happening into the kitchen she found the cook busily making tomato soup for dinner.

The tomatoes had been picked half an hour before in the garden. But what interested our friend most was the big cupful of rich, heavy cream the cook poured in.

"It's the cream that really *makes the soup,*" she explained . . .

Of course it's the cream. That's why Heinz is not just Tomato Soup but *Cream* of Tomato Soup—with the cream already in it. *Rich cream,* plenty of it.

The tomatoes are ripened on the vines—plump, red and juicy—and used fresh. Our spices—we send our own buyers round the world to select the best.

But flavor comes chiefly from knowing how. Experience is the final ingredient. And it is our 59 years of experience in making good things to eat that has made the Heinz name mean Flavor • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

HEINZ
Cream of Tomato
SOUP
contains rich cream

as yet no method has been successfully demonstrated.

The subject received an airing during the World War, when some people conceived that incessant firing caused the rains which made our troops miserable in France. That there was any connection has not been proved, and seems unlikely.

The question is of deep interest, however, not only to farmers who watch crops dying for want of a shower, but also to aviators. Low-lying cloud banks, fog banks especially, are among the greatest flying dangers. Is it possible to dissipate these by causing the moisture to condense and fall as rain?

Experimenters in airplanes have tried discharging electrified sand over clouded areas, in the effort to accomplish this; but these experiments, though the most elaborate ever tried, were not conclusive. The fact is, nobody knows how to make it rain.

Yet a few years ago, when the Middle West was suffering from a severe drought, a great railroad actually employed a rainmaker, so called, who agreed under contract to make it rain within ten days at specified points: he was to get one thousand dollars every time he succeeded, nothing when he failed. It was a good gamble for him. The chances were excellent that it would rain inside of ten days in at least *some* of the places where he demonstrated. When he failed, as he mostly did, he always had a ready alibi:

"My machine went back on me!"

He carried this mysterious machine in a special car, behind locked doors, and nobody was permitted to see it.

A CURIOUS fraud, giving an insight into human credulity, was the so-called electric sugar converter, which was supposed to refine coarse brown sugar into the finest granulated. Would-be investors were not admitted into the room where the "conversion"—a secret process—took place; but were entertained down-stairs in a room whose central feature was a spout in the ceiling.

The "inventor" retired to the upper room, whereupon those below heard the roar and rumble of what appeared to be a gigantic piece of machinery. Soon a thin stream of the finest granulated sugar began pouring down the spout. On this evidence of good faith, and this alone, the "inventor" secured three quarters of a million dollars from people eager to share in fabulous profits.

The scheme was exposed. In the upstairs room there was no machinery—nothing but several steel barrels, and cases of granulated sugar. A "demonstration" was the inventor rolling the barrels about the floor, and pouring fine granulated sugar down the spout with a scoop!

Every scientific discovery of consequence is likely to be followed by schemes and inventions of no merit, for which money is sought. When liquid air was new, for instance, a promoter undertook to sell stock in a company which was to reveal "the mystery of liquid air as the foundation of an immense business, to become in all probability the most profitable in the world."

Another scheme growing out of the discovery of radio-activity is the radium water jug, so called, which sells at fabulous prices. The theory is that the inside is

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Wild Turkeys Browned and Golden

and venison and purple grapes

for these *we offer thanks*

FROST came with the nights. The corn stalks withered and the hills were fire and scarlet. Partridge drummed and a fox barked behind the ridge. The stockade gates were shut. Out of New Hampshire rose the Harvest Moon.

"For these we offer thanks." A voice in the wilderness raised in thanksgiving . . . spreads and becomes the voice of a continent. A settlement grows and becomes a nation. Each year the nation offers thanks for the harvest. Each year the harvest is richer . . . in happiness . . . in material prosperity . . . in the joy of living.

* * * *

A great part of the harvest of America today is the harvest of industry. Endless research and experiment, a divine curiosity, the open mind, these have brought new products and a new and better way of living. And part of the march of progress, contributing to a safer, happier life, is Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator . . . now providing priceless health protection in over 500,000 successful installations.

But Frigidaire has not been satisfied with this achievement. And now, after 16 years of constant experiment, twelve years of practical experience, comes the New Frigidaire . . . beautiful, powerful, incredibly quiet . . . an entirely new conception of automatic refrigeration.

The New Frigidaire has reserves of power for *every* emergency. Its cabinets are built to harmonize in line and color with the modern kitchen. It is incredibly quiet in operation. And in the development of these features tests of wide scope were carried on at great expense and authorities in dozens of different fields were consulted.

The New Frigidaire safeguards health. It prevents food spoilage. It freezes ice. It saves time and work and money. It provides safe, dependable, care-free refrigeration . . . under all conditions.

* * * *

Wild turkeys, browned and golden and venison and purple grapes. For this material evidence of a successful harvest the Pilgrims offered thanks. The harvest of 1928 is nearly in. And already in thousands of homes the New Frigidaire has begun its work . . . quietly, surely protecting the health of the family . . . contributing to a safer, happier life.

Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, O.

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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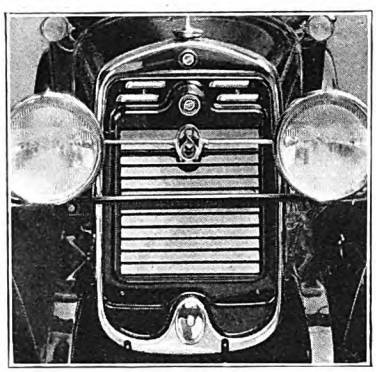
CHRYSLER 75 AND 80 HUPMOBILE 8
CADILLAC LA SALLE DODGE SENIOR SIX
LINCOLN PIERCE-ARROW

❖ ❖

They've Licked the Enemy—
COLD—as you can with
AUTOMATIC
Motor Protection

THE enemy, cold, has been a problem of years with the car manufacturer. It is no longer a problem. They have found a way to beat it. A way that works against cold as surely as cold works against your motor. This way leaves nothing to memory—nothing to guesswork—for methods that do, they say, are little better than none at all. *Automatic motor protection,* they have concluded, is the only way to be always sure your motor is out of danger.



Illustrating the Studebaker equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

Motor Protection Must be Automatic

These makers have made their choice on years of experience. You, too, must choose Automatic Motor Protection, if you hope to avoid the damage of cold.

You get the warning signal in coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting. You reach for the "choke"—and instantly a flood of raw gasoline hits ice-cold metal. Oil is washed away from glass-like surfaces. Metal grinds against metal at a terrific speed, producing friction no motor can stand. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. This is the damage you pay for in the spring. *Damage that can now be totally avoided.*

Pines Winterfront stops the damage of cold

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically,* allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

When you park your car, Winterfront closes completely while your motor is still hot. You cannot walk away and forget it. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. The "choke" habit disappears. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. Your car is warm inside—your motor runs with summer smoothness and flexibility.

Winterfront is easily installed

Your dealer will equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront in a few minutes. Moderately priced, it will pay for itself many times over—and will give you years of service. Thermostats are guaranteed. Accept no substitute. Pines Winterfront is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. Pines Winterfront Company, 404 No. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

252

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

painted with a radio-active substance, which "charges" the water with healing properties. You drink the water, and, lo! something happens inside you.

If the water become sufficiently radio-active to produce physiological effects, then it should be used under the direction of a competent physician. If it does *not,* obviously it is a dangerous thing to use, for it gives a feeling of false security when perhaps a first-class physician should be called in at once.

Then there is the divining rod, which is among the oldest of scientific fakes. In an official publication, the United States Geological Survey finds it necessary to advise people against spending money for the services of any "water-witch, or for the use or purchase of any machine or instrument devised for locating underground water or minerals."

CREDULITY, to conclude, seems to me about the strangest of human traits. More than once I have said I believed I could make a complicated-looking apparatus that did not mean a thing, and garner a modest fortune by telling people that it was a new electro-magnetic-electronic-atomic-hydro-synthetic process for getting confusalem (which neither I nor anybody else ever heard of!) from the moon. Credulity is partly the result of ignorance, partly of laziness. Common sense and a certain amount of healthy skepticism are the best protection against scientific fakes.

These are the chief rules my experience suggests, for recognizing such fakes *before* spending your money, instead of after:

1. Cultivate a questioning attitude. Think things through. Do not believe everything said by every fast talker.
2. Distrust on principle any sudden invention that claims to "revolutionize" something.
3. If in doubt as to the soundness of a scheme involving expert knowledge, do not be ashamed if you are no expert—*consult one!* Obtain, and follow, the unbiased advice of competent chemists, engineers, physicists, or others qualified to distinguish between the possible and impossible, the probable and improbable.
4. Never put a penny into a scheme that hinges on a secret which the inventor is unwilling to disclose.
5. Do not be misled by the argument: "Think how rich you'd be if you had been one of Henry Ford's early partners. Here is an opportunity just as big." That does not mean a thing.
6. *Always demand proof.*

If by doing these things you miss one good chance to make money, you will doubtless escape a hundred ways of losing it!

THE ROCKEFELLERS, father and son, have maintained for fifty years one of the most remarkable paternal and filial relationships that history records. It is a great story, and one that this magazine is proud to pass on to you next month in M. K. Wisehart's interview with John D. Rockefeller, Jr. You will know these famous philanthropists better after reading that interview, in which the younger man tells you of "The Three Big Things I Learned from My Father."

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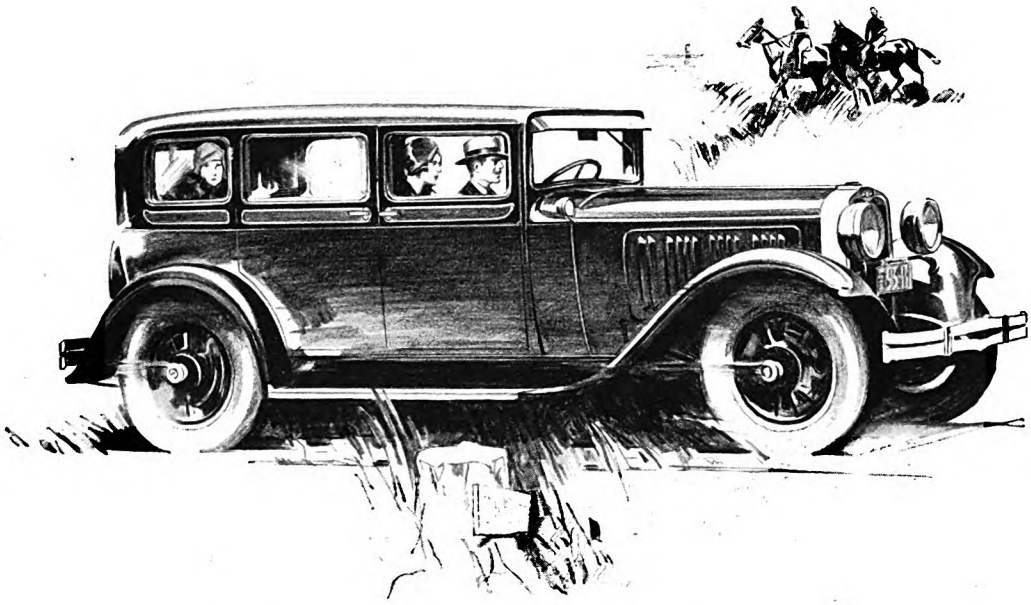
DODGE BROTHERS
NEW VICTORY SIX



FINER PERFORMANCE
With Still Greater Comfort, Luxury and Roominess

Beautiful new bodies—roomier and more comfortable—now add fresh distinction to Dodge Brothers finer Victory Six.

They are longer, higher and wider (more leg-room, head-room and seat-comfort), and their lines accentuate the rakish beauty that first won admiration for the Victory Six.

Lower center of gravity and unique body mounting combine to produce marvelous riding ease. Body and chassis are the same width and joined together without the customary sills—yet the body is easily demountable when necessary. Body overhang is eliminated, and with it many needless pounds and parts.

In step with these striking improvements, the brilliant performance of the Victory Six becomes more satisfying than ever. Victory pick-up, power and smoothness are advanced to new heights.

Accept this cordial invitation to inspect the nine smart new Victory body styles, and to put the car through its paces on the road.

PRICES—*Touring Car, $995; Roadster, $995; Coupe, $1045; 4-Door Sedan, $1095; DeLuxe Sedan, $1170; DeLuxe 4-Passenger Coupe, $1170; Sport Roadster, $1245; Sport Touring Car, $1245; Sport Sedan, $1295; f. o. b. Detroit.*

ALSO DODGE BROTHERS STANDARD SIX

The superb flexibility and smoothness—the remarkable ease of handling—that have distinguished Dodge Brothers Standard Six from the beginning are noticeably improved in these finer models. PRICES: *Coupe, $875; 4-Door Sedan, $895; Cabriolet, $945; De Luxe Sedan, $970; f. o. b. Detroit.*

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Health is something to be thankful for
-safeguard it always

THE best thing about the goodies that come out of a General Electric Refrigerator is that they're always healthfully fresh. This quiet, automatic refrigerator maintains the scientifically correct temperature that checks the growth of bacteria.

For this perfect refrigeration, food must be kept at a temperature *below* 50 degrees—always. Kitchens are almost as warm in winter as they are in summer. That's why correct refrigeration is a vital year-round necessity.

The General Electric Refrigerator, perfected after fifteen years of development by the Research Laboratories of General Electric, is "years ahead" in design. All the mechanism is up on top, sealed in an air-tight steel casing. It is so completely automatic that you never even have to oil it! And it is particularly easy-to-keep-clean.

General Electric Refrigerators are guaranteed for perfect refrigeration—quiet, automatic and economical. If you would like further details, just drop us a card for a new Booklet A-11.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

"Makes it Safe to be Hungry"

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

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Alligator Tales

(*Continued from page 57*)

We were spending a week or two there and I had my two English setters with me. Because the creek was salt—in fact, the open Atlantic lay directly in front scarcely more than a quarter of a mile distant across the level marshes—the thought of alligators had not entered my head, and one of the dogs, a great water-lover, had been in and out of the creek repeatedly.

One afternoon I was sitting on the bank of the creek fishing within a stone's throw of the house, when I saw an alligator come swimming around a bend of the stream. The two dogs were lying on the bank near me, so I knew that Pete, the water-lover, was in no immediate danger, and I watched the gator curiously as it came on, its head and four or five feet of its back showing above the surface. Thirty yards from the spot where I was sitting the saurian ranged up against the opposite bank and lay there motionless. Just at this moment a negro boy approached, bringing me some bait, and the two dogs began barking at him.

Instantly the gator shifted its position, and in another instant it started at full speed across the creek straight for us.

Plainly, the dogs' voices excited it powerfully so that it appeared almost oblivious of danger; and finally, after I had taken the dogs into the house, the saurian came to rest against the sloping bank in front of the house, not more than fifty feet from the piazza, and lay there, grimly waiting. I rather enjoy having gators in my front yard—they add a certain touch of wildness to the scenery—but in this case it was the gator's life or Pete's, since the dog could not be kept out of the water, and his next swim would undoubtedly be his last.

Opinions vary as to the maximum size attainable by the alligator in a state of nature before the multitude of hunters and the development of the modern rifle made it difficult for any saurian to live out its allotted span. Perhaps the most interesting evidence bearing on the subject is that of William Bartram, the botanist, who traveled through the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida in 1773. Bartram declares that he saw alligators twenty feet long, and heard of others measuring twenty-two or twenty-three feet.

THE largest alligator of which I have any certain knowledge measured a few inches more than fourteen feet. It was killed on Buckfield Plantation, about sixty miles from Charleston, by my friend Arthur T. Wayne, the well known ornithologist, and Mr. Eugene E. Gregorie, a planter. I have heard also of a sixteen-footer killed some twenty years ago; but cannot vouch for this measurement. Twelve-footers are rare, but probably not so rare as most naturalists who have had only limited experience in alligator country believe; and a twelve-foot gator is at least twice as impressive as an eight-footer, because, with every inch of length gained, the animal increases surprisingly in bulk.

Bartram gives a thrilling narrative of how he was attacked by large numbers of alligators of much greater size than any to be found today. Some seventy years later

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL SHALL ABIDE FOREVER

Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, one of the World's most beautiful soldier-shrines and the largest of all cemetery monuments. Built of Vermont Marble.

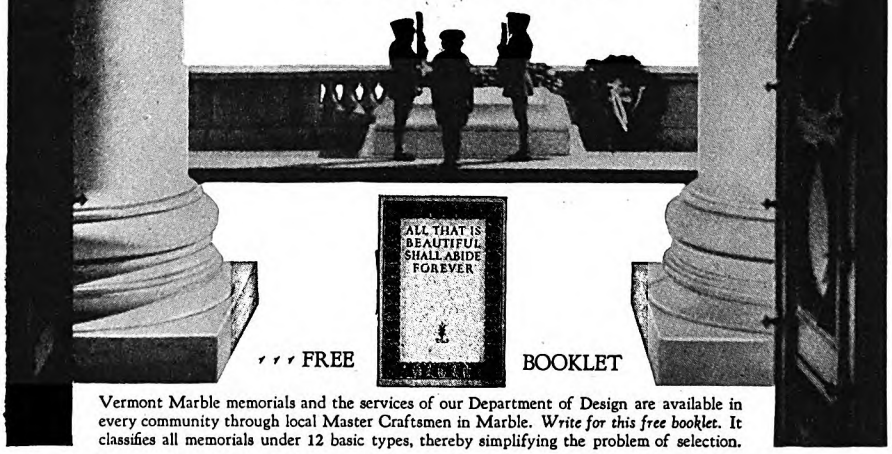
AMERICA'S ETERNAL FLAME

PACING . . . pacing, day by day, a soldier keeps the nation's ceaseless vigil. He represents the eternal flame of American Manhood, ever-youthful, ever-renewed, here at the shrine dedicated to the memory of all our battle-heroes.

Moment by moment the footbeats of the guard, like the pulse of the living nation, will measure off centuries beside the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and this great Memorial Amphitheatre. Both were built of Vermont Marble.

After long research by Government experts, Vermont Marble was selected because of its inspiring beauty and its tested ability to endure for unmeasured time . . . America's noblest Memory Stone! Let it also bear the record of *your* family name.

Vermont Marble Company
Dept. A-11
Proctor, Vermont
World's Largest Quarriers of Marble



Vermont Marble memorials and the services of our Department of Design are available in every community through local Master Craftsmen in Marble. *Write for this free booklet.* It classifies all memorials under 12 basic types, thereby simplifying the problem of selection.

VERMONT MARBLE

The Memory Stone

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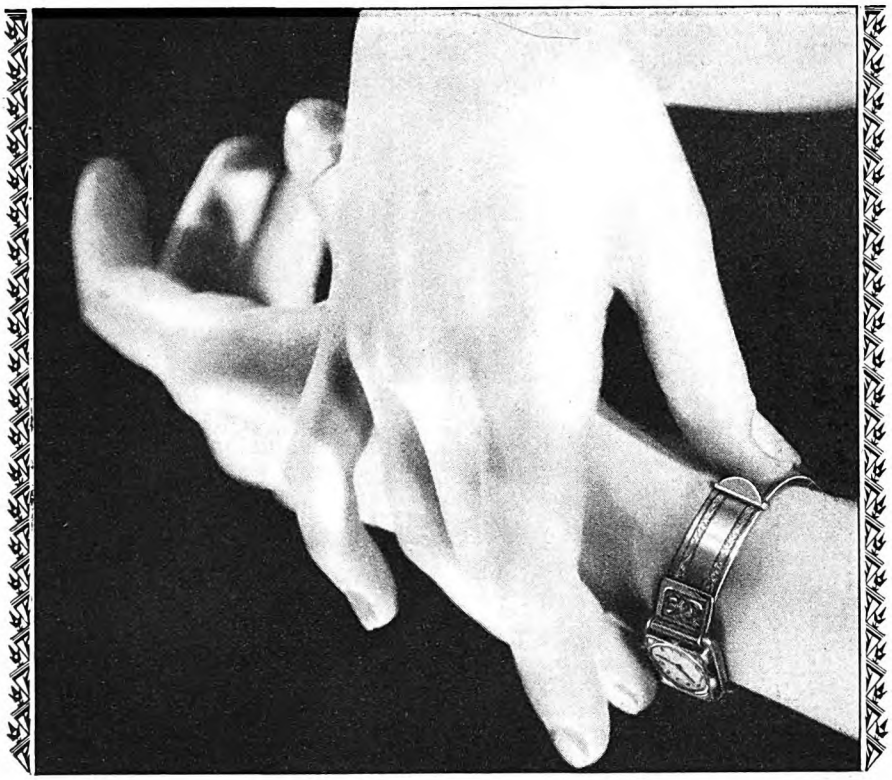


Your watch deserves it!

The new Lady Wadsworth Band—one of many styles for women. Links expand to slip over the hand, contract to fit the wrist. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled, $5 to $8.25.

THAT wrist watch of yours—how carefully you chose it! For materials, workmanship, style.

Surely it deserves a band that completes its beauty and usefulness—a Wadsworth Watch Band.

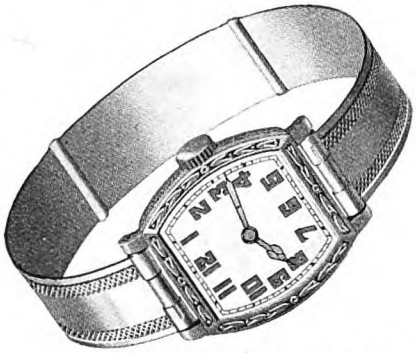
Made in white or green gold filled, or in solid gold, it matches the watch itself. Like a fine watch, too, its beauty is lasting, its style up to the minute!

Clean, bright, sanitary. Safe and economical—no danger of losing your watch, no replacements. And Wadsworth Bands are so constructed that when properly adjusted by your jeweler, they assure utmost comfort on the wrist.

The Wadsworth mark you'll find stamped inside is the same which for more than thirty-five years has been a recognized assurance of style, quality, and fine workmanship in watch cases.

Your jeweler has the Wadsworth Bands pictured here, and many other models in both flexible and link designs. He can fit one in a moment to any modern wrist watch. Ask him to show you a style which will exactly harmonize with the watch you're now wearing!

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky, Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements



The Olympian Band, for men. Expands to slip over the hand, readily adjusted, secured by a snap lock. 14-kt. solid gold: plain, $28; decorated, $30. Gold filled: plain, $7.50; decorated, $8.50. Many other distinctive designs for men

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

Sir Charles Lyell, the famous English geologist, visited South Carolina and Georgia and wrote as follows: "When I first read Bartram's account of alligators more than twenty feet long, and how they attacked his boat and bellowed like bulls and made a sound like distant thunder, I suspected him of exaggeration; but all my inquiries here and in Louisiana convinced me that he may be depended upon."

Whatever may have been true in Bartram's day, alligators do not now attack men. Of course, a big alligator, trying to get back into his watery refuge, will charge any man that gets in his way; but, once in his own element, he will sink out of sight immediately, and either remain completely hidden or else reveal nothing except his periscope eyes and nostrils as long as the man remains in the vicinity.

It would probably be perfectly safe to go swimming in waters abounding with alligators; yet it is perhaps as well to remember that in the water a man may not be quickly recognizable as a man. Undoubtedly, if the saurian tried to do so, any alligator of respectable size could pull even the strongest swimmer under without the slightest difficulty, while the tusk-studded jaws of a big bull could crush the bones of a human leg or arm as easily as a man crushes a match stick with his teeth. The fact remains, however, that there is no record in modern times of an alligator of our American species attacking a human swimmer in this region or in any other, so far as I am aware.

THE alligator in his native environment is, in some respects, a difficult animal to study. Nobody knows much about what he does when he sinks out of sight beneath the waters. A great deal of what is popularly told about him is not true.

It is not necessary, as most people suppose, to shoot him in the eye in order to kill him. His leathery armor was doubtless an effectual safeguard against the Indians' arrows, but it cannot stop a modern rifle bullet. Yet he is very tenacious of life, and, unless hit in some vital spot, he will probably recover. A badly hit gator nearly always sinks, but some twelve or fifteen hours later the carcass will rise to the surface, to float belly-upward, the short, thick legs and hand-like claws extended grotesquely toward the sky.

It is a mistake to take a big gator that you have just "killed" into the boat with you. No matter how dead he may seem to be, it is possible that he will shortly come to life, and he can make things exceedingly uncomfortable for you at close quarters. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that when you have severed the head of an alligator with an ax, you can take what liberties you choose with him. A friend of mine once placed his booted foot against the jaw of a gator whose brain had been pierced with a rifle bullet more than an hour before and whose head had been cut off. Instantly, the jaws of the severed head came together with a resounding snap, causing my friend to forget temporarily that he was the son of a distinguished Presbyterian divine.

It is not true that it takes an alligator a hundred years to attain a length of ten feet. On the contrary, a ten-foot alligator may be actually less than ten years old. Nor is it true that all American saurians are alligators and all foreign saurians

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18,000 ticks an hour

Every second an Illinois Watch ticks five times—18,000 ticks an hour. And the loss or gain of just one tick out of each 18,000 would mean a variation in accuracy of more than 33 seconds a week.

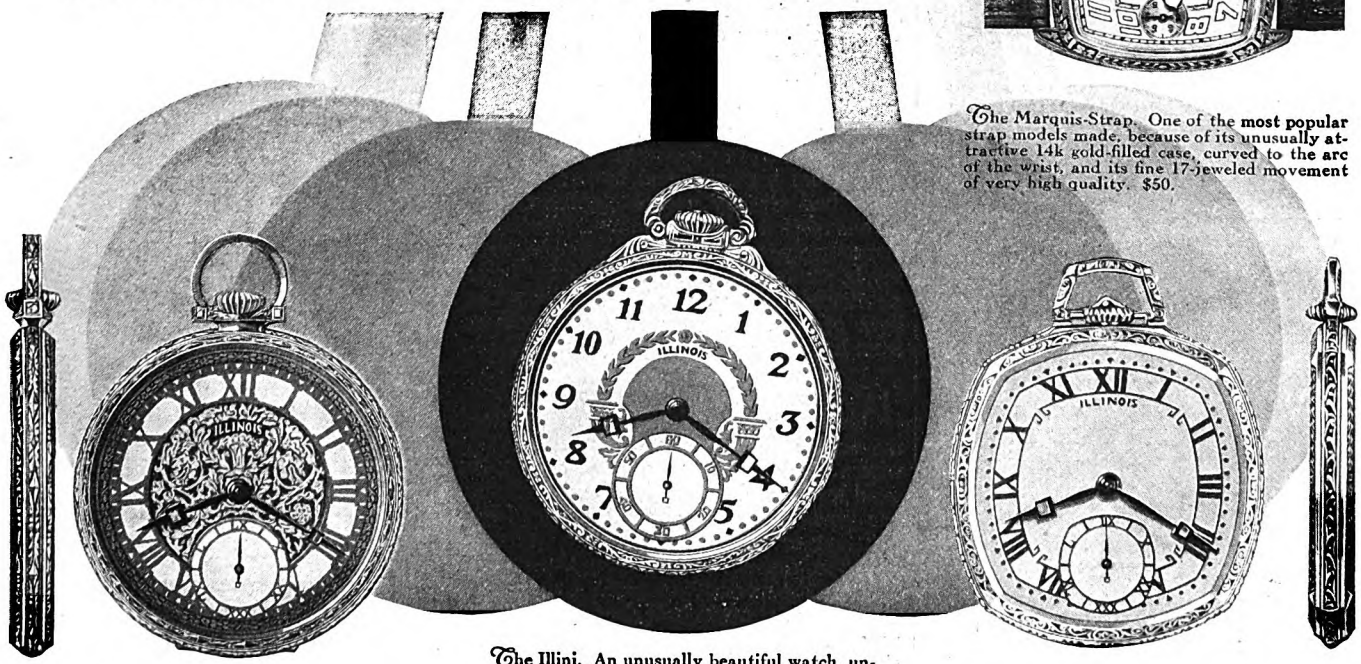
Illinois Watches have brought the almost magic touch of accuracy to a point unsurpassed in watchmaking. It is significant of their perfection in design and construction that the famous Illinois Bunn Special railroad watches, for instance, are made to run 60 hours and more from one winding—an Illinois achievement never yet successfully duplicated, providing not only an important feature of safety, but also a vital factor in increased accuracy.

It is that kind of devotion to the ideals of fine watchmaking which has become an Illinois tradition. It is that kind of craftsmanship which endows every Illinois watch with added value for the price you pay.

See them at your jeweler's. Your taste will recognize their beauty and charm. Then ask the jeweler how good they are. He knows watches. And he knows that for more than 50 years Illinois Watches have been made with all the care worthy of such a fine art.

The Miami. The happy combination of warm red and black hard enamel inlaid in its 14k white gold-filled case, makes this model a favorite. Doubly so because of the time-keeping qualities of its fine Illinois 17-jeweled movement. $55.

The Marquis-Strap. One of the most popular strap models made, because of its unusually attractive 14k gold-filled case, curved to the arc of the wrist, and its fine 17-jeweled movement of very high quality. $50.



The A. Lincoln. Very thin, beautiful in design and performance alike, it is truly a watch worthy of its name. In 14k green or white solid gold case, fitted with exceptionally accurate 19-jeweled adjusted, motor-barrel movement. $100.

The Illini. An unusually beautiful watch, unequaled in quality of workmanship, with exceptionally fine 21-jeweled adjusted, motor-barrel movement. It is the highest grade thin model made by Illinois and is furnished in 14k solid gold case at $160, and in 18k solid gold case at $200.

The Marquis-Autocrat. Cushion Model. A thin model watch of great popularity because of its unusual beauty and dependability as a timepiece. Its fine 17-jeweled adjusted movement, motor-barrel equipped, is fitted in 14k gold-filled case, plain or engraved oxidized. $55.

The ILLINOIS WATCH

Established 1870
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ILLINOIS BUNN SPECIAL RAILROAD WATCHES

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Pipe Smoker Learns His Lesson

Somehow or other we never appreciate the things we have—until we are without them.

Consider your watch, for example. You take its services for granted—until it must be left for repairs—and then how you do miss it!

So it is with your favorite pipe and tobacco—especially the latter. Sometimes you think that something else will do. But go away on a trip without it, as Mr. Kelly did, and you are miserable. What happened to him is ably told in his letter:

New York
March 13, 1928

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

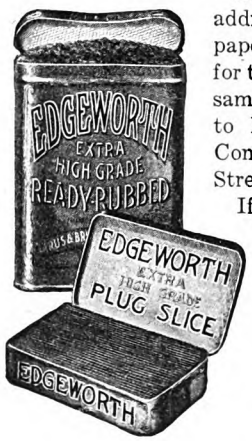
I have been a user of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco for the past twenty-five years.

Two years ago I had a rather amusing experience. I took my trusty briar along on a trip abroad, intending to revel in the delights of the famous mixtures in London. I confess that I did not carry along with me any of the little blue tins of Edgeworth. But the joke was on me. I went back to Edgeworth, only this time I had to pay 45c for a 15c tin of Edgeworth!

Incidentally, on a trip through England and later through Ireland, I was surprised to find the wide distribution and ready sale of Edgeworth in Great Britain. A frequent and familiar sign in Dublin, Cork and other cities in Ireland was a white streamer announcing a new shipment of Edgeworth. To make such a conquest in the home of smoking tobacco must be very gratifying to your house.

Sincerely,
J. B. Kelly

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth, this tobacco which has made men look for it throughout the world. Try Edgeworth in your pipe and see if *you* like it enough to want to buy more wherever you may be.



Put your name and address on a slip of paper with a request for the free Edgeworth samples, and mail it to Larus & Brother Company, 3 So. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

If you *do* like this tobacco, you can be sure you'll keep on liking it, because its quality is always the same, no matter where or when you buy it.

When you want to buy Edgeworth you will find Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice on sale everywhere in small packages which can be conveniently carried in the pocket, and in various other sizes up to the handsome one-pound humidor.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

crocodiles. Our alligator has a close but much smaller relative in China, and there is a species of crocodile in lower Florida.

The books say that our American alligator is far on the road to extinction. This is one instance in which we need not believe the books. The alligator is going to be with us for many a year to come, though it is high time laws were passed to control the commercial hide-hunters who periodically reduce the number of large specimens, thus taking away from our rivers and lagoons one of the most interesting spectacles that they afford.

One day last fall my wife and I drove about sixty miles from our home in Charleston to pick up a New York editor who is a friend of mine. A young alligator about two feet long trundled across the road in front of us, and, thinking that my editor-friend might be interested in him, I jumped out, caught the youngster and put him in the back of the car, the rear seat of which was unoccupied. My wife, sitting beside me on the front seat, had her hands folded in her lap under a rug laid across her knees. Presently she felt something cold nuzzling her hand and, lifting the blanket, she discovered the youthful saurian climbing into her lap.

This was a degree of familiarity not wholly agreeable, since even a young alligator can bite hard when the spirit moves him; so, after we had picked up our editor at the appointed rendezvous and were on our way back to Charleston with him, we released our baby saurian in a small marshy pond beside the road. Somehow or other I have thought of him often since. He was a pretty little fellow, all shining black and bright yellow, and all he wanted when he climbed into my wife's lap under the rug was to get warm. What became of him, I wonder, in the new hunting ground, miles from his babyhood home?

He had already passed the most dangerous period of his infancy. Probably about two years had elapsed since he, with his brothers and sisters, who may have numbered thirty or forty, first saw the light of day. Whether he ever knew or even saw his mother is problematical.

THE female alligator goes to considerable trouble in making her nest, scooping out a shallow depression in the earth, where she deposits her eggs and then pulls dead leaves and trash over them until she has made a mound about two feet high and four or five feet wide. She does not sit upon the nest, but leaves the sun to perform the work of incubation; and opinions differ as to whether she is commonly present to welcome the youngsters when they make their way out of the nest toward the nearest water.

They are only eight or nine inches long at the time of hatching, and though their journey to the water is generally a short one, it is sometimes perilous. Foxes, raccoons, 'possums, and birds of prey are dangerous enemies; and when the lagoon or river has been reached, other dangers await the young adventurers there. Chief among these, perhaps, are the larger members of their own race. Alligators appear to be decidedly cannibalistic, and, though opinion is not unanimous upon the subject, it seems likely that the parents of a brood—the father, at any rate—are more inclined to dine upon their young than to defend them after they have reached their watery home.

Probably only a small proportion of the baby saurians that are hatched live long enough to attain the two-foot length of the precocious youngster that climbed into my wife's lap; but, once they have attained that length, the chances are that comparatively plain sailing lies ahead of them until they have reached a size likely to attract the attention of man, the most formidable of all their foes.

That time comes much more quickly than is generally supposed. The common idea that an alligator grows very slowly is an error. Experiments have proved that a gator grows on the average considerably more than an inch a month until a length of something like twelve feet has been attained, when the rate of growth becomes much slower. This, however, while applicable to regions of perpetual summer where growth continues uninterruptedly, may not be true in cooler districts where the gator goes into seclusion and practically hibernates during the winter months.

IT IS due largely to its habit of denning up during the winter season that the alligator owes its present abundance in the Carolina plantation country. In Florida, where it is active the year round, it has been decimated. Here it lies safe from man in its secret dens during most of the cooler portion of the winter when the hunters are abroad in the woods, and it does not emerge again until March, when the hunting season is over. Spring is a dangerous season for the gators, the more so because they appear to be exceptionally hungry then after their long fast and are, perhaps, less cautious than usual. But soon the hot weather comes, the season that the gator loves best; and in the heat of summer few men, even the professional hide hunters, are inclined to spend much time in the steaming swamps or on the inland rivers and lagoons.

So I think that the two-foot gatorling that climbed into my wife's lap that day last fall (I am using him as a sort of epitome of his race) is probably alive and flourishing today, and that he has a very good chance to enjoy life for a considerable time to come. For my part, I wish him well. I like alligators. I like to see them and to hear them; the bellowing of a big bull dragon, by the way, is one of the most impressive sounds of the American woods, an eloquent reminder of those colorful early days when a man could scarcely sleep near one of the great swamps because of the unearthly chorus of the wild beasts.

And the bigger the gator is, the better I like him. He adds something of mystery, something of prehistoric strangeness to the lovely moss-tapestried lagoons and the slow, winding rivers of the plantation country. He is not beautiful; but he is fascinatingly interesting, the largest and most formidable (except to man) of the surviving wild killers of our Eastern woods, practically the only wild animal left in the eastern part of the continent that can bring back the thrill of pioneer times by raiding the farmer's herds. Surely it is by no means a lamentable thing in these over-civilized days that, here in one of the oldest parts of America, that touch of the unspoiled and shaggily romantic wilderness still survives.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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Face Brick Design 105
from "The Home of Beauty"

TO GIVE lasting satisfaction, the home of your dreams must have beauty of color as well as of design. Face Brick's mellow tones bring distinctive beauty and retain their first charm through the years. The innumerable colorings and textures satisfy the most diverse tastes. And no matter what the architectural style, you can find Face Brick appropriate for it. Moreover, the Face Brick house is the most economical to own. First cost is near that of houses less enduring and less beautiful; upkeep and insurance are very low; and Face Brick holds its value best. Before you build, buy or remodel, send for the books listed opposite. The coupon is for your convenience.

"The Story of Brick"—Modern homes beautifully illustrated. Chapters on Planning for Beauty, Financing, Costs, Economy in Building and kindred subjects. Sent free on request.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" embrace 128 designs of homes, unusual and distinctive in design, convenient in floor plan and economical to build. Four booklets showing 3 to 4-room, 5-room, 6-room and 7 to 8-room houses. Each 25 cents. Entire set $1.00.

"The Home of Beauty" contains 50 two-story, six-room houses, submitted by architects in a nation-wide competition. Sent for 50 cents.

"A New House for the Old." Modernize the old house by veneering it with beautiful Face Brick. This free booklet shows what can be done and tells how.

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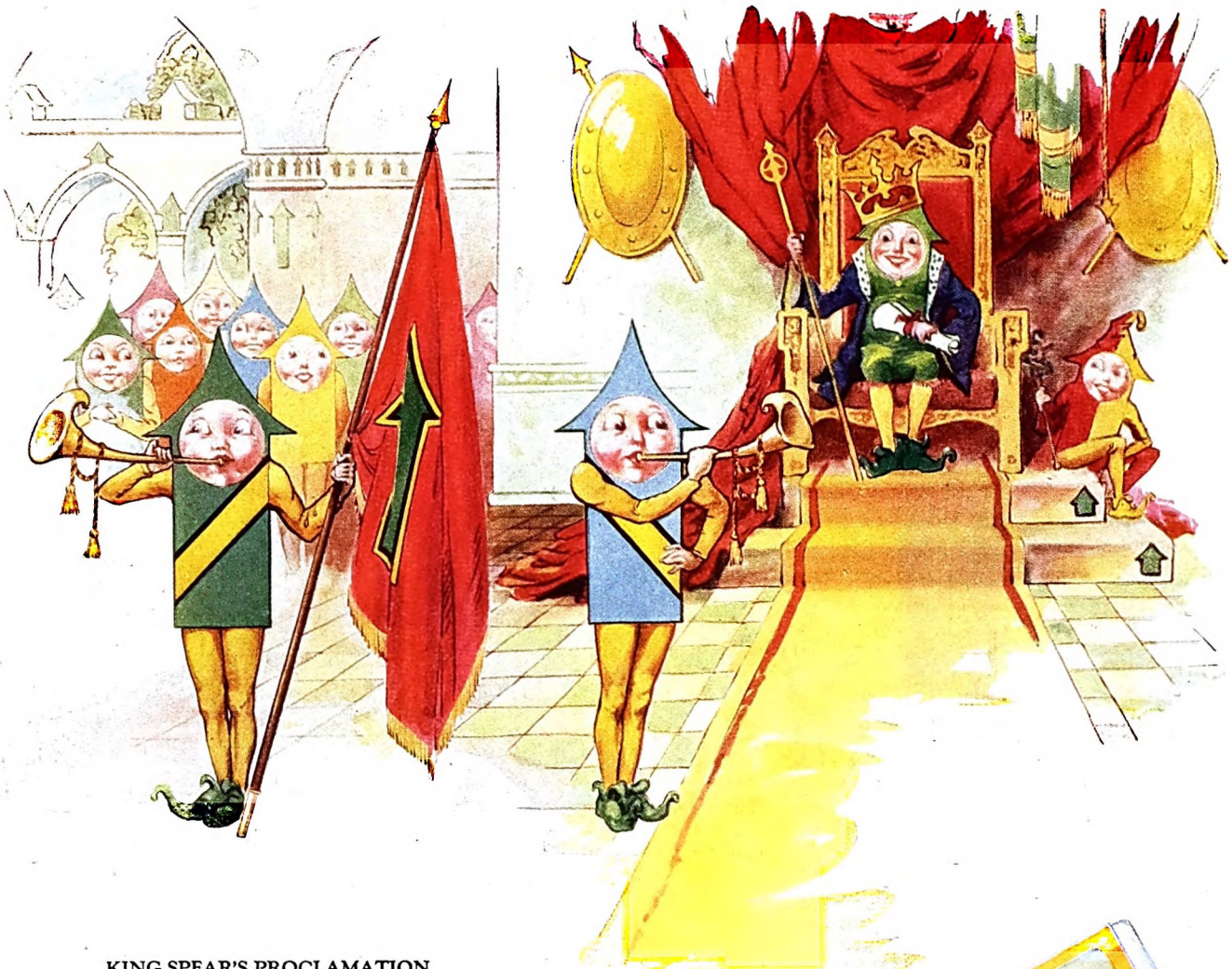
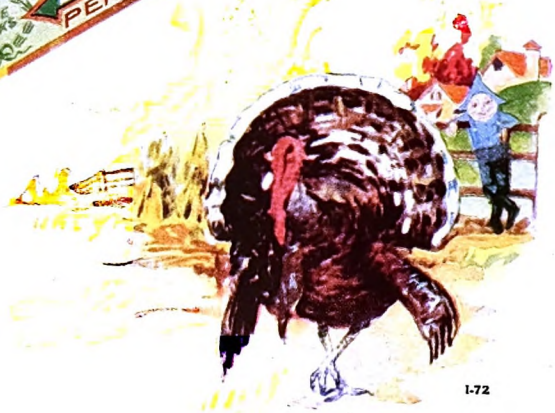


KING SPEAR'S PROCLAMATION
Thanksgiving season is at hand—
Proclaim a feast throughout the land—
And so that all will better feel
Serve Double Mint with every meal!
—WRIGLEY RHYMES

Let the delicious Peppermint flavor of **WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT** purify your mouth and breath and aid digestion.

Taste the new and better Peppermint flavor in **DOUBLE MINT:** it will be a pleasant surprise to you.

"After every meal" is a beneficial practice. Try it with **DOUBLE MINT.**



The flavor lasts

1-72

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How I Lost Money Trying to Get Rich

(*Continued from page 49*)

all of my investment of sixty dollars.

My next hundred dollars I took to the president of the local bank, who solemnly put it into the preferred stock of a fairly new but well-managed company. Being unseasoned, its preferred was selling at 96. When some years later it sold up to 104, I took my profit and thought I had done very well. In a sense I had, but it is worth noting as we go along that if I had put the hundred into the common stock of the same company and left it there through the years I should have at least a thousand dollars today.

In my college vacations I sold books from house to house. It was tough work. But I had to do work that would net at least $250 or I couldn't go back to school. So I rang doorbells and sold books. Hard as the work was, I look back on it as being more valuable than any course in college.

My classmates thought I was very fortunate in my start in business. A rich man who visited college in my senior year took a fancy to me and employed me as his private secretary. Instead of beginning life in the shipping-room or behind a counter or down in a foundry, I began with a white-collar job and a salary that enabled me to live like a gentleman.

LOOKING back on it now, I realize that I had struck it altogether too soft, for the time came when the clouds of panic spread over the business horizon. My rich employer was extended in a hundred different directions and could not weather the gale. When the panic passed I was not only out of a job I had wasted nearly five years of my life in a position that taught me almost nothing. I could answer the telephone and dictate letters and read the financial page of a newspaper, but my classmates who had started at the bottom were beginning to poke their heads up from the cellars. Their hands were horny with the calluses that come from licking a job, and in their eyes was the self-confidence of men who have paid for what they know.

Consider me, then, at twenty-seven, penniless, with little training, and, to cap the climax, engaged to be married. To my credit let me say that I proceeded promptly to make the one best investment of my whole life. I borrowed two hundred and fifty dollars and was married at once.

If young people were ever to ask my advice about their love affairs, as they seldom do, my answer would be: "The time to get married is when you are in love. Don't let the establishment of your home wait upon your financial prospects. Marry, and *make* your prospects improve." Maybe this is rash advice, but it certainly worked for me. After a week-end honeymoon, I began in the shipping-room of a factory, and how I did go to it!

I HAD gone a little way up the ladder and had accumulated about three thousand dollars when I made my first effort to get rich quick. The three thousand had come hard. My wife and I concluded that at the rate we were going we should be seventy years old before we were independent. The thought induced a mood of semi-depression, and that made me ripe for the picking when I encountered some shrewd acquaintances from Minneapolis. They were full of the wonders of the Canadian Northwest. Canada was the "last frontier," they said, the only spot on the civilized globe where virgin land could still be had cheap. They recited statistics to prove that land at ten dollars an acre would pay for itself with a single good wheat crop and thereafter bring in dividends of a hundred per cent a year.

It was music to my yearning heart. Three thousand dollars at six per cent is $180. Three thousand dollars at one hundred per cent would be $3,000, enough to keep us safe forever. Surely the golden goal was worth the chance. I felt lucky to have met these new friends, whom I knew to be honest and reasonably successful in their own lines of business.

We selected good land, hired a manager who told us that he knew his business, gave him modern farm machinery, and started him off with our blessing and high hope. The agreement was that only twenty-five per cent of our stock was to be called at once. I, therefore, subscribed for $10,000 worth, and made an initial payment of $2,500. The first year was spent in breaking our prairie acres—much slower work and more expensive than we had figured. Only about a quarter of our acreage was ready by planting time, and an early frost prevented part of the crop from maturing. Accordingly, we had a second assessment which took the remainder of my original stake and an additional $500 that I had managed to save. The next year we were sure would bring it all back!

LET us hurry over the harrowing details. Every year we started with good prospects, and every year something happened. Once it was *rust*, which until then had never been known in that section of the country; once it was hail. Our manager grew discouraged and resigned; so did his successor. Ultimately, we liquidated the whole proposition at about ten cents on the dollar, and my first few thousands were gone.

Meanwhile, my income had increased, and having been burned once I decided to be very conservative. I put my surplus into good bonds and preferred stocks. The total was small, but it made a nest egg which I kept in my wife's name. She has it still. It was not long, however, until I succumbed again to the lure of quick riches. This time it was an invention.

Many things about the invention were true and sound. It *did* work; that is, in the laboratory. The patent was all right. All in all, it looked very good to me, and I thought I had learned enough about business procedure to be sure that I was investigating very carefully.

We organized an experimental company, and we built a larger model, which worked also. Then came the question of whether we should sell out to one of the big companies, several of which were interested, or attempt to make license agreements with all of them; or take over a small plant

WHIRL AWAY

—on a new "45" twin

SCURRY with the leaves over winding roads—drink deep of the keen Autumn air—feel the thrill of motorcycling at its best, in the saddle of Harley-Davidson's latest Twin—the "45". Here is surging, silent power—lightning getaway—speed enough to pass any mile-a-minute car. Perfect balance, handy controls, and brakes front and rear make the "45" delightfully easy to ride and safe to handle. Upkeep cost is almost nothing—and the price of the "45", f. o. b. factory, is only $290.

Ask your Dealer about his Pay-As-You-Ride Plan. He will gladly teach you to ride, free, in a few minutes. Mail the Coupon for illustrated literature.

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Dept. A. M. Milwaukee, Wis.

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Interested in the "45" Twin—send literature.
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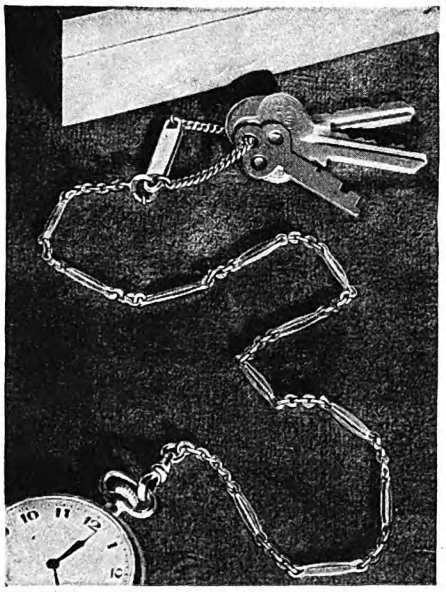
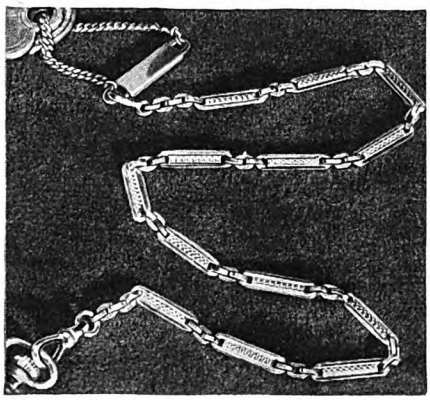


"and with *this* suit, Sir, wear *this* watch-chain"

STYLE dictators will hardly ever go *that* far! But look to this: a watch-chain *is* an important item in your dress. The success of any suit may be influenced by the accessories with which you complement it. And a watch-chain is a very noticeable accessory.

For that reason, a Simmons Chain always proves a sound purchase. The chains are recent, authoritative, and very good to look at. There is an abundant variety of link-designs, suited to every taste. Prices come within the moderate range of $4 to $15. Two new chains are illustrated: No. 30033 (above), a green gold-filled Waldemar; and No. 30045 (below), a green and white gold-filled Waldemar—both at $9. Both are made in our own factory, under our own patented process. Both will add a touch that *does* help your appearance. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.



SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS
The swivel says it's a Simmons

and, by producing a superior product ourselves, force the big companies to pay us a higher royalty.

About the time we got ready to sell out for millions along came another young scientist with an even better process. Instantly our bag of tricks became worthless, and I wound up this second venture with some green stock certificates and nothing else.

AT ABOUT this time I made the acquaintance of a Wall Street broker whose speculations on his own account had been notably successful. At his suggestion I opened an account with his office, to which he offered his "personal attention." For five years I traded in the market with some degree of regularity, and there was hardly a day that he did not call me up. During this period I know positively that his own fortune increased more than a million dollars. My account during the same period showed a net increase of about $18,000. "Very good," you will say, and you may add: "Show me how to make $18,000 in five years without work and I shall be very happy." But the picture takes on a different color when I tell you that at various times I was risking more than $150,000, and that the total amount of my winnings was hardly more than I should have made had I left the money at compound interest in the savings banks.

There were days of happiness, to be sure, when I made thousands. But oh! the day when I lost $11,000 in an hour!

Perhaps you imagine that my broker did not try as hard to make money for me as he did for himself. He did, but the seemingly impossible occurred again and again: he would make money in a stock, and I would lose in the same stock? Why? Because when he was acting for himself, with his own money, he had a confidence that he did not feel with mine. His touch was sure, and his nerve was cool. If the stock dipped ten points, he knew he had margin enough to carry through. But my lesser stake worried him, as did also my troubled advice on bad days. The result was that he often sold me out at the wrong time; and in the end, as I say, after five years of studying the market in the evenings and figuring on the edge of my newspaper on the way down-town in the mornings, I was only a little ahead.

Let me lump together the next two operations. They were similar in character, though separated by a period of years. The first was a beauty preparation on which we had to make a quick killing, having only a fair amount of capital. When the killing was delayed, when more capital was needed, when we got busy with our own affairs and realized that this outside interest was costing us a lot of time, we grew discouraged and sold out. The net result was another loss.

My last get-rich-quick venture was in the chain-store field. With a good location in a suburb where several of us had our homes, we were on the ground before any of the big chains arrived, and everything looked rosy. Our manager was smart, too smart. When we discovered his peculations we were too heartsick to go on. We accepted the offer which one of the big chains made us, pocketed our loss, and retired. And I, having reached at last the age of discretion, also retired

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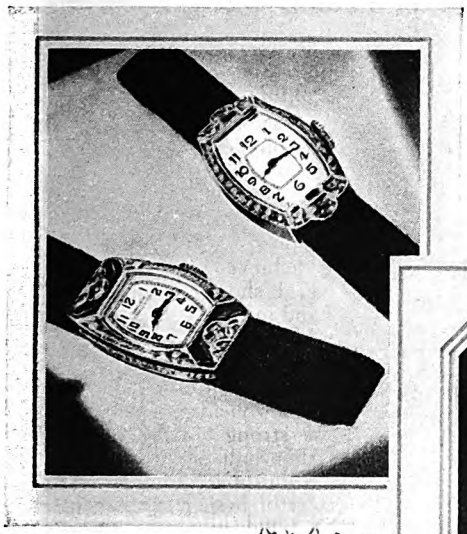
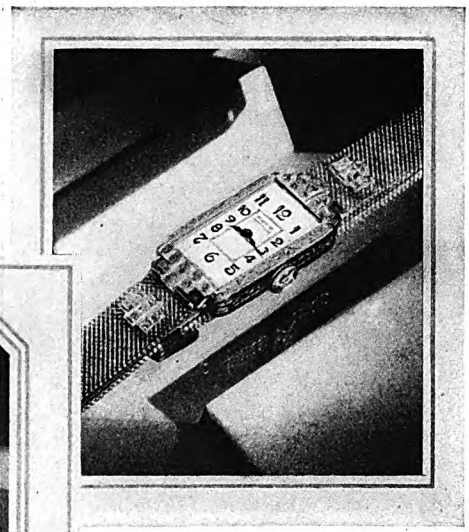
GRUEN MODE du BIJOU WATCHES

Diamond Set

Offered now by Your Gruen Jeweler





Thirty-two diamonds in all, completely encrusting the bezel, but it is the baguette diamond at either end of the dial, in design 330 *above, that holds the key to character.* $475

Bold color contrast enters into design 304 *with* 4 *large cabochon green onyx, of unusual cut, now dominating, now playing a subordinate role when* 14 *diamonds flash their fires.* $325

This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

In design 329 *the true modern touch lies here in the parallel arrangement and new setting of the diamonds, so simple, hence so effective! The modest repetition of this motif in the smart mesh band, making watch and bracelet one unit, is in reality a brilliant inspiration.* 32 *diamonds in all.* $375

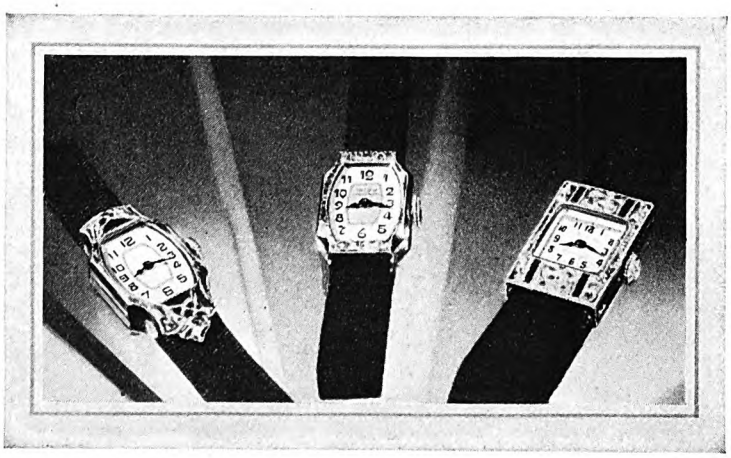
It is primarily in the treatment of watch and flexible bracelet as a single ornament that the Mode du Bijou *finds its expression in this distinguished timepiece, design* 328. 18 *diamonds.* $285

LA MODE *du bijou—mais la vraie!* Now expressed in a new series of diamond-set watches by Gruen.

In Paris, on Fifth Avenue, in the very centers where all our notions of design are being literally remade, these watches were conceived. The Gruen Guild Workshops in Europe and America have united to produce them.

So authentically *modern*, so brilliantly in keeping with the newest vogue in jeweled decoration, from which they get their name, the Gruen *Mode du Bijou* Watches are well worth a special trip just to see.

And you can see them today, if you like! There is a Gruen jeweler near you who can show you the actual watches pictured here—a jeweler you know as one of the very best in your community.



Three more examples are here pictured from the great variety your Gruen jeweler can please you with. For Gruen diamond-set watches range in price from $10,000 *to* $60. *These, reading from left to right, are priced at* $125, $160 *and* $275, *designs* 161, 160 *and* 262 *respectively*

His reputation, together with the Gruen name, is a splendid assurance that the watch cases and the diamonds with which they are set are of unquestioned value. That the cases are sturdily fashioned to give ample protection to the fine Gruen movement within.

And don't forget to ask him for the valuable Gruen *Mode du Bijou* book which tells you many things that every prospective purchaser of a diamond watch ought to know. Or write direct to

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Paris New York Los Angeles
Toronto Berlin Biel Geneva

Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

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Stop Groping for Words !

IF your words flow easily, if you NEVER have trouble expressing yourself, people see immediately that your thoughts run along smoothly and that you have a sparkling, active mind.

But if you hesitate and stammer, and grope for words, if you say "er" or "what-do-you-call-it" or "you know what I mean" instead of using exactly the right word to express your meaning—you tell every one that your mind is asleep. You publish the fact that your education has been sadly neglected. Your limited vocabulary shows clearly that you are dull and uninteresting.

Stop Making Mistakes

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce or misspell a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

New Invention Makes Mastering English Easy

For many years Mr. Cody, one of our greatest authorities on English, studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than previously had been obtained by other pupils in two years!

Send for Free Book on English

To achieve your ambitions it is essential that you use good English as instinctively as you tie your shoes. Business today demands men and women who use correct, concise, forceful language. Society demands education, breeding, culture, demonstrated by the use of correct, interesting and convincing language.

A new book explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable method is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if you cannot instantly command the exact words with which to express your ideas, this new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," will prove a revelation to you. Send the coupon or a letter or postal card for it now. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 911 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

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Please send me your free book "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

Name.....

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permanently from the attempt to get rich quick.

What had my various speculations cost me?

In the first place, in a period of fifteen years (from twenty-seven to forty-two), I lost $30,000 in cash. This is the savings of a lifetime to many families. It is a loss that is substantial to anyone, and I cannot think about it without a certain shame. But my income was mounting rapidly in those years, and the losses were spread out so that they did not crimp me. Nevertheless, $30,000 is a large sum of money, even when you say it fast.

But it wasn't $30,000 alone that I lost; it was $30,000 multiplied by what that amount might have earned in all those years. Figured even at regular interest rates, it becomes a much larger sum. For example, if, instead of flying to far-off Canada to purchase my land, I had bought a couple of lots in the young suburb where I lived, every dollar would have become twenty dollars in those ten years. If, instead of trying to make money out of the oil business, about which I knew *nothing*, I had invested in the stock of our own company, which I knew *all* about, every dollar would have become fifteen dollars.

THE loss of money was a less serious matter than the loss of time. I shudder when I think of the thousands of hours of worried thought and effort that went into these ill-fated enterprises, the nights of fruitless discussion, and the unhappy calls on the telephone during the business day. Not until a near catastrophe happened to me did I realize this fully.

There came a day when the directors of our company were to pick a new vice president. I was next in line, and everybody supposed that the job would come to me as a matter of course. Instead, a man was brought in from the outside and put over my head. It was a crushing blow, and when I sought the reason for it, the chairman of the board answered frankly.

"We know that you have outside interests," he said. "You are a smart man, and we should like to have you with us permanently, but how can we be sure that we shall? How can we tell but that one of these ventures of yours will make you a lot of money and take you away? Or, if it doesn't make a lot of money, how do we know that the worry of it won't destroy your efficiency, which is already impaired?

I fought a hard battle with myself that night, for my first impulse was to resign. I conquered it. The new vice president whom the directors had brought in proved to be a false alarm and was out again in eight months. By that time I had removed from their minds all doubt as to my stability. But it was a close call.

So I keep in the little private box in my office these red and green and blue certificates that represent so many hours of hope and worry and disappointment. My skeletons of dead dreams; my tickets in the false lottery of easy wealth. And with them I keep a little tabulation which I revise from time to time. It shows the increase in the market value of ten common stocks in each of ten great American industries. One is a railroad, one a public utility, one a steel company, one a food company. If the $30,000 which I wasted over a period of fifteen years had been distributed among these ten stocks, or even concentrated in the stock of my own company, it would be a very substantial fortune today. Luckily, my mistakes and disappointments came comparatively early in life so that there were still enough years in which to make amends.

IF I were to start over again, I should insist on getting into business at the very bottom. No kind man could ever tempt me with the favor of a nice job half way up. I should want to fight my way, not for the exercise or the joy of fighting, but for the self-confidence that comes with a working knowledge of every job in the place. The demand for men who have had that sort of training will always outrun the supply.

Having achieved a position where I could save, I should invest in my own company and in the common stocks of the country's leading industries. While these stocks have their ups and downs, they tend to appreciate in value over a period of years. They yield one an income and, since these strong concerns seldom pay out more than half their earnings in dividends, they automatically save something for the investor besides.

I should avoid side lines like the plague. Side lines use up an enormous amount of time and energy, which must be subtracted from one's main business; and even when they succeed, which is seldom, they usually make money less rapidly than the old established businesses.

Finally, I have come to hold a certain conviction or superstition, or whatever you choose to call it. It is this: that the way to become comfortably well off is not to think too much about it. Money seems to have a perverse habit of evading those who chase it too hard, and of snuggling up to folks who are partially unmindful of it. In the years when I did the most worrying and scheming about financial gains, I made the least progress. In the years when I concentrated my energies on my job and made sound investments and forgot them, I was surprised, when Christmas rolled around, to see the total of my net gain.

I HOPE my sons will be so crazy about their work that they will almost forget about money. If they do that they will become comfortably fixed. But if they start out in life with the definite purpose of getting rich, they had better lay in a good stock of life insurance first.

I am going to talk to the boys along these lines. Perhaps I shall make more of an impression on them than I have been able to make on the young people in my office. One can never be sure. Youth is headstrong and quite confident that we old folks are eaten up by conservatism and fears. But I intend to make a continuous drive on the boys. Each Christmas from now on they are going to find in their stockings some nice green and gold certificates, with a letter from their dad telling them how he came to be stuck with these glittering bits of waste paper. Even that may not save them from foolish mistakes, but at least it will show them what nice art work the printers and lithographers can do for those who have the foolish idea that there is a quick and easy way to get rich.

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ROOFS

Of Everlasting Asbestos

THROUGHOUT the world in the legends and proverbs of all languages, roof means home. And usually the quality of the roof tells the passerby at a glance the quality of the home.

Across the land are millions of acres of roofs. Some of these roofs are destined to flame into roaring torches, destroying the houses beneath them, and scattering firebrands over the roofs of neighboring homes. Others will crumble away, rot or become hopelessly warped within a few short years.

But those roofs which are of Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles will never burn, will never rot, warp, nor wear out. They will come unharmed through years of weather, and outlast the houses on which they are laid. They will outwit depreciation.

Houses roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles stand out from the commonplace, mark the good taste and sound judgment of the owners. The warm, harmonious colors and substantial appearance of these shingles give houses a beauty and distinction impossible with short-lived materials.

It is Easy to Have Exactly the Right Roof

As you plan your new home or arrange to re-roof your present one, turn to the pages of our free booklet, "How to Select the Roof for Your Home." See how easy it is to choose color combinations which put the final touch of distinction on your house, which give you a roof virtually made to order for you. The poorest sort of economy is a cheap roof. Why buy certain trouble, the certainty of future expense, when you can end roofing cost for all time by using permanent, fireproof Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles?

The Name is Important

When you order your shingles, be sure you get Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. They are moulded from asbestos fibre and cement pressed into sturdy, rigid shingles that defy flaming brands and driving snow with equal ease and certainty. The Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingle is the result of fifty years of experience—a record of achievement which has won for us the title, "Master of Asbestos."

Any lumber yard or building supply dealer can supply the Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles you want for your home. Insist on them and on the Johns-Manville Certificate. This shows that your roof has been registered at our office, assuring you satisfaction.

Johns-Manville Asbestos products include Asbestocel—an insulation for heater pipes; Asbestos Brake Lining for motor cars; besides hundreds of other insulations, packings and power specialties which are used by virtually every industry in America.

MASTER of ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville

ASBESTOS SHINGLES

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
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(*Mail this coupon to branch nearest you*)
Send me your free booklet, "How to Select the Roof for Your Home."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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The Man Who Believed in God

(*Continued from page 61*)

you won't consider . . . either sale . . . or exchange?"

"No; not t' put too fine a point on it—no! This house was built on my land, out o' *my* stones, is perzactly th' type I've allus thought I'd like. With a little private still I cud enjoy life real well, here on m' property. O' course, I'd never cease t' be grateful fer th' way you improved it—"

"You—you—*thief!*" the wife cried—deadly, low-voiced. But her husband's hand restrained her.

"No, he's not, Amy. He's doubtless within his rights."

"His legal rights, maybe. But we've got higher rights—possession—the hard work we've done—the happiness we've found here."

"Of course, my dear man," declared Mortimer, "you understand I don't purpose to vacate, to relinquish one iota of my interest in this tract, till a court says I must."

"What's that? What say? Y' mean you're goin' t' fight me?—fight me at th' law?"

"I'm perfectly willing to reimburse you for what the land was worth as desert, although I'll have to borrow to do it. But I doubt if any jury—especially of men who know what it means to clear land in this sun—will order me to vacate, with no compensation."

"I s'pose," sneered Parkin, "you count on God influencin' that jury—what? Well, if I lose in county court, I'll take this t' th' State Supreme Court. What do you know about that?" He arose, jerked down his cap, and prepared to depart. He didn't like the look in Amy Nobel's eye. Her courage was having a testing that made H. O. G. Parkin decide he'd better not try to do too much business with this pair the first day. "I don't mind tellin' you, however, that up North I got *my* frien's, as much as you've got yourn."

He got down the steps and started toward his car. "I was goin' t' be decent t' you," he called from the walk, "an' give you a reasonable time t' git out. But if I've got t' face a court fight t' possess land I been ten years payin' taxes on, I sha'n't lose no time. I'll git a court order of ejectment against you—fer trespass!"

GRAPEVILLE soon learned of H. O. G. Parkin. He drove back to town, secured a room at the Santa Padre Inn, and did much talking in lobby and street.

"I don't mind tellin' you thet you're courtin' calamity, stranger," Joe Coates advised him, as Parkin loitered in the Coates Department Store during a ten-day delay while Judge Baldmann was absent in Denver. "Mort Nobel's just what his name implies—a square man. He's made a lot o' friends in this valley. They won't take it kindly to see the chap robbed."

"Who's robbin' him? I object t' that word *robbed*. I'm after nothin' that ain't strictly mine. If they'd been any robbin', he'd done it frum me—or he's tryin' t' do it by stickin' t' possession. An' his frien's can go lump it. I'm within my rights, I tell you, an' I'm goin' t' have my land."

"So!—his friends can go lump it? We'll see about that. You're not the first undesirable settler that ever came to Grapeville—came here, and left when he found he wasn't wanted."

Judge Baldmann returned from the East. Parkin's attorney, a flat-footed little man from somewhere up North named Markyros, argued for the writ.

It was granted.

An injunction was further taken out, restraining Nobel from disposing of his maturing crop, or committing any act of vandalism against vines or buildings till a decision in equity had been handed down, establishing the amount of Mort's compensation. Mandamus Flagg took the case for Nobel.

"We ain't lost yet, Poe," he consoled. "Fact remains that technically you did trespass on his property, whether honestly or not. Real tussle comes when we get to county court. You and your wife move up to the hotel. Sentiment's runnin' pretty high over this thing. Lots o' local folks realize they could easily 'a' made a similar mistake."

"I'm not depending on the sentiment among my neighbors," Nobel responded, "although I take it kindly."

"No? What are you dependin' on—me? My legal reputation?" and the lawyer laughed pleasantly, half believing it was so.

"If I didn't believe in an equitable God at the head o' this universe, who'd stand by folks in a jam like this, I might as well bundle up my religion and bury it off in the desert, so to speak. Amy and I have talked it over. We won't lose that property. I feel it in my *soul*."

MOREOVER, he did. That was the queer part.

They tidied the sunny stone house, locked it, drove into town with scarcely a backward look, steadfastly believing their exile only temporary—though six thousand dollars' worth of grapes were ripening on that flat.

Hog Parkin moved in the very next morning.

"It's a heap o' responsibility t' place on th' Almighty," Sam Bishop declared when he next saw Joe Coates.

"What is?" snapped the merchant.

"Makin' Him part-defendant 'gainst lawyers frum Los Angeles—as Mort seems content t' leave things. I'd place a whole lot more stock in what th' neighbors is talkin' o' doin', in case Parkin wins. Seen his wife since they moved t' th' hotel?"

"Yeah, she was in here yesterday. What of it?"

"Funny how she keeps her cheery disposition. Dunno but what I'd believe in God m'self if I had a wife like her. Man couldn't help it."

"Yeah, Mort Nobel don't realize how strong the men-folks are for his woman—on account of her disposition. This case ain't ended yet."

There was something bestially Bacchanalian about Parkin's behavior when he got on that property. Grapeville people never saw the inside of Amy's neat

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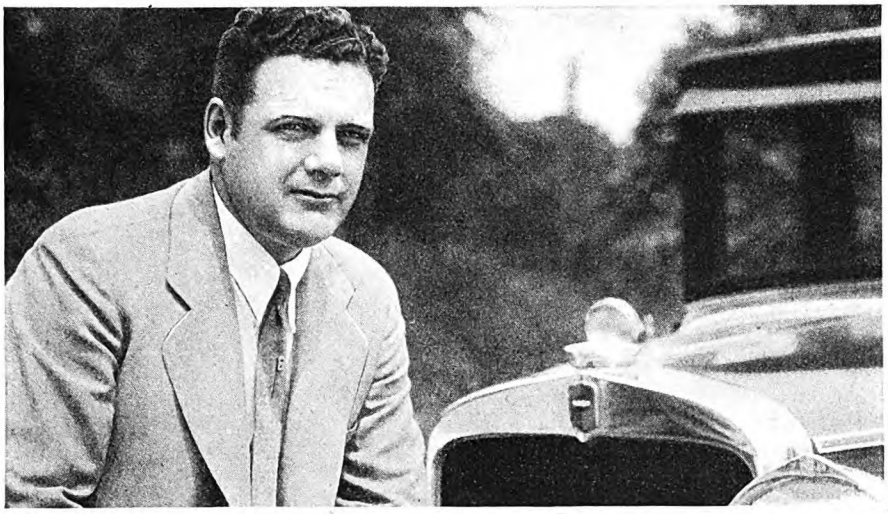

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PINAUD'S LILAC

Copr. 1928, Pinaud, Inc. THE FAMOUS SKIN BRACER

house after his occupancy, though intuition told them much of what was happening. But out among the vines the man became a gourmand.

He had a queer, disgusting trick of putting a ripe grape between his teeth and bursting it with a sharp plopping noise, permitting the juice to run down his chin. His shirt front was constantly smeared with red stain. Frequently he appeared in town for provisions in naked feet—feet dyed with more grape juice, where he delighted to walk amid the vine rows with their long tentacle-like feelers, and crush heavy blobs of mauve deliciousness between huge splayed toes. And he took to bullying Mort Nobel.

"'Twon't be long now," he taunted his antagonist anent the contested title. "Had a bootlegger offer me as high as eight cents a pound fer th' crop this year, an' no questions arst. They tell me you'd never sell t' bootleggers. Well, all th' more reasons why I should own that grape patch."

"The crop should be gathered, of course," Mort returned quietly. He knew that if he won Parkin must give an accounting to the court. And if he lost, it was none of his business.

ON THE eighth of December, about four-thirty in the afternoon, a jury composed of nondescript laborers and tradespeople—adroitly selected by legal chicanery in which Nobel would have no part—brought in its verdict.

It rained that day. Murky California winter had set in and shed its drizzle down canyons and valley. Amy Nobel had not gone to court. She waited at the inn for Mort to 'phone her the jury's decision. When six o'clock arrived with no word from her husband, she got into a raincoat. She sought the office of the Grapeville evening paper.

The moment the editor recognized her, she saw from his expression that the worst must have happened.

"Well," she said crisply, "let's have it!"

"Unless Mr. Nobel's got the dough to carry this case to the Supreme Court, you're licked," responded Editor Scroosby. "The land—and everything on it—has been awarded to Parkin. But the jury's allowed you the value of the crop. Of course you can't use it without accepting this verdict."

Amy sat down in the chair by the stove.

"It's tough, Mrs. Nobel!"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!"

Duncan Scroosby studied her. She sat very straight in the chair, warming wet feet on the stove's iron base. That wavy riot of her hair, which no California rainy season could uncurl, framed strong, well-turned features. Her eyes—which he had always thought blue—were gray, he perceived. She still lacked curves in such places as the feminine contingents usually carry curves. But about that figure was the same irrepressible resolution which had carried her from her Ozark Mountains half across a continent.

It came to Dunc Scroosby in those moments that Amy Nobel was *a beautiful woman*—beautiful in a fine, high, indomitable, pioneering essence of sterling character which refused to accept defeat even in the face of catastrophe.

"What'll you do, Mrs. Nobel?" asked the editor.

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As for not owning a Kodak . . . really, there's no excuse for it. Every day of your life, probably, you pass stores that sell them. The cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up.

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"Do? The only thing there is to do. If we've lost, we've lost. We've no money to carry it to another court. As soon as the rainy season stops, we'll go down on the land we really own *and start all over, the third time!*" She tossed her head proudly and arose from her chair. "The third time never fails—accordin' to the proverb."

"You . . . really . . . mean . . . that?"

"Do I look as though I'm jokin'? The only time when you're really down and out is when you enjoy bein' down and out. What we've built twice we can build again."

She was gone up the street without fret or whimper.

HOG PARKIN'S car had at last given out. He came down by train from the northern county seat. According to a later issue of Scroosby's paper, he went at once to his "home" on the flat. Mort Nobel reached town in the middle of the evening. Washed-out roads had delayed his little flivver. He entered a hamlet that was queerly deserted. . . .

"Where have *you* been?" cried a maid at the inn. "You better hurry up—if you want to see the fun."

"What fun?"

"There's a lot o' folks 'round here don't take so much stock as you do, Mr. Nobel, in leavin' things to God. All through supper hour they been collectin' around Coates's store. 'Round eight o'clock they left—a whole swarm of 'em—without raincoats or umbrellas. They took the road down the valley toward the Flat."

"What are they going to do?"

"Tar and feather Parkin, that's what they'll do. Run him out o' town—or mebbe somethin' worse!"

"Great heavens! They mustn't do that. Where's Amy?"

"Sam Bishop picked her up in his buckboard. Sam's at the head of it—Sam, Joe Coates, and Dunc Scroosby. Hog Parkin ain't wanted. They mean he should know it."

The streets were running water. Supper-time drizzle had swollen to a downpour. Mort Nobel slopped knee-deep in muck, returning to his flivver. He started it with difficulty and headed down the valley.

Into the vast void of wind-swept dark, Mort Nobel piloted a storm-racked contraption. Rain, rain, oceans of rain! The driver was drenched from his head to his boots. Across the wide spaces the Pacific gale howled, bending eucalyptus trees, thrashing through windbreaks, snapping loosed curtains on the little roadster.

Yet Nobel kept going, on and on and on, slowed at times by washouts, feeling his way through growing freshets, mounting cement culverts where one-day rivers roared beneath. The first sign Mort had of community violence was a riot of twisted lights bobbing and streaming across ragged night.

A weird, wild, semi-barbaric scene greeted him when he lurched to the driveway. The crowd carried oil torches supplied by Joe Coates—remnants from a long-defunct political campaign. The soggy lawn was a sea of faces. Up toward the steps was a concentrated snarl—milling, bumbling, cursing townsmen.

"Wait! *Wait, I say!*" came a voice from behind them.

Fighting his way, Mort shoved through the crowd.

He seemed a frenzied figure from the heart of the storm as he mounted the steps and turned the crush back.

"Neighbors!—Friends!—it's me—Mort Nobel. Listen, I'm telling you! Stop this at once!"

They had called Parkin out. He had come, unsuspecting. Sam Bishop had seized him. Now Sam Bishop, stupefied, relaxed his harsh clutch on the near-victim's collar.

"We're doin' this fer you, Mort Nobel."

"And I don't want it done. Listen! *Please* listen!"

The crowd surged and pushed. Dunc Scroosby reported next day that never in the history of the valley had such a mob collected. He wondered where they came from. Yet somehow they quieted. The rain still beat down. The torches hissed constantly. Amy reached her husband.

"Mort!" she cried—that low-throated, gritty voice of hers. "Joe Coates has discovered that this moral vagabond hasn't got chick, child, nor heir. If they run him from this valley, we get our home back. Don't you understand, Mort Nobel? *We get this place back!*"

"But we don't want it back—by violence, Amy. Two wrongs never made a right. Even if he hasn't anyone to press his claim for him, it would never be our property till we came by it honestly."

"We did come by it honestly. What about our work?"

"The title would always be clouded—"

"Listen to your wife, you fool!" bellowed Joe Coates. "If we put this man out of the way, you can live here till doomsday and never be bothered. You could have lived here *forever*, if he hadn't showed up."

It was quieter now—except for the wind. All over the lawn the rioters tried to hear what was said on the steps. Mort glanced about on that press of tense faces.

"My friends," he started to say, "I'm grateful. But it isn't my way to meet force with force—"

"Aw, thunder!"

"Rats!"

"We want Hog Parkin!"

"Let us at him! We'll show him, the robber!"

"MY FRIENDS—you've *got* to listen. Perhaps you think I'm soft. But either we practice on week days what we profess on Sundays, or we're all a lot of hypocrites. Either we're Christians—"

"But, Mort—"

"There aren't any 'buts' about it. If a court of law, peaceably, has decided I should suffer from my error—that the land is Mr. Parkin's and I have no right here—Amy and I will accept it, and vacate. We still have our acreage somewhere down the road. We'll make a fresh start as soon as the rainy season ends."

"You'll *what?*" cried Joe Coates.

"Start all over. Begin again at the beginning. Build all over—on our own land—honestly. Now, please go home, all of you. If Mr. Parkin finds any satisfaction in dwelling in this house we've built for him—well, it's his good fortune—"

"Do you still believe in God?" tittered a voice down on the left. The night was being spoiled for most of those present.

"The person who asked that isn't a grape-grower," was Mort's solemn answer. "He never planted a vineyard."

The wind blew afresh. It drowned out Mort's voice. The group pulled away from the steps. Some mischief-makers consulted together.

"We oughtn't t' go back without givin' that fat cuss a roughin' up—just t' save our faces," was the verdict. And they looked about for Parkin.

But Parkin had vanished.

"He slipped around the corner of the house a few seconds ago!" piped a girl in a mackinaw. That storm-sodden herd had its quota of women-folk.

"After him, everybody! Come with them torches!"

"My friends! *My friends!*" Mort Nobel begged futilely.

THEY did not find Hog Parkin. He made a successful escape in the dark.

The rain seemed to thin, and eventually to stop. By twos and threes and fours the crowd stole away, disintegrated, though the culverts still roared with their mounting loads of water.

At length, only a sheepish-faced Sam Bishop, Joe Coates, and the newspaper editor beheld Amy Nobel face her man in the murk. She drew a deep breath.

"Mort Nobel!" she exclaimed, "you're wet to the skin!" And slipping from her raincoat, she put it around him. Dunc Scroosby claimed later she pecked a kiss on his forehead as she did it.

"Huh," growled Sam Bishop, "it's enough t' make any sort o' man go in fer religion. I'd like t' see Ma Bishop peel a wrap off fer *me*."

"It must be she loves him," the merchant said wryly.

Apparently she did love him. For when the sun broke through, later in the week, and the waters went down, Sam Bishop located the two of them six miles down the valley, confronting an expanse of greasewood and mesquite. Mort had an adze. Amy piled brush.

"Mort! Amy!" cried the neighbor from the buckboard. "You don't have t' start all over. Ain't a thing in th' world t' keep you frum comin' back—livin' t' your house as long as you please. Th' vineyard—or God—has attended t' *that!*"

"God?" repeated Nobel. He wiped his wet forehead.

"Jump in this buckboard. Come along quick!"

They arrived at the property that meant six years of toil. A small group of neighbors had gathered in the rear. Puzzled, they approached. Then their faces went white.

Something was entangled in the vines. Horribly entangled. The water was receding. As it receded, a *thing* came to view . . . Parkin!

Bolting from the mob to hide among the vines, they seemed to have reached for him—greedily, mercilessly. Down they had dragged him, to his death in yellow roil.

But, not satisfied with drowning him, they appeared to have strangled him. Like the myriad arms of a devilfish, they had reached out, encircled him, gripped him, wrapped him—squeezed the life from his bulk with their tentacles of vengeance.

It took a half-hour to cut the body free.

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Quit Picking on Yourself

(*Continued from page 27*)

mother once said to me: 'Oh, they don't want you, they just asked you because you hung around, and they had to get rid of you.'

"I notice every little seeming slight. I am very sensitive, and exceedingly self-conscious.

"It is hard for me to receive a favor and feel that it is given in friendship, or that I in any way deserve it. I always feel that everybody is looking down on me.

"I shun intimate social contacts because of the feeling that, just as soon as people get acquainted with me, they will discover my weaknesses and limitations, and then they will have nothing to do with me.

"I am afraid to think. I was afraid to express myself when young because I would be charged with foolishness, and now my brain will hardly work. I have had to get along with poor positions because I was afraid to take a better position even when it was offered to me."

Others who read this may, in varying degrees, see themselves; how they have been handicapped throughout a longer or shorter life by these fears of inferiority. It is a fact that if we constantly pick on our children when they are young, they will later on develop the habit of picking on themselves. And once that habit is formed—well, it's good-by to happiness and self-realization until the unfortunate owner of the complex gets rid of it.

IF YOU feel that you are drifting into the formation of an inferiority complex, break away, if it is humanly possible, from your surroundings, and strike out for yourself somewhere else. If it's your family that is a paralyzing influence, leave it. This sounds like harsh advice, but it is much better to take the step in the beginning, before your inferiority complex gets in its deadly work, than wait until your strength has been sapped.

An offshoot of this inferiority feeling is indecision. Thousands upon thousands of good people suffer from it. They work very well as a cog in a machine; but the moment they have to take a stand or make a decision for themselves they are scared to death.

I have a patient who is too conscientious over his decisions. He is afraid he will decide things wrongly. He worries all day over trifles. If he goes to buy a suit or a hat, he has to go back two or three times.

"The best thing you can do," I said to him, "is to flip a coin when you want to decide some minor affair." He took my advice. Now, when some trifle comes up, it is "Heads I do and tails I don't." He is getting over the idea that every little thing in life is important.

I know a woman at the present time who for more than a dozen years has refused to take the responsibility for the most trivial decisions. She has to consult a neighbor, or her minister, call on the doctor, or ring up her husband, before she can decide anything. As near as I can find out, her parents failed to teach her how to bear responsibility when she was young. Her mother was always right by her. She tells me that she was never even permitted to wash the dishes entirely alone, or cook anything on her own responsibility. Parents make a great mistake in not very early teaching children to bear responsibility, make decisions, take the initiative, and to go through with things alone.

NOW, there is only one way to cure indecision, and that is to make decisions. Sounds obvious, but most truth is. If you have a tendency toward indecision, go and deliberately put yourself where you will have to decide things. Don't talk and hedge—act. You'll make wrong decisions occasionally. But don't let a few mistakes faze you. Decide, and act.

We are constantly meeting folks who are worried almost to death over some physical peculiarity—their noses are too big, or there is something wrong with their eyes, or their eyebrows; maybe their chins aren't just right, their Adam's apple works like an elevator, or their hair begins to fall out.

We must remember that we are not to blame for the physiques we have, except as we fail to take care of them and make the best of what our ancestors wished on us. The world is full of all kinds of people, and, generally speaking, we are no more defective or deficient than the average run of folks.

Then we have another group of people who are constantly picking on themselves spiritually, morally. They think they are not so good as other folks. Of course they probably would resent it if anyone else made the comment; but they seem to get a great deal of consolation out of condemning themselves. I don't doubt this glorified pseudo-humility gives them a great deal of satisfaction. But it's bad business.

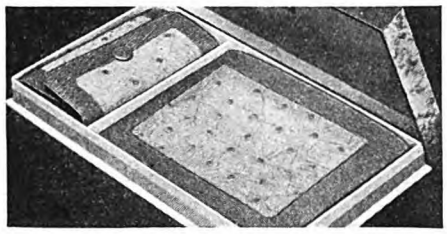
If you belong to this group, keep your eyes on the great patterns and ideals, and quit picking on yourself. Develop a religion that is based on "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

Another group of people who go through life, stepping softly and fearfully, are those who feel inferior through lack of education. Just because they are not high-school or college graduates they are afraid to express an opinion. The time has come when you should realize that by reading and studying you can possess yourself of all the facts that any high-school or college graduate has, and that by mingling with the world and gaining *practical experience* you get something which none of them have, unless they obtain it after their school days.

If your town has a public library, you have an education right there on its shelves as far as book knowledge is concerned; but, remember, real education, real culture, consists in the development of the character, as an outgrowth of mingling and associating with your fellow men.

Not long ago I had a patient who told me he felt very small and insignificant among his friends because they were constantly talking about geology. I gave him a list of three or four books, and told him

A gift he will cherish



Find-ex and Key Kaddy in beautiful sets of matched leather, $7, in a handsome gift box. FIND-EX alone, $5. Key Kaddy, $2.

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FIND-EX

THE new Amity *FIND-EX* is more than just a pocketbook.

It provides a remarkably convenient way of carrying automobile licenses, cards, photos, tickets and memoranda, in clean, removable envelopes that instantly slide into view by means of a self-indexing pocket.

A firm, red divider separates the new, small-sized bills soon to be issued from the present large currency.

FIND-EX is made in six beautiful leathers, plain, hand tooled or with laced edges. You can buy it alone in an attractive gift box or in matched sets of *FIND-EX* and Key Kaddy.

Other Amity gifts include wallets, bill-folds, Key Kaddies, cigarette cases, and ladies' hand-bags. You will find them at leather-goods dealers, drug stores, department stores, stationers, men's clothiers and jewelers.

Send for interesting "Book of Amity" No. 22, showing *FIND-EX* and other Amity products. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

This patented divider in the bill-fold compartment of Find-ex will keep the new small-sized currency separate from the larger bills.

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AMITY

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When they cut the pay roll

—will you be hunting for another job?

It usually comes like a bolt from the blue—

You are called into the manager's office—he looks troubled, worried—reluctantly he explains that business isn't holding up, he has more men than he needs. *And what can he do?*

Suddenly it dawns on you that you're being politely told you're *through!*

You're cut off—and you've got to start selling your ability in competition with thousands of other men in the same fix!

Make Sure of Your Future Now through Practical Home-Study Training

WHAT assurance is yours that when the "axe" falls, it will not hit you?

What assurance is yours that if you are suddenly thrown out of employment—through no fault of yours—you can always get back in, at an attractive salary?

Thousands of men—in every large city in America—are face to face with that problem now.

Upon some the "axe" has already fallen. They are trying as best they can to sell their services, yet they find themselves faced with the fact that the market is flooded with men who can offer just as much as they.

Men Who Are Never Fired —Steadily Promoted

For thousands of others, however, the "axe" has not the slightest terror. Regardless of how drastically their employers chop the pay roll, they know they will steadily advance—either with the companies they now are serving or with others which need precisely what they have to offer.

For how can it be otherwise?

Suppose, for example, you could point to some twenty-seven suggestions you had already made to your company, representing savings from $20 to $75 daily—as did J. R. Hollingsworth, in charge of a shift of men at one of the big factories in Akron . . .

Or suppose, as a trained salesman, you could increase the sales in your territory 50 per cent—as did I. A. Gould, district manager for Michigan for the Smith Agricultural Chemical Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Or suppose that the balance sheet of your employer showed that—through your knowledge, as accountant, of the various factors that determine the success of a business enterprise—you had turned a loss into a profit—as did E. W. Neir, manager of the Hotel Rowe, Grand Rapids.

Or suppose you could demonstrate specialized ability in Personnel Management, say, or Business Correspondence, or any one of a dozen other attractive fields of business where good men are always in demand and where proved ability quickly finds its reward in increased responsibility and increased pay.

How could any business man who was blessed with sense be persuaded to part with your services—*when very clearly those services were showing him a handsome profit!*

Are you one of those men who wake up to their needs only when unemployment stares them in the face?

Can you afford to side-step so important a matter any longer—when at home, without losing an hour from work or a dollar of pay, you can *make your position sure, can steadily equip yourself for greater earning power?*

The Secret of Success —Preparedness

On the coupon indicate the training that most clearly meets your need—fill in your name, address and present position, and place the coupon in the mail.

It will bring you—free—an attractive book clearly outlining the opportunities in the business field of your choice, together with a free copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the book that has started thousands of men on the shorter path to a bigger income.

Do you mean what you say when you say that you want to get ahead?

Prove it by what you do with this coupon—NOW!

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- ☐ Higher Accountancy
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I would give him ninety days to get posted on the subject. At the end of that time my friend was ready to talk to any college professor on geology. He can pick up a stone any time, and tell you its origin, history, and destiny. Inferiority complex! He's forgotten he ever had one.

Quit bemoaning the knowledge you have lost by not going to school, because you can easily make up for that by study. There is no excuse for having an inferiority complex regarding education and intellectual attainments. If you are lacking in anything, get busy and acquire it.

That's the method by which we brought a backward, bashful, reticent woman out of her shell. Her personality was absolutely stunted. By getting her to read periodicals on current events, and digesting the newspapers daily, we have put her in a position where she can discuss intelligently the things that are going on in the world today. We taught her to initiate conversations, and discreetly to direct topics along the lines she feels competent to discuss. She is emerging from her shell in a wonderful fashion.

ONE of the most pathetic cases of inferiority complexes that I've run across is that of a grown lad whose mother, a widow, kept him so tied to her apron strings that he's a regular "sissy." One day when he did make his escape and went out to play ball, the boys all laughed and shouted, "Oh, look at him! Henry throws just like a girl." He never tried to play ball again.

Poor Henry—he never had a childhood, from a boy's standpoint. Fortunately, his mother has begun to see the light and has consented that Henry leave her for a year or two. We are going to pack him off to a camp first, so as to get him acclimated to a vigorous outdoor life; then we'll send him to school, where, we hope, his schoolmates will finish the work of severing the apron strings.

Parents make a great mistake in oversheltering and over-protecting their children. Give them a chance to think, to act, to decide; encourage it, indeed force it. Don't let your children grow up as mollycoddles.

One of the first things a person with a tendency to an inferiority complex should learn is to be a *good loser*. You know we can't always be on top of the heap, and it is a wonderful help in overcoming this tendency to pick on yourself, to get accustomed to the idea that you are going to lose occasionally. This is why I like to see young people play games, go into athletics, and join debating groups at school.

Moreover, we shall have less to pick on ourselves about if we treat most of the passing events in life as relatively trivial. Don't, when you have done your best, indulge in useless and unfair criticism of yourself. Condemnation of this sort is weakening both physically and morally.

One of the best codes of living I know was prescribed by Edward Everett Hale:

> To look up and not down,
> To look forward and not back,
> To look out and not in, and
> To lend a hand.

This prescription, closely followed, will cure any case of inferiority complex, no matter of how long standing.

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Four Speeds Forward

[Two High Speeds Standard Gear Shift]

Driving with four speeds forward, you have *two* high speeds instead of one. The gear shift is standard—you start in second, advance to third, and then to fourth. First is a reserve speed, instantly available, but seldom used. Four speeds forward give a new thrill to motoring—which we invite you to enjoy.

Joseph B. Graham
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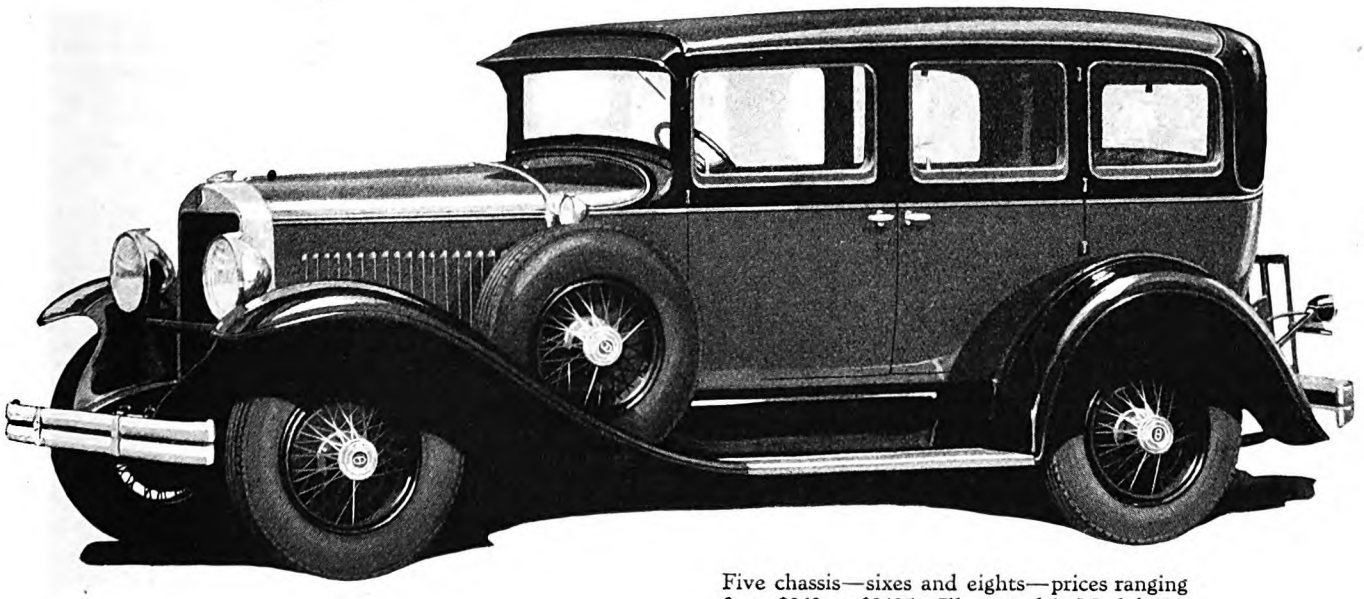

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Illustrated is Model 614, 5-passenger Sedan, $1295. (Wire wheels extra). All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

GRAHAM-PAIGE

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Fair Ellen, the Sightless—and Happy

(*Continued from page 22*)

nine tenths of the time. Sometimes, of course, she is with the other dogs or with us humans of Sunnybank. But, for the most part, she is alone. Alone, not lonely; for she has a score of odd interests and pursuits and games which she shares with none of her fellows. I will tell you more about these, in a few minutes, if I may.

Having doomed the blind puppy to live, I felt responsible for her future. I set to work trying to teach her to navigate the huge unseen world lying outside the wire meshes of the puppy yard. I looked forward to a tediously long and hard task. It was absurdly easy.

I began by going on short walks with her around the grounds, trying to familiarize her with the lay of the land. Just at first she bumped into countless obstacles, before I could come between her and them. But I noticed—as earlier, in the puppy yard—that never did she collide with the same obstacle a second time. She had an uncanny memory for locations and for the spots where she had suffered collision.

Having traversed any ground once, she remembered where were the trees and rocks and other things into which her furry head had banged on her first experience with them.

THERE are dogs, a few of them, that need to be told a thing only once, in order to remember it forever. Such a dog was our great old Sunnybank Lad. Such a dog was his dashing gold-red son, Wolf. Such a dog was my chum, Bobby. Such a dog, from another angle, is Sunnybank Fair Ellen. But it was experience, and not mere human precepts, which taught Ellen.

In a very few weeks she had learned the layout of our forty acres of land; on what portions of it she might romp or gallop with no danger of collision; and where she must needs pick her way slowly and with infinite caution.

I remember the first day when she and I came to the foot of the lawn at the lake's edge. She sniffed the imperceptible (to me) odor of the water. Then, step by step she made her way down into it. The average collie does not care much for swimming. But Ellen did not hesitate as she moved farther and farther out along the gently sloping bed of the lake.

Presently, she was swimming; and swimming calmly and well; straight out. For perhaps two hundred feet she swam; seeming to realize there was no obstruction anywhere in front of her. Then she hesitated, lifting her head high and in evident confusion. I could guess why. In the water, of course, there was no way of scenting her direction, nor of guessing whither she might be going. Thus, by her over-developed sense of hearing, she was trying to learn her whereabouts.

I called her by name. At the sound, she wheeled about and swam in an absolutely straight line toward me; unerringly conning her direction by that single quietly-spoken word. As her exploring feet touched the gravel and she started to walk in shore, her toes came in contact with a somewhat sharp underwater rock. She swerved and walked around it.

Nor, from that day, has she touched this rock in wading ashore or in launching herself for a swim. Again and again I have taken her down to the lake at that point. Always she has moved to one side of the sharp rock.

NEXT, I took her—first alone and then with the rest of the dogs—on increasingly long tramps through the forests back of Sunnybank; and among the mountains. This was strange territory to Ellen; and I made it as easy as I could for her by picking trails instead of direct cross-country walks.

I slowed my pace, to enable her to keep up with me in the funny exploratory gait she had taught herself, a choppy wolf-trot; the head a little to one side and with the forelegs thrown far forward so as to give warning of any obstacle. (At even the light touch of some weed in her line of advance she halts at once, to avert collision.) Soon she mastered and vastly enjoyed the art of making her way through woodland and up and down hill at my heels, guided by scent and the sound of my step.

When the other dogs went along, their scent and multiple tread made it easier for her to keep the trail or to go through light undergrowth.

On one of these tramps I entered Sunnybank by way of a patch of oak woods whose ingress was a high gate. I unlocked and opened this gate, calling the twelve or fourteen collies through with me. They trooped into the woodland, and I shut and locked the gate behind us.

Two or three hours later, one of the men came to me at feeding time to tell me Fair Ellen was nowhere to be found. On a hunch, I went to the patch of woods and on to the gate of the fence which forms the northernmost boundary of Sunnybank, the gate I had locked behind the dogs and myself.

There, close against the gate, on its far side, stood Fair Ellen, head and tail adroop; the picture of patient misery.

Evidently, she had stopped to investigate some sound or scent while we were tramping; and thus had fallen behind the pack. I had not noticed her absence from the bunch of collies which romped through the gateway with me. She had followed easily enough, until she had reached the locked gate.

There, deserted and unable to proceed farther, she had come to a standstill. Instead of retracing her steps, and thus crossing the furlong-distance highroad (and possibly coming to grief under a motor's careless or pitiless wheels) or otherwise trying to find her way out of the quandary, she had stood there for nearly three hours unhappy, lonesome, but with sense enough to know it was the only safe or sane thing for her to do.

I opened the gate for her and she frisked up to me in half-delirious delight. To me there was something rather touching in the helpless little blind dog's long vigil there in the woods. I have taken care that such a thing should never happen again.

Of all the Sunnybank dogs, Fair Ellen is the only one not taught from puppyhood to obey implicitly and on the jump. One cannot discipline a blind dog. At least, *I* can't. No, she has never been taught to obey nor to do anything else. It is enough for us, here, that she is happy. Thus, she has gone wholly uneducated by us.

In spite of that, she has educated herself along her own queer lines, and to a very marked degree. For one thing, she obeys by instinct; unenforced by human scoldings or punishment or insistence. These she has not known and never shall know. She comes, immediately, at call. That is all I have asked of her, and I have not insisted on that.

But, by reason of her wonderful memory, she comes to me in a roundabout fashion; and with seemingly unnecessary detours. There is reason for these detours. I have told you her avoidance of any object with which she has collided. A workman, perhaps, has left a wheelbarrow standing somewhere in the space between the house and the stables. Ellen has run up against it; to her pain and chagrin. (She is morbidly and increasingly sensitive about such collisions; and she moves her blind head from side to side, as though to find out if anyone is laughing at her mishap—which nobody yet has had the remotest impulse to do.) The next time she is trotting along that particular spot where the wheelbarrow was left, she detours widely, to miss it. She does not know it has been removed, and she is taking no chances.

Suppose she is near the upper kennel yards; and I call her to her own kennel down by the stables: she will set out in a curving approach; detouring where once she ran into a box of groceries left near the kitchen door; detouring again to avoid the aforesaid non-present wheelbarrow; and yet again, perhaps, as she passes alongside the woodpile, where once a displaced fallen log cost her a bad bump.

A STRANGER seeing her would be at a loss to guess the cause of her erratic course. But—laugh at this, if you want to—there are far fewer farm utensils, and the like left carelessly out of place here than there used to be.

This because everyone at Sunnybank hates to see the blind dog smash against something in her path; and to note the ensuing cringe and that piteous sightless look to every side to learn if the accident has been seen and laughed at.

When things are in their rightful place, she knows by experience how to steer clear of them. It is up to us humans to see none of these are left in her way. The result is an added neatness or, rather, orderliness—out of consideration for Ellen.

When Ellen was barely a year old, her first puppies were born. The vet had examined her eyes, again, carefully; and he gave professional opinion that her blindness would not be transmittable. It was not.

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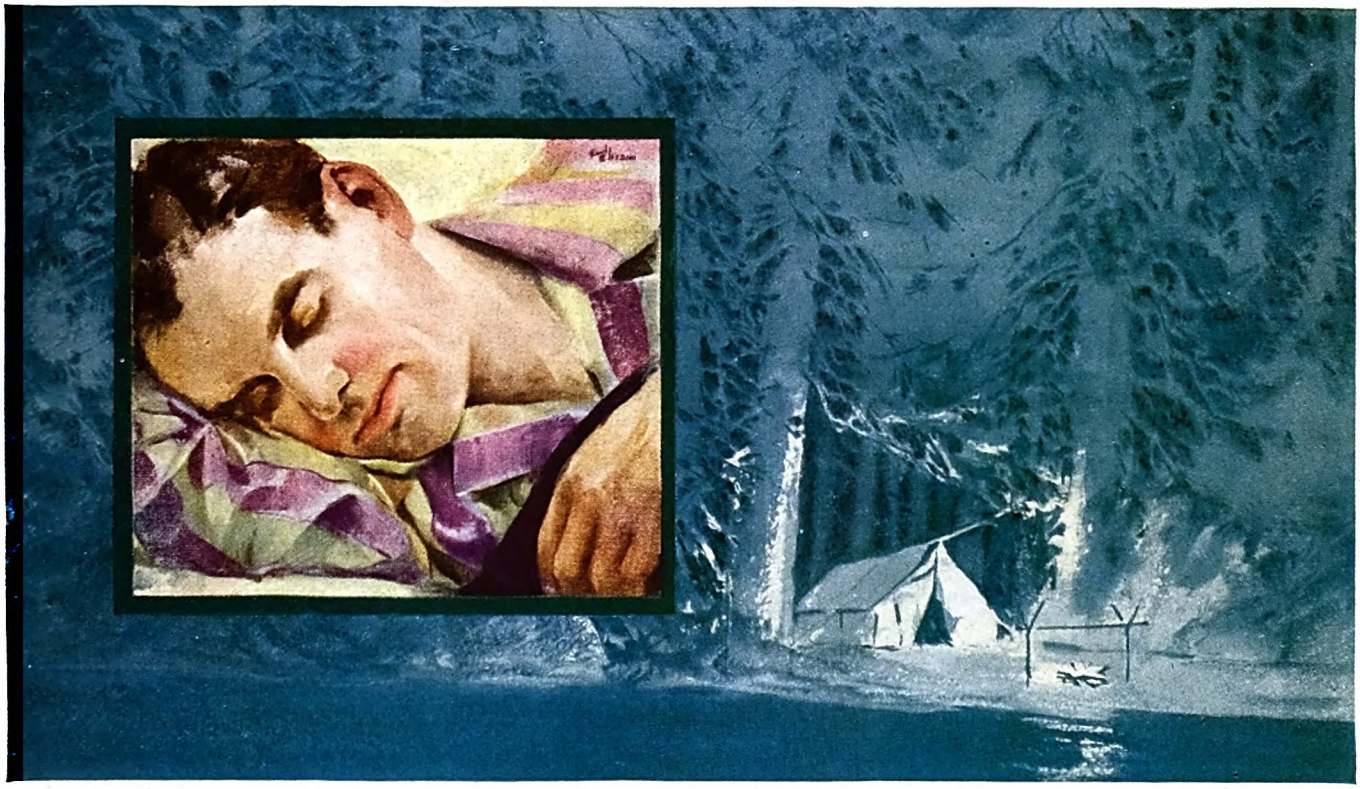
TO MAKE DELICIOUS COCOA QUICKLY

The best and easiest way to make Baker's Cocoa is to mix 4 tablespoons of cocoa with 2 to 4 tablespoons of sugar and a dash of salt in a saucepan. Add to it 1 cup of cold water and stir it over the direct heat until it is smooth; boil two minutes. Then add 3 cups of milk, and heat. Beat well, using rotary egg beater and serve at once. This makes 4 cups.

The "good night" drink for city dwellers *who want the peaceful sleep of the out-of-doors*



Do you ever lie awake at night, tossing in bed, listening to the measured ticking of the clock, praying for the sweet release of sleep?

Civilization sets a rapid pace. Peaceful sleep is necessary to our health and welfare. Anything that disturbs it is a menace.

There is a growing revolt against drinking beverages at night that are known to interfere with sleep. Men and women are realizing the folly of a habit that exposes them to all the tortures of insomnia.

Thousands are turning to Baker's Cocoa as their evening drink. Made according to the wholesome recipe above, with its generous supply of milk, it is a delicious food beverage. It gives nourishment for the long fast of the night, its warmth tends to soothe the nerves and encourage restful sleep.

If the beverage you have been drinking at night causes wakefulness, try Baker's Cocoa. It is so easy to make and its creamy, chocolate flavor will appeal to all the family. No need now to prepare a special drink for the children. Baker's Cocoa has the endorsement of experts on child feeding. A cup of it contains the kind of nourishment that children need in order to attain Optimal Health, the new physical ideal of childhood.

Judges of Quality and Flavor Agree that Baker's Stands Supreme

Made from the world's choicest cocoa beans, with the strictest regard for purity and flavor, Baker's Cocoa has set the standard ever since 1780. Its nutritive value is well beyond government specifications. A recent vote reveals that 82% of domestic science teachers, 78% of professional nurses, 79% of home demonstration agents prefer Baker's for its pre-eminent quality and excellence. One steaming, fragrant cup will convince you of Baker's matchless quality and flavor.

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Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate (Premium No. 1) is universally used whenever the recipe calls for chocolate.

STANDARD OF QUALITY SINCE 1780

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SHE — *I've checked the list . . . parachutes . . . coffee . . . sandwiches . . .*

HE — *And cigarettes . . . don't forget the Chesterfields!*

Chesterfield cigarettes are mild . . . not strong or harsh. Chesterfield cigarettes have character . . . they are not insipid or tasteless.

The tobaccos in Chesterfield cigarettes are blended and cross-blended in a different way from other cigarettes and *the blend can't be copied.*

They are MILD . . . yes, mild enough for anybody . . . and yet . . . they SATISFY.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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The pups were born five days before we expected them. I came home from a dog show, to find her in the broodnest, surrounded by ten husky and lively newborn babies. One of the men had been staying with her until the rest of us should return from the show. I saw at once that there was stark need for somebody to sit up with Ellen and her youngsters, all night.

Not only was she densely ignorant as to handling the new situation, but the night was bitter cold; and she was in wild excitement. Her nerves were on edge. Every sound made her leap barking to her feet, at risk of trampling the helpless puppies, and at a certainty of exposing them to the icy weather. Warmth and dryness are the two chief needs of any newborn animal. Unless I was prepared to lose the whole promising litter, someone must spend the night in the broodnest.

My men were tired. Though they volunteered to take turns at the all-night vigil, I preferred to handle the job myself. So, with a box to sit on and a flashlight for occasional use, and with a soft blanket to cover the young mother and her brood, I went down to the broodnest shed.

Sunnybank Gray Dawn followed me. I shut the door on him as Ellen leaped up in defensive wrath at sound of his step. The big dog stood (*stood*, not sat or lay) just outside the shed door, all night long, on guard and waiting for me to come out. In the morning he was stiff with cold and inaction, and his mighty silver coat was white with hoarfrost.

During that long and wakefully chilly night, Fair Ellen and I grew to be even better acquainted with each other than before. I found that my voice could quiet her; so I talked much, in a low and droning tone; bringing her name into my meaningless discourse at every few words.

But words were not enough. At any sound from outside, Ellen would try to spring up. Thus always it was necessary to be ready with a firmly gentle hand to hold her down in the reclining position wherein I had settled her; and to see that the vainly clawing feet did not hit against any of the ten puppies. The blanket, too, must be readjusted every little while to make certain it still covered the group without smothering any of them. It was not a wholly pleasant night, either for Ellen or for myself. The pups were comfortable.

AT FIRST Ellen seemed to have no idea what or whose the ten squeaking and squirming rat-size babies were. She sniffed doubtfully at them; and she was strongly inclined to resent their familiarity in nuzzling and snuggling so insistently against her furry underbody. Again and again I had to lift back into place one and another of the pups which her indignant nose shoved far away from the warmth and nourishment it craved.

After perhaps four or five hours of this, Ellen began bit by bit to understand. The mother-instinct was waking in her. Tentatively at first, then with loving zest, her pink tongue licked the squirmy infants from head to foot. As an experiment, at last I moved a puppy some inches away from her. Crooning softly, Ellen nuzzled the baby back against her side.

Later, one of the kennel dogs barked. Ellen started to leap up; careless of where her flying feet might land. But, before my restraining hand could touch her, she cuddled down among her brood again, laughably cautious lest she crush one of the unseen ten.

Then I knew my work was done. Instinct was coming to life; fast and powerfully. Ellen had solved her new and tenfold problem.

I stayed there, in the broodnest, until my superintendent came at sunrise to take my place. But, for the final hour or two I had nothing to do; though much to watch. Ellen's belated care and pride for her babies was pretty to see. She brooded over them worriedly; crooning and licking and nuzzling; she who herself was scarcely more than a puppy. But she was a born mother in tenderness and in maternal wisdom.

HITHERTO, she had been one of the gentlest of dogs. But while her puppies remained in the broodnest, she constituted herself a guardian demon. Every other animal and nearly every human was on the suspected list, as having possible murderous designs on her ten youngsters.

She would dash forth, raveningly, at any dog that strayed within fifty feet of the nest. No non-accredited human could set foot in the shed with any hope of escaping attack. The traditional "Tigress Defending her Whelps" was as a cooing dove compared with the furious little blind dog. Her very blindness seemed to give her an added dread of danger to her babies.

When the pudgy and strong puppies were six weeks old, and wholly weaned, we transferred them from the broodnest to the biggest puppy yard. Ellen had grown philosophical about their eating from food dishes and about strangers coming to look at them. True, she still flew in ire at any dog which came close to the shed but, apart from that, she had relaxed her early vigilance.

But when the pups moved into the big yard, away from her, she fell victim to another maternal hallucination. She was convinced that the ten were in peril of starving to death. Wherefore, she scoured the grounds daily for food for them. She robbed other kennel houses and yards. She even nosed her way into the forbidden territory of the kitchen in quest of food.

She would seize anything and everything remotely edible, and scurry off with it to the puppy yard. There, unseeingly, she would strive to shove the gift in between the close wire meshes of the fence. Failing, she would lay it against the wire in evident hope that the pups might be able to drag it inside.

One day I found no fewer than eighteen big bones, in varying stages of undesirableness—some coated with earth and presumably buried long ago by forgetful collies—all propped against the lowest wire panel of the yard fence. Ranged beside them were several crusts and a whole stolen loaf of fresh bread. Ellen had worked hard, that day; and she had collected much.

Remember, please, that she had found and gathered and arranged this unsavory collection of food without the aid of sight.

The puppies at that time were eating five big meals a day, and were as fat as butter-balls. Thus, they eyed with only the mildest academic interest their mother's assortment of food gifts. But this lack of appreciation did not deter Ellen. For more than a month she continued her daily hard labor of finding and carrying to them the various bones and other provender that she could amass.

(Yet they say the ancestral foraging instinct for their young is extinct in domesticated dog-mothers! Why, it exists even in male dogs! Gray Dawn at one time decided that a litter of overfed baby collies in that same puppy yard were starving; and he spent days in bringing them unwanted food.)

It was nearly a year before Ellen would cease from her habit of dashing in angry warning at any dog which chanced to be nosing around the broodnest door; though the pups she had reared there were now grown dogs and some of them were among the collies she still insisted on driving away from her olden nest.

Guests at Sunnybank have noted an amusing trait among our collies in their behavior to Ellen. They are given to rough romping with one another. But when Ellen romps with them, there is a sharply noticeable change in their roughness. One and all, they show a marked gentleness toward her; not only in their play but at other times. I don't explain this. But it is true. I cannot vouch that they understand she is different from themselves and that she is not able to play as boisterously. But I can give no other reason for their instant change of attitude whenever she comes into any of their games.

It is the same when—as of late years occasionally happens—some mishap will stir Ellen to a momentary gust of temper. She will charge at the dog whose unintended jostling caused the flurry of vexation; and will attack him or her fiercely. The other dog does not fight back; but stands patiently waiting for the brief assault to end. Yet the dogs show no such meek resignation when a non-blind comrade challenges one of them to battle.

I bought a handsome and large female collie two years ago. She and the rest of our dogs got on very comfortably together. When we had had her for perhaps two months, she incurred Ellen's anger in some way. The blind dog charged the newcomer. The latter, though surprised by the attack, fought back right gamely.

In less than two seconds, three of our other female collies had flung themselves upon the new dog; bearing her to the ground and mauling her savagely. They had taken Ellen's battle upon themselves; rushing to the rescue of their blind friend.

I HAVE spoken of Ellen's unerring sureness in following the direction of my voice when she swims. Never have I seen or known of any other animal with so marvelous a sense of direction.

For example: several of our pigeons will fly homeward to their cote, and their course will bring them into earshot of Fair Ellen. Immediately, barking in excitement at the game, she gives chase. Sometimes for a hundred yards or more she can follow directly beneath them,

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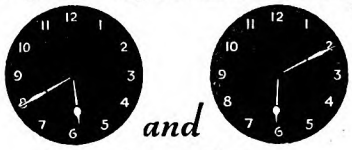
Gets dark early



and

light late — these *are* Radiolite nights and mornings

Two watches in one . . . a day watch and a night watch . . . time service during every hour of the twenty-four . . . that's what you get in an Ingersoll Radiolite. It tells time in the dark, besides having the Ingersoll qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks. Now that nights are long and mornings dark your Radiolite will be more useful than ever. If not at your dealer's, sent postpaid.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Ingersoll

RADIOLITES

Tell Time in the Dark

Yankee Radiolite $2.25
The "Old Reliable". Sturdy and dependable, with many good looks features. Plain dial model, $1.50.

Wrist Radiolite $4.00
A wrist watch made to keep its dependability and good looks under conditions of hard service. Millions in use. Plain dial model, $3.50.

Alarm Clocks, too
Ingersoll alarm clocks have the Ingersoll qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks. The TYPE-R Jr., as illustrated, is a dainty bedroom clock, and now comes in jade green and rose pink moiré finish as well as nickel. The TYPE-T in plain dial at $1.50, comes in four charming colors to harmonize with kitchen color schemes.

TYPE-R Jr. Radiolite $4.50
Plain dial . . . $3.25
TYPE-T Radiolite . $2.25
Plain dial . . . $1.50

changing her own course, instantly, when they wheel or when their flight shifts. Always, she remains precisely below them. The soft winnowing of their wings—often too faint for human ears to catch it—is her guide.

Here in the hill-and-lake region of northern New Jersy, thunderstorms are frequent. Some of the collies do not like these storms. Some pay no heed at all to them. Ellen loves them. They fill her with a gay exaltation. She barks in clangorous delight at every peal of thunder.

Among the hills, it is impossible for the human ear to locate at once the direction of a scarce-heard distant mutter of thunder; or for us to guess, by the sound, from what point of the compass the far-off storm is approaching. But Ellen is never at a loss about this. At the first growling whisper of the miles-away thunder, she gallops toward it in a straight line; barking and wildly wagging her tail.

One day last summer, I was out with some of the dogs, not far from the stables, when a sudden tropical downpour of rain sluiced us. I ran for the nearest shed; the collies with me. From its shelter I looked back to see Fair Ellen standing bewilderedly out on the lawn. The swirl and heavy beat of the rain had puzzled her. She was trying to get her bearings. I whistled to her. Immediately she trotted toward me (detouring once, en route, at a spot where, a week earlier, she had run against a guest's motor car), as if glad for a directing sound to guide her.

When she was still fifty feet from me she swung abruptly to the right and broke into a mad gallop, barking at the top of her lungs. At least three seconds later, from the direction in which she was rushing came a deafening explosion of thunder. There had been no preliminary rumble. It was one of those cannon-like thunder-reports which sometimes are part of a tropic storm. Yet, three seconds before it came to my ears, Ellen either heard or foretold it; and charged toward it.

HER sense of hearing is so acute that she can hear me slip my hand into the side pocket of my shooting coat, where lie several animal crackers. To me the gesture is inaudible. She can hear it from a distance of ten or twelve feet.

I carry such titbits in my side pocket as a rule, for the dogs. They have learned from puppyhood to associate the motion of my hand toward my pocket as an invitation. Thus, in the show ring, the same pocketward motion of mine brings them to the alert "attention" called for by dog-show judges in examining collies. When I am out walking with the Sunnybank dogs, that gesture brings them around me, in eager expectancy.

I noticed, long ago, that Ellen joined this anticipatory circle. I supposed it was because she heard the other dogs coming around me; and that she knew from experience what to expect. But one day I tried it when no dog but Ellen was with me. She hurried up to me and stood waiting eagerly for food. When I delayed in producing it, she put her forepaws on my hip and nosed at the pocket. (Charles Livingston Bull, who drew the portrait of Ellen that accompanies this article, noted several times that she could hear, from a distance of ten to twenty feet, the moving of his soft pencil across the drawing board.)

She has evolved queer little elfin games to play; all by herself—pathetically futile little games, perhaps; but self-taught. All her education is self-taught and she has learned much. One self-invented game of hers is neither pathetic nor elfin; but it is based on a shrewd knowledge of fellow-collie nature:

Ellen has the free run of the whole place whenever the lodge gates are closed. When the other dogs are lying in their shaded kennel yards after their day's three-hour run, Ellen sometimes decides merrily to inflict upon them the blackest affront known to colliedom. Therefore, she gallops along the outside of each yard, at top speed, close to the wires, barking a blithe invitation to the dogs to join her. Now, for a free dog to gallop thus, just outside an imprisoned dog's yard is not only a reminder of the latter's inability to get out but is also a right unsportsmanly taunt.

IT IS a signal for every dog, thus insulted, to burst into furious barking and to try to break out of his erstwhile contentful yard. The result is a hideous wholesale cacophony of barks and yells; which delights Ellen almost as much as does a thunderstorm. Day after day she does this, for a half-hour at a time, until a shout from me stops the horrible game.

I have had several good cash offers for Fair Ellen from professional breeders. For her pups are of splendidly high quality; and not one of them has inherited her blindness. But I have refused them all. Here she shall stay, at Sunnybank, until life no longer continues to amuse and interest her as keenly as always it has.

But the day seems far off; despite a certain troubled sensitiveness which has assailed her recently at long intervals, and which sends her moping back to her kennel when she chances to collide with any obstructions or when another of the dogs jostles her accidentally. For the most part she is joyously happy.

I think perhaps I could have achieved wonderful things with Ellen, had I made any effort to train her. For she learns with lightning speed; and her queer brain is ever busy. I might have trained her into a Blind Prodigy. But I am well content to have left her as she is. And, in a way, she has been an example both to the humans and to the dogs of Sunnybank; ridiculous as that may sound to you.

After all, isn't it better to be happy than to be talented? Perhaps not. But that is the choice in life that I made for Sunnybank Fair Ellen.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, of Yale University, gave Edgar A. Guest a recipe for happiness. Mr. Guest studied it, followed it to the letter, and the results were so beneficial that he thought it worth while to incorporate them in an article, "No One Can Steal my Happiness Away from Me." Next month we pass on to you Professor Phelps's recipe for happiness embellished with Mr. Guest's philosophy.

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You'll never tolerate your old mattress once you know the comforts of

Spring-Air

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Spring-Air is a flexible mattress of lasting beauty, consitsing of a light pad and separate all-steel cushions in sanitary ticking covers. An 8-year-old child can carry it upstairs.

A new thrill awaits you—the thrill that comes from experiencing an entirely new sensation in sleep comfort. A mattress has finally been perfected that makes you sleep completely relaxed. It takes the form of your body, supporting you with an airy buoyancy, cushioning you with a downy softness. Never will you know the luxury of such comfort until you have actually experienced it.

This new mattress is called "Spring-Air". So interesting is its construction, so far advanced are its features, that a booklet, "Sleeping Relaxed" has been specially written to give all the details. Send for it—today, before you sleep another night on your old mattress.

Spring-Air is so light in weight, so easy to handle that to carry it upstairs or down is merely child's play! So flexible that you can roll it up under your arm! So sanitary that you can remove the covers as easily as you do a pillow slip! So durable that it is guaranteed for 20 years—five times the useful life of an ordinary good mattress.

Think of the superior comfort this mattress gives—and then consider that you can buy Spring-Air direct—for less than the price of a common mattress.

Spring-Air asks only for a trial—the same kind of a trial that in two years has led over 600 of the leading hotels and hospitals to enthusiastically laud its many benefits. Not a penny do we want you to pay until you have slept for ten nights on the mattress praised by America's foremost sleep critics—the mattress about which Mr. Augustus Nulle, Managing Director of New York's Waldorf-Astoria, voluntarily writes:

"After using Spring-Air on my own bed for a number of months, I am glad to say that I consider it more than is claimed for it."

Because Spring-Air is the most costly of mattresses to manufacture, leading stores have had to sell it for upwards of $60.00. Now you can buy it direct just like the hotels and hospitals do for $38.50 ($41.50 west of Denver)—a saving of more than $20.00. Even an ordinary mattress costs more. No longer is Spring-Air luxury reserved for the wealthy few—now everyone can enjoy its marvelous comfort.

To deny yourself the comfort and convenience of Spring-Air is to miss the joy and benefit of relaxed sleep. If only you could awake from the sleep that washes away sallowness, keeps the sparkle in your eyes, puts the spring in your step, gives you the poise that is true charm—you'd never, never tolerate your old mattress for another night. Let the free booklet "Sleeping Relaxed" give you all the facts. Mail the coupon now.

Charm A Gift of

Keep it: Spring Air

KARR COMPANY
HOLLAND · MICHIGAN · U·S·A

A Statement by the Inventor

Spring-Air is the outgrowth of my lifelong specializing in the improvement of cushions and bedding. Over forty-five years of experimental labor preceded its perfection. More than thirty patents have been granted to me in the course of its development. Now that my life's ambition is achieved I am happy in the thought that millions will eventually know the joy and benefit of relaxed sleep—*Francis Karr*

MAIL THIS

KARR COMPANY, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

Gentlemen: It ought to be worth a great deal to me to discover how I can always enjoy the correct sleep diet. So please send me your booklet, "Sleeping Relaxed"—without obligation, of course.

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Address.....

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"You Can't Buy Bed-Comfort by the Pound" A1128

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Have You Got . . .

New Blade Fallacy?

It's almost an epidemic, this idea that a new blade must be good because it is *new*. Millions of men are missing their best chance for really good shaves because they believe that a new blade is ready for shaving when they unwrap it.

A new blade that left the factory in A1 condition is liable not to reach you with a perfect shaving edge. The fine ground edge of a highly tempered blade seldom stays put for long. That's why a new blade should be stropped and why stropping makes such a difference.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver. Twinplex soon pays for itself.

You will be proud to own the new Twinplex Aristocrat at $4.00 or Deluxe at $5.00. Either will be a classy and serviceable Christmas present for your particular friends. Other attractive models at $2.50 and $3.50 at your dealers.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10c for it and we will also send you FREE one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, just to show you what real shaving is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1602 Locust Street, Saint Louis

New York — Montreal
London — Chicago

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

The Skyscrapers of New York Rest on Breuchaud's Genius

(*Continued from page 35*)

indicate the true character of the man today. He is every inch a fighter, and his hard-won victories have always had more than a personal significance.

Indeed, the chances are that somewhere the trail of Jules Breuchaud crosses your trail. He has built subways to carry you swiftly and safely under the unimaginable weight of cities. He has financed the Ford Instrument Company, which helps keep the United States Navy abreast of other fleets in controlling gun-fire on battleships and airplanes. Through his system of plant cultures, he has vastly improved certain food supplies. By the construction of dams and aqueducts he has brought water to millions. He has made it possible for cities to dispose profitably of their waste material through the Decarie Incinerating System, which he imported from Italy. He has entertained and informed thousands with his newspaper, the "Richmond Times-Dispatch."

"Most people count themselves fortunate if they have one important achievement to their credit. Jules Breuchaud has contributed in a dozen different ways toward the development of our country. Perhaps his two major accomplishments are these:

1. *He is the godfather of the skyscraper*, for his invention of our modern system of underpinning made it possible to build skyscrapers and to excavate even in the most treacherous soil.

2. *He supplied New York City with water at a time when a water famine was imminent*, by building the New Croton Dam, which holds thirty-two billion gallons of water. This dam when it was finished was the largest piece of solid masonry work in the world, with the exception of the pyramids.

Mr. Breuchaud believes whole-heartedly in a diversity of interests and activities.

"The man who confines his mind and his energies to one thing is likely to grow stale, and fall into a rut," he said to me. "Not only in engineering, but in all other walks of life it is necessary to have the spirit fresh, the mind flexible. Keeping in a rut is the pace that kills."

JULES was born in New York City, on White Street, in 1857. His father was a merchant of Swiss birth. His mother was of the same nationality. A stanch, firm woman she was, with plenty of common sense.

For nine years the boy knew nothing but happiness. But one wild night, off Cape Hatteras, the ship "Evening Star" went to the bottom in a storm. She carried with her Jules's father—and every penny he possessed.

The elder Breuchaud was on his way from New York to New Orleans, and had taken all his funds with him, intending to employ them in a careful investment. But the money which was to clothe and feed and educate his son was, by some strange caprice of fate, sucked down to the floor of the sea.

Jules, his mother's sole remaining solace, was forced to develop a man's resourcefulness almost overnight. The only way he could earn money at that time was by selling papers on the New York streets after school.

"I was very proud," Mr. Breuchaud said, "when I could save a dollar and a half a week. Prouder, in fact, than when later I was able to bank a thousand."

Later on, forced to work in the daytime, the boy went to school at night. But at the age of fourteen, he was obliged to give up his night studies because of trouble with his eyes. This would have utterly discouraged many a lad. But it seemed only to spur Breuchaud forward.

JULES went to his mother for advice. "I'd like more than anything," he said, "to get work in Mr. Worthen's office."

William E. Worthen was at the time one of the most distinguished civil engineers in New York.

"That should not be difficult," his mother answered. "I'll ask your stepfather to speak with Mr. Worthen about you."

"No," Jules answered; "no, I would rather you didn't do that."

Jules was sincerely fond of Alphonse Fteley, an engineer of note whom his mother had married a short time before. But he didn't want to use his stepfather's influence in getting a start. So he refused to let his mother enlist Fteley's assistance.

Instead, he went to see Worthen on his own. And the great engineer was sufficiently impressed by the youngster's eager energy, to take him into his office. Here Jules acquired a comprehensive technical and practical knowledge of engineering. And he proved, once again, that it is not inside college walls alone that the gold of learning may be mined.

But let Mr. Breuchaud take up the narrative himself. As he talks, he sits in his office on the nineteenth floor of the Canadian Pacific Building, at Madison Avenue and Forty-third streets, New York. His outlook is magnificent—skyscrapers outlining their beauty against the flame of the evening sky.

Behind a low table, the builder Breuchaud sits, immaculately groomed, as he managed to be even in Billings years ago. Wiry, vital, sunburned, the forty-three years which have elapsed since his Montana days have served only to refine his mobile face. His hair is white; his eyes gray. They can be piercing if occasion demands. His voice is soft. But the snap can creep into it if a gang of men should need a good "dressing-down." His hands are beautifully formed, nicely kept. The hands of an artist.

"Early in my career," Mr. Breuchaud began, "I realized that an engineer's problem lay not in the earth but in himself. The glamorous outdoor life attracts many men, and because of this over-supply engineers are poorly paid. I have already said that I believe in diversity of activities for keeping a man's mind flexible and his ambition alive. Therefore, I decided right

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When good faces get together

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
GLASTONBURY CONN.—MONTREAL CANADA.

When good faces get together! Like seeks like. Faces old and young, that show love of sunshine and outdoors . . . . . regard for sound face care that spells *Face Fitness!*

Are you one of them? Then, to help keep *your* face *Fit* let your day begin with Williams.

First Williams Shaving Cream. Eighty-eight years of specialized experience have made it. Of triple distilled ingredients. Of absolutely uncolored purity. Supremely mild. Lather that makes razor blades seem sharper . . . . *cleanses pores* . . . . leaves skins refreshed . . . . satiny . . . . *Fit!*

Aqua Velva then. A generous splash of it in your hand worked gently into the newly shaven surface. Made just for that! There's facial tone and tonic in its touch. *It closes pores.* It cares for tiny nicks,—unseen mostly. Protects the skin all day from dust outdoors, dryness indoors . . . . keeps it flexible by conserving its natural moisture . . . . keeps it, in short, as Williams lather leaves it, buoyant and *Fit!*

Give Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva a chance to prove themselves. They mean a lot to millions. They will to you.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

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SHAVING CREAM - - - AQUA VELVA

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It's NEW in 4 WAYS

to make teeth WHITER and correct brushing EASIER

Four improvements that will bring results you can see. The correct original toothbrush design—that brought whiter teeth to millions—now made doubly effective.

Cleans every crevice, angle and surface—inside, outside, between.

Smiles are made attractive by white, clean teeth. Certainly it's worth giving your teeth the best care possible. Try this, and see what happens. Replace your old toothbrush today, by getting a new Dr. West's. Your druggist has them, sealed, sterilized, and guaranteed.

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Dr. West's *new* Toothbrush

at the beginning to get some contracting work to do as soon as I possibly could.

"Naturally, working for one engineer and living in the same house with another, I would hear various bits of engineering news, often even before they reached the newspapers. And one day I learned that the city of Boston was about to build new waterworks which were to cost five million dollars.

"Right away, I made up my mind to go up to Boston and try for a job. I didn't have much money and I didn't want to ask for a job under my stepfather's protection, so I left home quietly and took a train for Boston. There I applied to the chief engineer in charge of construction, and he gave me a chance as rod and instrument man.

"I stayed six years, saving my money and hunting some new way to branch out in contracting work. Those years seemed centuries to me. But, mind you, I knew even then that patience is an important part of any man's equipment for getting ahead.

"IN 1880, a friend of mine who was the engineer in charge of construction on the Northern Pacific Railroad offered me a job as assistant engineer on a twelve-mile section in Dakota and Montana. I accepted gladly. I had grown up on tales of the covered wagons—I was born only eight years after gold was discovered in California. The lure of the West was strong, so when the opportunity came to join the forces of the Northern Pacific engineers, I went, because I felt that here was a chance to branch out in my profession.

"A year later, I obtained my first contracting job, building a section of the Northern Pacific in Montana.

"The next year the luckiest thing that ever happened to me occurred: Miss Irene Gibbs, of Medford, Massachusetts, became my wife. And I want to tell you that lucky is the man who starts out with a good, intelligent woman to help him. Why, I've been in love for forty-five years"—and he chuckled—"but, mind you, with the same woman. And we've been comrades all that time. That first winter in Billings was enough to discourage any woman. But it didn't faze my wife.

"Why, that year the railroad hadn't even reached Billings. There were few respectable women in the town, as most of the men had left their wives and families back East. Our supplies were scarce; all goods had to be brought up the Yellowstone River as far as the boats could navigate. And then wagons drawn by oxen transported the food the rest of the way. The drivers of those teams were the bullwhackers, flesh-and-blood frontiersmen in those days, not characters in fiction.

"Buffalo were plentiful. We had range cattle, too, for meat. It was a wonderful adventure for most men, and for some women. However, one year of it would have sent many women, accustomed to the luxuries of the East, flying back home. But not Irene!

"It got cold, too. The winter before my son Jules was born I shall always remember. The thermometer hung around forty degrees below zero. But sometimes—just when you'd be wishing hardest for a little relief from the winter bitterness, a soft, balmy wind, the "chinook," would blow in from the Pacific through the Rocky Mountain passes. And the snow would disappear almost while you were looking at it.

"My wife and I had a two-room cabin. We had to hang up buffalo skins inside to keep the wind from coming in through the cracks. When we had our meals we would draw our chairs right up to the fire and eat off of tin plates which were on the stove, keeping the food warm. At night, we would pull our bed clear up in front of the fireplace in the bedroom, throw a couple of big logs on the fire and sleep warm—sometimes.

"The post office was at Billings. One day I went down to the office on an errand. I got there just as the stage coach dashed in from the north country. The four horses stopped. But the driver didn't seem in any hurry to get down off his high seat. Somebody went over and hailed him. But the man didn't answer. He was frozen—dead.

"Billings was the headquarters of the engineering force for the Northern Pacific. It had been named after the president of the railroad. After a few months, I got to thinking that we were paying taxes and weren't getting much for our money. So, in company with several others, we went up to Helena, the capital of Montana Territory. Montana wasn't a state then—not till 1889. And we asked to have Custer County—named after General Custer—divided in parts. This was done. Our part was called Yellowstone County, and Billings was made the county seat. The boys made me treasurer of the county.

"Things went along fine with me. My wife and I had a hundred and fifty acres of land and I was made deputy sheriff. This followed shortly after I was elected treasurer of the county. In my capacity as deputy sheriff I used to help arrest horse thieves. Horse stealing was a capital crime out there in those days. If a man's horse was stolen he was in a pretty bad fix, because no man could get far on foot in those great distances.

"Yes, things went along fine. And if we had stayed out there, I feel we would have fared well. But just at that time the city of New York had started building an additional water supply system. Heyman Clark, a good friend who had once lived in Billings, offered me a sub-contracting job at Yonkers, in New York State. I hated to leave the West, but it seemed the thing to do."

IT WAS in the year 1885 that Mr. Breuchaud returned to the East and settled with his family in a little house in Yonkers. And here two more children were born—two girls—Sunset and Elise.

Scarcely a year passed before the young contractor's work came to the attention of Joseph E. Pennell. Mr. Pennell invited Mr. Breuchaud to join his firm. Breuchaud, young as he was, immediately impressed his new associates. The name of the new corporation became Breuchaud, Pennell and Company.

For some time following his association with Pennell, the junior member of the firm built aqueducts, railroads, and bridges on pneumatic foundations—steel cobwebs spun across rivers, pyramids built of concrete, and railroads knitted to the mountainside. But this is not all of the story. On Sundays, on holidays, late

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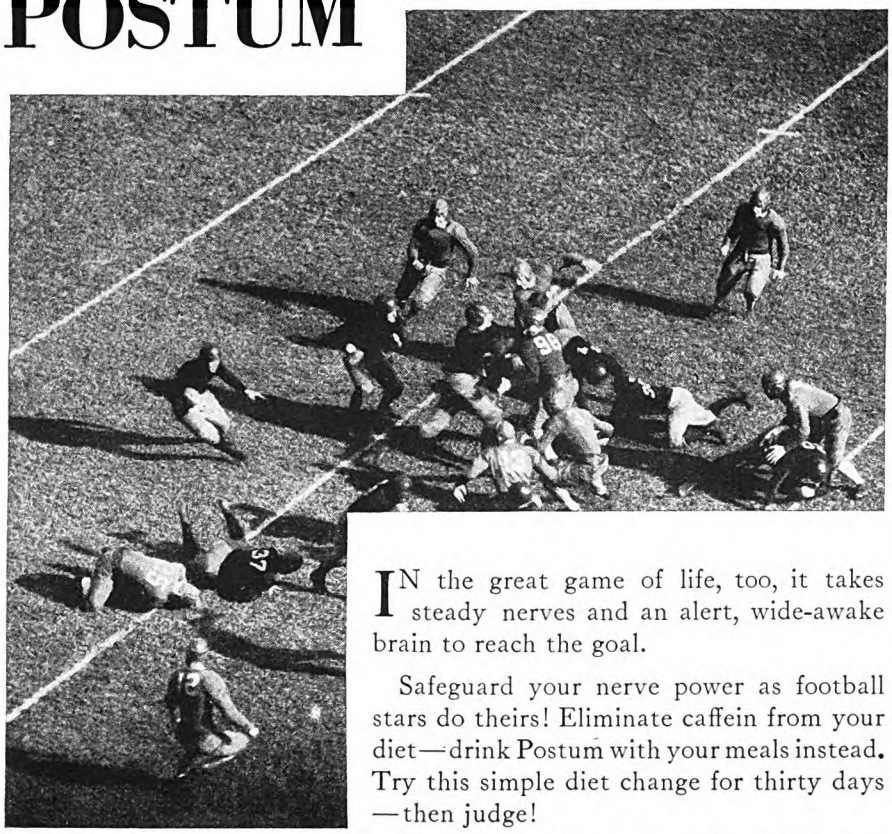
America's famous football coaches and officials line up for POSTUM



IN the great game of life, too, it takes steady nerves and an alert, wide-awake brain to reach the goal.

Safeguard your nerve power as football stars do theirs! Eliminate caffein from your diet—drink Postum with your meals instead. Try this simple diet change for thirty days—then judge!

Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. No trace of any artificial stimulant in it—nothing to repel sleep, get on your nerves, or affect digestion. You'll enjoy Postum for its own sake, too. A drink with a rich, distinctive flavor that millions prefer!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Your grocer has it. Or mail the coupon for one week's supply free, as a start on your 30-day test.

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"For fifteen years Postum has held an important place in the training diet of my teams. And not merely because it is my favorite mealtime drink. Steady nerves are a first requirement in football, and Postum is one hot drink that does not irritate the nerves. It never interferes with sound sleep either."

JOHN F. (CHIC) MEEHAN,
Head Coach, New York University.

"I don't think there's any drink for athletes that compares with Postum. It has a regular place in the training diet of my teams. Any man who wants to keep in trim will have a better chance if he sticks to Postum."

JESS B. HAWLEY,
Head Coach, Dartmouth College.

"Three times a day for fifteen years, Postum has been served at the training table of my football teams, and I think it has had much to do with the condition of my men."

H. J. STEGEMAN,
Director of Athletics, University of Georgia.

"Throughout my years of football, both as a player and as an official, I have been keenly interested in the effects of training table diet on playing ability. This personal study has convinced me that Postum is the best of all mealtime drinks for athletes. I drink it myself."

WALTER H. ECKERSALL,
All-America Quarterback, 1904-05-06, noted football official and sports writer.

"My work as an official in football games has brought me into contact with teams in every part of the country. From my observation, I am convinced that Postum is the ideal training drink."

TOM THORP,
Former Columbia University football star and prominent sports official.

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(prepared instantly in the cup)
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812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

at night and early in the morning, Jules Breuchaud was working on a secret invention. In the year 1896, this invention was made known to the world.

It bore the plain, factual title of "An Improved Method of Underpinning, by Jules Breuchaud." And in the United States Patent Office, it bore just a number —563,130. It might have been called by any one of a dozen more colorful names. For it made possible the development of America's greatest contribution to architecture, the skyscraper.

Didn't you ever look at a New York skyscraper, and wonder how it was humanly possible to construct to such an extraordinary height a building which would stand the strain of years?

If you asked somebody about it, you would probably get this answer: "Oh, New York is a rock island and, naturally, buildings of unusual height can be built upon such a firm foundation."

But that is only partly true. In the southern end of Manhattan, where many of the tallest buildings are erected, the surface of the ground is from five to fifteen feet above water level, and from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five feet above rock. And this rock is covered with layers of treacherous sand, saturated with water.

UP UNTIL thirty years ago, the majority of buildings in this vicinity were six stories or so high, with stone or concrete foundations, at or above ground level. Engineers realized that, in order to erect taller buildings, they would have to drive the foundations down below the treacherous soil to the firm rock level.

When the demand for skyscrapers in Manhattan arose, Jules Breuchaud was ready with his system of underpinning, which would make skyscrapers possible. He had foreseen the problem and its solution.

As one can readily understand, the first problem confronting engineers was to prevent the buildings adjacent to the site of the purposed new structure from caving into the excavation for the new foundation. Mr. Breuchaud solved this problem by providing buildings already standing with multiple legs of steel, which go down through quicksand, mud, and water, to solid rock. These legs are composed of hollow steel cylinders, which are driven down in sections by a hydraulic jack reacting against the weight of the structure on the old foundation. Successive sections are added until the cylinders penetrate to rock and develop adequate supporting power. The dirt and mud in the cylinders is finally excavated, the cylinders are filled with concrete, and connected permanently with the building which they support.

Is it any wonder that this ingenious solution of a very difficult engineering problem earned for Jules Breuchaud the title of the godfather of the skyscrapers? His invention was instantly successful. It was first applied to the underpinning of tall buildings adjacent to the Commercial Cable Building, and was immediately adopted for underpinning other structures. The Breuchaud method has also been applied to underpinning miscellaneous buildings of all heights, many of which are jeopardized by the deep excavations for subways in the treacherous soil on which their old foundations were con-

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SHE BUILT
A $1,000,000 BUSINESS

The Sevillia

Mrs. Alice Foote MacDougall

owner of the famous New York Restaurants *shows with her own hands how to make her Marvelous Waffles*

STARTING 21 YEARS AGO with $38.00 for capital and three beautiful children for inspiration Mrs. MacDougall built up a lucrative business in roasted coffee.

She rented a tiny booth in the Grand Central Terminal and there every Wednesday afternoon she presided over a huge coffee urn.

One stormy and bitterly cold day as she watched the shivering people who streamed through the station Mrs. MacDougall felt a kindly whim to lessen their discomfort.

Impulsively she sent home for her waffle iron and the necessary ingredients, including Royal Baking Powder, and to all who came in to the little shop that afternoon, she served tender waffles and delicious coffee.

The glowing appreciation of her guests showed her that she had found a combination of foods with an almost irresistible appeal.

The Little Coffee Shop began to serve waffles and coffee, then in rapid succession Mrs. MacDougall opened the Cortile, the Piazzetta, the Firenze and the picturesque Sevillia.

"A WAFFLE is either a great delicacy or a dismal failure—there's no middle ground," says Mrs. Alice Foote MacDougall as she shows step by step how to make the waffles for which her coffee houses are famous.

"We use the best ingredients for all the foods we serve, the best cream, the finest maple syrup, the freshest butter and eggs—naturally we use the best baking powder, which is Royal.

"We have found that no other baking powder makes waffles which are up to our standard in lightness and tenderness. When you use Royal there is never any danger of dryness which spoils waffles and cakes. And, of course, you know most doctors, dietitians and home economics experts say Cream of Tartar baking powder is best.

"Personally, I think in all baking it is true economy to use Royal because it is so pure and dependable. As every housewife knows, the cost of the baking powder is almost negligible compared to the cost of the eggs and butter you use in waffles and in cakes."

Here is another favorite which The Alice Foote MacDougall Coffee Houses serve:

BLACK WALNUT CAKE

½ cup butter, 1⅓ cups sugar, ⅔ cup milk, 2 cups pastry flour, 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ⅛ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla extract, 5 egg whites.

Cream butter thoroughly. Add sugar slowly and beat in well. Sift the flour with baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the milk. Add vanilla extract and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in three well-greased layer tins in a moderate oven at 350° F. for 30 minutes.

WHITE ICING

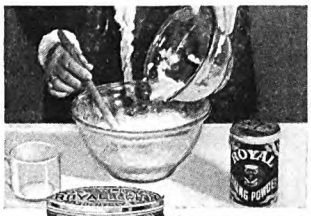
1½ cups granulated sugar, ½ cup water, 3 egg whites, 1 cup black walnut meats.

Boil sugar and water together until syrup spins a thread or to 238° F. Pour slowly on to the stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat until it holds its shape and is of right consistency to spread. Put between layers and on top and side of cake. Sprinkle black walnut meats generously on each iced layer and on top and sides of cake.

All measurements are level.

Separate 4 eggs. Beat egg yolks well. Sift 3 cups flour with 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and ½ teaspoon salt

Add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and 1 cup of milk; mix well



Add ½ cup butter, melted; fold in stiffly beaten whites of 4 eggs. Mix only long enough for thorough blending

Mrs. MacDougall serves her famous waffles on gay Majolica

Waffle iron should be heated 10 minutes. No greasing is necessary with electric iron. A gas heated iron is greased well before baking each waffle and turned once. Pour about 4 tablespoons of the batter into iron. Bake about 2 minutes

Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Absolutely pure.

Free—Nearly 350 carefully tested recipes for all kinds of foods.

The Royal Baking Powder Company,
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Surprising

what this idea did for catsup

Wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced!

NOTICE that delightfully different flavor of Snider's Catsup. The *mulling* does it.

How Snider, following its secret recipe, blends spices with tomatoes, is a story now forty-odd years old. But the effect on the appetite is always new—a surprising pick-up to the palate, an added zest to the most savory food.

All catsups do not taste alike. The person who relishes unusual blandness and mellowness specifies "Snider's", the mulled catsup. In the niceties of eating of course it is important to be selective.

People of good judgment prefer Snider's

Snider's

The *mulled* catsup

CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE

FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

structed. Since June, 1913, when the patent became public, it has formed the basis of practically all underpinning done in every large city in the United States.

IT WAS in 1896 that the water supply for New York City was about exhausted. The Catskill Water Supply System had been planned to meet the city's needs. The New Croton Dam was to be built as part of that far-flung network. It was to be the largest and tallest dam in the world—at that time. Three hundred feet high, its specifications read, and twenty-four hundred feet long. Its outside face was to be constructed of granite blocks, some of which were to weigh as much as twelve thousand pounds each! Eighteen miles long the reservoir was to be. And it was to hold thirty-two billion gallons of water. A colossal task!

But, meanwhile, the demand for water for New York City increased, as the supply decreased. Politicians argued, some contractors bid, procured bids, and then carried out their contracts inefficiently—if at all. The man who designed the dam and who was its chief engineer fell ill. Work lapsed. Money was lost. Subcontractors grew pessimistic and fearful. And the hundreds of workmen grew restless and dissatisfied.

Still New York begged for water. And after three years, what had happened? Nothing at all. Except that at the site of the dam there was a hole one hundred and sixty feet deep.

It was evident that the dam would be a failure. At least, that is what the troublemakers were saying. But Jules Breuchaud stroked his chin and held his tongue. Still young, still straight and handsome, but with his hair well graying, the forty-year-old contractor came forth with a plan:

If the contractors could not do the easiest part of the excavation at a profit, then it was obvious that they could not profitably perform the harder and deeper excavations and the building of the dam itself. As the digging went deeper, enormous quantities of water were encountered, which meant that powerful pumps must be operated both day and night for ten years to complete the work.

THE main contractors were discouraged, Jules Breuchaud decided to gamble his hard-earned money and his dearly bought experience for a one-third interest in the Croton project. His partners, Coleman and Coleman, agreed to put up the rest of the money. *But only provided that Breuchaud was permitted to have exclusive charge of the engineering work.* Breuchaud further stipulated that the system of subcontracting should be abolished to a large extent, and the entire project carried out into a unitary engineering force under his personal leadership.

His proposal was accepted.

Ten years later, the largest, tallest dam in the world was completed. And during all that time no workman ever saw Jules Breuchaud with a disarranged collar. What is more, no workman ever heard Jules Breuchaud give utterance to an uncouth phrase.

How did he do it?

First, he brought to the site selected for the dam on the Croton River his splendid engineer, J. B. Goldsborough.

Second, he cut off all telephone com-

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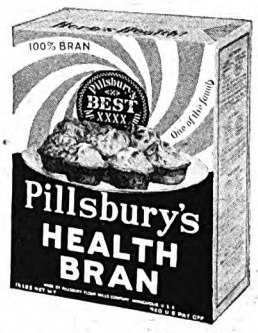
We asked the doctors - 93% said "YES"!

We asked ten thousand doctors this question: "Do you believe that raw, natural, 100% bran is the best form of bran for the relief of constipation?"

93% of the answers were "Yes."

Pillsbury's Health Bran is the natural, 100% bran, unsweetened, unflavored, nothing added, nothing taken away. Doctors say it is the best form of bran for the relief of atonic constipation—bowel irregularity caused by intestinal sluggishness. Get a package from your grocer tomorrow, open it, and examine it carefully. Notice the large, clean, coarse flakes; chemists' tests show that this large unbroken flake plays an important part in the relief of constipation. Read the recipes on the package—you can use them to make thirteen pleasing foods, all delicious with the rich, nut-like flavor of natural bran. They are delightful to eat—an easy, pleasant way to stimulate regular and thorough elimination. Here is the health diet you need—Pillsbury's Health Bran—natural 100% bran, the kind that doctors recommend!

(There are more good recipes in our free booklet, "Fifty Prize-Winning Recipes for Pillsbury's Health Bran." Send for it today. Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, Minn.)



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the kind that doctors recommend

Pillsbury's Health Bran

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I Said "Goodbye" to It All After Reading This Amazing Book -Raised My Pay 700%

When a man who has been struggling along at low-pay suddenly steps out and commences to earn real money—$5000 to $10,000 a year—he usually gives his friends quite a shock. But such things happen much more frequently than most people realize. Not only one, but HUNDREDS have altered the whole course of their lives after reading the amazing book illustrated at the right.

Where Shall We Send Your Copy FREE?

As an example of what this book has done, the career of R. B. Hansen of Akron, Ohio, is just a typical case. Not long ago he was a foreman in a factory at a salary of $160 a month. One day this remarkable volume, "Modern Salesmanship," fell into his hands. Today Mr. Hansen has reaped the rewards that this little volume placed within his reach. His salary runs well into the 5-figure class—actually exceeding $10,000 a year!

Another man, Wm. Shore of Neenach, California, was a cowboy when he sent for "Modern Salesmanship." Now he is a salesman making as high as $525 in a single week. O. D. Oliver of Norman, Oklahoma, read it and jumped from $200 a month to over $10,000 a year!

There was nothing "different" about any of these men when they started. Like many others, they subscribed to the foolish belief that successful salesmen are born with some "magic gift." But "Modern Salesmanship" showed them that nothing could be farther from the truth! Salesmanship has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

City and traveling sales positions are open all over the country. For years, thousands of leading firms have called on the N. S. T. A. to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both employers and members.

SEE FOR YOURSELF why this *FREE BOOK* has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are making $10,000 a year. No obligation. Just fill out and clip the blank below. Mail it now!

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Chicago, Ill.

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Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation, you may send me the free book, "Modern Salesmanship."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....

munication between the dam and New York City, so that the trouble-makers could not hamper the actual construction of the dam.

Third, he reorganized the entire project, so that nothing should be wasted. Formerly, when the rock was excavated it was thrown away, if no immediate need were seen. But Breuchaud conserved everything.

Fourth, the entire plant equipment was amplified. A vast number of additional pumps were purchased, to keep the ground dry during the operations. These pumps were duplex compound pumps that had to lift the water over one hundred and sixty feet, at the rate of more than a thousand gallons per minute. A million cubic yards of stone were quarried, and a large power plant was permanently installed a short distance below the dam.

No day passed without some untoward circumstance which would have harassed the spirit and broken the health and the nerves of any ordinary man. But the builder, Breuchaud, went on his quiet, imperturbable way.

Day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, the nerve-racking work continued. Meantime, the water supply for the city became less and less adequate. And the need for the completion of the dam greater and greater.

ONE afternoon, with no word of warning, two thousand workmen went on strike. Work was at a standstill. The laborers demanded shorter hours and more pay. This demand could not be met by Mr. Breuchaud without a tremendous loss, for he had accepted the contract figured on the old wage scale.

Realizing that the situation had gone beyond the power of the local sheriff, quietly Breuchaud adopted extreme measures. While the two thousand men were milling around, swearing that they would destroy the dam, and some even threatening the builder's life and the lives of his family, Governor Theodore Roosevelt was sent for. He came down from Albany to New York and met Mr. Breuchaud and the sheriff.

An ideal man for such a crisis was this picturesque, forceful governor: "What's all this? What's all this?" he yelled, frowning over his glasses and twisting his mustache.

The situation was explained to him.

"Sheriff," bellowed the man who was afterward to become President of the United States, "what troops are available to send up to Croton now?"

"Troops A and B, sir."

"I'll send them," was the quick answer. "Get them there at once. And immediately on their heels, I'll send the whole Seventh Regiment."

The tense look faded from Breuchaud's face.

"But, Governor," interposed the sheriff timidly, "that would not seem necessary."

"I'm not sending those men up there to fight," he said, nodding to Mr. Breuchaud, "but to keep order by the very preponderance of their numbers. . . ."

With one crisis off Breuchaud's hands, another one immediately crowded on top of it, testing the builder's resourcefulness to the stretched limit of endurance. For the canteen of a great army was running dry. A water famine was coming nearer and nearer to the city of New York. And, no matter how intensely Breuchaud drove the men and the work, it looked as if the city would suffer.

"MUST I fail these people after all?" was his troubled thought one star-strewn night as he stood on the top of the dam breast. "Must I let them down?" Water for New York had become a human, not a technical, equation to him.

Below him, rugged and jagged, the dam wall stretched up. A small forest of derricks thrust their stubby fingers into the sky. The throb of pumps beat on unceasingly in the tenth year of their unfinished symphony.

He paced around the tremendous handiwork representing the brain and the brawn of two thousand men. "There must be some way of working it out," he thought, as again he started tramping, a sentry on the ramparts, guarding the sleeping city.

Just as his body was ready to crack with fatigue, a thought came to him as the midnight blue of the sky faded to a gentle gray. "I'll make this dam available for storing water, even if I can't actually finish it immediately. I can build the wall faster by putting steel towers in to carry the derricks in good positions. And then I'll build the masonry up and around the towers—permanently."

And so it was done.

The steel towers were not shifted as the wall rose, but were built in where they stood. The scheme not only saved considerable time but it added materially to the strength of the dam. One billion gallons of water was husbanded as the men worked above it, and the specter of drought was removed from the people of New York City.

In due time, the nine-million-dollar dam was completed, the largest, tallest dam in the world—at that time. And there it stands today, firm, unyielding, in its granite beauty:

> . . . carried to a gleaming height,
> As moved aloft by inward delight;
> Not as with toil of chisels hewn,
> But seeming poised in a mighty tune.

But it is not as a master of stone and iron and steel that Jules Breuchaud reaches the peak of his attainments. His highest achievement is an invisible structure, built of indestructible materials, and its foundations are sunk deep in the rock of understanding. This man—as great a builder as he is—is a greater philanthropist and his spirit rises like "a fragrant flame above the noises of the world." For he has thrown his life, his home, and his fortune open to others.

WHAT he has, he shares. No week passes but that he makes up parties of his employees and takes them from his offices and from his factories to his beautiful home at Olive, New York. There they swim in the open-air pool with his wife and daughter, play tennis with his son and his son's wife, inspect the prize Guernsey cattle which the builder raises as one of his hobbies, and the old Colonial furniture which he collects in his rare leisure moments. He and his charming, laughing wife share what they have from one year's end to another.

The time has come now for him to rest. But Jules Breuchaud is not resting. He

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Borrowed from breakfast

Grape-Nuts Plum Pudding

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
Salt
¾ cup raisins, finely chopped
¾ cup walnuts, finely chopped
¾ cup cooked prunes, finely chopped
¼ cup citron peel, finely chopped
¾ cup Grape-Nuts
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add salt to taste. When Jell-O is slightly thickened, add fruits, nuts, Grape-Nuts, and spices. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Serve with whipped cream flavored with nutmeg, or with pudding sauce. Serves 8.

Grape-Nuts Cheese Salad

1 cup cream cheese (about ½ pound)
2 tablespoons Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise
1 large green pepper, chopped
¾ cup Grape-Nuts
Lettuce

Combine cheese and mayonnaise. Add pepper and Grape-Nuts. Roll into balls about 1 inch in diameter. Serve on lettuce and garnish with additional mayonnaise. Serves 4.

Grape-Nuts Stuffed Carrots

8 medium size carrots
¾ cup grated cheese
½ cup Grape-Nuts
2 tablespoons green pepper, chopped
1 tablespoon milk
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ cups cooked rice

Scrape carrots. Cook in boiling salted water (1 teaspoonful salt to 1 quart water) until tender. Hollow out one side of carrot. Remove thin slice from other side so that it will rest firmly in pan. Add cheese, Grape-Nuts, green pepper, milk, and seasonings to rice. Stuff carrots with mixture. Place in greased baking dish. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes or until brown. Garnish with parsley. Serves 4.

Grape-Nuts Mock Hamburg Steak

1 cup lentils
1 cup Grape-Nuts
2 onions, grated
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon powdered sage
1 tablespoon melted butter
2 eggs, well beaten

Soak lentils in water overnight. Cook in same water until soft. Drain and force through sieve. Add other ingredients in order given and mix thoroughly. Place by tablespoons in hot greased frying pan. Flatten with spoon into cakes and brown on both sides. Serve with brown gravy or tomato sauce. Serves 6.

...to play a big part in delicious dinner dishes!

SITTING at the breakfast table one morning, a woman looked thoughtfully at the dish of Grape-Nuts before her. She nibbled the crisp and tempting morsels with enjoyment, noting their wonderful flavor — nut-like, delicately tinged with malt sugar.

"They'd take the place of nuts in desserts and salad and sandwiches," she mused. "They'd take the place of croutons in soup. They'd be better than bread crumbs in escalloped dishes — Why, this breakfast food deserves to become An Ingredient!"

This was the beginning. Soon recipes were being created! And now Grape-Nuts *has* become An Ingredient, adding its delicious flavor and zestful crispness to a great variety of dishes.

Adding food value, too. For this famous food supplies certain vital elements often deficient in modern diet: Proteins for muscle and body building. Iron for the blood. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy. And the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite . . . Eaten with milk or cream as a breakfast food, Grape-Nuts is, in itself, an admirably balanced ration. Added to other foods, it supplements their value and flavor.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. It owes its delicious flavor, its crispness and its ready digestibility to the special, carefully-regulated baking process, by which these grains are prepared. No other food at all resembles Grape-Nuts. It is unique.

Try Grape-Nuts—both in the delicious recipes offered here and as a breakfast food. Your grocer sells it, of course—but wouldn't you like to accept the offer below?

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

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knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys
They hold their shape

When it's cold - - -
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IT costs more to have a cold than it does to buy a "travelo"—and prevent it. Snug . . . smart . . . handsome . . . economical. Sold and recommended by 11,000 good men's wear stores.

Write for "Portfolio of Styles" showing people you know in "travelo" knit jackets. Peckham-Foreman, Inc., 1911-1917 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. Makers of the well known "travelo" SwimSuits.

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KNIT JACKETS

The greatest value you can buy at less than the cost of a "travelo". Knit and tailored by the same methods and with the same painstaking care and skill that have made millions of wearer-friends for "travelo" Knit Jackets.

still has his boots on. No longer does he dig in the earth, sweating under the sun and freezing in the winter wind. But he is still working, and for that most intangible of all things, an ideal.

A few years ago, he decided to take a little holiday, his first one. He went South for a month. The next year he stayed a little longer. The next still longer. Now he remains in that pleasant country nearly half of the year.

But when he went South, he didn't pick out the usual millionaire's playground. He went around the west coast of Florida to a simple little town not far from Tampa. There he established himself and his home among plain, simple people. There in Inverness, on the shores of Lake Tsala Apopka, he found a village which had been in existence for years. And there he determined to make beautiful homes possible for the man of moderate means.

"Somehow, I have been building so long," Mr. Breuchaud said, "that when I decided to play, play didn't satisfy me. Building has become my recreation as well as my work. And I can't leave off. I determined to do what I could to develop a spot where men and women, tired of cold winters and unceasing work, could come and build their homes. Not many people, however, have either the wish or the ability to live without working. And it is for workers that I have tried to develop this community."

Jules Breuchaud has protected this part of Florida from land speculation. Here a man may take a few hundred dollars and buy a little farm, to satisfy the land hunger which seems to gnaw at the heart of the world.

Westward the course of Breuchaud first took its trail. Then eastward. And skyward. Now it is southward.

For Jules Breuchaud is still the Pioneer.

Queer Kicks About the Movies

(*Continued from page 45*)

Who would have thought, for instance, that people would be sensitive about the circus? Yet when it was announced that a certain book about the circus was to be filmed, an association of "circus fans" immediately objected.

"The book," said these lovers of the sawdust ring, "does the circus great injustice. The public will get the idea that all circuses today are like the one described."

The screen is a sister art of the speaking stage. But that doesn't prevent the latter from complaining loudly when she thinks her sister art has misrepresented her.

Here, for example, are bitter words from a man who says he is a theatrical manager:

"In every picture depicting stage activities, the manager or producer is represented as a scoundrel, attacking defenseless girls, etc. I demand from the motion picture producers a cessation of this libelous condition!"

Gradually, as you see, all the occupations, businesses, and professions are helping to swell the "we must protest" chorus.

Even the steam-laundry owners, through

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their association, have become—well, quite steamed up, as it were. In a film comedy of a prize-fighter, a sub-title represented one of the combatants as saying to the other: "You're as careless as a steam laundry with a shirt!"

This brought a laugh from the spectators—but not from the laundry association!

In some pictures, jockeys have been shown "doping" run-down horses. The result was a protest from race-track officials, who asserted that this reflected on the honesty of horse-racing.

Newspaper editors are supposed to be past masters in the art of taking abuse. Yet even they, when it comes to the screen, appear to share the universal sensitiveness.

About fifteen years ago a play called "The Woman" was produced by David Belasco. Although some of its scenes dealt with journalism, not a single newspaper man, so far as I can discover, was moved to utter a protest.

But when a screen version of this same play was presented, under the title of "The Telephone Girl," at least half a dozen editors of influential papers declared that it was "a libel on the honorable profession of journalism."

One of them, however, did preserve his sense of humor, for he wrote as follows: "Something ought to be done about this sort of thing. But that is easy enough. Have Will Hays issue an edict that newspaper people must never, on the screen, be held up to ridicule and scorn. Why not? Every other group is doing it."

THERE you have the situation in a nutshell. "Every other group is doing it."

The trouble is that what seems "ridicule and scorn" to the aggrieved race, or religious sect, or profession, or business, seems quite innocuous to other people, including the men who make the pictures.

When they are called down because of some detail of a film they do considerable protesting themselves. They declare, and with unquestionable sincerity, that no slur was intended.

During the Florida boom, one of the sub-titles for a certain picture humorously stated that "dollars in Florida multiply faster than flies in a Greek restaurant."

People who saw the picture probably laughed at the phrase and promptly forgot it. Still, one can sympathize with our Greek friends over here, who protested that this sub-title "very injuriously affects a great order of business men, most of whom are American citizens."

Apparently there is no safety in distance, whether it be geographical or historical. Do you remember Jim Bridger in "The Covered Wagon"? To the millions who enjoyed that film he was just a picturesque character in the story. But to his descendants he was a real person—their own ancestor! They sued for damages because of alleged libel, due to what they claimed was a misrepresentation of his personal habits.

In one picture, a poor mountain girl was shown wearing silk stockings, the actress probably having forgotten to change this detail of her costume. Knowing from past experience that sharp-eyed spectators would spot these incongruous articles of raiment and write in about it, the subtitle maker attempted to explain in this

"May It Please The Court"

What stern judges they are! How quickly they note and approve clothes which have been skilfully tailored for you—to your "attitude," your posture — by this improved method!

PERHAPS your new suit seemed to fit perfectly, under the deft fingers of a skilful salesman. But what was the verdict from those before whom you always wish to appear at your best? After a few weeks' wear, did you hear about "bad wrinkles in the back" or "coat collar sagging at the neck?"

There's only one way you can be sure your clothes will pass that rigid inspection. Good style and fine fabric are not enough. Made-to-measure tailoring, *alone,* may not insure permanently perfect fit.

But the suit that is made to your measure, from fine fabric, smartly styled, and *in addition is cut, draped, balanced to your "attitude"—your posture*—will not pull out of shape with wear. It will keep you looking your best as long as you wear it.

That is exactly the way Ed. V. Price & Company makes suits—by an exclusive *Attitude Method* which makes exact allowance for each individual variation. It is *personal* tailoring in the highest degree.

Because of highly organized methods and tremendous buying power, Ed. V. Price & Company offers this unusual personal tailoring service at surprisingly low cost. Millions have bought Ed. V. Price suits for $35, $45 and $50 which they could not have duplicated for $55, $65 and $70, elsewhere.

You'll be delighted with the beautiful woolens offered by Ed. V. Price & Company—the smartness of the styles—the comfort and fit of the suit made especially for you.

The coupon will bring you further details and the name of our nearest representative.

That unruly collar—a common fault of hit-or-miss fitting. What a difference when it *always* sits snug at the neck!

Padding of Shoulders will not prevent underarm sagging of a poorly fitted coat. It must be cut and draped to fit the shoulder slope.

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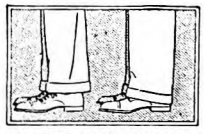

Only when they are cut expressly for the wearer can you be sure the trousers will hang correctly and fit comfortably.

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Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

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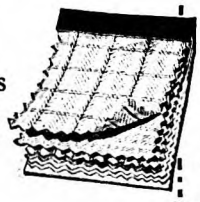

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327 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, FREE, swatches selected from your large stocks of exclusive woolens. Also additional information about your "Attitude" method of tailoring, and name of your nearest representative.

I am interested in suits at the following prices:
☐ $35 ☐ $45 ☐ $50 ☐ $65

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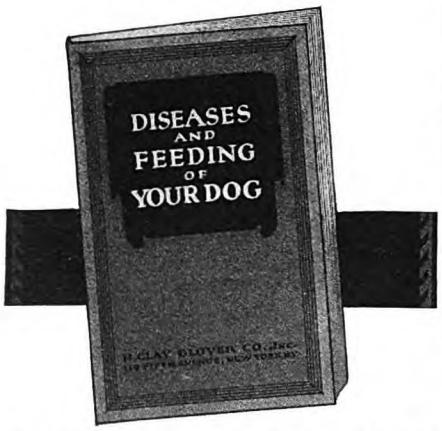
104 PAGE NEW DOG BOOK FREE!



JUST as Glover's Dog Medicines reflect the latest developments in veterinary science—so does Glover's new text book interpret all the improved phases of modern-day veterinary practice. A mine of interest and help for dog owners.

Tells how best to protect the health of your dog. Tells causes and symptoms of dog diseases with modern methods of treatment. Gives the full facts about Black Tongue, Distemper, and other misunderstood diseases—feeding of puppies by accurate schedules—general care, etc. Written by a distinguished Veterinarian.

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Special pamphlets concerning them gladly sent on request

GLOVER'S CRESOL DISINFECTANT—A positive germicide and antiseptic, six times as powerful as carbolic acid. For killing germs and virus of contagious diseases, destroying insects—and as a deodorant for use in the kennel or house. Pint can—65 cents.

GLOVER'S FLEA & INSECT POWDER—The powdered insecticide recommended by the U. S. Government. Just that—pure—with no filler to weaken its killing powers. Safe for all dogs and cats. Kills lice on animals and poultry. Will not discolor. Large shaker top can—50 cents.

FREE ADVICE BY OUR VETERINARIAN

—in any matter concerning sanitation and the health, care and feeding of your dog. Write, giving full particulars of dog's age, breed, sex, symptoms, etc.

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Dept. A, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
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humorous line: "Perhaps she got them in a missionary barrel."

The chances are that this would have caused a ripple of amusement at a missionary meeting. But it is a fact that when it appeared in a motion picture it offended some folks so much that they uttered the usual protest.

A good many people protest about movie comedies of college life. They seem to fear that young people will get the impression that college life is mostly play and little work.

The motion picture people, in reply, call attention to college magazines and papers, published by the students themselves.

Perhaps the greatest number of complaints are about pictures which have drinking scenes, or which even show a person taking a drink.

In regard to this matter, I was told that "the motion picture industry, early in 1922, went on record against any drinking scenes, the manufacture or sale of liquor, or the undue effects of liquor which are not a necessary part of the story or an essential element in the building of the plot.

"It did not go on record," the statement continues, "against *any* drinking scenes in pictures; because some pictures cover a period when there *was* drinking. It would be as illogical to say that bustles, which are no longer in style, should not be used with picture costumes of a period when they *were* the fashion.

"Despite this, there are people who want all drinking scenes eliminated, whether historically correct or not."

Another frequent complaint is about pictures showing cigarette smoking by women.

In reply to this protest, the film producers said: "The motion picture is simply a mirror of life. To destroy the mirror would not alter the facts which it reflects."

TWO California editors illustrate the curious differences in people's mental viewpoints.

"Too frequent'y," one of them wrote, "the police and the forces of law and order are held up to ridicule in film comedies. Policemen are represented to be dumb creatures, helpless before the witty antics of the comedian. It is mischievous to put these things before boys and girls and to let them grow up in an atmosphere of ridicule of the police and the courts."

But the other editor wrote: "As long as people enjoy farce, they will enjoy seeing all human pretensions held up to ridicule. They will enjoy seeing hard-boiled policemen, pompous judges, spread-eagle orators, big-business magnates, domineering husbands, and all other such human frauds, reduced to their lowest common denominators. We suspect that the experience is just as valuable as it is enjoyable."

PROTESTS are not confined to the pictures themselves. They deal also with the posters which advertise the pictures.

Some years ago, several cities in a Southwestern state had ordinances prohibiting the showing of firearms in posters. A motion-picture distributor, wanting to market a Western film, found himself in a serious dilemma, since one of the posters depicted a stagecoach being held up by robbers variously armed with rifles and six-shooters.

To get around this difficulty, the movie man hired an artist to paint bouquets in place of the rifles and revolvers! The spectacle of bandits using bouquets to hold up a stagecoach created state-wide laughter. The ordinance was later repealed; and perhaps this incident had something to do with it.

One of the commonest complaints is that the movies "teach our young people to be criminals." In reply, the producers say that the movie crook is always shown as a reprehensible character who "loses out" and is punished.

A New York newspaper published a story about a young kidnapper who blamed "the pictures" for his criminality. But a reporter for the same paper investigated the case, and found that the boy could not name a single picture as having given him the idea of crime.

About a year ago, a Boston newspaper printed an article about a woman who, at the age of eighty, had seen her first motion picture. It quoted her as saying: "If I had a daughter and she went to one of those picture shows, I would turn her over my knee and spank her! . . . It is no wonder the girls of today are as wild as they are, when they are allowed to witness such actions on the screen."

What reply could the motion picture people make to this vehement arraignment?

Why, simply this: The film she referred to was selected by, and shown under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the town!

What I Don't Like About the Movies

Prize Contest Announcement

"I GO to the movies a great deal. On the whole I like them. But I wish . . ." Such phrases are constantly being bandied around wherever folks forgather. All right; what is it that you wish? Here is your opportunity to give vent to your own personal and private kick about the movies. Where do they fall down, in your opinion? What would you suggest in the way of improvement? Register your kick in a letter of about four hundred words. It will do you good to express it—and, besides, you may win a prize!

For the best four-hundred-word letter we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes November 20th. Winning letters will appear in the February, 1929, issue.

Address "The Movies" Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosures, cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of them if you want to preserve them.

Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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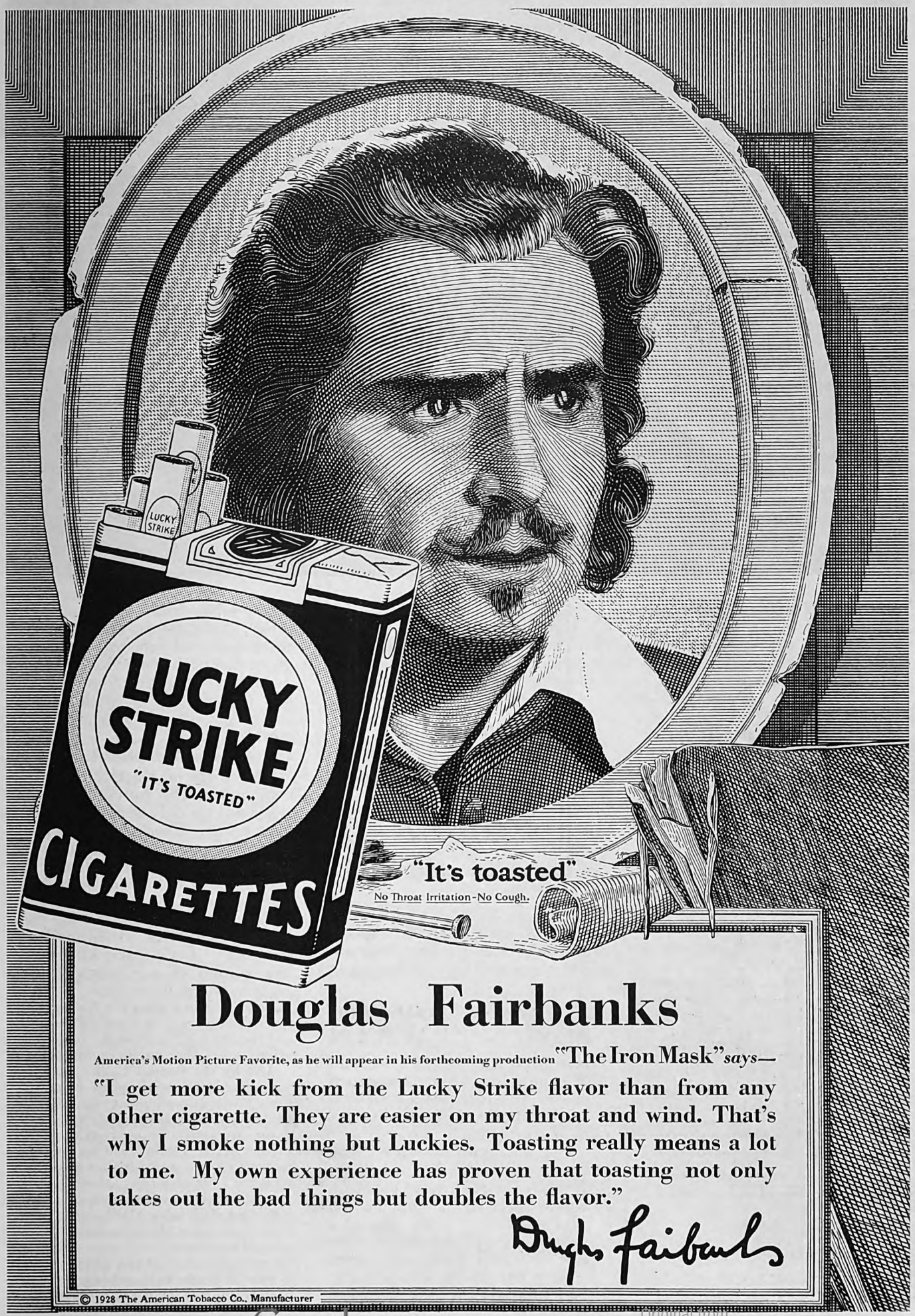

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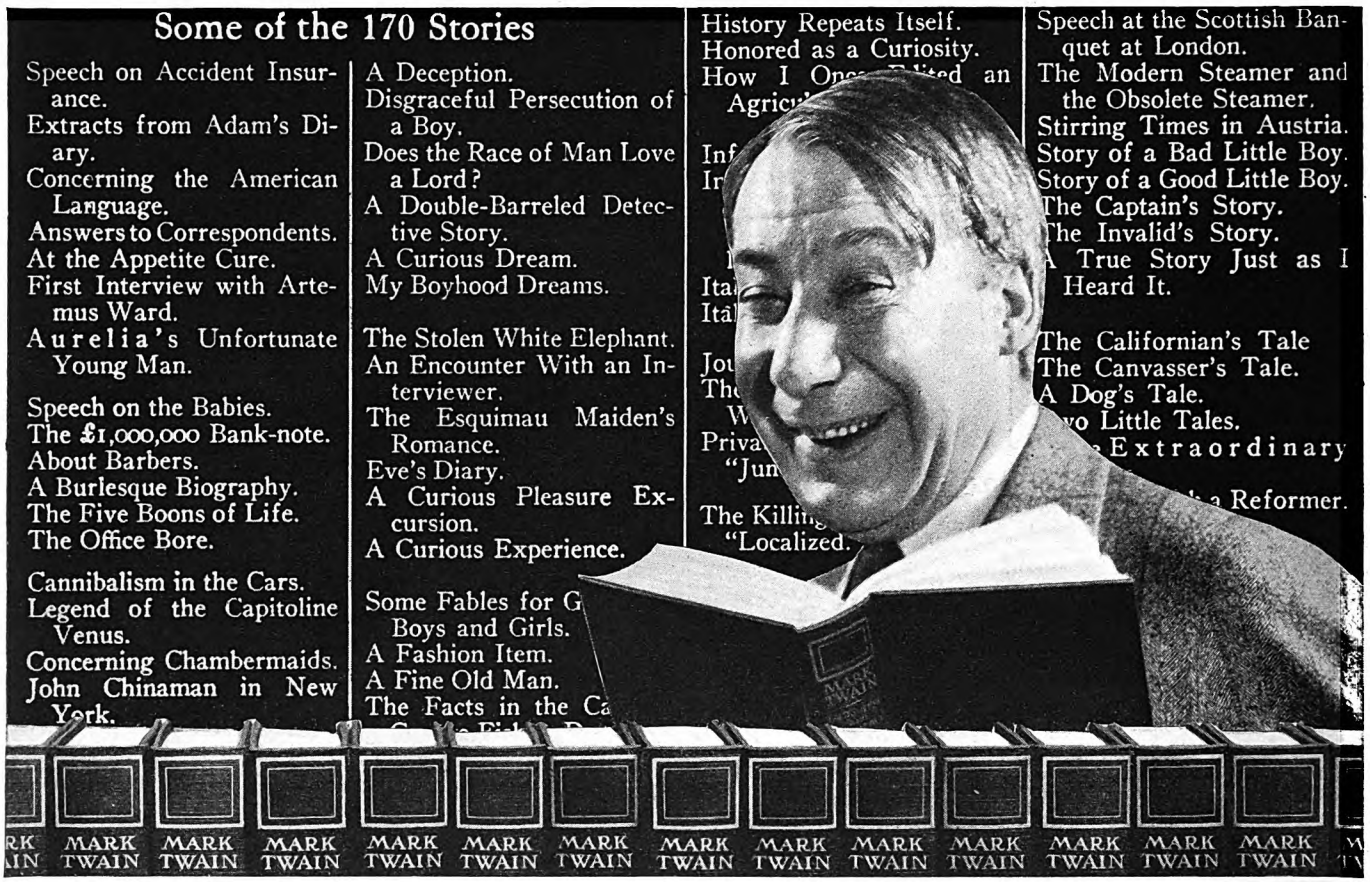
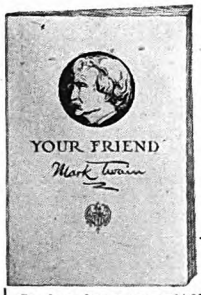


"ANYBODY will laugh when someone tells him a good story, or when he hears a really funny joke on the stage, but when he picks up a book, starts reading, and bursts out laughing . . . well, it's a remarkable book!

"That's just what happened to me. I was at a friend's house. He owns Mark Twain's works. I picked up a book at random, and opened to a little story called 'The Esquimau Maiden's Romance.' I give you my word I didn't know anything on a printed page could make me laugh so. The way he told about that mystery of the missing fish hook was nothing short of a riot. If there is a living writer who can make me laugh half as hard as Mark Twain, I wish he'd send me all his works C. O. D."



And this experience is the experience of thousands. Everybody has read some of Mark Twain. There are few who haven't delighted in the immortal "Huckleberry Finn." "Tom Sawyer" and "Pud'nhead Wilson" are everlasting favorites. But these are only the beginning of the—

"I never knew a book could make me — LAUGH SO HARD!"

Author's National Edition MARK TWAIN

His immortal works extend through volume after volume, each one a gem—each one a matchless epic of whimsical philosophy; satire; even pathos.

His side splitting story "The Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" has been used for a most successful moving picture. This same story is the plot of a scintillating musical comedy running in New York and other cities.

Says one Mark Twain critic: "Twain could not have flourished in any other clime. He is ours absolutely, the fictionist of Democracy, the outcome of America, the flowering of American institutions. And his humor is keen but free from sophistry and cynicism; it is gentle, kindly, loving, patient and most whimsical, most original."

25 Volumes—170 Stories, Essays, etc.

The works of Mark Twain are a gold mine. The Author's National Edition is the only uniform edition of his writings. Every delightful phase of Mark Twain is included—the short stories, the novels, the brilliant fighting essays—the humorous ones, the historical ones.

Furthermore these books were printed after Mark Twain made the statement "Let's make an inexpensive edition of my books so that everybody can have them."

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The Art of Making Friends

(*Continued from page 9*)

of us. "You folks have been all over the place, but I do want these friends of mine to see it."

I went along. In less time than it takes to tell, the guests of honor were perfectly at home. The little old lady was feeling tapestries and curtains and silk bed coverings and reveling in their beauty. And the old man was chattering of by-gone days when the boy didn't have so much. They laughed together and they sighed together, and later they drank a little wine together for old time's sake.

They were no longer afraid of soiling new carpets and new curtains. There was no chasm between them and their host which he wouldn't help them across. He hadn't forgotten them. He was rich; but he was still the same lovable, happy-hearted boy who once sat at the table in the'r cottage. He was as fond of them as ever. They didn't have to be told that. They knew it.

It's an art to be able to make people happy. It's an art to be genuine and real and solid and worth-while. It's an art to dismiss everything that is petty and trivial and insignificant, and play the host and friend. And making friends is an art. But keeping them is a greater one.

And that is why everybody likes this man I've been telling you about. He has never discharged a friend as being no longer worth his notice.

NOT long ago, he and I were discussing a man we both know—a chap who apparently had cut away all the old ties and was seeking new alliances that would help him up the social ladder.

"It will never work," my wise young friend said. "He's going wrong, as wrong as the man who takes to drink. Money has spoiled him. He has begun to strut, and strutting is bad manners. He never sees his old friends any more. That's worse than bad manners. No man is so rich that he can afford to throw away a friend."

Oh, boy of mine, I saw you yesterday on the golf course and was proud of you. You had your arm about your caddie's shoulders. You were the employer and he was the workman. Chance had made it possible for you to play golf and chance had cast that lad for the rôle of your caddie. The two of you were laughing your way along that course, comrades in the game. I saw you, and I rejoiced in the sight.

Keep that attitude to the end of the road. Never give up a friend. One you think your friend may give you up; but let the fault be his, and his the loss. Never spoil your life by boasting. Confidence in yourself is one thing, but a haughty and overbearing manner is another. Take a lesson from your hero, Lindbergh. He went to New York a stranger, unannounced. To a few he was known as one of the flying group. He did no boasting in advance. He merely said that he had come to attempt the flight to Paris. Quietly he set about his plans. And then

THE PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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announces a new

RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, *a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.*

What a dividend paying $10,000 policy will do for you

It guarantees to you when you are 65

A MONTHLY INCOME FOR LIFE of . . . $100.00
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A MONTHLY DISABILITY INCOME OF . . $100.00
And the payment for you of all premiums

For more information, mail the coupon below

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Please give me full information about your new
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Your face wants to know

USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—ANY SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

—Let your face decide

YOU may think soap is all right for shaving. But everyone who uses Barbasol thinks Barbasol gives a *faster, cleaner, smoother, cooler* shave.

Your face wants to know. Let your face decide!

Make This 3-day Test

Apply any shaving soap just the way you have to use soap—hot water, brush, rub-in, hot towels, more soap, more brush, more lathering, give Soap & Co. all the breaks—*but only on one-half of your face!*

Now wet down *the other side*—with hot water or cold. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

1—Wash the face (and leave it wet)
2—Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
3—Shave!

Your face will decide for Barbasol. Because Barbasol shaves easier, cleaner, closer, faster. Barbasol shaves last longer—because Barbasol is 100% beard softener; no air bubbles. Barbasol leaves that fresh, cool, soft feeling, because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin.

Barbasol's a great protector of facial youth and freshness.

Get this one, too—New! Barbasol Skin Freshener, a great pick-up for the tired skin. Use it after shaving, after bathing, any time.

Let your face know Barbasol! Big tube of Barbasol 35c and 65c. Barbasol Skin Freshener 65c. All druggists.

THE
BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

one morning, the whole world knew that Lindbergh was on the way.

"Lindbergh has reached Paris!" came the cabled word.

"Who is this Lindbergh?" asked the world.

Today everybody in the world knows who Lindbergh is. Achievement is its own mouthpiece.

FORGET yourself. Think of others. Know what your rights are, and then forget most of them.

Herein lies friendship.

The art of making friends consists in doing graciously and quickly and cheerfully the things which will make others happy.

What is it we like in our friends? I think it is their understanding of us. They are familiar with our whims and fancies and shortcomings. They graciously accommodate themselves to us. That's why we cling to them. They have the power to wound and cut us to the quick, but they never do it. When they do remind us of our faults they do it with sympathy and not with ridicule. So we hold fast to them, and love them and struggle to be like them.

Well, boy of mine, the men and women out in the big, busy, crowded world are much like us. They want to be liked. They are sensitive to injury and to slight. They detest boastful people. They like attention from others. Little favors please them. A glad "Good morning" is sweet music to their ears and a smiling face delights them.

If you understand this and remember it, the art of making friends will become yours. Say to yourself as the stranger approaches, "Here is one I have never before seen. I don't know his name or his mission or his occupation.

Then if you treat him as you would yourself want to be treated, he'll go on his way saying to himself, "Well, at that spot I met a real fellow."

Look the crowd over again, son! You are going out in it soon. You told me just the other day about a boy who is always bragging, and you told me how the other boys dislike him for it. The crowd hates liars and cheats. Some of them may be liars and cheats themselves, but if you become one they'll hate you for it.

There's no secret about that throng. Every single one of them respects manhood; likes good nature; admires sportsmanship; and loves the decent things. They may not all do the decent thing themselves; but if you are fair and clean and kindly they'll recognize the fact and respect you for it.

There they are, millions and millions of them, men and women just like you and me and your mother and your sister. They reverence the same flag and they worship the same God. There are many creeds among them; but friends are the common need of them all.

THE art of making friends—is the art of being a gentleman. You'll never make a mistake if you treat the worst woman in the lot as though she were a lady, and the worst man as though he were a brother.

You can't know everybody. Even in a long and crowded lifetime, you can become a close friend to only a few. But thousands will cross your path. Many you

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may see only for a minute, or an hour, or a day. But when you have gone your separate ways somebody has taken your measure.

You know the difference between "Good morning" and a grunt. So do the people you encounter during a day. Does the barber who cuts your hair try to do his best for you? If he doesn't, perhaps it's a proof that you haven't tried to show your best side to the barber. If he likes you, he'll try to please you. If he dislikes you, he won't. That's your way with people you like and with people you dislike. It's my way; it's everybody's way.

The man who has many friends has been a friend to many. He has understood the needs of many. He has known, without being told, that other people like to have attention shown to them, and he has shown that attention graciously and gracefully. He has slighted no man needlessly. He has walked the earth with all men as one of them. He has understood the need of all for laughter. The fellowship of joy and grief has been an open book to him. The chances are he has suffered sorrow, and he knows how deeply it cuts, and he remembers when another is in trouble.

We have different tastes and habits and customs and fancies, but in the main touches of life we are all alike. Birth, death, christenings, graduation, marriage, and again birth and the same round of joys and heartaches—make up the sum of human living. We never grow too big or too great to be above and beyond these things. And we never reach a point where we have no need of friends.

After a Year in the Spotlight

(*Continued from page 17*)

in the night, and as I was somewhat peeved at being called out of bed I made a refusal that stood for the time; but the next morning when I went to my store, a representative of the paper was waiting for me, having come to Fort Madison on the night train.

"He was trained in the art of getting the man he goes for, and I found I could make a refusal stand over the telephone that I could not get away with in person. He suggested that my family and I go to Chicago by airplane, and stop at the roof bungalow on one of the large hotels. We had no intention of doing this. He then suggested the trip be made by automobile; but we compromised by my going with him on the train and taking hotel accommodations on the fortieth floor of one of Chicago's large hotels, which was high enough, both in price and altitude.

"An automobile was kept waiting at the hotel door for me, day and night, and I couldn't move without a reporter and a photographer at my elbows. Every time I turned around or said anything, they put it in the paper. When I shined my own shoes, you'd have thought by the headlines that I had committed a murder.

"But, at that, they treated me pretty decently. All of the newspapers did. There wasn't any rough stuff in the way of wild exaggerations. The reporters became quite friendly. They took me through the

"Men *who are bald or have dandruff* look *old and ill-cared for, even if they aren't. We like well-groomed men about us!" say Washington debutantes. Stay in the preferred class. It's not difficult with this famous treatment.*

"Bald men or men with dandruff are unattractive," say Washington Debutantes

"At least men with thick, well kept hair are so much *more* attractive that we've little time for those who are bald. And dandruff seems inexcusable!"

Do the women you know feel this way about you? Don't let them.

This famous treatment, three minutes a day, *regularly*, every day, will kill dandruff germs—check baldness.

Every morning moisten scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with fingers pressing down firmly, move scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of scalp. Move scalp—not fingers. Brush your hair while moist. It will stay the way you want it.

Dashing Pinaud's Eau de Quinine over the scalp combats dandruff. Working it into the scalp deeply every day saves the hair.

You can find Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store.

FREE: ***generous sample bottle of the*** famous Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Write today to Pinaud, Inc., Dept. A-4, 220 East 21st Street, New York City. In Canada, 560 King Street, Toronto.

Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle

If he had *protected his hair how much more attractive his head would be! Just a slight hair-thinning became a sizable bald spot—while he waited.*

PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

Copr. 1928, by Pinaud, Inc.

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY, YOUR SCALP CLEAN

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Just what do the other wives mean

when they talk together about feminine hygiene?

WHY do the others seem to know so much more than she does about this delicate subject? Probably they do *not* know more of the actual facts. They only *seem to*. Unfortunately, in a matter so intimate as feminine hygiene, *any* piece of information is likely to be accepted as truth.

A few statements of plain fact

Physicians and nurses in general approve the feminine hygiene routine as a healthful practice for mature women. They approve the *practice*, but not the old-fashioned *methods*—methods which involve the use of caustic, poisonous germicides such as bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. The simple truth is that these deadly preparations are unnecessary. There is one antiseptic-germicide far superior for purposes of feminine hygiene — namely, Zonite.

Zonite is immensely powerful, actually far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body. Yet it is as safe in use as pure water. No hardened, deadened membranes. No areas of scar-tissue. No deaths through accidental swallowing. Zonite is a real godsend to women as millions already know, who have achieved comfort, surgical cleanliness and peace of mind.

New frank booklet

Send for free booklet about this remarkable antiseptic and its place in feminine hygiene. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, insect bites or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1 *Both in U. S. A. and Canada*

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 45-E
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(*Please print name*)

Name.....
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City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

big stores, took my picture shaking hands with 'Bill' Thompson and had me talk over two radio stations on different nights."

THE Average Man found nothing very fearsome about the microphone. His first talk was prepared in advance, but his second was made under rather trying circumstances. Yet he can't figure why "fellows like Will Rogers," who are accustomed to speaking in public, should be awed by the "mike."

"Honestly, there's nothing to it," he assured me. "It's not a bit more exciting than talking over the telephone."

On the occasion of his second talk, Mr. Gray didn't get an inkling of what was up until he was pushed in front of the microphone of one of Chicago's biggest radio stations and told to "shoot."

He explained:

"They took me up to the studio to look around and listen to them broadcast. Anyway, that's what they told me. Nobody said a word about my doing any of the broadcasting myself. I sat down by the door to watch how they did things, when the announcer spoke into the 'mike' and said that Roy L. Gray, the 'average citizen,' had just stepped into the studio. Next minute he was saying: 'Mr. Gray will now speak to you,' and somebody grabbed me by the arm, shoved me up before the microphone, and there I stood, with all those thousands of people out there waiting for me to say something. The only thing I could do was to talk, so I talked."

"Didn't you get frightened?"

"There wasn't anything to get frightened about," said Mr. Gray. "It was just as if the telephone had rung and it was up to me to answer it in a hurry. I don't remember what I talked about, but I kept going for three or four minutes.

"I understand that Will Rogers, who does more public talking in a day than I do in ten years, had to go through all kinds of coaching before he got up nerve enough to talk over the radio. I've read of a famous actress who fainted the first time she stepped up to a microphone. I can't understand that at all. These folks like Will must let their imaginations get away from them, or maybe they don't use enough imagination, I'm not sure which. It may be that they have to *see* the people who are listening and hear the applause in order to get going right. As for me, I'd just as soon not see them."

BUT though the Average Man felt no awe for the microphone, he didn't lose for one moment his awe for reporters.

"You can't tell what fool question they'll shoot at you next, especially the women," he said. "A woman reporter expects you to know a little about everything that ever was, and if you don't know it she puts you down as a dumb-bell. One of them asked me if I was a 'disciple of Freud,' and when I told her that the man was a stranger to me she got disgusted and went to interview my wife. Another wondered if I was a believer in the 'transmigration of souls' or if I had ever studied books by a man named Marx. It would have taken a college professor to answer all of their questions, and I'll bet some of his answers would have been wrong. A lot of the reporters acted as if I had been advertised as a noted scholar instead of as a plain average man."

One newspaper man asked Gray what he thought of Mussolini. He had just answered a list of twenty-six questions dealing with everything from the next Presidential election to the Locarno pact—of which he had never heard.

"Mussolini?" pondered Gray. "Now what should I say about him?"

"Oh, say he's got a good press agent," cut in the reporter, who was in a hurry—and down went that answer.

"Would you believe it," Gray exclaimed to me, "that a dozen newspaper editors took a crack at me in editorials for belittling Mussolini? It just shows how careful I had to be."

On another occasion, Gray was eating dinner in his Chicago hotel. The waiter brought in a broiled steak garnished with parsley.

"What's that green stuff?" a reporter who was present asked the waiter.

"Parsley, sir," was the reply.

"What's it for?"

The waiter explained that it was to make the dish look nice.

"You mean that it isn't to be eaten?" the reporter asked.

"No, sir. It's just decoration."

"By gosh! What d'yuh know about that!" said the reporter. "I've always wondered why they put that stuff around a steak!"

The conversation was printed in the newspapers—with the questions attributed, not to the reporter, but to Gray.

However, Mr. Gray smiles at the recollection. He has learned that it is best for the man in the public eye to smile at such trivial misrepresentations, and be thankful that it wasn't worse.

HE LEARNED something, too, about the modern science of newspaper photography as it is occasionally practiced. He was crossing a busy street intersection in the "Loop" district, a reporter and a camera man at his heels. It was the rush hour for traffic.

"Wait a minute," ordered the reporter, and stepped up to the traffic policeman on duty. "Say," he said, "I'd like to get a picture of a crowd here."

The traffic man held up both arms, and in an instant traffic halted. In another instant the jam of cars and pedestrians extended in all directions, while marooned in the center of it was Mr. Gray.

The camera clicked.

"Fine!" grinned the reporter. The policeman signaled, and traffic moved on.

And next day Mr. Gray saw himself pictured in the midst of a Lindberghian crowd that "jammed the streets to see the Average Man." There was no questioning the genuineness of the crowd, for it was there. Still, to his dying day, says Mr. Gray, he is going to be just a little bit skeptical of newspaper pictures of street crowds.

"There is one thing that impresses me about this business," said Mr. Gray. "Pictures of me were in the newspapers daily while I was in Chicago. For that matter, papers all over the country printed pictures. And yet, on the streets, not one in a hundred recognized my face. Passers-by would have newspapers in their hands on the pages of which were pictures of me, but they wouldn't so much as give me a

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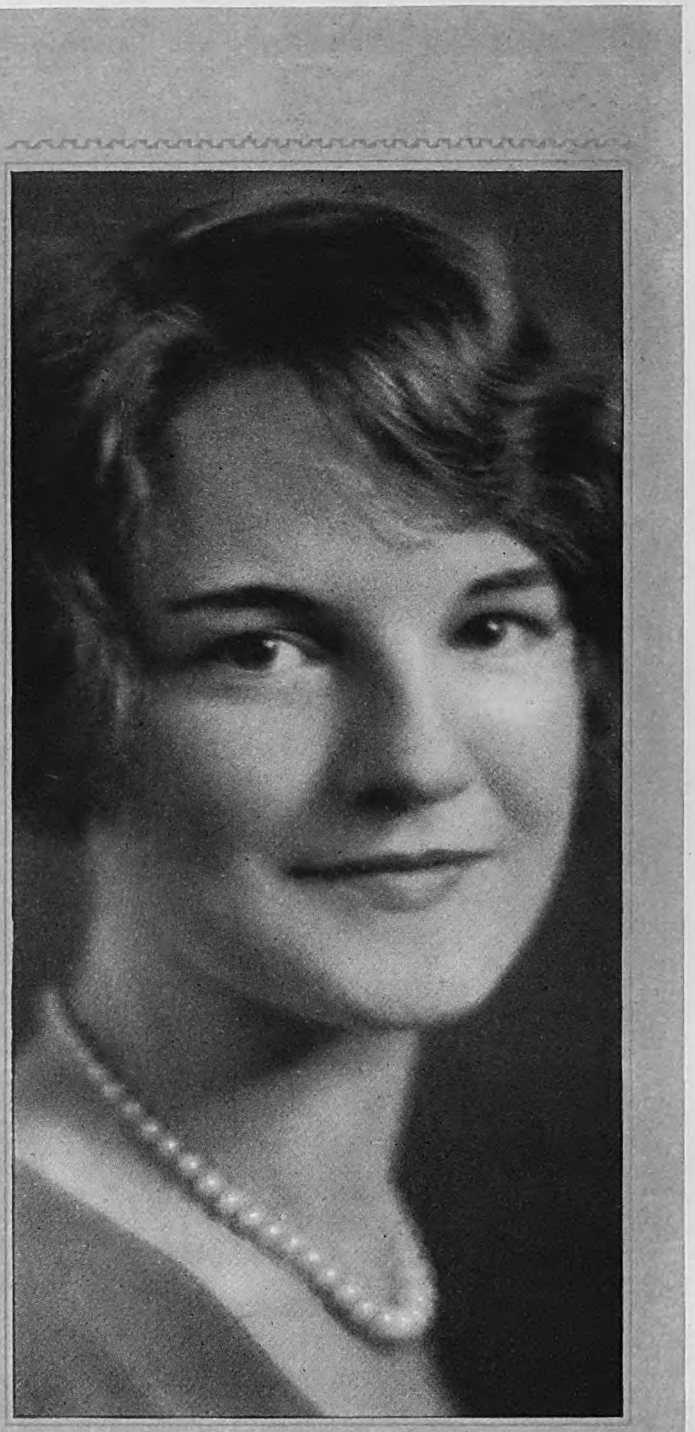

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glance. I have since found that true in other towns I have visited.

"But let me mention that my name is Gray, and at once they look interested. If I stop in a hotel and register for dinner, the clerk recognizes the name Roy L. Gray almost at once, and asks me if I'm not the Average Man. Next day the name is in the papers.

"A few months ago I had to go to Chicago on business. It happened to be the day of the weekly Rotary Club luncheon, and as I am a member of Rotary I was expected under the rules to attend, to make up for my absence from the Fort Madison club's luncheon. The dining-room was jammed with men; probably seven hundred were present. I passed unrecognized until I pinned on the button bearing my name, which it is customary to wear at Rotary meetings.

"One of Chicago's leading ministers was opposite me. He asked, 'Are you Roy L. Gray, the Average Man?' I said I was. A moment later I noticed him speaking to the president, who was presiding. When it came to introducing the guests present, about two hundred of us stood up in a body. Then the president introduced me by name, and I had to stand up alone. But that never would have happened if I hadn't been identified by the name button."

THE thing for which Gray was most criticized was his attitude on prohibition. A minister interviewed him on such deep theological subjects as the origin of the world, predestination, and the future of th soul, and found that the Average Man's religious beliefs were sound enough to be the basis for a sermon, which was broadcast by radio. But both the "drys" and the "wets" were indignant about Mr. Gray's prohibition views.

In the original article in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, Gray had confessed his inability to come to any intelligent decision on the prohibition question. He saw in prohibition and Volsteadism features both good and bad. He decried the lack of "un biased facts" upon which the voter could form an opinion. Personally, he is an abstainer; but he is not so sure but that prohibition is responsible for the bootlegger and some other national ills; neither is he ready to condemn it.

The "drys" assailed him for this attitude; and just as vigorously he was assailed by the "wets." Each faction insisted that if he had any common sense he would be on its side, and a mass of contradictory statistics were hurled at him, editorially and by mail.

He also was criticized for being "standardized" and for his "complacency." Some writers did not like the fact that he had admitted being "average," while others commended him for it. He was denounced as a "menace" to the nation's progress, and acclaimed as a representative of that class which is "the backbone of America." One famous writer devoted an entire magazine article to Mr. Gray, in which he deplored that he had been held up as the Average Man. He saw "danger" in such wide-spread publicity.

"Yes; I read both sides of the argument," Mr. Gray told me. "Our local newspaper printed both the good and the bad."

He became serious.

PERHAPS it is because her protective instinct is stronger. Perhaps it is because she is closer to the youngsters and has more time to think about their future.

But, whatever the reason, the subject of life insurance protection is a matter of far greater concern to the average woman than she usually is willing to admit.

She *knows* how much it takes to shelter, clothe and feed on the basis of present-day living costs. She *knows* what education of children means in terms of dollars and cents.

Why not arrange *now* to put the matter of insurance protection for your family on a sound and common sense basis?

There's a Provident Mutual representative near you who will be glad to tell you about Provident Mutual insurance *planned* in such a way that it covers *all* your needs. If you do not know his address, write to the company direct.

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An Exceptional Chance For You Now

AT THE first whiff of crisp November air, we think of plum pudding, turkey stuffing, Christmas trees, and of the joyful holiday season.

The shops will take on that alluring Christmas-like air—and unless we are prepared with dollars a-plenty we will be none too happy.

Wouldn't you, therefore, welcome a chance to earn $5 or more a day? You can, and I am prepared to tell you how. These are a few of the ten thousand happy women and girls who have followed my plan. You'll see they are delighted with membership in The Pin Money Club, a money-making department for American Magazine readers.

Mrs. Morton of Kansas, who lives in the heart of the famous corn belt, earned $15 in about a month's time. Rather nice considering that it was money earned in spare moments.

Mrs. A. C. Coyle of Illinois put $20.70 into her pocketbook. Who wouldn't be glad to do that once a week or even once a month?

Dorothy Sparks of California, a Club girl who holds a position in a newspaper office, received from the Club three gifts of handsome salad sets! One she gave her mother, another was a lovely birthday present for her married sister. The other, I hope, is carefully tucked in a corner of Miss Sparks' hope chest!

Mrs. Florence Marshall is a new member of our Club and you'll see how glad she was to receive her first gift. She writes:

"My Beehive Pin arrived yesterday and I was so interested in opening the package, I forgot the chocolate icing I had just started making with the result that five-year old Sonny asks for a 'piece of cake with that funny black stuff on top.'"

Come and Join Us

YOU surely want to know more about us and our work. Then sit down right now and tell me so. Even a card with your name and address will bring you a prompt reply. Not a penny are you asked to invest—and our way for making money is sure and fine. Address your letter to

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"I've discovered this: that the Average Man has more friends than he has enemies. The friends outnumber the critics by ten to one. And even the critics, in my case, weren't harsh. They said what they had to say good-naturedly. I read nothing against me that really hurt. I had to laugh at most of the unfavorable comments. I have no kick at the way any editor handled me.

"And here at home I made friends. I suppose I'm almost as well known in this town as the mayor himself. I see a change too in my customers. They are quicker to take my word. If I say, 'That's the suit you should buy,' they usually give it consideration. My opinion seems to be worth more to them than it was before.

"On the other hand, I've got to be more careful in what I do. Not that I haven't always been careful, but now, if I do anything at all out of the ordinary, it's in the papers next morning. If I were to step out into the street there this minute and start a fist fight with somebody, or if I were to get drunk and make a spectacle of myself, it would be in every paper in the country tomorrow.

"I like to drive out in the car on Sunday with my family. If I go any distance from home, or visit some neighboring city, the reporters find it out somehow. First thing I know some chap with a notebook in his pocket is asking me questions, or somebody is hunting me up to make a speech. Just the other day I got a letter asking me to talk over the radio and another asking me to write an article for a magazine. The editor of a newspaper in the Philippines, among others, asked me to write the story of my life.

"Letters? I've got all kinds. Over in Europe they evidently think I'm rich, for I've had letters from there asking for money. One young lady in Czechoslovakia wanted me to set her up in business. A convent in Ireland asked me for an endowment. For some reason I can't understand I got a lot of letters from very old people, like G. A. R. men, and women in old ladies' homes. Then a lot more have warned me against flappers and being lured by the night life of the big cities. And folks keep bringing up the question about my changing—everybody seems to be afraid I'll get a swelled head and 'step out.' Well, you can set them at ease: I haven't changed, and I don't expect to. It takes more than seeing my name in the papers to turn my head."

AS TO the Average Town, it's still the Average Town. But opinion is divided over the adventure it has had in the news. There is one element, and this is in the majority, it seems, which thinks that the "Average Man" story was the biggest thing that ever happened to Fort Madison. But there is a second element, almost as strong, which resents the classification of "average." These folks take the stand that Fort Madison is *above* the average. The third element is very much in the minority and it says little; it merely smiles and goes its way unacclaimed.

"Average?" said one of these, dryly. "This town isn't average. Whoever says it is promotes it."

But there aren't many such in Fort Madison.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

George Wanted *Money*- I Pay Him --*Plenty*

Louis George
Illinois

$10,000 a year is what I paid Louis George, Illinois, for the last three years. This year he says he is going to earn $20,000.—And before he accepted our offer he was earning only $35 a week!

ANY MAN CAN GET This Money From Me

Ray C. Hahn
Sales Director

I paid L. D. Payne, Iowa, $4,500 for his first 200 days with me—he is still averaging from $500 to $650 a month. Putnam of a small Michigan town averages $600 every month. Many others averaging from $6,500 to $10,000 a year in this big pay field—*the field of Fire Prevention.*

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As a Fyr-Fyter representative you will have a marvelous story to tell. Among our customers are such as Ford Motor Co., Diamond Match Co., Bethlehem Steel Corp., Eastman Kodak Co., International Harvester Co., Standard Oil Co., and thousands of other nationally known companies. The U. S. Government alone has purchased 260,000 Fyr-Fyters. Every store, garage, school, hospital, home, factory or farm is a prospect. Our national advertising helps you to make quick sales. National, State and City governments cooperate.

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Days of Drudgery Will Soon Be Over

(*Continued from page 25*)

of business—of course there were exceptions—was forced to its improvements. The tendency was to get a 'good thing' and to stick to it until competition forced a change. The experimenter and scientists, as such, had no place in business.

"Today the experimenter is the heart of business and he grows in importance with the company's size. There is hardly an industry that can afford to be without its research and experimental laboratories. The best technically trained men that the schools can produce are snatched up by eager corporations, who have learned that the essence of industrial progress is improvement. Millions are being expended yearly in experiment, and the whole world is being scoured for the better material and the better thing. That is what was going on at Whippany.

"And industry, in consequence, has gained a new and astonishing vision. As late as a quarter-century ago, when the Wrights were being ridiculed and Ford was called a visionary, there was a smug notion that man had just about reached the zenith of his progress. Had anybody talked then of television he would have been classed with Jules Verne.

"Today, in industry, we are inspired not by what has been done but by what there is yet to do. These experimenters who have come in with their scientific telescopes have given us glimpses into the infinite possibilities of the future. There was and is a very definite limit to what can be gained by industrial warfare between men, but there is no known limit to the results from the conquest of nature."

I KNOW of no executive better qualified to discuss the new in business than is Walter Sherman Gifford. Trained in modern business science, he himself is typical of the new leadership of which he speaks. A graduate of Harvard in liberal arts, he entered the employ of the Western Electric at the age of nineteen, as a clerk. At forty, he was elected to the presidency of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Quiet in manner, cool, vigorous, a lover of the fields and hills, there is nothing of the old business czar about Gifford. A considerable reader and student, his tastes are well rounded and he has no fads. He spends many of his week-ends in a country farmhouse where the wood box still flourishes. His personal habits are simple. He squirms every time he has to make a speech. He "puts on no airs."

Leaving that strange broadcast in the night which had opened the discussion, Mr. Gifford talked on about this bigger theme—the utilization of natural forces to build a new type of civilization.

"Let's begin with something that we all use—gasolene," said Mr. Gifford. "Until a few years ago, a relatively small amount of gasolene was derived from crude petroleum. The residue materials, such as kerosene, heavier oils, paraffin, asphalt, and other products, consumed the bulk of our oil supply.

"We heard predictions of an early gasolene shortage, and the danger was real. Then, in the laboratory, the process known as 'cracking' was brought to light by our chemists. It enabled refiners to break or 'crack' the larger and heavier molecules of petroleum, and thus get more gasolene from crude oil. In 1926, approximately thirty-five per cent of all petroleum was converted into gasolene owing to this victory over nature.

"Take helium. Helium was found to be present in the sun by spectroscopic methods. Later, it was also found to be present in small amounts in the atmosphere of the earth. Scientists abstracted some of it, found it to be buoyant like hydrogen; but, unlike hydrogen, it would not burn. At once possibilities opened for its use in airships. It would reduce one of the airship's greatest hazards—fire.

"But it was impracticable to abstract helium from the air in quantities, and for years this element was almost a laboratory curiosity, displayed in museums. However, the search for other sources of helium went on. The discovery of it in natural gas and the method of extracting it, perfected in 1918, is another of the outstanding achievements of recent years.

"ANOTHER victory over nature, typical of the new trend, was the discovery and application of the flotation process in mining. When ground bituminous coal mixed with ashes is stirred up with fuel oil and water, the coal particles go into the oil and come to the surface, while the ashes stay in the water and sink to the bottom.

"This simple phenomenon is the basis and method used for extracting ores from rock. It has made profitable the operation of many ore mines which would not have been profitable under the old methods.

"In 1908, only fifty-five tons of steel were produced in the United States by the electric furnace. In recent years this has risen to upward of one million tons, due to improvements in the original furnace. It is now possible for our chemists to work with atoms and molecules in a way undreamed of just a few years ago. Such metals as vanadium, tungsten, and molybdenum, once considered as rare, have come into almost common use; and a whole new science of metallurgy has been created—thanks to the development of the electric furnace, which has enabled men to create temperatures equal almost to five times that of the sun itself.

"And so I might continue, mentioning the discoveries of insulin, vitamins, and of the mysterious agents which the chemist calls catalysts. The discovery of catalysts in industrial chemistry made possible the quantity production of nitrogen compounds invaluable in agriculture, and aided in a thousand other laboratory operations.

"In the field of communication, with which I am most familiar, there have been far-reaching discoveries. We have established transcontinental telephone service in America and have made it possible to talk, by telephone, between American and European cities. We transmit pictures

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over wires and have demonstrated television. Radio broadcasts are carried over telephone wires to audiences of millions. And we have the scientific knowledge to do other things for which we have not yet the commercial solution.

"For example, it is now scientifically and technically possible for man both to speak and to see around the world.

"It is now scientifically and technically possible for the President, or any citizen, to speak simultaneously to an audience made up of all the 120,000,000 people in the United States, or, for that matter, of all the people in the world.

"These things, which would make the whole world a single community just as literally as your own town is a single community, are both scientifically and technically possible.

"BUT I would like to point out that there are two essential sciences to the utilization of nature by man. The first is discovered by studying nature. The second is discovered by studying man. After you have found out what you can do with nature, you then have to find out how to put that discovery to use for man.

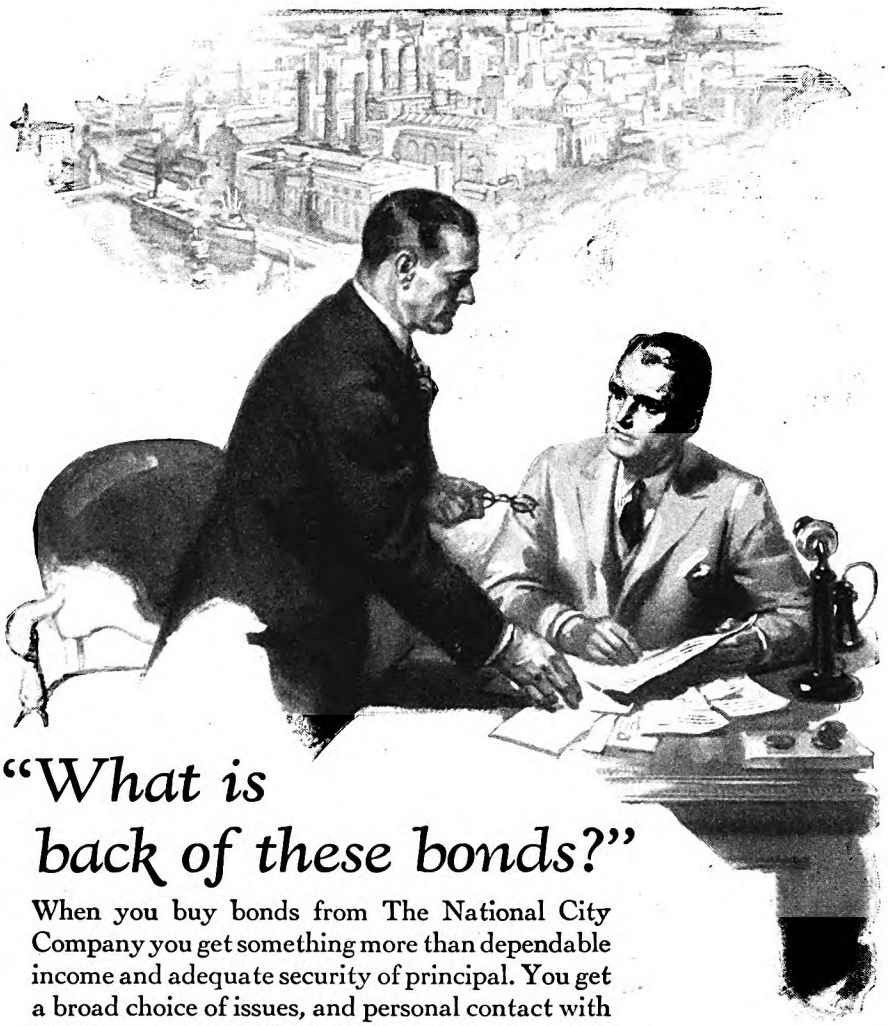
"This second discovery is usually called business; but to my mind, when practiced in the right spirit, it is as high a science as any branch of the study of nature. For example, as I said, we know technically how to bring all the people of the world within sight and sound of one another. But the business task of doing this is far from solution. The first telephone words were heard across the Atlantic in 1915. Transatlantic telephonic conversation as a service to mankind began in 1927. Alcock and Brown piloted the first airplane across the Atlantic in 1919. When will that flight bring forth a passenger service?

"We are not even planning to make the whole world one telephone entity; but it is the purpose of the Bell System to connect with telephones in distant countries just as fast as it is economically practical.

"Nobody can guess how rapidly we are going to advance, but we know that the rate of advance is going to be many times more rapid than ever before in history. And there is a very tangible reason for this: Most of our great discoveries of the past, as I have said, were made by individuals who worked with very limited resources and often in an atmosphere of ridicule and discouragement. Today, in addition to these individual workers, we have large research organizations, supported by the great resources of industrial enterprise.

"Whereas, fifty years ago, Bell and an associate toiled alone to perfect the telephone, today thousands of specialists are working to improve it. You hear of an important discovery in chemistry; for example, the discovery of the various formulas that enabled America to manufacture its own dyes independently of the rest of the world; but when you follow this discovery to its source you may well find that not one man but hundreds of men working coöperatively in a great laboratory were responsible for it.

"Radio was a scientific reality twenty years ago. But one short year after it was introduced to the public as an economic and commercial reality every one of the first receiving sets sold was obsolete.



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POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big premiums. Offer $100 for 1894 Dime, S. Mint; $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel [not buffalo] and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

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Today, though only a few years have passed, you can buy a better set for seventy-five dollars than you then could for one thousand dollars. This sensationally rapid development could not have been made without organized research.

"The first practical use made of electricity was for communication. The land telegraph came first and soon after it the submarine cable, connecting America with Europe. Then, for more than a half-century, the undersea telegraph art made little advance. During the World War, and until 1922, cables were much the same type as those of our grandfathers.

"Then the modern laboratory tackled the problem, and the outcome was one of the most outstanding achievements in the history of communication. Permalloy, which is a composition of nickel and iron, given special heat treatment, was discovered by G. W. Elmen, of the technical staff of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, to be a superlatively fine magnetic material. When the central copper core of the submarine cable is wrapped with a permalloy tape only a few thousandths of an inch in thickness, in a spiral manner, like the bass string of a guitar, the message capacity of the cable is greatly increased. At once a new type of cable was created that would carry as many messages in an hour as six of the old cables."

"Do you think the day of the individual inventor is passing," I interrupted.

"No," Gifford answered; "I still think that great discoveries will continue to be made by men who work alone. But continued progress is assured through organized research, which will come more prominently to the fore with every year that goes by."

"TO WHAT is this leading us?"

"Literally, to a new civilization. I have said nothing of what has been done, and of what will be done, in the fields of mechanics, engineering, transportation, medicine.

"I have said nothing of the research workers in pure science whose discoveries underlie all of our practical applications in these and all other departments of applied science. There is not one of the great technical achievements of American industry that would be possible were it not for the work of the pure scientist, conducted without the hope or even the possibility of pecuniary reward, and solely with a philosophic purpose and for the purpose of extending the boundaries of our knowledge and discovering new laws and principles.

"It has now come to be recognized that these workers furnish in their discoveries the raw material, so to speak, for our industrial laboratories. Unless the discoveries of pure science continue, the applications of science to our practical affairs would before long reach a limit. Bell himself could never have invented the telephone were it not for the scientific principles or laws discovered by Oersted, Faraday, Helmholtz and others. Our progress primarily depends upon the workers in pure science. They are to be found in most of our colleges and universities. They are often poorly supplied with research facilities, and frequently are overburdened with teaching and routine duties.

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"The new trend is evident in every field, and is largely due to the discoveries in pure and applied science, and the business science that puts these discoveries within the reach of everybody.

"Already, as a people, we are materially better off than any people in history have ever been. The eight-hour day has become almost standard, and there is talk of the five-day week. We are healthier and richer than ever before. Yet it is my belief that we have only started to go ahead!

"The housewife, more and more, is going to see her labor lightened and shortened by electricity. The farmer, who not so long ago toiled twelve and fourteen hours a day, is going to find himself with plenty of time on his hands in which to do other things than run his farm. Machinery will increasingly take the load off men's shoulders in our factories. Every one of us will have more chance to do what he will, which means greater opportunity, both materially and spiritually.

"COSTS, particularly for necessities and the commoner luxuries, are in the long run bound to become relatively less. This is going to give us more money to do with as we will. During the past ten years, owing directly to victories over natural obstacles, a saving of $650,000,000 has been effected in the Bell System. This saving now amounts to $100,000,000 a year, which telephone users otherwise would be required to pay to meet the costs of service. The savings total, through reduction of costs in industry, mounts into billions; it has made our present general prosperity possible; it has made possible the eight-hour day."

"How much of the savings to be made," I asked, "will go into the pockets of the people?"

"The bulk of them," was Mr. Gifford's reply. "The masses will profit immeasurably more than the wealthy. If a man has an income of $50,000 or $100,000 a year he is not going to be affected appreciably by what he has to spend for living necessaries; but the man whose income is but $150 a month is going to be vitally affected. If we can reduce *his* budget by as little as five dollars or ten dollars a month, we will have given him worthwhile assistance.

"On the whole, there is going to be more concern in business over reducing costs and improving products than in increasing profits. I believe business leaders are to put achievement above mere money-making.

"As it is easier and easier to make money, which comes with our control over nature, the premium on the ownership of money as compared with the other things of life grows less. Money now is less of a distinction in this country than it used to be.

"The second factor is the vanishing of the few from the ownership of big business and the entry of the many. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is owned by 435,000 stockholders—and no one person controls as much as one per cent of the stock. A similar widely spread ownership is true of every large corporation, almost without exception.

"Additionally, the employee has become a stockholder by the tens of thou-

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sands. There are more than two hundred leading corporations, such as United States Steel, Bethlehem Steel, the Pennsylvania Railroad, Standard Oil, and others, which collectively represent the very backbone of American industry, in which employees own a substantial stock interest. The public, which, after all, is the user of the products of these industries, is even a bigger stockholder; it reaps the bulk of the profits, taken as a whole.

"I have called business the science of making our newly acquired knowledge of nature useful to man. I believe also that when this science is practiced to promote the maximum public welfare, business is a profession and can have as high a professional standard as any other.

"And some such spirit as this must come in American business. The knowledge of nature which has given us material well-being and leisure, will not have achieved fundamentally a new civilization, unless it is accompanied by a new spirit in business itself. I doubt if a man can be one kind of man in his leisure and another kind of man in his business. Leisure will give us time to cultivate the art of living, give better opportunity for the development of the arts, enlarge the comforts and satisfactions of the mind and spirit, as material well-being feeds the comforts of the body."

HAVE YOU EVER GIVEN or attended a party that's been a flop? Sure, you have. But there should be no flops this coming winter where The American Magazine readers forgather. The reason: Next month's article on games. The contents of this article alone will start and keep any party going, no matter how ossified it has become and a further delving into the matter of games—nonsensical, skillful, and witty—will guarantee a non-flop season to all party givers.

The Elephant and the Donkey Take the Air

(*Continued from page 15*)

they've been movin' 'em around all mornin', and now I think they set 'em up in that little box," pointing to the glass cabinet for the microphones.

The politicians deferred in every way to the microphone, and in return radio gave them, literally, the ear of the nation. I have not yet had time to go through all the huge pile of mail which poured in on me from radio listeners after the conventions. But I have managed to get through enough of it to know the extent to which radio brought our great national political battle into the homes and haunts of the people:

At Hartford, loud speakers were installed in department stores and shoppers divided their attention between bargains in merchandise and bargains in candidates. In Nashville, Tennessee, loud speakers were set up in front of the radio studios and shops, and the crowds before them jammed the streets and blocked traffic. At Buffalo, ladies gave porch parties all

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over town, with their loud speakers furnishing the entertainment. The Cleveland baseball team carried a portable receiving set around with them, and kept in touch with both conventions. At Cleveland, Denver, Portland, Rochester, patients in hospitals were supplied with head sets. Crowds gathered around receiving sets in Cuba, the Canal Zone, Porto Rico, and in far-away British Columbia—one of the most English of all Canadian provinces—listening throughout the day to the story of the convention.

These are points I have heard from, but they reflect what went on all over the continent. Our hook-up was capable of reaching forty million people. I have no doubt it did.

In 1924 we served twenty-four stations. This time, we served forty-two stations at the Republican and forty-four at the Democratic Convention, not counting those in Canada and South America and Europe, which got the story on the short-wave transmitters.

BUT a lot of people didn't get a part of the Republican Convention during the third day. In the afternoon for two brief periods reception in certain large areas was completely cut off. That was a mystery for a long time. And few, I think, have ever heard the real explanation. Well, it was because the cable serving those sections was cut and sections of it stolen by a lot of small boys in the Middle West.

Which puts on the best show—the Democrats or the Republicans? You will have to answer that question yourself. But the Democrats usually put on the most expensive show. This year the Republican Convention cost $1.07 per second to broadcast. The Democratic Convention cost $1.15 per second to send out over the air. The bill of the National Broadcasting Company for doing this job was $180,000—$105,000 for the Democratic Convention and $75,000 for the Republicans. And it didn't cost either party anything. Our company bore the whole expense.

But one thing I can say, the Democratic Convention cost me less in blood and flesh than the one they held in Madison Square Garden in 1924. If anybody thinks radio announcing is easy work, let me recall that that convention lasted fifteen working days of six hours each, and that when it was over I had lost twenty-two pounds. I try to be neutral in these political broadcasts, but I notice I generally contribute more pounds to the Democrats. I don't exactly contribute it. They take it out of me.

One impression has crept in on my mind as I look back at the political gatherings I have broadcast in the past four years. It is that our national form of humor is the wise-crack. The American loves a wise-cracker and fairly devours the wise-crack. It is particularly noticeable at the conventions. It is found in the speeches, the slogans, the banners, the signs in and out of the convention halls and in the conversation of the delegates and visitors.

Some of the visitors thought a Kansas City mortician might be indulging in a little subtle wise-cracking in his sign. All the stores had big welcome signs. This undertaker had one, like all his neighbors. But he had the welcome sign suspended just below his business sign, so that the

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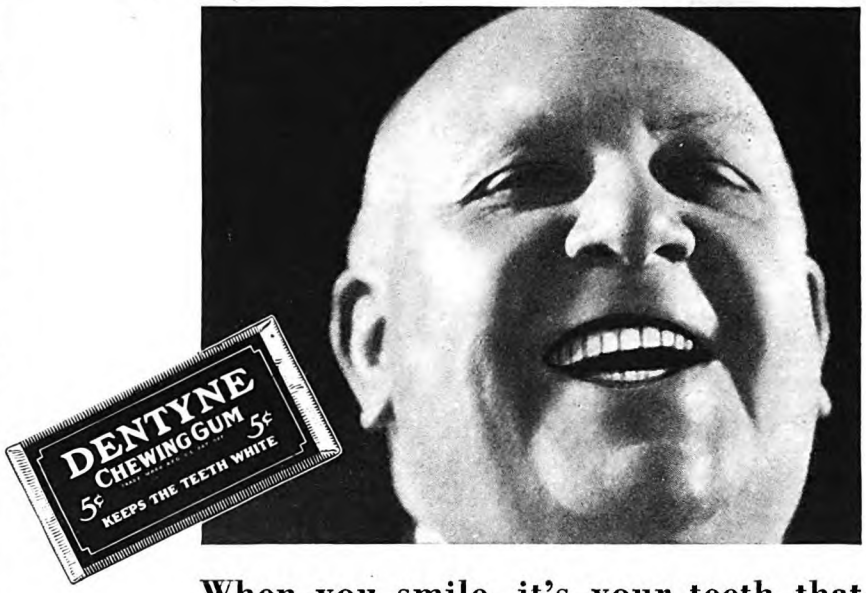

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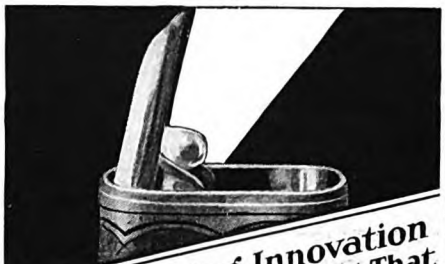

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two read "Caskets Made to Order. Welcome, G. O. P."

Now, under these circumstances it is natural that at both gatherings the delegates and crowds should have expended their most cordial welcomes on the man who is, I suppose, our champion wise-cracker. That is Will Rogers. Will simply can't help it. He gets paid large sums for telegraphing one wise-crack a day to newspapers, for writing articles for magazines and delivering lectures. He runs his wise-cracks, so to speak, through a meter. But for all that he can't resist passing them out to his friends free. During both conventions, every now and then Will would send me a little note. Whenever this happened there was tremendous curiosity to know what gag Will Rogers had pulled. At Kansas City there was an argument about the delegates from Texas. Someone made the point that there was no law in Texas governing Republican delegates. Will sent me a note to this point. It read:

> They are arguing about Republican delegates from Texas. They say there is no law about Republican delegates in Texas. Of course not. Texas never thought she would get so low she would have Republicans enough to have a law about. She has no law about icebergs, either.

At Kansas City, the day after the farmers staged their demonstration, Will sent me another note just after the prayer of the preacher. It read:

> That was a good prayer but it will take more than prayers to put those farmers back in good humor.

AT KANSAS CITY, Rogers was very much outraged because there were no hot dogs to be had in the convention hall. You might as well try, he said, to hold a convention without delegates. In fact, Rogers allowed, it would be a whole lot better to have no delegates and plenty of hot dogs. And so he actually served notice on Jesse Jones, who managed the Democratic Convention, that there had better be hot dogs within reach in the Houston hall.

I suppose they must have paid attention to Will's plaint, because when I got to the convention hall in Houston on the first day of the convention I found a violent argument in full swing because hot-dog venders were allowed inside but the hamburger-sandwich men were kept outside. The hamburger men were in a state of indignation and threatening to bolt the Democratic Party. Finally, a lady delegate came along. She heard the argument and promptly lined up with the hamburger brigade. She turned out to be something of a wise-cracker herself.

"Why let the hot dog in and keep the hamburger out?" she said. "What is the difference between them. Aren't hot dogs and hamburger brothers 'under the skin'?"

But her wit availed the hamburger men nothing. They were kept out. But Will Rogers had hot dogs.

The farmer parade at Kansas City caused a lot of speculation and a lot of joking. I saw one detachment of the protesting farmers arrive. They came in flivvers. They had evidently come over very bad and very muddy roads, for their flivvers were covered with muck. A delegate, looking at the dusty and begrimed cavalcade, said: "Well, I'll say this for them: They're real dirt farmers anyhow."

Whether the parading farmers were real

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ones or just political farmers was a source of constant discussion. The first night of the convention I saw a small detachment of them parading along the street with hoes on their shoulders like pike staffs.

"Some of them fellers look like ringers to me," observed a man at my elbow.

Just at that moment the parade turned and marched into a large hotel.

"Come along with me," he said, "and I'll tell if they're real farmers in a jiffy."

I followed him into the hotel lobby. There was the parade moving militantly across the floor.

"Naw, sir," said my companion, with some disgust. "They ain't no farmers in that bunch. You never saw a farmer carry a hoe into a house. It's bad luck and no real farmer would do it."

On another occasion Chairman Moses had difficulty quelling a demonstration for one of the minor candidates for the Presidential nomination. The galleries were particularly noisy and finally, after much pounding and threatening to empty the galleries, Senator Moses succeeded in bringing the convention out of confusion and restoring order. A delegate in the front row piped up: "Well, Moses has brought us out of the wilderness." Another one shouted back: "That's right. Now let him show us the promised land."

THERE was one other impression I got from both these conventions: It is that the delegates simply love the mystery that hangs over them, and delight to think that behind the scenes deep and even dark intrigues are in progress and that, off in the shadows, men of preternatural shrewdness pull the wires. Every little thing that happens is given a tremendous significance. If a man like Secretary Mellon, for instance, so much as frowns, everyone immediately interprets it as the signal for some move of startling subtlety.

Most readers will remember that Senator Fess when making his keynote speech at the Republican Convention praised the deeds of all the great Republican Presidents, but left out all mention of Roosevelt. It might never have been noticed, but some Bull Mooser present yelled out, "How about Teddy?" Unfortunately, Senator Fess didn't hear this. But others did, and soon everybody was asking why Fess had left out Roosevelt. Next day all sorts of weird stories were built on this simple omission.

At the following session the senator announced that the omission was due to a slip of his memory, and then read the paragraph in his speech referring to Roosevelt. Here is why the paragraph slipped his memory: All the photographers and movie camera men were set to take pictures of the senator delivering his keynote address. They were ranged around like a battalion of machine gunners waiting for the great Klieg lights to be turned on. Just as Senator Fess reached the Roosevelt paragraph, there was a boom of flashlights and a deafening hiss of the great Kliegs brought into action. The camera men "shot" the startled orator. But when they got through they had shot a whole paragraph out of his mind.

Another thing which caused endless whispering was the attitude of President Coolidge. Would he take the nomination? Did he really mean to run again. Then came the dramatic announcements of

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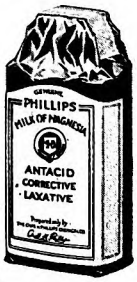

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Mellon and Butler for Hoover, and everyone knew Coolidge was out of it. But what had happened? What had Coolidge said to his friends? I cannot answer that question authoritatively. But I was pretty close to the place where things were being managed and I heard a lot not for publication. I give this therefore for what it is worth: The President sent word that his name was not to be voted on, and that he hoped *he would not have to issue another statement from the White House.*

One other thing I must mention. And that was the eagerness of delegates to get themselves into what we might call "the microphone picture" of the convention. Not only the obscure ones but a good many of very great importance wanted to be sure that the "folks back home" got a little peek at them over the air. At each convention at least one hundred and fifty persons must have come to me and asked for aid in uttering or shouting a few words, or just a word, through the radio. At Kansas City a very distinguished-looking man came to me the day before the convention.

"I am the chairman of the delegation from the state of———," he said. "Now, my seat is right over there—not so far from the microphone. I would like to ask if a man with a pretty husky voice could make himself heard over the radio at that point if he were to shout very loud."

I told him I thought he might. And during the convention I'll tell the world he gave as fine an exhibition of "loud shouting" as I ever heard.

Another man did the same thing: He would come as close to the mike as possible and shout—"Yaa-hoo!" And if the folks back home didn't hear him, they were the only ones who didn't. One man at Houston made a compact with his wife that when the convention got under way he would announce his presence to her by blowing a very shrill whistle. True to his promise, he chose a moment of almost absolute silence, after the prayer. Suddenly the delegate's whistle shrieked shrilly over the convention hall. There was a sudden rush of armed Texas Rangers to the spot and a great commotion, which gathered intensity and size each moment until something approaching a panic reigned around the startled delegate. Finally the man had to explain very meekly that he was merely sending a little "hello" home to his wife. And he continued to do it for the rest of the convention.

AT KANSAS CITY some of the delegates soon discovered a very effective way of getting themselves heard over the radio. It came on the balloting. All they had to do was to demand a roll call. Then the clerk would have to call their names, and they would have to answer in voting, and all this went out over the air. When the Georgia delegation was reached on the vote for the Presidency, a poll of the delegates was demanded.

The clerk began calling the names. The delegates, it soon appeared, were almost all black. Their names were impressive and well flavored from history—Jacksons and Washingtons. As each name was called the owner would rise and shout "H—O—O—V—A—H." Finally, the clerk called a name which sounded like George Washington Johnson. A very dark man rose, and in a voice that boomed out over the great hall and roared through the mike over the air and back over the fields of Georgia, he cried, "I votes NO."

THERE was one young man I permitted to get in a word over the radio. The first ballot at Houston was just about finished. It was late at night—to the listeners-in in the East it was early morning. Governor Smith lacked just a few votes of the necessary two thirds. The convention was in an uproar as delegates everywhere were clamoring for recognition to be the first to change their votes, and thus cast the deciding ballots for the New York governor. The air was electric with excitement.

Suddenly I became aware of someone behind me in the booth. I looked around and saw Eddie Dowling, the famous musical-comedy star. With him was a very young man about eighteen years old. His face was flushed, his eyes asparkle; he was tremendously excited, but holding himself with youthful dignity in check.

"Mac," said Eddie Dowling, "this is Arthur Smith, the son of the governor. He wants to be the first to congratulate his father." At that moment, doubtless half the population of America was listening in on this event. The name of Smith was in every mind. It was the supreme dramatic moment in that lad's life. And his heart had turned naturally to the home, two thousand miles away in Albany, where his dad sat listening to this clamor.

So I cautioned him to be calm and then introduced him for a brief word. And in a very manly, reserved way, with his excitement held down fast, he sent over the air a word of greeting to his father. Later that night, when the convention had adjourned, while all the exits were black with the crowds filing out, with all the seats vacant, a messenger handed me a telegram. It was a wire from Governor Smith. It thanked me for this little act, and expressed his appreciation of the whole broadcast, which had enabled him to follow the story of his nomination. A few days later I got a letter from him further amplifying his appreciation.

More and more, all the scenes in this great political drama of electing a President are coming to be important chiefly for the vast audience which listens-in over the air. This drama as at present arranged, and all its scenes, has been worked up over many decades for presentation to a single audience in a single building. Now that the audience is spread over the whole Union, it seems to me there are going to be some changes in the program.

And now, as I began this article with a prophecy, I will end it with one. It is this: That four years from now, we shall see some very extensive changes in the scenarios of the national conventions, and they will be made principally to meet the tastes and hold the attention of the great radio audience.

"WOMEN," says CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND, "are either spendthrifts or tightwads!" . . . "Mr. Kelland doesn't know what he is talking about!" answers EMILY POST. It is a hot argument. It is in next month's magazine, and a good time will be had by all who read it!

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Two I Love

(*Continued from page 33*)

fences, lamps lighted in windows of little houses, shadows of trees falling over them. Troona began to shiver, Jim put her coat, which he had been carrying, around her.

"You'll have to have a diamond wedding ring, Mrs. Randis," he said, and smiled down at her, young, slender—her head bare—her hair blowing against his sleeve.

That night at one o'clock, Hanson's grocery boy pounded on Granny Randis's door. Tod Buckles was dying. He wanted Jim. And then Granny found out Jim wasn't there! His bed was just as she'd left it for night—covers turned down, lamp lit, old Scotty on the floor, his nose over Jim's slippers—but Jim hadn't come home!

Granny didn't know what to do. Didn't know what could have happened that he hadn't come!

Then, from Jim's room, Scotty began to whine—soft, eager barks, and they heard Jim coming up the walk, whistling under his breath—quick striding steps.

SO JIM went back with Hanson's boy to Tod, stayed there while night slipped into dawn, held Tod's hand, wet his lips, shouted everything he wanted to know: Was there any heaven? Something—yes—somewhere! Didn't he think Peddlety's onion puller was a consarned fraud? Well, no. Peddlety pulled his own onions with it all right. Was it forty years Hanson's store had been goin'? Yes—forty-one Wa'n't it sunrise yet? Turn his bed around to sunrise. Who's comin'? Minister? What's Bascom comin' *here* for!

When Jim left Tod's, he went over to the pool hall, where two or three of the boys were waiting to hear about Tod, and from there he was starting on home when he heard wheels on the road by Hanson's store, heard the whinny of frightened horses as cruel hands jerked the bits, heard the chain of the hitch rack, a team being tied behind the store, and he knew Furm Peterson had found that Troona was gone!

Jim stood there till Peterson came out past Hanson's—ragged coat, brutal hands. The street was empty, only for Peterson and Jim Randis there in the flush of dawn. Jim walked out in the street toward the big Norwegian, whose body grew tense as Randis came closer.

"Peterson, if you're looking for Troona," Jim said, "I married Troona last night; and she's nothing more to *you*. If you want to know why you happened to meet me here, I'll tell you I've just been with Tod Buckles while he—died."

Furmil stood as if his senses had left him.

"Tod made a will a week ago before Judge Dawson"—Jim took a cigarette out of his case, lit it slowly—"and he left his little debts, his little credits, and his farm—to me."

Peterson's fists dropped open, his knees seemed to sag.

"I don't want any difficulty between—father and son," Jim went on, in his eyes irony perhaps, triumph perhaps. "So I hired a man about an hour ago to work the place and—well, to keep you there till you pay the back rent, Furm."

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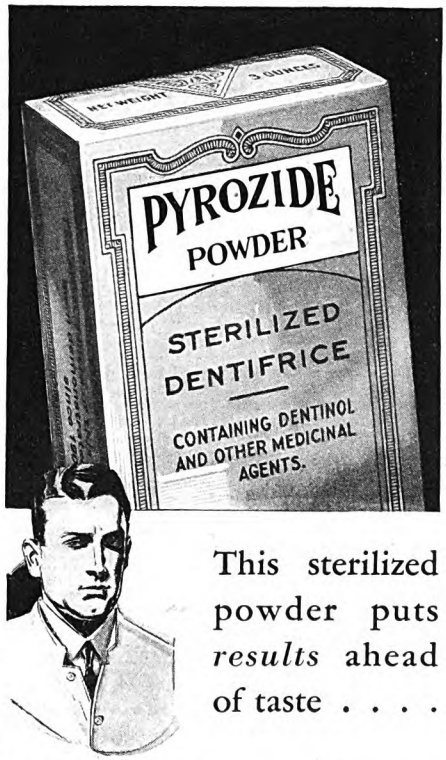

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In the pool-hall window a hanging lamp, still lighted, shone pale against daylight. The door was open.

"Dave!" Jim called.

A man came out, a little heavier, a little shaggier than Peterson. Dave Evans—the big fellow the deputy swore in to hunt road robbers, ugly jobs like that.

"Dave, here's Peterson," Jim said. "You can go on out with him now."

The man who was Dave pulled a shapeless hat over his eyes, sauntered across the road to Peterson's team, rubbed their noses with a dirty hand as they shied away, and came leading them out.

Suddenly Peterson stiffened, swung his fist straight at Jim's face—drove a blow against his chest! Dave plunged at Peterson, caught his arm above his head, locked it behind him, shoved him against the buggy wheel, and heaved him—stumbled him into the seat!

"Are y' all right, Jimmy?" big Evans asked, squinting back over his shoulder at Jim, an arm's length from the buggy.

"Sure," Jim told him, wiping a trickle of blood from his face; and while the trees, pale with sunlight, turned from pink and lavender into blue, Jim watched that team go out on the road west, Peterson slumped in the seat like a lump of old clothes.

Old Tod! Poor old groping eyes. In pitiful gratitude, leaving all he had to pay for just the bare charity of kindness! Jim reached in his pocket for a handkerchief. On his cheek that splotch of blood was mixed with tears.

And out of his pocket with his handkerchief he also brought a crumpled sheet of paper. He read it there in the soft, pale light of morning—

. . . Be it known that I, Ansel Dawson, Justice of the Peace, have this day, by virtue of the power vested in me, united in marriage, James Robert Randis and Troona Mary Peterson, according to the laws of the state and—

THE old men in the store didn't know what to say about Tod and Jim and Troona and Peterson.

Overwhelmed, they wore their good clothes and talked in whispers for a week after Tod was gone.

The first time they saw Peterson after the farm belonged to Jim, he came in the store, sullen, ugly, looking at no one, striding to the scales with a side of bacon, Dave strolling after him.

"Get a sack a' corn meal, Furm, and fetch it to the wagon," Dave drawled, "and a barrel a' salt cod."

The store was as silent as though the old men had been puppets!

When Jim Randis would come in, they would be silent too. It seemed to make a silence for all of them that there was no longer anyone for Jim to shout at. They wanted to ask about Troona. No one had seen her. Nobody knew what Jim had done with her. But, somehow, nobody asked him. Not even Ansel Dawson.

Jim seemed different these days, came in—went out—went back to old Scotty, didn't go to the pool hall any more, didn't sit at Hanson's, seemed to have something on his hands beyond just Scarville and one day after another.

When a couple of weeks had gone by, the old men began to weigh and speculate. Where was Troona? What had happened? Some day Peterson would come in raving crazy and kill them all! What was Jim Randis trying to do? He'd said he was going to get everything Peterson had. He'd got Troona—he'd got the farm. What was he after now?

One Monday, Ollie Jensen came in and said Peterson was plowing his southwest forty, grubbing stumps out, setting out a new fence. Jensen said he had gone to Peterson's to drive back a hog that had got away, and had found Dave and Peterson in the barn, Peterson shouting that he wouldn't do what Dave told him, Dave chewing tobacco, leaning against the oat bin, Peterson raging till veins stood out on his head like lines marked there, shouting himself crazy and blind with defiance. Then Dave had quietly knocked him down, knocked him down again, and down again, and now Peterson was plowing the southwest forty.

ONE day while Peterson and Dave were plowing, Jim Randis took Dave's wife out to clean the farmhouse. In a box in a closet he found Troona's clothes—coarse things made with uneven stitches, thick, cheap, cotton dresses, still rounded with the curves of her shoulders and elbows. He unfolded them awkwardly, touched them as though they might still be Troona. Troona seemed to be watching him, looking at him from everywhere—pale flower against those sullen walls. He could feel her fingers, cold, frightened, in his. Her lips would have been like that if he had kissed her. And he *could* have kissed her . . .

. . . have this day by virtue of the powers vested in me, united in marriage James Robert Randis and Troona Mary Peterson. . . ."

Then, under Peterson's mattress, Jim found a dirty canvas pocket with fifty—sixty—a hundred—a hundred and thirty dollars in it!

"Tell Dave to bring Peterson to town in the morning," he told Mrs. Evans.

The Reverend Mr. Bascom still was praying, pleading, for shingles for the church. Rain had dripped through and swollen the windows, warped the benches, streaked the walls.

With Dave and Furm Peterson, Jim Randis went the next morning to Mr. Bascom's house, and in the little parsonage parlor, while Peterson's face worked with rage till the roots of his hair were crimson, Jim told Mr. Bascom that Furm Peterson would pay for the shingles of the church. Jim put the money into Bascom's hands. Mr. Bascom didn't know what to do—didn't seem to dare let the money stay in his fingers!

"Gentlemen," he said, "I can scarcely—this is really—the Lord has—"

Furmil Peterson's jaws were set like steel, his eyes seemed red with the fury that looked out of them.

"And Mr. Peterson will put the shingles on the roof," Jim said.

It seemed the four walls of that little house would burst with the passion of Peterson—his presence!

"Shall we—shall we go out and look at the roof, Mr. Randis?" the minister ventured, high, nervous voice.

Mr. Bascom and Dave and Peterson and Jim Randis measured the church roof.

September was white-hot. Ruffles of wavering air lifted out of roads and roofs. On the church, Furmil Peterson lapped

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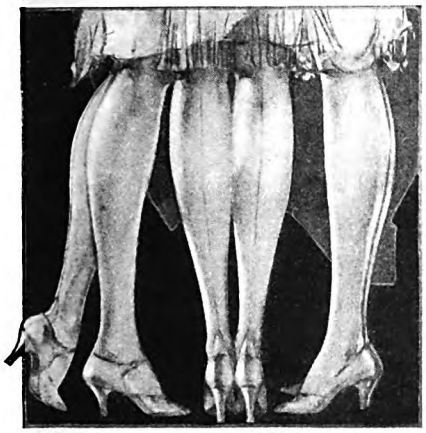
In Conference



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shingles one over the other, striding the ridge like a powerful creature above a helpless victim. Furiously, fiercely, he bent his thick shoulders down, brought his brutal hands down. Sweating, swearing, he thundered on, the sun soaking his clothes, streaking dirt down his face, while below in the shade, on the nail keg, Dave would sit with a chew of tobacco in one side of his mouth.

At first, nobody dared come by, remembering Peterson's hands at the bits of his horses, remembering the years of his cursing and bullying—no one dared come along where he crouched on the roof, iron hammer in hand. But then they began to see the vagary of Furm Peterson's roofing the church, Furm Peterson slaving, sweating in a gift to the Lord, and the old men from the store began to wander up and watch and chuckle. Members of the church began to come and carry away the old shingles for kindling; farmers began to take that road into town.

The last day of September, Peterson worked after dark and finished, Dave sitting on the roof holding the lantern.

"Well, I hate to talk soft, Furm," Dave said; "but I got to say I never seen a prettier job a' shinglin' than this here!"

Furm mumbled something, brought the hammer down like it would crash the roof. Mr. Bascom was waiting at the church door trying not to be afraid to say what he had come to say.

"Mr. Peterson, I cannot express the—"

Peterson strode past him to the water bucket, ignored the words, ignored the moment.

"IN TOMORROW night's prayer meeting," Mr. Bascom went on, voice high and nervous, "we wish to give a special service of praise for you, Mr. Peterson. Will you come at the usual hour, and—?"

"No," Peterson said shortly.

Dave spit out his cud of tobacco behind the minister's back.

"What time does th' gatherin' take place, Reverend?" he asked, removing his hat, holding it over two fingers. "I ain't versed on the hour of prayer meetin' exactly."

"Seven o'clock, Mr. Evans," Mr. Bascom said, his voice almost a whisper.

"He'll be there, Reverend," Dave grinned.

The old men who sat around Hanson's hadn't been to church for fifty years. At seven the next evening, when they creaked down to the brown oak front pew, they had to look sideways to find out if their hats should be off or on! Every seat in church was full. Extra chairs were full. The choir was full. Dave Evans, cleaned up somewhat, hair combed, no chewing tobacco, sat with Peterson and heard a sermon of example to other men. Members of the congregation rose with nervous praising words for Brother Peterson, men Furm had fought with and cursed and bullied all his life.

They gave him a song book. Dave didn't know anything about a tune, but he could read, so he sang, booming across the whole side of the church, grinning sideways at Furmil.

After the meeting, everyone came up to shake hands with Peterson, who stood there, foreign and rebellious to all of it, answering nothing, looking at no one!

Mrs. Quincy, who led the choir, came

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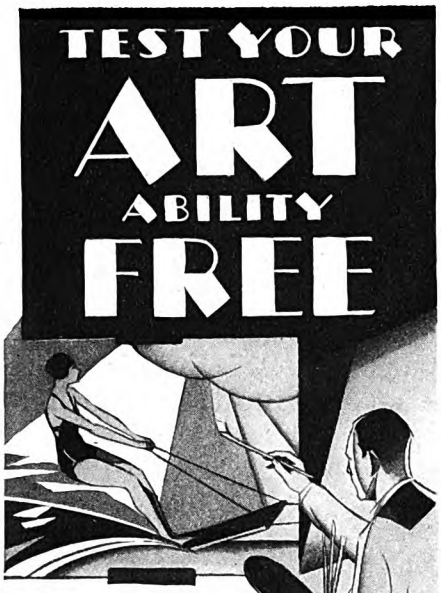

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and put her hand out in such a way that he had to take it.

"You have done a wonderful thing, Mr. Peterson," she said, looking up at him with a nervous birdlike chirp—"you have done—why, Mr. *Peterson!*" She opened his hand and held the palm upside down on her own. "Why, your hand is *cut* and *blistered!*"—her voice that sharp, soft concern of a woman. "It must be bandaged! Martha, run over to your house for warm water and salve and a bandage for Mr. Peterson! It must pain *terribly!* Oh, it's so wonderful what you did for the church! The roof is wonderful! Oh, Mrs. Bascom, just look at this poor hand! Mrs. Tibbetts, see Mr. Peterson's poor hand! Where's Lucy Briggs? She knows exactly what to do! Mr. Shanks, open this box of salve, will you? There, that's soothing, isn't it? How many shingles does a roof take? Sixteen *thousand!* Oh, Mr. Peterson! And you nailed sixteen thousand shingles all alone! Susie, hold Mr. Peterson's fingers while I put on the salve and the bandage! Sixteen thousand shingles! Oh, Mr. Peterson!"

It was ten-thirty when they got back to the farm.

"Well, ain't *you* the hero," Dave chuckled, cackling like an old woman. "Want me to cut them rags off your hand?"

"No," Peterson said.

THURSDAY, Dave and Peterson went to town.

"Well, boys, here comes Deacon Peterson," Seth announced. "Get out the song books! Must be Furren Mission meetin' today. Furm's in town."

Peterson stopped half way to the back of the store—faced Seth, his chin thrust forward.

"If you've got any damn thing to say, you can—"

Facing the door, his hands threatening, he suddenly stopped in the middle of his words, let go his strained muscles and turned back to the counter, as in Hanson's front door came Mr. Bascom and Mrs. Quincy and Lucy Briggs—rustle of fresh gingham.

"Lucy, I a'ways think peas and lamb are—Oh, Lucy, here's Mr. Peterson! Oh, Mr. Peterson let me see your hand! Did you keep the bandage on exactly as I told you? Doesn't the church look wonderful in the bright sunlight, Mr. Peterson?"

Furmil took off his hat with his left hand as Mrs. Quincy reached for his right.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

And that afternoon there was somebody new in Scarville—Furmil Peterson. People spoke to him on the street, the editor of the Scarville "Eagle" called him to read what the paper said about him. The children who passed him would look up with a shy, "How-do, Mr. Peterson."

Mr. Tibbetts kept the hardware store. Peterson went to buy a scythe. Tibbetts slapped him on the back, and said he was just the man they wanted to see. Mrs. Tibbetts had sent down a pan of baked beans, and apple cake and brown bread to give Mr. Peterson!

Who can live in the world for himself? No one can. The weeds in the other man's field seed on your ground, your weeds seed on his. Scarville was new to Peterson, because Peterson was new to Scarville. He told Mr. Tibbetts, when he came to town again, he would bring him a slab of the best bacon in Caul County!

When Dave and Furmil got back to the farm, Jim Randis was there with a clothes basket on the ground by the door. Dave looked in to see what it was. Five spaniel pups on an old piece of blanket were tangled together, rooting against each other, blind eyes, tiny, quivering tails.

"They haven't any mother, Dave," Jim said. "They've got to learn to drink milk. I brought them out for you and Furm to take care of."

So that night at twelve o'clock Dave shouted Furmil Peterson awake, to get up and warm milk for five whimpering dogs. They could have all been choked to death or crippled with one grip of Peterson's hand; but Dave kept them back of his own bed, watched every move Furm made while he fed them, watched them cling to his fingers, push against his hands.

Six times every day the next two weeks, and once every night, Furm Peterson fed those weak, tiny things. One night, one of them got hold of his ear and wouldn't let go. He laughed out loud.

"Dave, call off this dawg," he said.

One afternoon Jim came out with mail. Two letters for Dave, one for Furm. He heard them in the barn mending harness.

"Yes, I oughta been a sailor," Dave was saying. There's nothin' I love like ships."

"Homesteadin's what I want," Peterson said. "Land for hogs and cattle."

"Say," Dave broke in, "I forgot to tell ya' this mornin' I seen the rye comin' up on that forty we plowed!"

"Comin' even?" Peterson asked.

Then they saw Jim standing in the door.

"I brought some mail out," he said. "It's in the house."

Furm went after it. Two letters for Dave Evans, one for Furmil Peterson, and in the one for Furmil Peterson was a check for two thousand dollars! Furm stared at it—stared at the letter pinned under it . . . coal mine stock he'd given up for worthless, ten years before!

And then under *Dave's* letters, Furm Peterson saw a letter that belonged neither to himself nor to Dave—a letter that Jim Randis must have put down with the others by mistake—a letter addressed in Jim's writing, stamped, sealed, and ready to mail.

To
Mrs. James Randis
Blue Ridge Villa,
Maze, Virginia.

PETERSON went back to the barn. "Randis," he said, "at the bank in town this afternoon, I'll pay up all I owe you."

Jim looked up in quick surprise, then saw the check in Peterson's hand.

"All right, Furm," he said. "Will you stay on the place—or leave?"

Peterson looked out along the plowed southwest forty, covered with an almost invisible net of green, looked down by the cottonwood stumps to a weathered row of tombstones—his brother, two infant sons, his wife.

"I'll . . . stay," he said.

Dave and Furm and Jim drove to town, and at the bank Furm paid Randis eleven hundred and ninety dollars, and drove back to the farm—alone.

Two days later Jim went to Ansel Daw-

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son. "I'll be going away soon, Judge," he said. "I want to have the farm deeded to Troona. I want a new house built and the place made right for her."

Dawson pushed the ink bottle against the rim of his desk, tipped his chair back and looked at Jim from under shaggy brows. "Jim," he said, "if you're goin' away why ain't your wife goin' with you? Why ain't she with you now?"

"I'm going to free her," Jim said, standing at the window, looking out at the yellow drowse of Main Street. "That we married is nobody's concern but hers and mine."

The judge sat there in that little office, studying the handsome fellow by the dingy window.

"Jim, there ain't many girls as good as Troona," he said slowly. "She ain't beautiful maybe, but—"

"Yes, she's beautiful," Jim interrupted; "she wears white chiffon—her arms full of red roses—she's marvelous. She's—" He seemed suddenly aware that he was *talking*, not *thinking*. He faced around from the window.

"I want the deed made out in her name," he said abruptly.

THAT night Jim Randis asked Dave to drive him in the car from the livery stable to take Peterson the blue prints for a new house.

He left Dave in the road and went up to where a light shone out around the open door—went up and looked in, and what he saw was Furm Peterson, his lap full of tumbling little dogs, one tucked in his vest, one clinging against his neck. He was feeding them warm milk, laughing, talking out loud to them.

Jim stood there a minute, lazy eyes, lazy smile—then he went back to the road and put the blue prints in the mail box.

"Didn't go in, Dave," he said. "There's nothing more to see Furm about. I've got what I came back to Scarville for. I'll let him build the house the way he wants it, and I'll leave—tomorrow."

Dave stretched shambling arms along the door of the car.

"Say, what you been tryin' to do around here?" he asked, looking at Jim with half-shut eyes.

Furm Peterson had heard them, had come down the lane in the shadows, stopped back in the darkness, where Jim, in the circle of the headlight from the car, couldn't see him or hear him.

"Well, Dave," Jim said, standing with his hat in his hand, thick dark hair brushed back from his forehead, "Once Furm Peterson did a brutal thing I knew I'd never forget till I paid him. I told him that some day I'd get everything he had! I came back to Scarville to keep my word, and I've done it. I've got everything he had—that's all!"

"Got what!" Dave said—hoarse vagabond voice. "You're treatin' Furm Peterson like a piece a' royalty!"

"Dave," Jim said, and smiled a little, "don't you know Furm Peterson didn't have anything to *get* but meanness and brutality and selfishness? Haven't I got them all?"

Dave stared at Jim—then he worked his mouth into a grin—pulled a dirty calico handkerchief out of his pocket and mopped his neck inside his open shirt.

"Well, I'm damned!" he chuckled.

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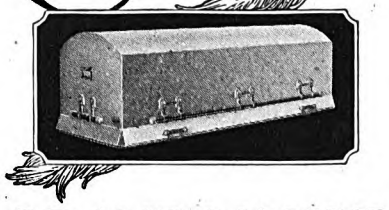

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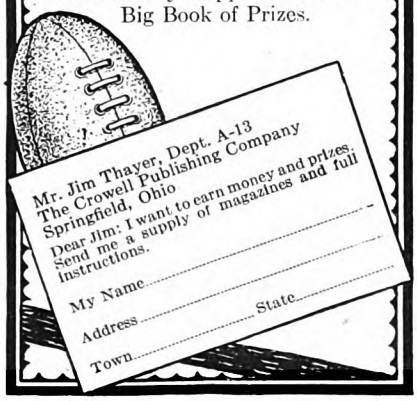

"Who'd a-done a thing like that fer a buzzard like him!"

Down the road a yellow harvest moon was like a lantern above the horizon.

"I DIDN'T do it for Peterson, Dave," Jim said, "I did it for two I love—Troona and a collie dog!"

Dave stopped laughing—looked at Jim oddly.

"What d' *you* care fer Troona?" he said. "All you wanted Troona fer was to hog-tie her pa! Ain't you figurin' right now how to get out and leave her?"

Jim turned to Dave, his voice steady, his eyes serious.

"Dave, I live in Brazil," he said. "I own a coffee plantation—I'm—I'm rich enough to give Troona everything she wants. Night and day I think of what will make her happy—so I'm going to free her. She trusted me, married me because I told her I'd save her from her father. I'd be a dog to hold her—and I won't; but I—I worship her, Dave! Peterson could have killed me that night before I'd have left her here!"

Dave came across to Jim so close their eyes met in the dark.

"Jim," he said, "what are you talkin' about, lovin' her when you don't even know where she's at!"

"Of course I know where she is, Dave," Jim answered. "She's in Virginia. Those days I was gone, while Furm shingled the church, I went to see her. She's wonderful. The night she married me, I sent her to my partner there. I had his wife buy her everything—I wanted her to learn to be happy. I'll take care of her always, but I won't keep her bound to me because of that once when she trusted me. I'll go back to the plantation, and she can stay in Virginia or come here or—"

"Jim, she ain't *in* Virginia," Dave said with that dry little chuckle. "Day before yesterday Furm sent her a telegram to come back. She's standin' three feet behind you with her pa!"

HER hair was pinned around her head, her dress so sheer and white it seemed almost part of the moonlight. Her hand was in her father's, her head touching his shoulder.

"Troona," Jim said, "Why—Troona!" He couldn't believe it! He didn't know what to say to her!

"Jim," she said, coming toward him, "if you wanted me that night because you loved me, don't you know that's why I wanted you too? Don't you know—"

Suddenly she was in his arms, and he *did* know.

"Have a chaw, Furm," Dave said.

Furmil Peterson didn't chew tobacco; but he took Dave's plug and bit off a chunk to get his face out of sight—such a hulk to have tears in his eyes!

Freedom means nothing to the free. Only to those who have been in prison.

Are You Asking Too Much of Life?

(*Continued from page 40*)

a capital method of expression; that it is the steam in the cylinder that turns the wheels, not that which is blown through the whistle. He asks me how I compare Macaulay with John Richard Green, and why Browning should be repudiated by the latest coterie of Intellectuals.

Such men as this one do not expect the prizes of honest striving to drop unbidden at their feet, and are not at odds with God and the universe because occasionally they draw a blank. They do not, in a phrase, ask too much of this life we live, which, when it is fretfully quizzed rather than earnestly addressed, usually grants us so little.

If correspondents of the opposite kind would but reflect that imagination only retains its vitality by being related with what is actual and operative around them, they would spare themselves and their friends much complaint and unhappiness.

Many of the letters I receive are unhappy ones from souls who sometimes seem to hug their griefs to keep them warm. None may speak to them of comfort, for they talk of graves, worms, and epitaphs, and inscribe sorrow across the front of everything. Naturally, a correspondence column is the Mecca to which these pilgrims of the doleful road repair. There they deposit their wrongs, soured loves, ardent hates, and the cynicism that blisters the cynic. Yet, side by side with these bewildering results of expecting too much from life are stimulating examples of sacrificial people who challenge life and find it good at the core. They count their benefits and discount their hardships.

The messages these correspondents transmit to me are as refreshing as a perfect day in June. They have that vision of the unseen which relates it to the seen, and enables them to utilize its stabilizing forces for society.

IT IS needless to observe that many are curious to learn the chief impressions derived by me from my contacts with my correspondents. They are curious to know, too, the conclusions I have drawn. They are as numerous as the types producing them, but the one that predominates over all others is what, for the want of a better term, I shall call the Mismanagement of Desire.

Most of us, at some time or other, have looked before and after, and sighed for what is not. Grown-ups, as well as children, cry for things as unattainable as the moon. This may explain why Buddha, the Hindu sage and teacher, was shrewd enough to make absolute extermination of *desire* his primary condition of discipleship. Thus, at a single stroke, he eliminated the chronic cause of most of life's discontents and conflicts.

What, then, is essential to a victorious outcome to this life we live?

First, that we analyze whatever disturbs or disables us in living a full and useful life.

Perhaps you wonder why we as a people reveal a tendency toward self-expression which at times becomes bombastic, whereas otherwise we are as reasonable as mealtime. Allow me to indicate two contributory causes to the American propensity for ask-

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ing too much of life: The first is embedded in our traditions as a people. The second springs from self-aggrandizement. We have been trained to think in superlatives, to scout the improbable, even the impossible, and to cry: "It shall be done!"

Why not? Americans are the chosen race of this age. They do not have to harbor the exclusive castes and privileged groups which time sanctions in older countries. Every native-born baby boy is a potential President of this republic, and every baby girl may yet marry the heir to aristocracy or wealth.

The nation's far-flung territory, its geographical detachment, its abundant resources, its amazingly fortunate history, its rapid growth in population, in possessions and in world power, foster in our citizens that bold positivism which astonishes foreigners. They comment freely on our unalterable belief in ourselves, and hint that we have not heeded the sound of the stream of tears and blood which falls darkly through the shadows of their own complicated life.

Well, granting the plea of the joyous one-hundred-percenter that we have the finest, freest, richest, biggest, broadest, and best of everything conceivable, it follows logically that many live, move, and have their being in a wonderland of dream and vision. This idealism is profitable when it is kept within bounds. It spells the difference between Tibet's stagnation and Chicago's hustle. It helps to create the dynamics as well as the mechanics of the period; the buoyancy, the freshness, and the vigor for which we Americans are notable the world over.

BUT there is another side of the burnished shield. More haste can be worse speed; and in the rush for the front many are pushed off the track altogether. In the hurry to get there, wherever "there" may be, wrong demands frequently are made on life. The dismay, the confusion, the back-tracking can be traced to our fatal knack of asking too much of life at the very start.

This assertion holds equally true of religion. "Two men I despise," said Mahomet: "the fool in his devotions and the atheist in his blasphemies"—and our United States, it would seem, produces both in some quantity. Religion, rightly interpreted, is the cement of society; but we know to our sorrow that it can be thwarted by bigotry, corrupted by superstition, and degraded by needless divisions.

Twenty per cent of the questions put to me by my correspondents, for instance, revolve around religious issues—theories, cults, and denominational creeds. Some show that the questioners are aware of a new era of oneness and coöperative service in religion. Others evince an unshaken resolution to find in their faith the satisfactory answers to life's difficult doubts and queries. Still others dwell on the social and moral relationships which both Judaism and Christianity sustain toward industrial and international problems. Devout believers who fear for the Church and the Bible want to know if a man can be a Christian and accept evolution or reject the miracles of the two Testaments, without destroying the credibility of the Scriptures as a whole.

Of course a moment's thought might convince these inquiring souls that divine

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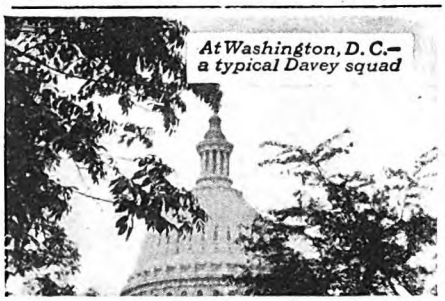

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revelation is certain to contain many truths beyond mortal apprehension. No form of religion can answer all questionings or silence all qualms—nor should it be required to do so. And yet the net result of the letters I receive on the issue demonstrates the unspeakable values of the religion of sacrificial service for the regeneration of mankind.

THE second source of the Mismanagement of Desire, as I have frequently seen it demonstrated, is egoism in its manifold forms. It has a very extensive wardrobe at its command, but usually it prefers to dress up in the feelings that favor its own self-consequence. The incompetent person who rides in automobiles is likely to lord it over his real superiors who have to walk. And so money is the god of the multitude, because it means power, or they think it does, which amounts to the same thing for those who want to burglarize life and take from it more than it was intended they should have.

"I am thirty-five years old," a man writes, "am married and have two children. I am worth just ten thousand dollars, and mean to be worth a million when I am forty-five."

The writer then transmits his plan in considerable detail, wonders what I think about it, and advises me to get in on the ground floor. I had to tell him that swag would be a better name than profits for what he proposes. Thousands of men are now in jail who are not criminals either by instinct or habit. They had to be confined for the safety of society, because their feelings stole a march on their conscience and judgment.

Many letters I scan come from households which receive, let us say, four thousand dollars a year for upkeep, and spend forty-two hundred. As the genial Mr. Micawber sententiously observed, the next result is misery. Yet weak husbands and wives expect happiness as the outcome of their pretensions to style, and frequently they ask me with tremulous insistence why it has deserted them. Of course, when income and outgo are out of gear, outgo assumes the lead and love frequently flies through the window.

Everybody is aware of these consequences. Nevertheless, stimulated by unleashed desire, misguided couples resolve to be as good as their neighbors, cheerfully spend more than they earn, and just as cheerfully anticipate a "good time." It arrives in full fig, but not as they pictured its coming.

OTHER correspondents speak of their delight in meritorious pictures, a choice play, a lyric by their favorite poet, a bit of beauty from some master of prose. Their quiet ways of living link the days and nights together with pieties and pursuits that have no price in the marketplace. And God bless them for it!

Once men and women forget that their possibilities must always be advised by their limitations, they begin to falter and moan. Ideals pitched too high may be hitched to a comet instead of to a star, and organized efforts to place yourself and your concerns ahead of everybody and everything are fraught with the greatest danger.

Protests and complaints from aggrieved sweethearts, outraged wives, or despondent husbands are an endless stream across my desk. Usually there is but one answer to their problems—a failure to find a divine sense of humility through the abnegation of self and the true joy that comes from a sacrificial service for others.

Some letters I receive are the effusions of out-and-out rebels against the existing social order—anarchists who clamor for the downfall of pretty much everything that's "up"; while others are patient, plodding, and praiseworthy. Occasionally there comes a letter from some poor soul who is yearning hungrily for something and seeking a way to satisfy that hunger. I quote at length from just such a letter:

I suppose I have a too vivid imagination, for it carries me away from everything and keeps me troubled. I am naturally a student, not of one thing but of everything; of course leaving out the things I dislike. I read philosophy, criticism, poetry, news, comments and fiction. I've a fever for writing. It is a turmoil inside of me—not to write cocktail and burning kisses stuff but something decently worth while, something that brings in human feelings and human impulses.

So I read and study through the classics, almost get on fire delving into history, and go through a large New York Sunday newspaper absorbing information from all over the world. The result is I am transported out of my present existence. I burn up with desire to wander all over the globe, browsing around ancient or historic spots, studying the differences in living conditions, racial characteristics and habits of people, seeing life as it is, marveling at the works of nature and of man, and I actually suffer because I realize my imagination must suffice. I want to sit on the bow of a boat in mid-ocean alone and think and dream and enjoy it as it appeals to me.

Then, too, I yearn to become clever enough to talk to accomplished men who are informed, and who know and think about things in the big way. Religion is something I want to talk about, the establishment of a proper conception of God, for I am a follower of Rousseau, and I found many of my thoughts expressed in "A New God for America," by Herbert Parrish. When I discuss my thoughts and feelings with people I run up against, I have to battle with narrow-mindedness, obstinacy, and brains incapable of reasoning or respecting reason.

I'm always striving for expression, but not quite expressing the something that gnaws at my soul's roots. I am inspired for something I can't define. I feel poetic, I am often thrown into despair or into keen delight with the poets, but I can't produce even a simple rhyme. I stand enraptured in front of a beautiful painting.

I see industry and am astounded and want to be in it. I see a tramp-steamer slowly, silently, easing out of the harbor and wish I were on it. I see the names of big cities, cities far away and made up of strange people, and I want to wander around their streets and feel the pulse of them. I want to see nature in the woods, streams, and farms. I pass a book store and the books and their titles captivate me, for I want to see some of my own works there, too, not drivel, but something beneficial to human thought and reasoning. I read history and wish I could have lived since the world began, so that I could know all the splendid people of the ages and their times. I yearn for a thousand things I can't express, and attempt to put it all in words.

Yet what can I do? I am married, happily so; young, twenty-two; and a clerk earning a pitifully small salary. I was forced into this one particular job because of hard times and employment conditions. Oh, I enjoy my books, my thoughts, the news of other people and the opinions of other people; in fact, every truth and every beautiful thought I read I try to keep some record of. I can't even read all I want to. I write stuff, and get it back usually, possibly

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Vermouth

because to me writing is an Art and not a Trade.

My confinement to this one town irks me, which is natural. It doesn't require intelligence to be possessed of the wanderlust, but I meet but few intelligent people here. Don't ask me, "Have you tried looking for some?" I have. I went to a semi-retired doctor among others. He is philosophically inclined and a great reader. Rather uncertainly (I knew what I wanted and not how to go about it) I suggested that we get together sometime, and just discuss things, thinking he might be interested in what a young man thought, while I was interested in the opinion of an older, experienced man. I was rebuffed.

I've tried to find a man who will give me some time of his; but in every case he is indifferent or too busy or not interested. I simply wanted to find out what they thought of various things, human nature, modern trend of thought, behaviorism, science, government, youth, education, the soul, literature, and hundreds of other things on which I am anxious to compare my thoughts with those of other people.

I guess I am too blunt. One has to make friends to be able to chat, and I find that many older men of the type I want to talk to do not want friends. I am not repulsive-looking or dirty, nor do I smell of grease. I feel that I am intelligent enough not to be a smart-alec, although I realize that most of our one hundred and ten or twenty million people are too busy looking out for themselves and are too cranky and indifferent to bring up sane topics. So I speak over their heads and insult their intelligence or ignorance. I don't know which.

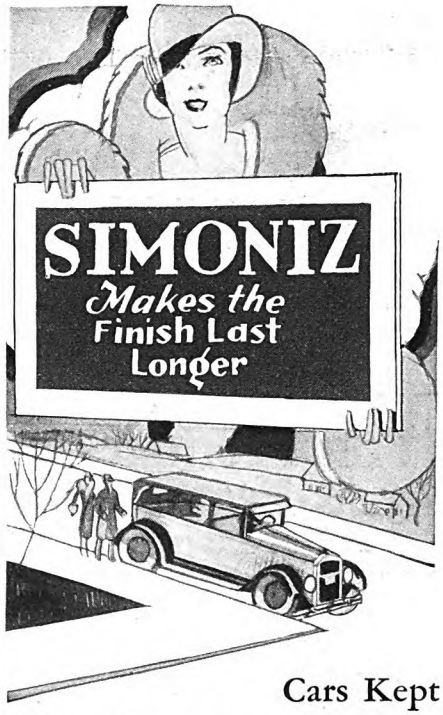
What can I do to make myself more satisfied with my own little existence and corner, or is there any way a young man can force an opening by which he can get in on things that are happening? If I have talent and no opportunity, must it waste itself away? I can't go roaming over the face of the earth: I am happily or unhappily, for my desires, forced to earn a living for my wife and myself.

THERE is much more of this moving epistle. What can I say to so interesting a citizen twenty-two years of age who has a good wife, is happily married and enjoys excellent health, and yet who protests so vigorously at his lot in life? I know I should counsel him to be content with his numerous blessings; but I have a certain memory of my own youth that knew something of the same peculiar loneliness, and so I shall tell him to remember that the higher one climbs in mind the more solitary is the wayfarer, and that no man need wholly despair of his lonely lot in life while there are good books to read and good deeds in which to express the impulses of one's soul. And I shall advise him to cultivate the faculty of concentration, of bending all of his faculties toward one specific end.

Those who force their passage beyond dreamland have to make at least one dream *real*.

The next letter is sent from a humble room in Brooklyn by a single woman alone in the loneliest place on earth—a great city. Observe the bravely confident attitude with which she faces the future. She writes:

Like the proverbial penny I am coming to light again, because, though very late, I wish to tell you how glad I am that you are safely back from your summer vacation. I have visualized your reception and your friends demonstrating their gladness in happy ways, and because Poverty stalks always beside me with grim, unlovely countenance I can only wish that I too could bring my "gold and frankincense." But please believe me none gives you "welcome home" more sincerely than



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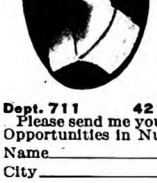

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I. It comes right from the very heart of me.

Because I have not been able to hear you on the radio I have found myself reading your "Daily Counsels." They have been a godsend to me. Another very interesting find for me is a little book called "These Twelve," by Dean Brown of Yale. Is it not helpful? I feel most drawn to St. Peter, because there is in me too much of the impulsive for my own good. I wish this little book could travel far. It is one that can be read and understood by the plain folks everywhere.

There are so many people roaming around this world with heartaches, who have failures, misfortunes, warping bitternesses, and despairs. They need help from many sources, according to their type. Some of them may find it in a verse of poetry, a beautiful hymn, the laughter of their children, or the love of their home.

Whatever the source, it gives to them that divine hour which enables them to go on again; their memories, hopes, courage, and dreams come back to them. A great many are giving of their strength day by day, often to unlovely tasks almost beyond their own endurance, and after a while bodily weariness is dominant. The mind grows indifferent, pluck isn't so easily reborn, the desire for better things gradually fades, and they drift along aimlessly. I find many of them are unafraid of death, because the grave offers them a chance to rest. Doesn't this sound very dreadful? But in trying to do my bit in a quiet way I find it is not only dreadful but true.

Do you remember my saying that I was going to try to do a kindness to someone each day. It has been a great game, but oh, the misery it has revealed! I no longer feel amazed when people question the goodness of God, or feel, as did the old poet, that nothing can compensate for the insolence of birth. When a very tired mother of eight sickly children said to me, "I am sick of hearing of the duty we owe to our Maker. Has He not some duty to us also?" I knew a crushed heart was behind that remark. The pity of it all is that a heart can reach such a state that it allows the tongue such license.

But to turn to happier things: Would you like to know that I too have had a vacation. Two weeks in Maine, and for a little space I felt the delicious sense of coming into my own again. I wakened in the morning, my hunger for sleep satisfied. I reveled in the glorious sunshine and drowsed in the shade of the pines to the hum of bees and singing birds. I feasted on sandwiches out of a shoebox on the days when I went fishing. I bunched roses in blue bowls and filled my room with sweet peas and mignonette. Then in the starry night, out in the sweet-scented garden, with the lovely moon giving me her benediction, I found ineffable peace.

So my tired heart, revolting and dissatisfied, comes loyally back to its own, and the storm abates. The halcyon days went all too soon, and it was a real hardship to leave my woods and birds, my spaces and my cloistered quiet and to come back to the city.

And now I have something else to tell you. I am leaving Brooklyn to take a new position, and although I shall commute daily, it is too far away to come often to hear you. I feel very depressed at the thought, but I must go because the work is far more remunerative, and I need all my pennies to meet the responsibilities that are mine. Would you believe that I have been making ten dollars a month keep me in the things I need after my room, board, and home money has been taken care of? Of course, this includes my donation to the man behind the wicket who is storing up a sum for the old age that I hope is to be mine. But that little sum procures me all my magazines, my daily newspaper, my extra car fare, writing material, stamps, church offertory, 'phone calls, shoe shines, toilet articles, my extra lunches, etc., etc. Now don't you truly think that is economy, thrift, and fortitude forced out of poverty?

I don't want poverty to get too close to me, because I think it is likely to be degrading. So far it has not touched me that way; but it can and does give one a feeling of inferiority; a sense of having failed. I suppose this is often inevitable, but do you wonder that the "Man with the Hoe" became a "thing that grieves not and that never hopes"! Surely poverty does tend to keep your eyes fixed on the furrow rather than on the glorious blue sky.

You cannot know how sad my heart feels in leaving you. You have been so wonderful to me, even though you do not know me by sight, and have never spoken to me personally. But you have been so comforting and helpful, and I have been so alone in this battle of life, oh! so dreadfully alone, Doctor Cadman, with so few weapons to fight the battle; *just a fundamental sincerity and a faith in God.* I feel myself reaching out for relief from the dissatisfaction within me and I am finding that relief in the new life I am experiencing.

Any magazine should be proud to print this letter from one of God's unknown heroines, who would blush to give her gallant fight a name. What a contrast her confession makes with those of her sisters who are sick of the social whirl, yet haven't the resolution to get out of it, or who covet more and better clothes than there is money to buy, or who fret and scold because they cannot have their cake and eat it, or who want a good-looking partner, tall, clever, a capital conversationalist, without a blemish on his record, having a substantial income, and a car of the latest model waiting at the door.

I FORGET who it was that said "not wanting a thing is comparable to possessing it." We must look to the fences of our desires. We must remember that

The golden hopes men set their hearts upon
Turn ashes . . .

and we must come back to simplicity and humility, to kindness and truth. We must live each day for the good it may bring to others, rather than to the material gain it may yield to ourselves.

And so the letters come in an endless stream. The idea that God is against them pollutes countless creatures of His love and providence.

Often I hear from a man who cannot reconcile the divine attributes with the tragedies of individuals and of history. He insists that the Deity shall justify His government of the universe. Another writer, generally a woman staggering under bereavement, will not accept the Will which is her peace. Yet how many I could mention who have—

. . . that blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened,

because they walk by faith, not by sight. Their influence upraises the circles in which they move. They seldom miss the appointed path. They do not ask too much of life; they ask life for but one gift: *the power to serve and to serve sacrificially.* Is it too presumptuous to recommend their habit?

Napoleon asked for the earth, and got a rock in the ocean on which to die. Sir Isaac Newton gave himself to human service and the heavens register his work. The noblest Being who ever appeared among us enacted that he who would be the greatest among us should be the servant of the rest.

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The Suppressed Story of Mrs. Jackson

(*Continued from page 21*)

letter. The currency was currency, and unquestionably in Colonel Post's possession at the time of death. If Mrs. Jackson didn't claim it, then probably she was right. No one else would. Moreover, one couldn't cross-examine Mrs. Jackson. You could look at her, but that was just about all. Certainly, you couldn't snatch a letter out of her hand. His gestures on departure reminded me of my own defeat in the first interview with this charming, mysterious, and altogether lovely lady.

"You'll remain a few minutes, I'm sure," she said to me. Would I? Indeed yes. Presently the lawyer was gone, and Mrs. Jackson and I were again seated.

"You are the young man who wished to interview me," she said, smiling beautifully. "Colonel Post told me about you. He told me that he was going to give one of three young men a story that I also know. I don't know the other two young men. You were to decide by lot. Who won?"

"I did, Mrs. Jackson."

"Well, I'm glad. Because I know you. Colonel Post was very fond of his young squirrels, as he called you boys."

"We were very fond of him, too, Mrs. Jackson."

"I know you must have been. He was a rare and beautiful soul. He would not have disappointed you about that story, for he was honor itself. I'm going to tell you the story and you can furnish your own seals."

"That is very kind of you, Mrs. Jackson. I am all eagerness and attention."

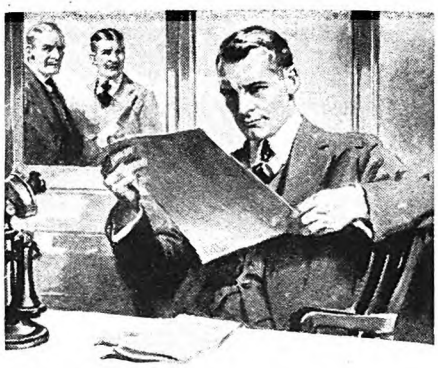
"I am sure Colonel Post would wish me to tell you. Will you smoke?"

"Thanks."

Mrs. Jackson folded her hands in her lap and gazed dreamily at the ceiling.

"A LONG, long time ago," she began, "there was an ugly, scrawny little girl who lived on a farm and ran about bareheaded and barefooted. She had a frowsy, uncombed head of sun-dried hair that was neither blond nor brunet. Nowhere, nowadays, would you see such an ugly, skinny little creature, so I must ask you to use your imagination freely. Girls such as the one I am telling about have simply disappeared from the earth. In spite of the fact that this girl was plainly born to wield a hoe, she was obsessed by impossible dreams of a glorious life among cultured people and luxurious surroundings. Poor child, she could barely read and write. Knowing almost nothing of the world, she thought of this city, which was then just an overgrown village, as a great metropolis, probably paved with gold and resplendent with jeweled towers; a place where men and women wore gorgeous silks, and spent most of their time parading up and down wide boulevards on prancing white horses.

"So that little girl, when she was seventeen years old, took eight dollars out of an old cracked teapot and ran away from home. I am not certain whether she stole



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"I've had my eye on him for some time and I know he can handle bigger work.

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the eight dollars or not. Her father probably thought so, but she had hoed many, many acres of cotton and had not eaten a great deal. Anyway, she came to this city expecting to do something very grand, though she had only hazy notions as to what it would be.

"Her first sight of the great metropolis was a bitter disappointment, for the streets were muddy and the whole place looked wet and dismal; but she couldn't go back because she had spent six of her eight dollars for railroad fare. Moreover, she was afraid of her father. So she started out to look for work.

"Now, it had seemed to this girl, before she left the farm, that there would be a tall man wearing a velvet coat who would meet her in front of a marble castle and say, 'Come in, Princess, and sing for us.' And, in her dream, she was to go in and sing, at the same time charming everyone who saw her. But the poor girl couldn't sing; as a matter of fact, she couldn't do anything. Presently she was tramping the streets, fearfully tired, painfully hungry, asking waiters in cheap restaurants if they needed anyone to wash dishes. And none of them did.

"ONE cold, wet night, her second in the city, she was staggering along Main Street, keeping close to the walls of buildings, because she knew she was going to fall pretty soon, when a hack came splashing down the street. You don't have hacks any more. Know what they were?"

I nodded.

"The hack drew in close to the curb and a tall, handsome young man leaped out. The girl collapsed in his arms, but she could still hear what he said. He was telling the driver that the girl was not drunk but ill, and that unless he missed his guess she was hungry. I was that girl, and Colonel Post was the handsome young man. I was very happy at the thought that he was going to take care of me. But he didn't. I saw him look at me appraisingly, and his verdict, as he afterward told me, was that I resembled a cross between an Indian famine victim and a drowned rat. No chance for romance. As I said before, you could scarcely imagine such an unpromising little wretch.

"'Take her home to your mother,' he said to the driver. And I saw him hand a bill up to the driver's seat. That was a blow. Tired and weak as I was, it was still possible to feel the hurt. I was so wet that I didn't dare even snuggle close to the handsome young man who sat beside me while the driver took me home. He didn't even say good night. The driver's mother fed me and put me to bed. Next day they told me who Colonel Post was and about themselves.

"They were very nice people; the mother was well educated, and her manners were far better than any I had ever seen before. Her son had once been a bookkeeper in the same newspaper office where Colonel Post was editor, but his health failed and he was told that he would have to work out of doors. He wasn't very strong, and that job of driving a hack was just about the only one he could hold, under the circumstances. He said it had saved his life. Colonel Post used to remain at his office until one o'clock every morning at that time and then drive to his club in a hack, the same

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hack every night. He and the driver were, in a way, good friends. He even came to their house on Thanksgiving Day and at Christmas time to have a piece of cake and a glass of wine with them. I hoped that he might come by to see how I was getting on, but he didn't. He made inquiry of the driver, and probably gave him another bill.

"I remained there, from day to day, intending to leave and afraid to start. The old mother needed me, because she was feeble, and heaven knows I needed her. One day the driver asked me to marry him. And I did. There didn't seem to be anything else to do. He was a kind man, and a weak, helpless creature like myself. It seemed natural for us to be together.

"BUT as I recovered from my fright and privations and became my normal self once more, all of the old dreams came back. I had but to shut my eyes, and I could see myself walking through marble corridors, carrying a feather fan, and trailing a long train of shiny silk. What was I doing? Where was I going? That was never part of the dream. There was very seldom a Prince Charming in these silly dreams. My highest ambition was to get over being a clodhopper dressed in an old flour sack.

"I told my mother-in-law about all this. I thought it would make her laugh. But it didn't. To my astonishment, she cried. I bless her memory for that. Oh, but it did me good! You see, I had been crushed. I had run away to become a queen, and I had nearly starved, and now I was married to a hack driver; but that good woman still thought the dreams were not silly.

"So we went to work together. The ice was broken. She showed me how to fix my hair, how to make my dresses fit. No matter how terrible they were, we made them fit beautifully. And I read books to her, while she corrected me. Then I would walk, up and down, up and down, trying to be graceful. We even danced together when she felt able. At other times I danced with the broom, miles and miles and miles. Every day at lunch she would be company and I would receive her at the front door. Nothing else interested me now. I didn't care for an audience, or for young men, or for anything in the world but to be a lady. I didn't try to sing or play the piano, and I had no hope of being an actress. All I wanted was to make my dream of myself come true. I could get on without the feather fan and the marble palace and the white horses. I wanted to be the sort of person who could make a little more stir than I had made by collapsing on the street.

"MY HUSBAND told Colonel Post what I was doing, and one day he dropped in. His manner was very formal. I didn't know why at the time, but he was furnishing me with a grand gentleman of the old school to practice on. I think it amused him very much. And, dear me, how I practiced, and how thrilling it was!

"That year, for Christmas, he gave us subscriptions to several women's magazines. That was the first time I knew such things existed. They opened half a dozen heavens for me. By the time my baby came I was the happiest woman in the world, because I had made with my own

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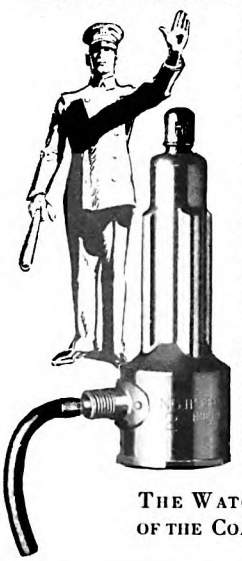

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hands so many things for him that really were beautiful. Just learning to tie a pretty bowknot was a glorious achievement—for me. I spent months trying to set the table so that the things on it wouldn't look as though they had dropped through the roof.

"Sometimes I would go to the theatre, and there I watched every gesture, every step, and afterward I would practice the leading lady's speeches. Not the big dramatic scenes, but 'Come in, Gwendolyn,' or 'Good night, my dear,' or, 'Will you take sugar, Charles?' Those were the ones that interested me. I can't account for the long life of this enthusiasm, because we had no company and never expected to have any.

"About a year after my baby was born his grandmother died. She had saved a tiny little bit of money of her own, and she left it for me, with a note asking me to get a full-length mirror. We had talked of this before, but hesitated to spend the money. Now I got the mirror. Next, I borrowed a carpenter's plane and smoothed down two boards in the living-room and waxed the surface until it was like glass. Then I practiced walking on that narrow strip of imitation ballroom floor, watching myself in the mirror. It was very good practice too. I had to be graceful there or I would fall down. Being able to watch my reflection in the glass was the greatest help of all. Finally, I could detect a fault by the tiniest movement of the hem of my skirt.

"My husband was very good to me; these antics, to the extent that he knew anything about them, amused him; and when I wanted to spend money on little things for the house he always gave it to me if he had it. We didn't try to save. Most of the things I bought for the house were awful, as anyone might guess, and year after year I was getting rid of just about as much as I bought. Furnishing the house was the hardest lesson of all, because I hadn't seen many houses, and therefore pictures such as those in the magazines didn't mean as much to me as they probably did to others.

"WHILE my boy was in high school, my husband died. I went out to see if I could get work, sewing by the day. Well, I found jobs almost everywhere I went. There were no people around here, then; I went away over on the other side of the town. Nearly all of these people, my present neighbors, I mean, are newcomers. Colonel Post still continued to call three or four times a year, always on Thanksgiving Day and during the Christmas holidays. Sometimes he would send me a book, and he signed my library card, and gave me several lists of things to read.

"While the boy was in high school he won a prize, and Colonel Post presented it to him. Not long after that he came out and asked me if I didn't think the boy ought to go to college. I had supposed, of course, that that was utterly impossible; but he told me how young men worked their way through, and promised to give him a small allowance, to be repaid after he left school. We agreed on all this and my boy went East. He's doing fine there now. Just as soon as he was able, he repaid the money; but Colonel Post always objected to that, and said he should put the money in a special savings account, to be drawn on at some future time when he might find a boy he'd like to send to college. We referred to this money as the General Jackson Memorial University Fund. And he always called the boy young Stonewall."

"Why did he do that?" I asked.

"Because my husband's name was, of course, Jackson. Colonel Post always called him General, just as a joke. He called him General that night I met them. And I always called him 'General,' too. That amused Colonel Post very much, but 'General' was the first name I heard, and it stuck. In our correspondence this money was always the 'General Jackson Memorial University Fund,' and my boy was 'young Stonewall.'"

"Then your husband never was a general or any other grade of officer?"

"No. He was a hack driver. He wasn't old enough to fight in the war."

"Well, how did this story get started?"

"Just a few times, not over three or four at the most, I let my tongue slip and referred to him as 'General.' People didn't ask questions at the time, and I thought it was forgotten. Anyway, I think those slips occurred before my hair turned white, and nobody ever paid much attention to me then. You know there is a tradition in this town about two Mrs. Jacksons. No one knows what ever became of the one who used to work over on the other side of town. She just disappeared.

"WELL, the answer is that my hair turned white. And other things had happened, too. Evidently, nature had intended me to have a fair complexion; but fifteen years passed before the sunburn really all came out of it. As a girl I had a muddy, dismal complexion. It didn't entirely clear up until about the time my hair turned white. Then, of course, it showed to the very best possible advantage. These changes came within a few months, and suddenly I was a different person. Also, about that time The Heights began to develop rapidly, and I could get more business and better paying business within ten blocks of my home than there was to be found in all the rest of the city.

"Well, these people came pouring out here; nearly all of them recently from other cities and states, and they found a white-haired old lady living in an historic-looking rock house. They noticed that she knew how to sit down and get up, and walk and bow. Immediately, they began spinning romances about her. One day I went to Colonel Post and asked his advice. He said, 'Just keep that discreet mouth of yours nicely closed, as it has always been, and no harm will ever come of the rumors.' I thanked him with tears in my eyes, because I wanted to see the inside of all these pretty new houses. I wanted to see how these fresh, bright girls who came out of happy homes would go about making their homes attractive.

"You may know how eager I was to do this when I made bold to ask Colonel Post if he thought it was safe to let the dear, blessed rumor float on. I told him they were beginning to invite me to their parties. He said that if necessary he would swear that he and my husband fought side by side in every battle from Manassas to Appomattox. Colonel Post, you know, really was in the war, but the

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governor gave him his title, long afterward, he said, by making him a member of his staff. Certainly he looked like a colonel, and he could say the loveliest things. I must show you the last letter he sent me. It's nearly a year old, but I'll keep it as long as I live." She rose, opened a jewel box on a table near by, and produced the letter. I could see that there was nothing else in the box.

Colonel Post had written:

My dear Mrs. Jackson:

Young Stonewall persists in sending me instalments and you refuse to accept them, so I am angry with both of you. Christmas so near too! You shall have only this letter for a Christmas present. But I shall at least make it a pleasant one. I have for a long time now wished to pay you a compliment that you richly deserve. The little drowned rat at last holds her precious dream. The cocoon is forgotten, and you have bloomed in autumnal glory.

Madam, yours is the most remarkable achievement of fortitude, character and skill that has ever come under my observation. Words will not express the high esteem in which I hold you, for I, too, fall under your spell now, although I saw you weave with clumsy fingers its earliest strands and bowed my head to hide my pity. That any woman, regardless of her background, should be what you are today after years of constant poverty and hard work is an achievement of which the whole sex might well be proud.

But you have done more than that: you have wrought a miracle. God must have been watching you, for that silver crown of hair, I believe, is the harbinger of endless rewards. It was not solely for your sake, nor even because of friendship for the dear departed General that I promised my protection for the delightful rumor. I want these young women to know and admire and love you to their profit. You have been a good influence in every life you have touched. I want to save you for our town, as well as to stand guard so that you may have every possible moment of happiness in a triumph for which you worked thirty-five years. God bless you, and Merry Christmas.

Your humble admirer,
T. H. Post.

"Isn't that a nice letter?" she asked.

I nodded, and fished for my handkerchief, hoping—I am proud to say—that the seal would remain unbroken on this story, forever.

I Have the Most Interesting Job on Earth

(*Continued from page 29*)

established a reputation, so, during the earlier years of my career, I accepted any and every commission that came along. I was never deterred from tackling a subject because I knew nothing of it. Instead, I went to a library and read up on it as though I were preparing for a college examination, then interviewed every available authority on that particular subject.

On what seemingly insignificant episodes do our actions, sometimes even our lives, depend. Missing a train, falling into conversation with a stranger, reading an item in a newspaper—any of these may set your feet on a trail which leads you know not whither. For example, I might never have gone to Abyssinia had it not been for an encounter with . . . I am getting ahead of my story.

I was in Aden, waiting the arrival of a

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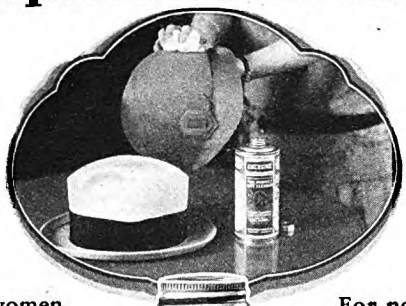

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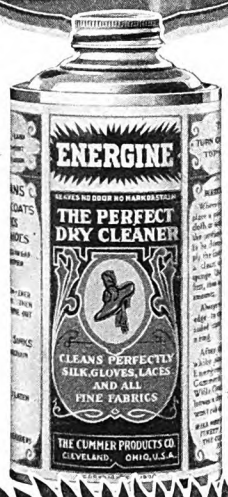

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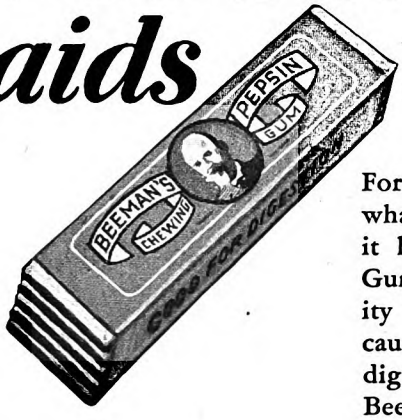

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steamer on which I had booked passage to India. Being in need of funds, I took my letter of credit to the office of Cowajee, Dinshaw and Company, the great firm of Parsee bankers who hold the I O U's of half the native rulers of the Near and Middle East.

As there was some delay in obtaining the currency in the denominations which I required, Mr. Dinshaw courteously suggested that I would find it more comfortable to wait in his private apartments, which, as is frequently the case in the East, were directly above the banking premises. Leading me up-stairs, he showed me into a large and luxuriously furnished drawing-room, the walls draped with rich Oriental hangings, the floor covered with priceless Persian carpets, the tables loaded with carved ivory, hand-wrought silver, and autographed pictures of the numerous sultans, emirs, and maharajahs whom he had befriended financially.

IT WAS a hot day, even for southern Arabia and, the doors and windows having been tightly closed at sunrise in order to keep out the heat, the atmosphere in the room was stifling. At length it grew so oppressive that I could endure it no longer. At one end of the room was a massive teakwood door, which, I judged, gave upon a balcony. Pushing back the ponderous bolt, I flung the door open—and received one of the shocks of my life. For on the other side of the threshold, not five feet away, stood a black-maned Nubian lion! For a long moment we eyed each other in mutual astonishment; then the king of the jungle let loose a roar which seemed to shake the house to its foundations. At the same moment I crashed shut the door and shot the bolt. As I did so, the lion hurled himself against it with an impact which made the stout panels quiver. Mr. Dinshaw hurried into the room.

"I hope Menelik didn't frighten you," he exclaimed remorsefully. "I forgot to tell you that we keep him on the balcony. He is as gentle as a kitten with the family, but he doesn't like strangers.

"He was presented to me when a cub," my host went on to explain, "by the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, for whom we arranged a small loan. He had the run of the whole house until quite recently; but he has grown so large that we have had to put him on the balcony because he was always breaking the chairs and tipping over the tables."

That evening it occurred to me that, if romance and adventure still existed anywhere in a world the place to seek them was in a land whose ruler presented those whom he wished to honor with living lions. The more I thought of it, the more the idea appealed to me, and ere many months had passed I was on my way to Abyssinia. It proved to be the most interesting and adventurous journey I have ever taken, and it was all due to my unexpected meeting with a lion.

One of the fascinations of being a free-lance writer is that you never know from day to day what interesting job is going to turn up next. One evening, for example, I was dining with some friends at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco. Among those at the table was the editor of a West Coast magazine. The conversa-

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tion turned to the subject of motoring, and someone remarked the day would doubtless come when it would be possible to motor from Mexico to Alaska.

"I believe that it could be done now," I remarked rashly.

"If you want to try it," said the editor, "we'll commission you to do a series of articles, and pay your expenses."

I started the following June, using one of the first six-cylinder cars made in America. I had as a mechanic a young man from a Detroit automobile factory who could take down or assemble a motor in the dark. A California friend went along for the ride.

Had we listened to the calamity-howlers we never would have started, for they predicted every sort of disaster, from falling over a precipice to being lost in the snow.

The journey from Tia Juana, in Mexico, to Vancouver, in British Columbia, was quite uneventful, with passably good roads all the way. But the run up the Caribou Trail from Ashcroft to Quesnel was a moving panorama of frontier days.

At Quesnel, a settlement on the Upper Fraser, the road abruptly ended and our troubles began. Thence onward to the Alaskan border we did not average over twenty-five miles a day. Eventually even the miserable trail which we had been following died from sheer discouragement, after which we were compelled to depend upon the compass, sometimes chopping our way through the forest—we had had the foresight to add a French-Canadian axman to our party at Quesnel—and at other times digging the car out of seemingly bottomless bogs.

WE USUALLY slept in the open, wrapped in our blankets and ponchos, but one night, on the Blackwater, we found accommodation in a log cabin belonging to a titled English ranchman. The furniture had been made on the spot; the bedding consisted of Hudson Bay blankets and bear skins; the walls were papered with pictures torn from English illustrated weeklies. On a shelf was a pile of tattered magazines, some of them ten years old, and two books. One was "The Discourses of Epictetus;" the other "Social Manners and Usages."

Near Fort Fraser we ran out of gas, and our expedition would then and there have come to an inglorious end had not a trapper whom we chanced to meet told us of a drum of gasolene cached on the shores of a nearby lake. It had been brought into the wilderness by a couple of young English settlers, who had attempted to establish a motor-boat service, but who had met with financial disaster. From the owners I bought all the gas that we could carry for precisely what it had cost them to pack it in—three dollars a gallon. No wonder that they had gone into bankruptcy.

Crossing the Skeena at New Hazelton, we plunged into that wild and rugged region known as the Groundhog Country, and, after struggling through the precipitous defiles of the coastal range, saw lying below us the cold blue waters of the fiord which here forms the southern boundary of Alaska. I have never experienced a deeper thrill than at that moment. For, in the face of enormous difficulties,

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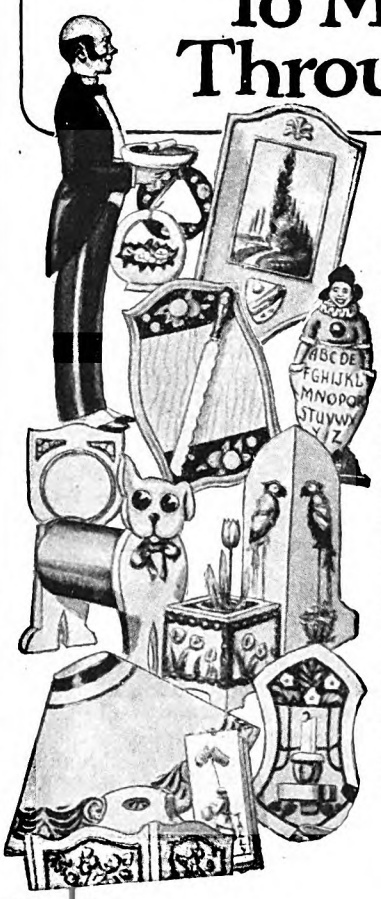

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we had accomplished what we had set out to do, and what everyone had prophesied was impossible: we had traversed the continent from Mexico to Alaska.

"WHAT was the closest call you have ever had?" my friends frequently ask me. To tell the truth, my life, though exciting enough, has been singularly free from narrow escapes and sudden jeopardies. Still, now that I stop to think about it, I did escape death by a very slender margin a few years ago in the Balkans. In company with an American friend, I was motoring from Paris to Persia. We had ferried the Danube at Rustchuk, crossed the Balkan Mountains in a driving hailstorm, dropped down to Stara Zagora, and were pressing on at top speed toward Adrianople. At this time Eastern Thrace was in dispute between the Greeks and the Bulgarians, their outposts being separated by the Maritza River.

Darkness had fallen when we reached the last Bulgarian outpost at Karmanlii, but as there were no accommodations available in the wretched little town we decided to push on. Just as we were leaving, the officer in command of the guard addressed some remark to us, evidently a warning of some sort, but as he spoke in Bulgarian we could not understand him.

From Karmanlii onward the road was tolerably good, as roads go in the Balkans, and, according to the map, perfectly straight; so our driver stepped on the gas and the big car hurtled forward, our headlights boring twin holes in the inky darkness. We had covered perhaps a dozen miles at reckless speed when, without the slightest warning, came the harsh command "*Halt! Halt!*" By way of emphasis, a tongue of flame spurted from the blackness and a rifle bullet sang a few inches above our heads.

The chauffeur jammed on both foot and emergency brakes with such suddenness that my friend and I, half asleep in the tonneau, were almost catapulted through the rear wind shield. The car swerved like a frightened horse, swayed until I thought it was going over, miraculously righted itself, and came to a standstill. As we tumbled out, a score of Greek soldiers rose from a ditch and covered us with their rifles. But it wasn't the menacing muzzles which left us limp and shaken. For the beams from our headlights, instead of illuminating a long, straight stretch of road, lost themselves in an inky abyss, from the depths of which rose faintly the sound of running water. And our front wheels were resting on the very brink of the abyss, which fell away as sheer as the side of a house. The Greeks had blown up the bridge across the Maritza. Another six inches and we would have plunged headlong into eternity.

OF THE numerous interviews I have had with the great ones of the earth, the one I had in the spring of 1922 with Mohammed VI, the last sultan of Turkey, was perhaps the most dramatic. The audience, which was obtained only after many delays and difficulties, took place in the palace of Yildiz Kiosk, that picturesque imperial residence built by Abdul-Hamid on a hill high above the Bosphorus. As the sultan spoke neither English nor French, and as I knew only a few words of Turkish, it was arranged that one of the imperial aids, who spoke English fluently, should act as interpreter.

After being conducted through an interminable series of corridors and anterooms, between lines of motionless Anatolian guardsmen and rows of eunuchs and chamberlains, who salaamed until their tarboosh-tassels almost swept the floor, I was ushered into an enormous reception-room. Its walls were covered with crimson damask; paintings of Turkish victories hung between the lofty windows; priceless Oriental carpets hid the polished floor.

From a desk at the far end of the room an elderly man, wearing the long gray overcoat and gold-laced astrachan cap of a Turkish field marshal, rose and advanced to receive me. A moment later I was shaking hands with his Imperial Majesty Mohammed VI, Emperor of the Ottomans, Khalif of Islam, Prince of True Believers, Vice-Regent of God on Earth.

He was very thin, almost emaciated, and his naturally sallow skin had an unhealthy pallor. His rapidly whitening hair and close-clipped, grizzled mustache gave him a venerable appearance; a pair of keen, intelligent eyes peered at me benevolently through thick-lensed glasses. Barring the uniform and the jeweled order which depended from his collar, he might have been a kindly old college professor.

"I am glad that you have come to see me," he said in Turkish, placing a hand upon my shoulder and pressing me into a chair. "I am a profound admirer of your great country."

This is not the place to repeat that conversation, which touched on Turkey's politics, and included a frank discussion of the exceedingly delicate Armenian problem. We talked for upward of an hour.

SUDDENLY, in the midst of a sentence, he ceased speaking; his hand went to his throat as though he were choking; he gasped for breath; his eyes became glassy; his cheeks, already pallid, turned the color of ashes. The aid, apparently overcome by panic, dashed precipitately from the room, leaving me alone with the sultan, whom I believed to be dying.

If the Commander of the Faithful, venerated by millions of Mohammedans as the head of their religion, was to be called to his fathers, as appeared imminent, I had no desire to be the only witness of his end. While I was chafing his hands and attempting to unhook his high military collar the aid returned, accompanied by one of the palace physicians. Under the influence of a powerful restorative, the monarch rapidly revived.

"His Majesty is subject to these attacks," the aid whispered reassuringly. "He suffers from an acute form of asthma, and when the seizures are exceptionally violent they affect his heart."

I was about to withdraw as unobtrusively as possible, but the sultan beckoned me to his side.

"They tell me that you are about to set out upon a long journey," he whispered weakly. "To parts of my empire which I shall never set eyes on. We are of different faiths, you and I, but, after all, there is only one God, and I pray, my son, that His blessing may go with you."

I have yet to find a Government which does not welcome favorable publicity, and

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which does not stand ready to afford reputable writers every facility in reason for observation and investigation. On occasion Governments have placed at my disposal warships, motor-cars, river steamers, airplanes, caravans, and even special trains. In 1919 I cruised from one end of the Adriatic to the other aboard a destroyer, which the Italian Government courteously placed at my disposition.

THE ease with which these extraordinary facilities can be obtained, particularly in lands where there are no congressmen or budget directors to ask embarrassing questions, is illustrated by my experience in the Philippines, which I visited at the suggestion of the then Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker. Shortly after our arrival at Manila the governor general, Burton Harrison, gave a dinner for Mrs. Powell and myself at Malacanan Palace. Seated at Mrs. Powell's right was Manuel Quezon, the brilliant young political leader; who was, and still is, president of the Philippine Senate; opposite her was Sergio Osmena, the speaker of the Lower House.

I had casually remarked, in the course of conversation, that after touring the islands of the American archipelago we purposed to visit the British and Dutch islands to the south.

"Why don't you let us place one of our coast guard cutters at your disposal?" suggested Mr. Quezon. "You will find it much more comfortable than the inter-island steamers."

"That is extremely kind of you," I replied, "but, you see, I am planning to go outside of Philippine territorial waters—to Borneo, the Celebes, Java, possibly to New Guinea."

"No matter," was the answer. "I'll give you a boat on which you can go where you please and keep as long as you please. She might as well be put to some use as to lie idle in the harbor."

"I hope you won't think me ungrateful or impertinent," I told him, "but may I ask if you have the authority to place a government vessel at my disposal for use outside the Philippines?"

"That can easily be arranged," replied Mr. Quezon. "After dinner we will go into the library and draft a bill giving me the necessary authority. Señor Osmena will introduce it in the Assembly tomorrow morning. I will see that it is passed by the Senate tomorrow afternoon. Governor General Harrison will sign it, and it will become a law by tea time."

And that is precisely what was done. A few days later we sailed out of Manila Bay aboard the "Negros" on a cruise which took us southward to the Banda Sea and westward to the Straits of Malacca. After six weeks I sent the cutter back to Manila from Singapore, because I was ashamed to keep her any longer. I am afraid, however, that I proved a great disappointment to my generous hosts, for in the book which I wrote shortly afterward I felt constrained to say that I did not consider the Filipinos qualified to govern themselves.

Some persons may take the view that it is unethical for a writer to accept favors from the Government of a country about which he intends to write; that in doing so he places himself under an implied obligation. With this point of view I do not

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agree. In a quarter of a century's experience, no government official has ever so much as hinted that I was expected to pay for any facilities which might be offered me, by praise, flattery, or whitewash.

I have found, in my dealings with foreigners, that a good deal depends on first impressions. By this I mean that the man who is well-dressed, dignified, and sure of himself is going to receive more consideration than the unkempt, boisterous, self-assertive individual. I recall one well-known American author who was invited to address the American Club of London. He had an important message to deliver, and he knew what he was talking about; but he failed to put his ideas across because he addressed the distinguished audience, which included several peers, two cabinet ministers, an ambassador, and several influential editors, as "you fellows." They resented what they considered undue familiarity.

The late Richard Harding Davis once told me that he always made it a point to be as well-dressed and as dignified as the other fellow, for the latter, knowing nothing of him, had to judge him by externals. A good deal of quiet fun was poked at the famous correspondent for the attention he paid to his personal appearance; but it was noticeable that, when the other correspondents were getting their meals as best they could, Davis was usually dining with the commander-in-chief.

AFTER reading thus far, you may have come to the conclusion that I lead a life of delightful ease, traveling whither I see fit and writing when the inspiration strikes me. I don't know how other authors plot out their lives, but I put in seven hours a day at the typewriter, not excepting Sundays, save, of course, when I am actually gathering material. I always write at sea and, when the conductor will permit and my fellow-passengers do not object to the click of the typewriter, on trains. I wrote one book, or dictated it rather, in a London hospital, and another on the deck of a little coasting steamer in the Indian Ocean. And once, in Florida, being unable to obtain a quiet room, I made an office of my car, and drove each morning to some secluded spot where I was safe from disturbance.

My home, as I have already intimated, is wherever I hang up my hat; my office wherever I open my typewriter. When in America I always endeavor to establish myself within easy access of a good library—the ideal one is, of course, the Library of Congress; but on my travels I have, perforce, to take my library with me. To meet this condition I have got together an equipment which is so compact that I can carry it in my car, in which, by the way, I do much of my traveling. It consists of a portable typewriter, a set of large-scale maps mounted on linen, a miniature encyclopedia, a dictionary, and a book of synonyms (these three printed on India paper), a Statesman's Year Book, the World Almanac, the Almanach de Gotha, Bradshaw's railway and steamship timetables, and the Bible. That is a pretty comprehensive outfit, when you stop to consider it, at least as far as my particular requirements are concerned. Set me down in the middle of the Sahara Desert, and I have at hand historical, scientific, political, and geographic references.

"YOU certainly have a pleasant life," my friends are forever telling me enviously. "Traveling all over the earth, meeting interesting people, seeing strange things. I'd like to trade places with you."

I wonder if they really would like my job if they had it, or if they would stick to it as long as I have. I wonder if they would be content to go for nearly thirty years without a home, without so much as a desk or chair which they could call their own. If they would consent to be separated from their children and their parents for months, sometimes for years, at a time. If they would be willing to spend two hundred and ten days in a single year, as I once did, on boats and trains. If they could accustom themselves to riding a camel for sixteen hours a day, for twenty days on end, with the mercury standing at 120°—and no shade.

If they would sleep without complaint in a palm-thatched hut in the heart of the African jungle, with huge bats hanging from the ceiling and the room alive with vermin, and lions making the night hideous with their roars. If they would actually enjoy life in a climate which is as hot and humid as the steam-room of a Turkish bath, where one's garments are a-sop with perspiration five minutes after they have been put on. If they would be satisfied to get along without newspapers or libraries or telephones or golf clubs or theatres or motion pictures or palatable food, or most of the other things which Americans take for granted.

If they would really be willing to exchange their sheltered, healthful, comfortable lives for existence in lands where to venture out of doors without a helmet is to invite death from sunstroke, where a drink of unboiled water frequently means typhoid, where the bite of a mosquito all too often means fever, the bite of a fly sleeping sickness, the bite of a flea typhus or bubonic plague. Ask yourself these questions in all seriousness before you envy me my job. It has not been all beer and skittles.

I never set out upon an expedition but I say to myself, "Well, when this trip is over I am going to buy a house in some tranquil community and settle down. I shall have a fireplace and an arm chair and a reading lamp which I can call my own, and I shall read all the books which I've never had time to read before, and play a little golf, and sometimes go fishing." I may buy the house ere long; in fact, I probably shall. But I doubt, in my heart, if I shall ever settle down until I am compelled to by old age. For the wanderlust has got me and will not let me be.

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As the Twig is Bent

(*Continued from page 53*)

know Rip Hanlon and Barney Lane are crooks. You're starting out on the easy-money trail. That's why I'm talking to you."

"But, Dad—"

"Don't interrupt. Please. Wait until I've finished. I've got a lot to tell you."

Hanvey watched spellbound as Roger Steele told his son the truth about himself. It was a grand and pitiful spectacle. A heart was laid bare—and tortured. The older man was cruel to himself. He told of what he had been: card-sharper, swindler, cheat! He painted a grim and ghastly picture; and through it all the lad sat forward in his chair, his boyish face tense with interest, his cheeks pallid.

And at length Roger Steele's story was concluded.

"That's all, son. I know I've dispelled a beautiful illusion, an illusion which meant even more to me than it did to you . . . because you always took it for granted. But I've put my head on the guillotine for your sake. I'm trying to save you from what I'm going through now. I'm trying to keep this agony out of your life. I've been everything that you are setting out to be. I've been a crook, and I've been successful. I've lived easily and well. And today . . . I have nothing. Just exactly nothing. Until a few moments ago, I had you. Now, I haven't. I—I don't want to get too sentimental, but I want you to make this sacrifice of mine worth while. You're clean now. Your word is good with me. I want your word, Ted, that you'll stay straight and decent. . . ." He paused awkwardly, then made a hopeless gesture. "That's all, son."

THERE was a strained silence. Then Ted Steele rose. Queer how much he resembled his father as he moved across the room and stood beside the broken old man. The boy's powerful arm dropped across the other's shoulder.

"You have my word of honor, Dad!"

Roger Steele whirled. He looked into the face of his boy and knew that he had won. There were tears in the eyes of Roger Steele, and he was not ashamed.

They said little more. Each of the three men knew that the clouds had been dispersed; the sacrifice had not been in vain. And finally Ted said that he must return to the office. He was going to notify Rip Hanlon and Barney Lane that he was through.

He left the room, and Jim Hanvey stepped into the corridor with him.

"Ted," he said, "I'm proud of you. You've done a big thing in a big way. . . . And even yet I don't think you quite appreciate all that it means to your father."

The boy nodded.

"Yes, I do, Mr. Hanvey," he answered quietly.

Ted stood silent for a minute.

"That was a brave thing my father did," he said suddenly. "It was wonderful. There were moments when I almost believed he was telling the truth!"

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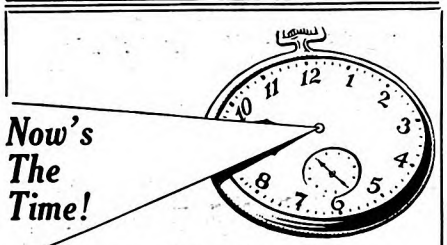

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The Thing in Nature That Thrills Me Most

FIRST PRIZE

There is No Beauty for Me Like Dawn

THERE is a still and beautiful moment in that hour between darkness and daylight called "dawn." It is best described by the words, "holy, holy, holy," for in the faint coming outline of hill and tree one can almost imagine our Saviour leaving—before light shall discover Him—this earth He loved so well.

At this hour, it seems to me, readjustment takes place. It is the hour when man's pulse is low—when dreams bring back to us those gone on. The ship that carries our spirits to the far-away shore is in dock then—on schedule time. No matter what you are doing—plowing, motoring, camping, or looking out of your bedroom window—the world, with all its glare and noise, is far away. Only the earth, with its old, slow mission—birth—is here. Waiting. There is a hushed, vacant stillness. A cock crows in the distance. A cock crowed far back in that dark history, when Christ was a young man. We seem kin, our time and theirs, in that hour. As kin as though we felt the dust in us drawn by that of the earth. Man, as he is successful or a failure, brilliant or dul , is forgotten; but man, as he is bone of the earth, flesh of the earth, is remembered.

It seems to me that he who has lived through that hour is reborn. Purged to the finger tips, thrilled to the core, you feel part of everything. *Kin!* Before the first flickering glimmer of day, it has been told you, somehow, what God meant. Earth is under your feet, in your blood. Life has been explained, eternity assured. It has been like looking through a telescope to see the others who also lived and wondered.

Satisfied that what is is right, you tremble at the sweetness of that conviction, and turn with a feeling of triumph to stand at salute before the dawn of day. It is a glorious thing, this being given, again and again, *another day!* R. D.

SECOND PRIZE

I Love the Springtime in the Desert

CURVING shore, granite peak, pine-clad slope, foothills of the Sierra, gay with the carpet of spring: all glorious! But above and beyond all these, the desert.

Its silence, its vastness, its mystery, its lean and naked charm; the rose and opalescent hues of dawn, the shimmering heat of noonday, the glory of sunset, the mauve and purple shadows of twilight, the nights of black velvet, all buttoned with stars.

Away beyond our little cabin, perched like a bird on the barren hillside, stretched the desert plain, mile after mile; and away and beyond all this piled the desert mountains, range upon range. And when back of all this was spread the crimson and gold of the sunset, truly we knew then that "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

Spring in the desert! Is there anything else so utterly lovely? Those few precious weeks when Nature, as if relenting her rigors, throws her jeweled mantle over hill and plain, and gay little blooms of every hue, born and gone in a day, dance in the soft breeze.

Desert nights! When the stars swing close and the moon rides shoulder-high. Many a mile have we ridden, star-guided through the darkness, stopping now and again to listen to the desert talk.

At first, life on this arid plain had seemed incredibly hard; its heat insufferable; its sudden and violent storms terrifying; its vast distances unbearably lonely.

But slowly it wove its charm. There was healing in its dry and pungent breath; fascination in its distances and mystery; challenge in its cruelty—cruelty that has left the bones of many pioneers, hardy men and brave, bleaching on its shifting sands. Its peace enfolds us like a garment; and the warm breath of the sage and chaparral spells home. A. W. C.

THIRD PRIZE

The Miracle of Growing Things is Most Enchanting

ONCE, when I was a child, I watched large black tadpoles, hatched from a jellylike mass of eggs, become green frogs and hop away out of the pan in which I kept them. I saw them swim about like flattened balls with tails. I saw four bumps appear where later legs began to grow. I watched their loss of tail and gain of legs. Then one day I saw them *Frogs*, and they were gone.

One time at school I watched a dry dwarfed bean, which the teacher soaked, swell until the tender leaves concealed within burst forth and sent up leafy shoots of green. I marveled at the powers held fast within that tiny seed, and wondered that so much of life could spring from such a source.

This morning, in an open meadow, I watched a jade spider with dusky velvet legs fasten a silvery web between two stems of yellow fall grass. The fall grass sparkled with dew, and the web was shimmery, like tranquil waters by moonlight.

So always it has been, that only in some quiet moment when I have watched some *tiny* thing of earth and marveled at its structure, the way it lived and breathed and grew and reproduced its kind, have I become conscious of the wonders of this world, of the beauty of life, and of a certain nearness of the Power which created it. So it is that a scarlet rose, a burly bee, a waving blade of grass, an anthill—the infinite detail of *tiny* things—is that in Nature which gives me my greatest thrill. A. C. S.

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A Good Home

(*Continued from page 39*)

they told him that his father had gone back to Alabama. His lips quivered, and he had to frown very hard to keep from crying. Auntie Midge asked him to sit on her lap, and she told him that they all loved him very much, because his mother had been just like her own dear sister, just like another daughter to Aunt Elizabeth, and had lived with them until she went away to live with Daddy.

She told him he had come to stay with them a while so he could go to school, and learn to be the sort of boy Mum would want him to be. She said he would have a good home with them until he got big enough to go back and live with Daddy. She seemed to think all that ought to make him feel better.

But after a time he got a little used to being in this strange place. It was not like home. Even the grass was all cut short, without any daisies in it to pick. There were no dogs at all, nor any horses except the one Andrew used for mowing the lawn and going on errands to the village; when people went anywhere or came to see them, it was always in automobiles.

There were no houses very near, and the ones that could be seen at a distance were not at all the sort that colored people would live in. That was one of the surprising things the Tinker discovered—there were no colored people about the place at all, no little darkies to play with. Even Mary the cook, and Katie who waited on the table, and Signe who helped him get dressed, were white. He missed Aunt Sue a good deal.

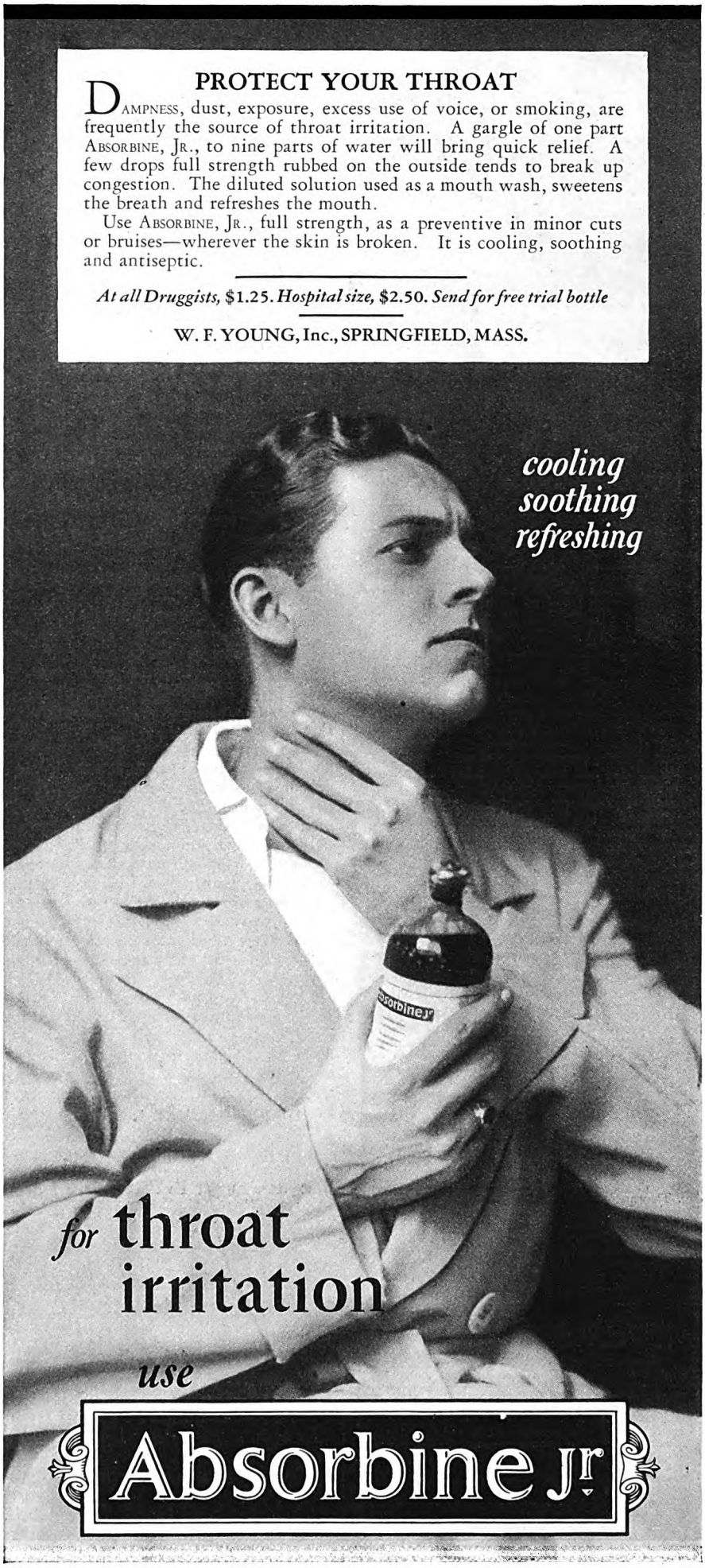
He never quite got used to Aunt Elizabeth's white hair, and the very kind way she always spoke to him made him all still inside. She told him what to do, mostly; she didn't like little boys to ask questions, so when she was there he fell into the way of not talking at all unless someone spoke to him. Auntie Midge was nice; but she was very busy. When she was at home there were usually a lot of people with her.

ONE day he asked, "Where's all the little niggers, Auntie Midge? Ain't they any children to play with?"

Auntie Midge said, "Oh, goodness!" and made him ask it all over again c'rectly. But she hugged him, and said, "I suppose you do need some kiddies to play with, you poor baby. Never mind, it will soon be time for school to open. Then you'll drive off to school every morning, and you won't be lonely any more."

The next day a lady brought a little girl to see him; but she stuck out her tongue at him when her mother was not looking, and he found that he did not particularly care for her.

He rather liked the kitchen, though, and felt more at home there than in any other room of the house, and Mary liked him, and frequently gave him cakes. But Aunt Elizabeth discovered him there one day and led him away by the hand, and told him that nice little boys did not visit with servants. So sometimes he cried, after he



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was in bed, because he really did want to see Daddy and hear Aunt Sue comfortably scold, and feel Patch lick his face and snuggle down under the coverings.

Of course it was not long before he knew every corner of the place. There were not many interesting spots. There was a stable with plenty of stalls in it, but the only horse was that one Andrew used. There was another stable where the automobiles were kept. And of course there was the house itself. Andrew did not like him to help in the garden. On the whole, the best day he had since he came to live with Aunt Elizabeth was the day he discovered Clarence.

Andrew was not using the horse that day, and the Tinker was in the stable, rubbing its nose and feeding it bits of grass. There was a little barred window high up in the back wall; and suddenly something made him look up, and there was Clarence. It was the first brown face he had seen since he got off the train.

"Hi-yi!" said Clarence, all his teeth showing.

"Hi-yi!" said the Tinker, and grinned back. "Come on in!"

"Dassn't," said Clarence. "'Ey might ketch me!"

"Then I'll come out," said the Tinker.

THE stable was at the very end of the grounds; there was a tall wire fence, and a hedge in front of it, and beyond the fence a lane up which the grocer came and those other people who brought things to the back door of the house. And of course there was a gate.

The other boy was just about the Tinker's size; he was barefooted, and he had on a pair of trousers that had belonged to a much larger boy. They were, of course, cut off to a comfortable length—between knee and ankle, and they were upheld by a string across his shoulder.

"Hello," said the Tinker. "What's your name?"

"Name Cla-ence. W'at's yo'n?"

"Well, it's Robert, really; but you can call me Tinker. Where did you come from?"

"Who, me? I ain't come from now'eres. I's jest a-walkin' aroun'."

"I didn't know any colored people lived here," said the Tinker.

"I don' live here. I lives down in de village. Marma's a-workin' over in dat big white house over yondeh, how come I's here."

"Well, I'm very glad to see you," the Tinker assured him gravely. "You're the first little nigger I've seen since I got off the train."

Clarence's teeth flashed with delight. "Hi-yi! Lissen at him! Ef he don' talk like sho-nuff folks! Hi-yi!"

That was the first of many meetings they had, seated on the grassy edge of the lane behind the stable. The Tinker told Clarence all about home, all about the horses and Uncle Enos, and Aunt Sue and the puppies and Patch—especially Patch.

"'At ain't nothin'," said Clarence. "Ev'body's got a dog. I got a dog, my own se'f."

"What kind of a dog is he, a setter or a houn'-dog?"

"Sho, him's all kinds. Him's de best kind dey is. I'll give him to you. You kin have him."

"O-oh! I wish I could," said the Tinker wistfully.

So that evening he asked Auntie Midge, "Could I have a dog, please?"

He had tried to say it in a very low tone, but Aunt Elizabeth heard it and looked up from her book. "Oh, no, dear," she said, "you don't want a dog. You would get all dirty, playing with a dog. It might bite you, too."

He said, still in a very low tone, "But I wouldn't mind if it did bite me. It wouldn't mean any harm."

Auntie Midge smiled, but Aunt Elizabeth went on with her book. . . . That night he dreamed that Patch was licking his face. . . . And the next day Auntie Midge took him off driving with her, so he did not see Clarence at all.

A SHORT while after that, he came down to the breakfast table one fine morning to discover a little pile of bundles at his place.

"Many happy returns of your birthday, dear," Aunt Elizabeth said. "Open your gifts."

There were a pair of kid gloves, and a big picture book; and Daddy had sent him a baseball glove and seven new dimes.

"What do you say?" Aunt Elizabeth asked; but before he could say it, Auntie Midge told him he was going to have a party that afternoon. "You really have got to get acquainted with some children," she added.

"Oh! O-o-oh!" breathed the Tinker, his mind going back to his last birthday party. "Oh! Can I invite anybody I want to, to come to my party?"

Auntie Midge laughed again. "Of course! But I'm afraid you don't know many people, you lamb!" Then the telephone rang, and she went away, and the Tinker ran off to the stable. It seemed a long time before Clarence arrived.

"G'won, boy! I's colored," he said when the Tinker told him the news. "You cain't invite no colored boys to yo' party!"

But the Tinker told him all about his last birthday party, and finally Clarence said, "I reckon I could eat all de ice cream an' cake dey is in de worl'!"

AND yet, when the afternoon came, the Tinker forgot all about him for a time. He had to get dressed in a new suit, and put on new, shiny shoes; then Aunt Elizabeth told him he had better sit quietly beside her so that he would not get rumpled; and then the company came. There were a number of little girls in fluffy dresses, among them the one who had stuck out her tongue at him; and there were boys, who all wore shiny shoes like his. Most of the children brought gifts for his birthday, and he had to say to each one, "Thank you very much."

Then they were led out to the lawn to play games, while the mothers and Aunt Elizabeth sat on the porch and talked. It was when the children were seated in a ring on the grass playing Thimble, Thimble that the Tinker spied Clarence standing in the road beyond. The Tinker jumped up and ran down the drive. Clarence had a dog in his arms and was widely grinning, but looking a little scared.

"I done brung you a dog fo' yo' birfday present," he whispered loudly. "Got to let you keep yo' birfday present. Cain't

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make you give 'way yo' birfday present."

The Tinker took Clarence by the hand and led him in to the party. The little girls got up and clustered together, and stared.

"It's my friend Clarence," the Tinker told his guests. "He's brought me a dog for my birthday!"

The boys were interested. They gathered around Clarence and the dog. It was a medium-sized dog, yellow, with hair that was rather like a soft hairbrush; it had two small tufts of longer hair on its nose, like mustaches, and a rope around its neck. Its legs hung limply over Clarence's arm; then Clarence put it down on the grass.

"Gee!" said one of the boys, and Clarence, beaming, informed them, "Name W'iskers."

He pulled at the stump of the dog's tail, and suddenly it began to spin—'round and 'round and 'round, after that piece of tail. The boys shrieked with delight, and Clarence grinned and called:

"Ketch 'em, W'iskers! Ketch 'em, W'iskers!"

And the dog went 'round and 'round, stopped, staggered a little, and leaped at one of the little girls, who immediately ran shrieking toward the porch where the mothers were. But the Tinker plumped down on the grass and hugged Whiskers, who licked and licked at his face, and wriggled.

"Oh, thank you ever 'n' ever so much, Clarence," the Tinker said. "He's a perfectly beautiful dog!"

AND then, suddenly, Aunt Elizabeth and all the mothers were there. There was a good deal of talking; but the Tinker held Whiskers close—not that any of the mothers tried to touch him.

"What is this—this colored child doing here?" Aunt Elizabeth demanded.

"He's my friend Clarence. I asked Auntie Midge—she said I could invite anybody I wanted to," the Tinker explained, feeling for the first time that something was wrong.

"One does not invite colored children, Robert," Aunt Elizabeth began; but Clarence, who was still grinning, rubbed a foot against the back of a leg and said:

"I ain't come to no party, I ain't! I jest—I jest was a-comin' along."

"But we always invite all the little niggers to the party, Aunt Elizabeth," the Tinker said. "We give 'em ice cream and cake. And he brought me a dog—"

Auntie Midge had come running from the house. "What's all the excitement? Why"—her laugh bubbled, and some of the mothers joined in—"why, what on earth!"

The Tinker threw himself against her, dog and all. "Look! Look, Auntie Midge! He brought me a dog!"

"Why, so he did! At least—I think it's a dog! It is, isn't it?"

She and the mothers laughed some more, but Aunt Elizabeth said, "Margaret, tell that colored child to remove that dog at once!"

The Tinker gasped. "But it's my dog! He gave it to me! It's my birthday present! You can't give away your birthday present!"

"We cannot possibly have that dog here," Aunt Elizabeth said. "Give that dog back to that colored boy, Robert."

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The Tinker began to howl. He hugged Whiskers; he yelled; he danced up and down. "No! No! It's my dog! It's my birthday present! You can't take away my birthday present!"

"Stop yelling, Bobby," said Auntie Midge. "Come with me—and bring Clarence with you. We'll give him some ice cream and cake."

So they took the dog down to the cellar, where it howled during all the rest of the party; and they fed Clarence in the kitchen. . . .

FORTUNATELY, Aunt Elizabeth had to hurry off to a committee meeting right after breakfast the next morning. The Tinker felt an atmosphere of strangeness at the table; he scowled, because he hadn't done anything. He heard Auntie Midge say as he came into the room:

"Now do let me manage this, Mother."

And after breakfast she went with him to the cellar, and they brought Whiskers up to the kitchen, and they fed him. He was exceedingly hungry, and when he got through eating he went nosing all over the kitchen floor looking for crumbs. Auntie Midge got hold of him at last, put a firm hand through his rope collar.

"Now listen, old man," she said. "We're going to take Whiskers down to the stable and put him in a nice box stall. You can take him his dinner, and you can take him some water, but you must not let him out of the stall. Auntie Midge is terribly busy today, but tomorrow we'll go off in the car, you and I, and we'll take Whiskers with us, and we'll find him a good home, out in the country somewhere."

"But Whiskers loves me," said the Tinker. "I don't b'lieve he'd like a good home, much. I think he'd rather live with me, 'cause he loves me."

They were already on the way to the stable. "Some day, when you're a big boy, you can have a real dog, Bobby. This isn't the kind of dog you'd want to keep, you know."

"He's my birthday present. You can't give away your birthday present. It—it would hurt Clarence's feelings."

"Clarence won't know," Auntie Midge said. "I explained to Clarence that he must not come back any more. Here in the North little boys do not play with colored children, Bobby lamb."

"But he's my friend," the Tinker explained, in a very weak voice. "And I—I don't want to play with him, 'specially. I—I just want to—talk with him."

"Well, he is not coming back any more. I've seen to that. Now, shut the door of the stall, Bobby. That's right."

POLITELY he watched Auntie Midge start her car; politely he waved after her. Everything felt very empty. His insides had not felt queer, like that, for some time. He went back toward the stable; Andrew was using the hose in the garden. He would have liked to help with the hose.

"If you let that dog get into my vegetables, Master Robert," said Andrew dourly, "there'll be what for to pay!"

The Tinker went on to the stable. There were no friendly sounds in it, as there were in the stable at home; only Whiskers was howling dismally. He slid into the box stall, and Whiskers jumped all over him, and wriggled, and jumped up again, and then went madly 'round and 'round after his tail. The Tinker dropped down on the straw. It was the most comforting moment he had known since the last time Patch snuggled down. . . .

He must have been sitting there quite a while. Whiskers was sound asleep, his chin over the Tinker's arm, when the boy became aware that someone was looking at him. From where he sat he could see a corner of the little barred window in the back wall of the stable. A brown face was there, and white teeth.

"Hi-yi!" came a sort of low explosion.

Slowly the Tinker grinned back. "Hi-yi!" he said, and Whiskers jumped up and wriggled the whole end of his body.

"How's W'iskers?" asked Clarence.

"He's very well, thank you. You wait, Clarence! I'm coming around!"

He did his best to open the stall door and keep Whiskers inside, but the dog was too much for him. Together they ran for the gate, together they reached the lane and the grassy bank back of the stable.

"Oh, Clarence, she said you weren't coming any more!"

"I ain't come anyw'eres," Clarence said airily. "I's jest out a-takin' a walk."

"They're going to make me take Whiskers away, tomorrow. They're going to take him to a good home."

"W'ere's 'at at?" asked Clarence.

The Tinker considered. "I don't exactly know. This is one."

"One w'at?"

"Why, this a good home. I've got a good home here; but I don't think Whiskers would care very much for a good home. I—I think he'd rather be where—where somebody—loves him."

"MAYBE kinder lonesome in a good home," said Clarence. The Tinker's face got red. He gulped, and nodded. "Maybe kinder ruther be where you is. Specially in de dark."

"Dogs like to get under the covers," said the Tinker, and began to cry.

Clarence was sympathetically silent for a time, then he said, "Maybe dey ain't like dis here one. Maybe all de good homes ain't. I got a good home, ma own se'f."

"Well, I—I got a home, too," the Tinker whispered. "I—I want to—to be there, right no-ow."

"Well, w'y ain't you, den?"

"Why ain't I what?"

"Why ain't you in yo' own home, 'stead o' dis here one, w'ere dey won't let you keep yo' own birfday present, huh?"

"It's ever and ever so far away from here. Me and Daddy went on a train. It was days and days."

"Ain't any train goes 'at long. You must a-went to sleep."

"Well, yes, I did," the Tinker agreed thoughtfully.

"W'en I wants to get home I jest *goes* home," said Clarence. "Ain't nobody gwine stop me! Why 'n' you jest go on home to yo' home?"

"It's awful far. We came on a train—"

"Reckon I kin walk as far as any ol' train can. Reckon ain't any ol' train couldn't keep me away from my home. W'en I wants to get home—"

The Tinker put the drowsy dog into Clarence's arms. "You hold him a minute, Clarence. I got to get something."

In a few minutes he was back, with his

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baseball glove and his seven new dimes. Without further words, they started.

It was late in the afternoon when they discovered they were rather tired of the woods. Whiskers was very wet from playing in a brook; they were scarcely less wet, themselves. Not long after they had started, they passed a wayside stand on the outskirts of the village, and spent five of the dimes for ice-cream cones and bananas. But the best of ice-cream cones will not nourish forever; by the time the sun went down behind the treetops and the woods were getting shadowy, they knew they were hungry.

"My marma gwine mix up some bread tonight," said Clarence. "Um-yum! Hot rolls! Um-yum!"

"With a chunk of butter in the middle," said the Tinker reminiscently. "Squshed down."

They walked and they walked and they walked. But not along the road. "Ef'n dey see you wid dat dog, maybe dey take him away f'om you," said Clarence; so they went across fields and by little paths, through back ways past the village, dodging over the railroad tracks, on to the ragged and untidy district beyond, and on and on over a dusty back road where there were few houses. It was dark before they came to Clarence's house, where a lamp shone from a back window. Clarence stopped.

"My marma done got home," said he. "My marma ain't set on W'iskers—how come I done give him away."

The Tinker said nothing; he was very tired, very hungry, and he felt a certain crisis in the air. It seemed as though the whole world were in a conspiracy to deprive him of Whiskers.

"Reckon you better wait here," said Clarence. "You hold on to W'iskers."

So the Tinker sat down, and held on to Whiskers, and waited; after a while Clarence came out with some fish and a boiled potato, and they ate.

"Reckon you-all kin sleep in de parlor," Clarence said when they were finished. "Got to wait out here tell Marma gets off. Lodge meetin' tonight."

But Whiskers was very restless, and carrying him between them they went to the henhouse. "A'n't any hens here. Us can wait here. Marma won't see him here," said Clarence.

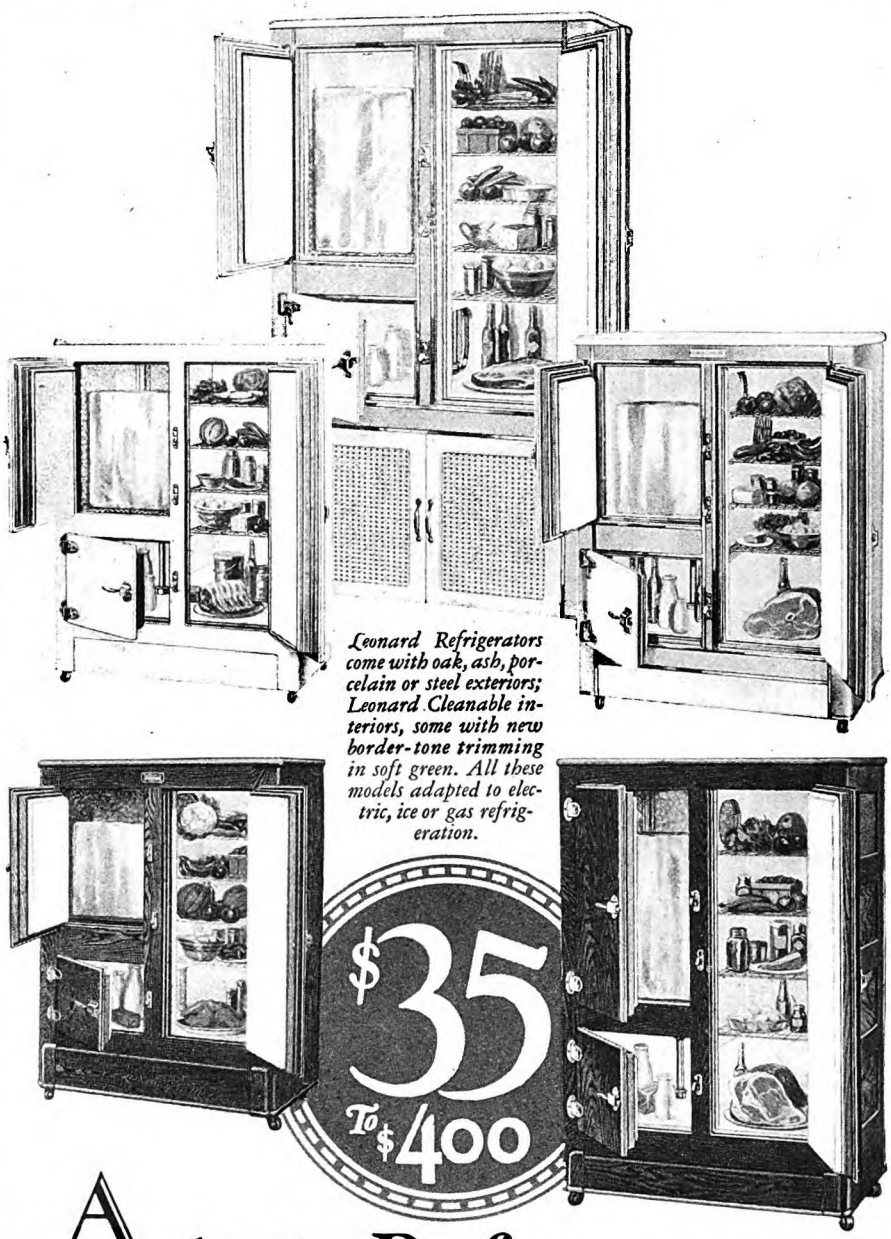
AND the next thing the Tinker knew, Whiskers was scratching at him and barking, and the sun was streaming over him, and Clarence was there with his hands full of hot rolls.

"Marma left a big pan full," said Clarence. "And dey's plenty o' m'lasses. Um-yum!"

They had a wonderful day. They helped Whiskers hunt lions, and they played the henhouse was a cave. When they were hungry the first time, they ate the rest of the rolls; then they went for a walk in the woods and found another brook. When they were hungry the next time, Clarence took the rest of the dimes and went to the store, and brought back bananas and candy. Toward evening he said:

"Ef us gits home befo' Marma, you-all can sleep up in ma room. Marma don't ever go up to ma room."

So they set out for Clarence's house again, and just as they got in sight of it



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they had a big scare. There was an automobile there, and a policeman was knocking on the door.

"Ain't any ol' p'liceman gwine git me," said Clarence. They hid under a culvert until the policeman was gone.

This time Clarence's mother brought home some meat anc some grapes the lady she worked for had given her. Whiskers must have smelled the meat, because he refused to stay up-stairs, and the Tinker could hear Clarence's mother scolding.

"My land! Ef it ain't dat dog again! Ain't I done tol' you to get rid o' dat dog? How I gwine feed a dog, huh?"

"Ain't gwine git none o' my good roas' beef," said Clarence. "I's gwine take mine up to ma room and shut de do' on him!"

After supper Clarence's mother went off again. Clarence's bed was better than the henhouse; they giggled a good deal; Whiskers liked sleeping between them.

WHEN the Tinker woke up in the morning he thought he was back at Aunt Elizabeth's. He was sure he heard Auntie Midge's voice. He sat up and looked about him; then he knew where he was. She had come to take Whiskers away from him! He crept to the window and looked through the broken shutter. A big car was there, and a policeman; and, sure enough, there was Auntie Midge too.

"That's the dog! I'm sure that's the dog!" she was saying. "And that's the colored boy—Clarence! Isn't that your name, Clarence?"

He heard Clarence's leisurely answer: "Yas'm. Ma name Cla'ence. How's yo health to-day, ma'am?"

The policeman put his hand on Clarence's shoulder. "Look here now," he said roughly. "Where's the little boy that gave you that dog? Speak up."

"Clarence, oh, Clarence," said Auntie Midge—and she was almost crying—"have you seen Bobby? Have you seen him anywhere at all?"

"See him at de party," said Clarence.

"But since then? Clarence—look at me! Listen—Bobby is lost. We can't find him, Clarence! Have you seen anything of him? Do you know where he is?"

"Norm. I 'n't know w'ere he's at," Clarence lied nobly.

At that moment Clarence's mother came out to the yard. She listened to Auntie Midge, then she said, "No, ma'am, ain't been no little w'ite boy 'round here. 'At dog been follerin' us aroun' ever sence us come f'om Alabama. Ma'am? Lost? My, ain't dat too bad! Sho is! Yes, ma'am, I cert'n'y will let you-all know ef I sees anything of him."

Auntie Midge and the policeman got into the car and drove off, and soon Clarence's mother went off to work.

"Ain't got to tell de truf to white folks," said Clarence, when he and the Tinker were eating the breakfast left on the kitchen table. "Jest want to take ol' W'iskers away from you. 'At's all dey want."

"I reckon I'd better be getting on home," said the Tinker. "When I get him home, Daddy won't let anybody take him away from me."

So that day they walked a great deal. Of course there were many entertaining things to stop for, in the fields and the

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woods, and of course sometimes they stopped merely because they did not feel like walking on. Once they found some wild blackberries; it took them a long time to find enough.

Sometimes they came out on a road; they would dodge into the growth along the roadside whenever they saw a car coming. Once they were in a woods, and Whiskers had been digging frantically at a hole under a tree and the boys were whooping him on, and suddenly they heard men shouting, and Whiskers stopped digging and began to bark.

"He won't let no lions come git us," said Clarence. "P'licemen, neither." But, to make quite sure, they dived into a thicket of ferns and lay there hidden.

Some men came up. One of them said, "That's the same dog!" And another said, "There's someone in there!"

At that, Clarence rolled out of the ferns, and said, "Please, mister, don' take dat dog! 'At's my dog."

"What are you doing here with that dog?" the man asked, so crossly that the Tinker lay as still as a mouse. It seemed that everybody who saw poor Whiskers immediately got cross.

"I ain't doin' nothin', mister," said Clarence. "I's jest kinder lookin' aroun'."

"Have you seen anything of a little white boy, about as big as you are? Seen him in these woods, or anywhere else?"

The Tinker trembled; but Clarence said, "Ain't any w'ite boys in 'ese woods. Not in *'ese* woods ain't any w'ite boys."

"There isn't a foot of the woods we haven't covered," another man said. "No use wasting time. . . ."

"Jest seem like eve'body set an' determin' take dat dog away f'om you," said Clarence, when the men had gone and the woods were still again.

But they thought they had better go on, so again they walked and walked and walked. By the time dark came, the Tinker thought they must have walked as far as the train went. It surprised him a good deal when all of a sudden they were at Clarence's house again.

Fortunately, Clarence's mother had left some supper on the table. . . .

WHEN the Tinker woke up the next morning there was the sound of cheerful singing outside the house. He peeked out of the window; there were two washtubs set on boxes out in the yard, and Clarence's mother was up to her elbows in suds, and was singing. Presently Clarence brought up some breakfast; then they did not know just what to do.

"My marma done tol' de w'ite lady she cert'n'y would let her know ef she see you. Cain't get out'n de yard 'thout she see you."

So they waited a while; but the singing and washing went on. Clarence brought some little white boxes with black dots on them, and showed the Tinker how to roll 'em; but it was not as pleasant up there as it was out of doors. It seemed a very long time that they waited; but as a matter of fact they had not begun to get hungry again when they heard a horn honking, and then a car came up and stopped. They heard someone say:

"The dog is the only clue we have, sir; and that is the dog."

"Ma land," whispered Clarence. "Lissen at 'em!"

It is so easy to check intestinal toxicity

so dangerous to let it "drift along"

WE TALK a great deal about the "game of life." Indeed many of us live as though it were a game—a game of not too great importance, at that!

Nowhere do we show such carelessness as in matters of intestinal hygiene. Surely we have been told enough times about the dangers of intestinal toxicity! And yet, when we find headaches or "bilious attacks" or tired digestion warning us of an overburdened system, we are satisfied to take a pill and let it go at that until the "next time."

Why take such chances? Why permit poisons to endanger our entire system? It is so easy to combat intestinal toxicity. Thousands are doing it by perfectly natural means—a balanced diet, fresh air, exercise. If, in addition, a certain degree of assistance is necessary, why not trust yourself to the gentle, thorough action of Eno instead of using bitter, drastic cathartics?

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They crept to the window and peeked through the broken shutter; but the people had got out of the car and were standing where they could not be seen. Clarence's mother was talking:

"No, suh, I ain't seen hide nor hair of 'im. 'At ain't his dog, suh. 'At dog done follered me 'n' Cla'ence aroun' ever sence us come f'om Alabama. Yes, suh, sho' is a shame. Ev'body in de whole place talkin' about it. Say dey gwine drag de ponds today."

One of the men made a queer sound, and another said something the boys did not hear; the woman said again, "No suh, I's tellin' de truf. 'At ain't his dog. I knows 'at ain't his dog, suh. 'At dog done follered us aroun' ever sence us—"

One of the men had moved out toward the car, and suddenly the Tinker shrieked:

"Daddy—it's my Daddy—!"

NO ONE ever remembered how he got down the stairs and into his father's arms. The Tinker himself only knew that after a while his father was sitting on the step of the car and holding him tight, and saying over and over:

"Tinker—my little son—old Tinker! Why did you do it? Old Tinker—my little son—"

"He's my dog, Daddy," he explained through his sobs; "he's my own dog! He's my birthday present, Daddy! Don't let them take away my birthday present, Daddy!"

"Of course he's yours, old Tinker!" Daddy's face was all wet. "Who wants to take him away from you?"

"They want to take him to a good home, Daddy! I—I don't think he'd like a . . . good home. Aunt Elizabeth's is a . . . good home—"

One of the other men had hold of Clarence's mother. "Le' go o' me, man," she was saying. "Le' go o' me! Ma lord, ef I ain't gwine lick dat Cla'ence! You le' me git at him! Le' go o' me!"

"Come here, Clarence," said Daddy, and Clarence came up, grinning. "Now—tell me about it."

"Ain't nothin' to tell," said Clarence cheerfully, standing on one foot and rubbing the other against his leg. "W'en I wants to git home, I jest *goes* home."

"I'm beginning to see," said Daddy. "Was that what you were trying to do, old Tinker? Were you trying to go—home?"

The Tinker nodded, and shrank closer to his father. "You can't give away your birthday present, Daddy," said he. "My friend Clarence, he said, when you want to get home, you just—go home."

"I think I understand," said Daddy; and, to the men, "I guess this was not a case of kidnapping."

"Kidnappin'!" cried Clarence's mother. "Who done say kidnappin'?"

"Better let her alone," said Daddy, and the man took his hand away from the woman.

"I craves to get ma han' on dat boy!" she said, making a dive for Clarence; but Clarence was not where he had been a moment before.

"Stop that!" said Daddy, and the woman stopped. "Let the boy alone! Did I hear you say you came from Alabama?"

"Sure did, suh. An' de good Lord knows why I done it. 'It ain't no place for a 'spectable colored woman. 'Cusin' me o' kidnappin'! Huh! Jest le' me get ma han' on dat Cla'ence—"

"I DON'T think you need whip him," said Daddy. "How would you like to go back to Alabama with us, you and Clarence? And Whiskers," he added, as the Tinker's arm tightened about his neck. "We owe you all a good deal, the Tinker and I."

"Me, suh? Go back home to Alabama? Ma lordy, suh—show me de way!"

And said Clarence, grinning, "W'en I wants to git home, I jest *goes* home! 'At's what I done tol' him. I says w'en you wants to git home, you jest *goes* home!"

"Not to—a good home, Daddy," the Tinker begged. "Just—our own home."

And Daddy held him very tight. "We'll get along somehow, old Tinker," he said. "We'll have teachers, or manage some way. I guess that's the best home—our own home."

And the Tinker laughed. "I reckon Whiskers'll like it," said he.

When Tempests Lash the Cradle of the Deep

(*Continued from page 48*)

needed assistance in making harbor. The steamer asked us to relieve her of the schooner, and indicated her position.

"The 'Manning' immediately laid course to intercept the vessel, and shortly after dark we came up to her. We drew alongside, and with our searchlight playing on the schooner shot a line to her and passed a hawser on board.

"The master of the 'Virginia' was a Spaniard and could speak no English, so I called up our Spanish fireman to act as interpreter. The master said, 'We're all right now, but tow us slowly.'

"So we started back toward Norfolk at slow speed, the schooner following us about two hundred and fifty feet behind. It is necessary to give a long tow line at sea, to allow plenty of slack for the give and take of the swell.

"WE BEGAN our tow at eight o'clock, and before midnight wind and sea had risen to quite a squall. The darkness was thick—not a star in sight.

"Shortly before midnight I saw a flash of light from the schooner, which we understood as a signal to slow down. We reduced speed to bare steerageway, and threw our searchlight on the 'Virginia.' No further signals were seen, and it was impossible in that sea to attempt any conversation. The schooner had no radio. We proceeded at a snail's pace, turning on the searchlight at intervals to make sure that all was well.

"Early in the morning the tow line parted at the schooner, sawed in two by the continuous chafing. We hauled the hawser aboard, and again examined the 'Virginia' by searchlight. She showed no sign of distress, but was wallowing in heavy seas. We stood by, with our searchlight in action every few minutes until dawn.

"As soon as it was light enough to see, the 'Manning' took a position parallel with the schooner on her starboard side, prepared to put a hawser on by means of a shoulder gun. As our gunner was making ready, we saw a sudden commotion on board the 'Virginia.' Several men ran to the stern, as in a panic, and a boat was being lowered over the side. Hardly had it touched water when the schooner suddenly settled by the head and rolled hard over to port. A few seconds later she went down.

"We steamed the 'Manning' as rapidly as we could to the spot, heaving lines and throwing life buoys and paying out two life rafts over the rail. The water seemed full of bobbing heads of struggling men, and I was astonished to see that most of them were Chinese. Some were clinging to pieces of wreckage; but the sea was very high, and it seemed impossible that any human strength could last long in such rough, icy waters.

"We rescued seven men—five of the crew and two Chinese passengers. The cook and sixteen Chinese drowned. The master of the schooner, although he was undoubtedly a Chinese smuggler, proved to be a man of courage and sacrifice. While he was struggling to keep afloat, a line was hove from the 'Manning,' and he caught it. But he gave it to one of the young members of his crew, and took his chance on another line reaching him. Eventually we got a life buoy to him, and hauled him aboard.

"The master claimed that the Chinese were stowaways, who hid in the hold while he was moored at Matanzas, Cuba, and were not discovered until he was four days at sea. It was the presence of these contraband passengers that prevented his reporting the real condition of his ship when first we took it in tow. The truth is that the schooner was badly strained by the gales, and was in a leaking condition. If we had known, we would have transferred all hands to the 'Manning'—something that a smuggler naturally wanted to avoid, and he hoped against hope that we'd succeed in towing him in before she sank."

THE saddest tales of Hatteras are those that are most meager—an empty lifeboat found afloat, a drifting spar or the smashed bit of a hatchway, an abandoned derelict. Sometimes the S O S call is never completed. Sometimes it crackles once, despairingly, never to be repeated. The sea is a wilderness as well as a highway, and ships occasionally are lost without trace.

The steamship "Loyal Citizen" went down in the September storm of 1926, leaving no sign but a capsized lifeboat. The "Santiago," with a cargo of sugar and a crew of forty-four men, foundered a few miles below Hatteras in a northeast gale of March, 1924. Ten men in a lifeboat got away safely, but the "Manning" combed

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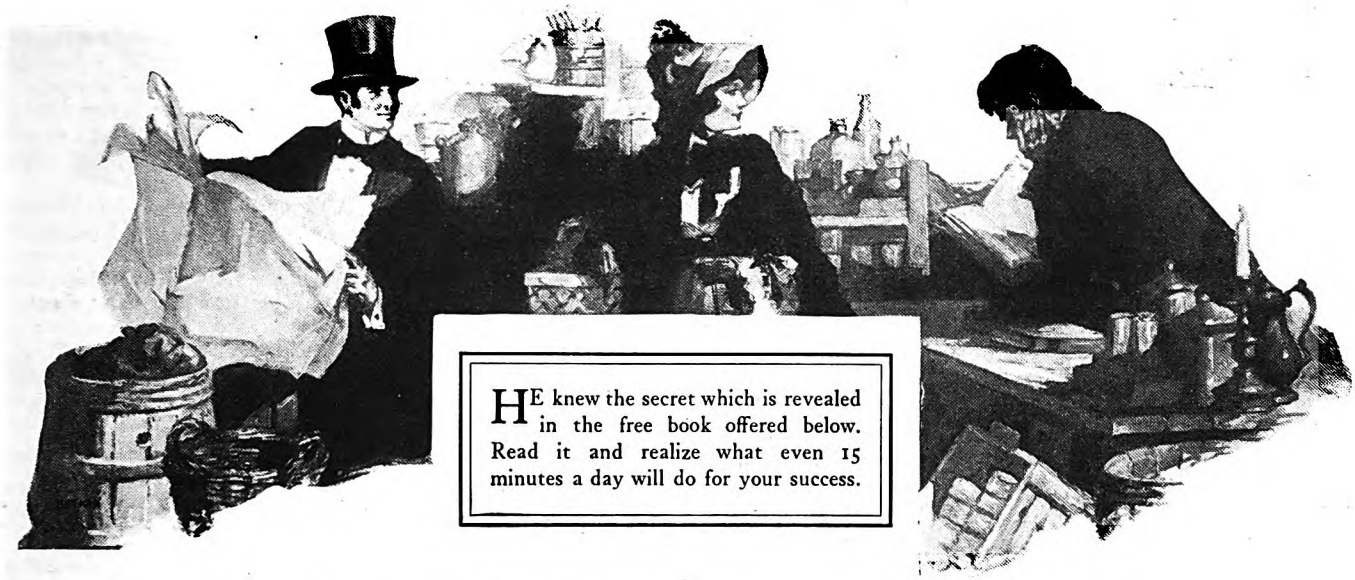

The clerk whose name will live forever

TWO MEN lived in the same town a century ago; they knew the same people and had an equal chance in life.

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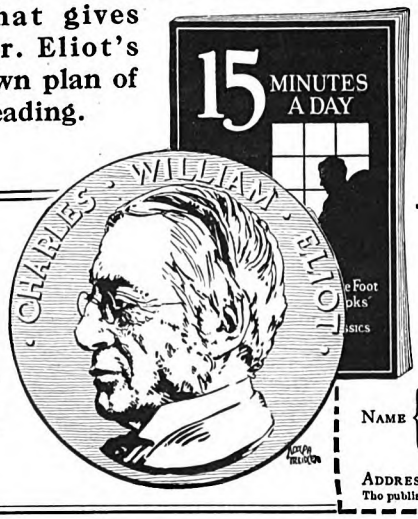

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the seas four days for the other lifeboats, and never found trace of them, or of their thirty-four shipwrecked refugees! More often it is a schooner—like the "Deering," which stranded on Diamond Shoals in the summer of 1921; all hands were lost, presumably through the capsizing of lifeboats.

"The first and fatal impulse of men whose vessel is stranded at Diamond Shoals," said Captain Philip H. Scott, who was in command of the "Manning" at that time, "is to abandon ship. And when this has to be done in a motor-boat that must be lowered, with all hands in it, over the high stern of a grounded schooner, and broadside to the seas which are driving her on the shoal, the chance that anyone will live to tell the tale is not one in a thousand. In 1915, in the same locality in which the 'Deering' foundered, two schooners were lost, and not a word was ever heard of the crew of either."

Fog adds terror to the usual risks of the sea, shrouding the warning lights of Hatteras and Diamond Shoals in its thick cloak. Sometimes it is a driving snowstorm that makes the "Manning's" work more difficult, as was the case in January, 1927, in the rescue of the "Tuxpanoil." With engines broken down this big tank ship lay helpless off Bodie Island, just north of Hatteras, when the distress call reached the "Manning." The cutter literally "cut" her way through a blinding snow to reach the disabled vessel, guided by her radio compass. Frozen rigging, slippery decks, frost-stiffened hawsers, and the lashing of icy seas make winter rescues a severe test of human endurance as well as of seamanship. Sometimes the "Manning" comes home to Norfolk coated with snow and festooned with icicles more suggestive of the Arctic than of its patrol off the Gulf Stream.

DANGEROUS in a different way is fire, and the "Manning" has had her full share of fighting it. One of the most spectacular fires in its waters in recent years, was the burning of the coal ship "Buttonwood." This occurred off Thimble Shoals, on February 1st, 1923. A passing steamship discovered the fire at midnight, broadcast it by radio, and the "Manning" quickly steamed to the reported position. She needed no radio compass to locate this wreck—its pillar of fire illuminated the water for miles.

"On arriving, we saw at once that the 'Buttonwood' had been abandoned," said Captain Scott. "Her house amidships had already gone up in smoke, leaving a tangled mass of red-hot iron that had been her machinery. Through these ruins long flames fought upward. Forward and aft the decks and bulwarks were blazing, and the afterhouse was smoking at every outlet."

As the "Manning" drew near, the roar of the burning ship was like that of a furnace under a draft. Flames crackled and licked out at the sea as though they defied the very nature of water, hissing and steaming as an occasional wave struck the wreck and sent its salt spray into the fire.

For thirteen hours officers and men of the "Manning" fought this blazing derelict. The "Buttonwood's" cargo was on fire; and the cargo consisted of several thousand tons of bituminous coal. The men cut holes in the deck to get streams of water to the smoldering coal. They hacked out a section of deck wide enough to admit a man, and one of the crew descended into that inferno and directed a stream on the burning under side of the deck and beams. The fight had to be waged against smoke, steam, poisonous fumes of coal gas, and exploding barrels of oil in the hold. The characteristic "Manning" luck held, and the crew came through this sizzling ordeal without serious injury. With the help of the naval minesweeper "Owl" the "Manning" finally got the still burning "Buttonwood" out of the channel into the shoals off Lynnhaven Inlet. One half of the cargo was later salvaged by the owners.

PERHAPS the most memorable voyage of the "Manning" was her trip from New York to San Francisco in 1900. There was no Panama Canal then, and the only way was around the Horn, and up the Pacific, a voyage of 15,016 miles, which the cutter performed in ninety-six days. Arrived at San Francisco, she was assigned to cruising duty in the North Pacific and in Bering Sea.

For the next sixteen years the "Manning" continued to patrol Pacific and Alaskan waters, and was a familiar and welcome visitor to the fishing villages and other remote habitations of our far northern territory. To many isolated settlements it was their only link with civilization, bringing the kindly ministry of medicine, the protection of the law, and news of the outside world.

"Sometimes," said a "Manning" officer, "it was a shipwrecked crew to be rescued. Sometimes it was a sick person to be relieved, a frostbitten finger to be amputated, an epidemic to be fought.

"Sometimes it was crime that had to be punished and justice administered. I remember one occasion when we landed our crew on Unimak Island, trailed a murderer to a fishing camp, seized him, and brought him back to Unalaska for trial.

"Sometimes it was a volcano that had to be endured."

And this brings up the occurrence of June 6th, 1912, a day which will forever be a red-letter date in the log book of the "Manning."

Around noon of that day a tug lay in Karluk Harbor on the west coast of Kodiak Island. Suddenly her captain felt a shock, as though his vessel had hit bottom, and at the same moment he saw the peak of a mountain blow off in a gigantic explosion.

"It was like a big bomb," he said later, describing the spectacle. "The whole top of the mountain shot straight up with the speed of lightning, and then the thing spread out into a dense cloud, like an exploding smoke bomb."

This was the beginning of the most tremendous volcanic eruption on the North American continent within historical times. The sound of its blast was heard down the coast as far as Juneau, seven hundred and fifty miles away. Scores of places were disturbed by the earthquake which accompanied the eruption. Volcanic ash and dust were carried by the upper winds thousands of miles. It is no wonder that in the immediate neighborhood of the eruption people were terrorized; and the need for means of rescue and for men of courage and leadership was imperative.

In other words, there was immediate need for just such an outfit as the "Manning" and her crew—and, as luck would have it, the "Manning" was there, right in the neighborhood!

At the moment when the volcano burst, she was coaling at the town of Kodiak, on the east side of Kodiak Island.

"Curiously, we heard no explosion at Kodiak," said Lieutenant Commander W. K. Thompson, who was navigator of the "Manning" on this cruise. "High hills and mountains lay between us and the volcano, and we knew nothing of the occurrence until mid-afternoon, when the air gradually filled with a faint haze and a delicate powdery ash began to fall.

"At five o'clock we were gathering specimens of it, as souvenirs. By eight o'clock it was falling heavily, thicker than any snowstorm you ever saw. Normally in that latitude, we would have good daylight until eleven P. M., but by nine o'clock darkness had fallen, and by ten the blackness was dense. From the deck of the 'Manning' you couldn't see the light up above on the jack-staff, and our searchlight wouldn't penetrate thirty feet."

NEXT morning at nine-thirty the fall of volcanic matter ceased, and everybody cheered up. Men from the "Manning" were detailed to inspect conditions in the town, and found all wells and streams choked with the volcanic deposits. Captain Perry, commander of the "Manning," started the ship's evaporators to provide fresh water for the community, and they were in almost continuous operation for the next week. A few people from Kodiak had taken refuge on the cutter the night before. Everyone was wondering which of Alaska's numerous volcanoes had caused the mess. Heavy static rendered the "Manning's" wireless plant dumb, and no word had been received from outside. However, it was expected that the ether would soon clear, now that the eruption was over.

"Over? It had hardly begun," said Lieutenant Commander Thompson, "for at noon the fall of ash resumed, by twelve-thirty night had set in again. More people from the town were sheltered on the 'Manning' that night, but few slept. It was only by our clocks that we knew when another day had dawned. Avalanches of ashes could be heard sliding down the neighboring hills with a thundering crash which sent forth suffocating clouds. Sulphur fumes impregnated the air, so stifling at times that it seemed the next breath would surely be the last.

"One cannot talk about this experience without repeatedly recalling the intense darkness. It was so thick that men bumped into one another as they worked on deck. The ship's electric lights looked like tiny glowworms, and it was sometimes difficult to see the light of a lantern at arm's length. We were continually shoveling and sweeping off the ashes, and kept four streams of water washing the decks; but they made no permanent impression."

On the third day of the eruption, Captain Perry commandeered the storehouse on the wharf, and, with the aid of

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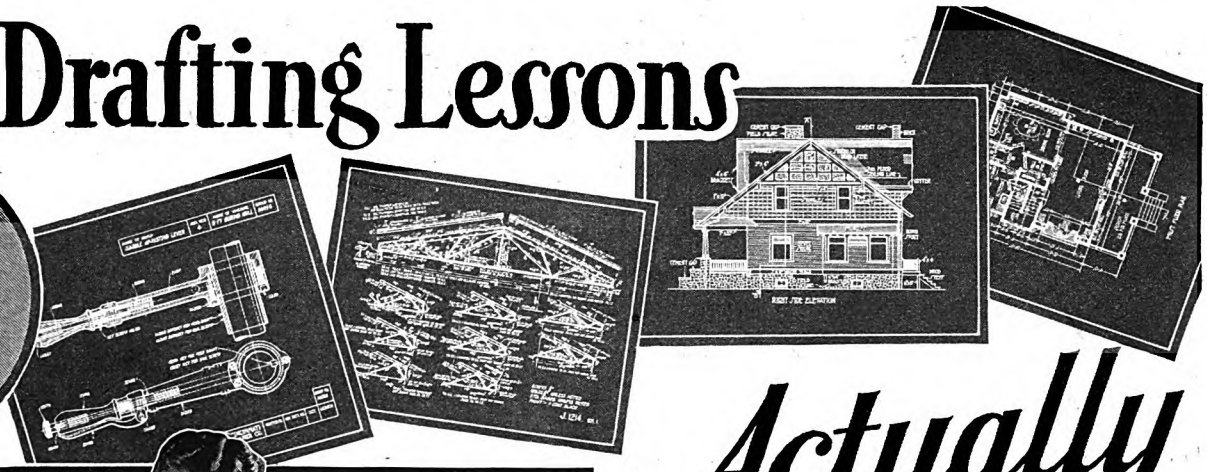

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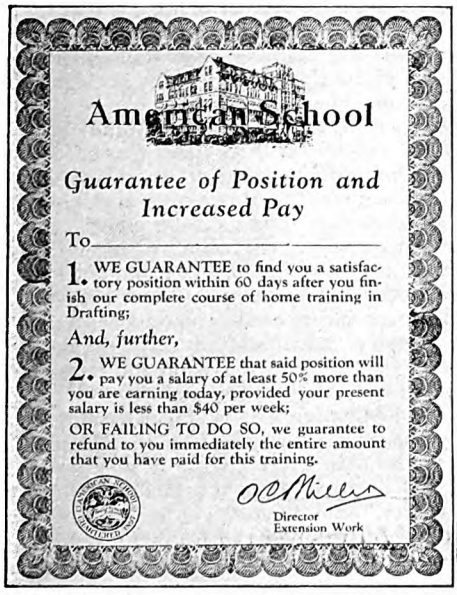

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the Russian priest, he mobilized there almost the entire population of the town. On the "Manning" 185 of these refugees were sheltered; in the storehouse, 149.

"During the morning," said Lieutenant Commander Thompson, "we discovered that seven members of the tug 'Redondo' had failed to reach the village. Presumably they were cut off at the cannery, half a mile away. I called for volunteers and selected eight men. Then I went to Captain Perry and told him that we were willing to try a rescue, and awaited his orders.

"He replied that he didn't dare give orders for that piece of business; but that if we wanted to make the attempt we had his permission.

"WE SET out immediately. We had already provided guide ropes, a compass, lanterns, and other equipment. We proceeded across the village and down the beach to the west.

"The ashes had drifted many feet high in places, and it was necessary to wade through, roped together like mountain climbers. Not only were there these drifts, but every now and then an avalanche would charge down the hills back of the village, sweeping everything before it. Many times we were grazed by these ash slides, and one big one caught us, and knocked down our middle men. But the ropes around their waists held, and we were able to pull them up quickly.

"Our compass was erratic, and proved useless. We simply had to depend on our sense of direction to push ahead.

"After following the beach for some distance, and shouting at frequent intervals, we raised the 'Redondo.' The crew halloed back, and we told them to launch their boat. When this was done, we directed them to the beach by repeated calls. Upon their landing we roped the seven men into our party, and struggled back to the 'Manning' through the drifts and avalanches."

(In his official communication to headquarters in Washington Captain Perry reported this rescue, with the following comment: "A heroic act, deserving of the highest commendation.")

"Meanwhile officers and men from other vessels in the harbor took refuge on board the 'Manning' and helped in the work. The school-teachers and other white women of the village nursed the sick and served coffee and food.

"Around two-thirty in the afternoon," continued Lieutenant Commander Thompson, "the fall of ashes began to slacken, and presently the skies assumed a reddish hue. Objects became dimly visible. Captain Perry called a consultation, and it was decided that here was our chance. To stay might mean death, when the volcano resumed. Though the neck of the harbor was exceedingly dangerous to navigate in dim light with all landmarks obliterated, still, it seemed to offer our best opportunity of escape.

"All hands were taken on board, and at five-thirty P. M. the 'Manning' cast off. With two leads going and an old Kodiak pilot at the wheel, she made her way through the narrow channel into the outer harbor. There we anchored, figuring that if the eruption resumed, we could pick up quickly and stand out to sea.

"Soon after we anchored, a motorboat brought an additional 103 refugees. Many were in need of doctor's attention, and all were suffering from lack of water. We served meals that day to 486 persons in addition to our own crew. We furnished quarters for 414 of them, the remaining 72 being sheltered on the tug 'Printer,' which was moored alongside the 'Manning'.

"Of course we were crowded. The 'Manning' has regular quarters for 76 men, and to accommodate 414 additional meant some squeezing. The crew gave up their quarters to the women and children, and the men slept where they could, on the quarterdeck, the hurricane deck, up in the pilot-house.

"The morning of Sunday brought dawn —a gray haze, and no more ashes. Seemingly, the eruption was at an end. All hands turned out early, clearing off decks and tidying up quarters."

A baby had been born on board that night, and an elderly woman was desperately ill. She died before the day was over, the only casualty. In the afternoon the "Manning" returned to the inner harbor and gradually landed all the refugees.

Several houses had been demolished in Kodiak by the avalanches of ashes Captain Perry felt anxiety for other settlements, and on Monday commandeered the tug "Redondo," stocked it with water and rations, and dispatched it on a cruise around the island, in charge of Lieutenant Commander Thompson.

"I found conditions in the other villages much the same as those we had at Kodiak," said Lieutenant Commander Thompson. "Arriving on the northern side of the island, we saw Shelikof Strait afloat with great drifts of exploded pumice, as light as foam.

"Here, too, we learned that the cause of all our troubles was Mount Katmai, of the Alaska Peninsula. None of us had guessed that it was the disturber; it had never shown any volcanic symptoms and was regarded as of so little importance, in fact, that it was not listed by name on the charts. But Katmai is on the map now!

"WE PROCEEDED in our tug to the next island northwest of Kodiak, to the village of Afognak. There we met a lone native who had paddled his *bidarke* (skin boat) through the floating fields of pumice, across Shelikof Strait, to bring a message from Douglas Village on the peninsula.

"It was written on a soiled piece of brown wrapping paper, scrawled in Russian with a blunt pencil. The Afognak trader's wife could read Russian, and she translated it."

And here is this message as the trader's wife translated it. The writer was an Afognak man who was caught in Douglas by the eruption. Written as a fond farewell, it gives a vivid picture of an eyewitness's impression:

MY DEAR WIFE TANIA: First of all, I will let you know of our unlucky voyage. I do not know whether we shall be either alive or well. We are awaiting death at any moment. Of course do not be alarmed. A mountain has burst near here, so that we are covered with ashes, in some places 10 feet and 6 feet deep. All this began on the sixth of June. Night and day we light lamps. We cannot see the daylight. It is terrible, and we are expecting death at any moment, and we have no water. All the rivers are covered with ashes. Just ashes mixed with water. Here are darkness and hell, thunder and noise. I do not know whether it is day or night. Vanka will tell you all about it. So, kissing and blessing you both, good-by. Forgive me. Perhaps we shall see each other again. God is merciful. Pray for us.

Your husband, IVAN ORLOFF

The earth is trembling. It lightnings every minute. It is terrible. We are praying.

When Lieutenant Commander Thompson and his crew reached Douglas Village that afternoon, they were able to appreciate the point of view of the impressionable Ivan.

"From this village we could see Mount Katmai. Long streaks of lightning were flashing into its crater, accompanied by terrifying claps of thunder. And, not to be outdone by the commotion in the air, the ground beneath our feet jazzed in frequent earthquakes."

The "Manning" spent a month in the neighborhood of the volcano, picked up natives who had abandoned their homes, and established a new village at Three Stars Point, which was renamed, in honor of the Captain, Perryville. Thus ended the relief of the Katmai refugees.

AT THE beginning of 1917 the "Manning" returned to Atlantic waters. She served through the World War on patrol duty and as escort to merchant vessels through the danger zone; and, after the Armistice, was assigned to the Norfolk district of the Coast Guard. She is old, as vessels go. The Navy counts on ten years' life for a naval ship; the "Manning' already has served three times that span. "And she'll still be going strong when you and I are gone," said a marine architect in Washington. "She's built solid, of honest-to-goodness oak. When we reconditioned her a few years ago, we found that some of the steel framing under the boilers had rusted and needed replacement; but her wooden sheathing, of oak planks seven inches thick, was as solid and sound as when laid thirty years ago."

The "Manning" is a favorite ship. "I've never met an officer on the 'Manning' who didn't feel a sense of security, and feel a strong personal attachment for the cutter," said a veteran of her Alaskan cruises. All through the Coast Guard I have run upon men who served on her, and every one was proud of the connection. and glad to recall some experiences of his "Manning" days.

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THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS

"We're Up Against It—We Young Folks Who Haven't Money Enough to Get Married!"

I AM secretary in a publishing house located in New York City. I earn twenty-three dollars a week. My husband-to-be is with an insurance company, and draws thirty dollars weekly. And we want to get married. We are not the only young people facing this problem. There are thousands of us, some of whom have even less to start on than we have. I know of two girls in my own office who want to marry now; but their fiancés haven't saved the necessary several hundred dollars with which to start a home, and aren't earning enough to keep it running. Moreover, it will be years, probably, before they are drawing a salary on which to do it. So what are all of these young people, including myself, to do?

New York City is an expensive place to live in. One can't get a three-room apartment for less than sixty dollars a month. Food for two people can't be very well bought for less than eighty dollars a month. Where do the laundry, insurance, clothing, gas and electricity, car fares and lunches come in. The old days when boys and girls brought their lunches with them are gone. Nowadays it is unheard of, even if it would mean saving four or five dollars a week. These items, therefore, have to be reckoned with.

I am all for taking the step now, with nothing to back us up except our courage and optimism, and our fifty-three dollars a week joint salaries. But Tom wants to wait. Men are funny that way. They think they are taking the burdens of the world on their shoulders when they marry. They think they must give their wives everything in the way of material comforts, never realizing that a wife is willing to stand by her husband through anything, while he is striving to get ahead.

TOM and I met two years ago. At first, we saw each other occasionally. Then, as our friendship ripened, he called once a week. Now—well, the question is: When do we not see each other? And when he leaves we both voice the same thought: "Oh, I wish you didn't have to go!" We want to be together. Everything in us cries out for companionship.

After he has gone—sometimes it is ten-thirty, more often it is twelve o'clock—I stay up to mend a pair of stockings or press a dress for the next day. I know that he goes home and stays up an hour or so to read books and articles connected with his work. He wouldn't think of bringing his work with him—nor would I feel justified in doing any while he is around. Instead, we play tennis, go to the theatre, stay in the city for dinner, take walks, and talk. It's always the *same* thing. We talk about *ourselves*. We plan for the future, and it is always: "When we have enough money we'll get married."

Tom feels he is courting me now and that he must do it the way it is done in books. A week doesn't go by that he doesn't bring me something—roses, candy, sometimes it is a string of beads, or a wisp of a handkerchief. Or we go out somewhere. And when I mention economy to him, he comes back with, "You take the joy out of giving, Mary. Don't you think I want to give you some of the things other boys give to the girls they are engaged to?" So his money goes. And that *when* sounds like eternity.

It is small wonder, I feel, that some of us young people are running wild. Sooner or later we want to feather our own nests, and we can't do it on what we are making. Some of us plunge headlong into parties to drown our yearnings, and excuse our actions with the thought that we live but once, and that we have a right to happiness. Some of us end up disastrously.

We have talked this matter over by the hour, Tom and I. Marriage to me means a home of my own and babies; but I can see that it will be years before we can even start, unless Tom suddenly gets an increase of a good many dollars a week. There isn't much chance of that happening, I fear. In the meantime, why can't we have the companionship that is rightfully ours? We could start on a shoe string—one room and a kitchenette. Even that would not be easy. I would have to keep on at work, babies would be out of the question for several years; but both of us would be happier than we are now.

I'VE said to him, "Let's not wait. Can't we do it now?" And his answer is, "No, we haven't anything to start on, Mary." I tell him he is silly. Doesn't he know that I would be happy in a two-by-four room with just enough furniture to sit on? But his reply is, "Yes, you would be happy; but just for a while. Then the doing-without-things would begin to irk you."

But I'm sure he's wrong. There would be so many things to keep us busy. He could tinker with his radio, and read and study while I'm around. There's the goal we are working for—a home of our own. We would find happiness striving for it. The ups and downs that came along would be short-lived. We would give up lots—dinners and theatres and concerts—but there would be other things to fill their places. It seems so utterly possible to me that it makes my heart ache when I think how hard it is to inspire him with the confidence I feel. What can I do to convince him that mine is the right way?

In three or four years we would be on our feet, instead of just starting out. We would have become adjusted to each other, instead of beginning to learn, and, best of all, we would be drawn closer because we had encouraged and helped each other in the upward climb.

Am I right in thinking this? Can we make a success of it despite our limited income, or is Tom right in feeling that we should wait. I am willing to wait; but, oh—the time seems so very long! I wonder how many other young people are troubled with this thought. I wonder how many have voiced it and met with the same response I have. M. S.

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December, 1928

The American Magazine

MORE THAN 2,200,000 CIRCULATION

The Trail Eater

A story of Love and the Reckless Hardihood of Youth

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

NOME lay under the stars, snow-bound, ice-chained on the shore of a frozen sea. Its lights twinkled a gay defiance to the vast white loneliness of the North; the steel tower of its wireless station etched against the night sky a perpetual challenge to the Arctic silence; and from the top of its tallest church steeple glimmered the electric cross that served as a beacon to miners coming in from the diggings to flash a hilarious pay day along Front Street. This beacon was cheerfully maintained by the contributions of town saloon-keepers.

If there was anything incongruous in the source of the beacon fund, Nome felt no inconsistency. Nome, hybrid City of the Golden Sands, fathered by the victims of hard luck, yet grown to be the richest, most luxurious—and the ugliest—gold town in Alaska.

On a barren, harborless coast it raised its wooden shacks and false-fronted buildings of knotty pine lumber, shipped three thousand miles and priced like the finest teak. It laid the planks of its rickety, crooked streets on sands literally flecked with gold. When eight months of winter cut it off from the rest of the world, its hothouses flourished in the shadow of the Circle, even though the citizens who paid fabulous prices for local flowers and vegetables were obliged, by the annually congealed water supply, to take their baths by appointment at the Elite Barber Shop.

Nome's pagans could work in enthusiastic harmony with its Christians to raise a thirty-thousand-dollar purse for the yearly dog race; but they had not been able to organize for the purpose of financing a sewage system.

To those who had once known its ways, however, Nome beckoned irresistibly. Gay, extravagant, cosmopolitan Nome, that recruited its soldiers of fortune from every country in the world, from every walk in life: generous, simple-hearted, loyal Nome, so naïve in politics that it elected a well-loved "square" gambler for its first mayor; larrikin, gambling, dog-racing Nome, unabashed in its ribald youth, yet somehow altogether lovable in its zest for life!

Each winter it drew its men back from the ranges. With senses clean and sharp from a summer in the open, they came eager and thrilling to the inexplicable allure of the ugly Alaskan town whose spell was like that of some rollicking, slovenly, fascinating woman.

On this blue November night Kerry Wayne swung along the snowy town road, his feet keeping time to the tune he was whistling. He had driven into Nome only an hour previous, but a bath and a rub had nearly banished the stiffness that came from his day's run behind a dog team. Though a broken tow line back on the trail had delayed him, he had covered fifty miles since morning so that he might reach Nome in time to attend the supper with which the Malamute Racing Club was opening the dog-training season that night.

His stride quickened as his eyes rested on his destination down the roadway—the clubhouse, bulking low and flat under the stars, with orange light from its windows streaming out upon the snow.

Kerry hunched his shoulders, with the sheer joy of being back in town again, as he ran up the steps of the clubhouse and passed through the wide door.

THE reception-room was empty save for a white-clad Eskimo boy, who came grinning to take his wraps. When Kerry's fur coat slipped from him he stood under the clustered lights, a medium-sized, lithe-fashioned young fellow, wearing his dinner clothes with accustomed ease, yet patently of the out-of-doors. His face, lean and tanned under thick dark hair, wore rather a serious look until he smiled—a whimsically one-sided smile that slanted his mouth up a bit at the corner. He had very white teeth and a straight nose, which just now was peeling from frost-bite. His eyes, glacier-blue and deep-set under level brows, had the far-gazing look that marks the gamester of the wilderness.

There was eagerness and anticipation in his face as he crossed the reception-room, which was shut off from the main clubroom by portières of tawny moose hide. Through the hangings filtered a babble of talk, the clink of silverware against china, the subdued mingling of masculine and feminine laughter. This was the one Malamute function of the year to which women were invited, and

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Kerry swung along the snowy town road, with "twelve of the finest dogs that ever made a track in the snow"

Illustrated by

the sounds, giving evidence that the supper was already under way, warmed Kerry's heart.

He parted the curtains slightly, and unobserved stood looking in on the gay scene. Down the middle of the room ran the table, splendid, exotic, in its gleaming silver and crystal, with a centerpiece of crimson carnations banked in a three-foot golden cup—the famous Sweepstakes Trophy in which each year the winner of the race was handed his prize money.

At the head of the table, in the rôle of host, sat white-haired Dr. Horton Kramer, newly elected president of the Malamutes. It was impossible to miss Kitty Kramer, ensconced in proud state at the foot of the table. She was radiant in a glittering gown of jade sequins, lately arrived from the States by dog-team mail. Knowing her history, Kerry regarded her with tolerant amusement—and a certain admiration. Tonight she bore not a trace of the gauche, red-headed girl the doctor had married in a dingy London suburb.

Large, deep-bosomed, with a perfect English complexion and a mass of red-gold hair, there was something piquant and alluring in the way she just missed being a beauty—and a lady. Her nose, beginning in Greek severity, ended audaciously in a tilt and a freckle or two. Her ready smile revealed strong white teeth that were a trifle prominent, yet her lips were softly red and there was the faintest hint of golden down at the corners of her mouth.

HER chin receded; but the exquisite creamy texture of her skin led the eye downward to the rounded perfection of the throat she loved to drape with nugget chains; and though her large hazel eyes were too wide open to permit of logical thinking, they were long-lashed and limpid as a trout pool in the sun. For two years those eyes had played havoc with the masculine hearts of Nome, where the joyous, pagan Kitty, safely upborne on her life preserver of matrimony, paddled about in a sea of indiscreet friendships.

Kerry's look involuntarily shifted to the man on Kitty's right, a big, dark man in his early thirties.

Rance Herrington of the Gray Wolf Mine was the richest, most influential member of the Malamute Club, as well as the owner of the year's champion dog team. It was inevitable that he should have that seat next to Kitty, yet Kerry found himself concerned for his friend. The past six months hadn't done Rance any good, he decided; they had thickened his body and coarsened the lines of his face. Then, though Kerry was far from being a puritan, his concern deepened at what he alone could see—Rance's big hand seeking and finding Kitty's under cover of the tablecloth. . . . There had been a bit of scandal about those two when he left for the hills last spring.

Kerry, suddenly feeling that his interest savored of espionage, forced his attention to other prominent guests: Good-natured "Midas" Bernard of the Arctic Bank and Trust Company, bedecked across his ample front with a nugget watch-chain; Nina, his wife, blond, bird-like, and insincere; Luce Barton, bachelor attorney, adroit in his management of litigation scandals.

Recalling a rumor that Rance had placed his affairs in Lucian Barton's hands, Kerry scowled at the pinkly-blond Barton. He disliked nearly everything about the man—his unctuous slyness, his Rabelaisian wit, his fondness for unfinished sentences murmured against a listener's ear.

In swift succession other friends and acquaintances claimed Kerry's attention, until his eyes came to rest on a girl seated at Doctor Kramer's right. She was the only one he didn't know. She was a vivid, laughing little thing with dark hair parted in the middle and done in soft whorls over her ears. There was something about her, perhaps it was her youth and the simplicity of her primrose gown,

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GEORGE GIGUÈRE

that set her apart from that flamboyant gathering. Beside her was a vacant chair, which Kerry knew must be his own.

In the wake of this pleasant discovery came a welcoming shout from Rance Herrington, who had looked up to see him in the doorway.

"Kerry! You old son-of-a-gun! I knew you'd make it! I *told* 'em you would!" Half out of his chair Rance was gesturing with his fork. "C'm on, Kerr! Advance to the festive board!"

SMILING, Kerry walked into the room, and the table burst into a confusion of sounds and waving napkins. There was a hubbub of salutations in bawling masculine bass and high-pitched feminine treble: "Oh, ship ahoy, stranger!" . . . "Atta-boy, Kerr!" . . . "Well, well! the old Trail Eater himself, in person!" . . . "But just a little late, as usual, Trail Eater!"

The reception was prolonged and hearty, yet under the laughter that greeted his nickname Kerry detected that note of indulgent mockery he had grown to know. As soon as he was seated, his advent was seized upon as an excuse for another toast. Glasses were refilled, and enthusiastically emptied by everyone except the girl next to him. She touched her lips to hers and quietly put it down before her plate.

Kerry turned, and met the look in her long-lashed violet eyes. It was a merry, friendly look, and simultaneously they smiled at each other. He noted that her eyes had a beguiling way of half closing and shining softly behind the fringe of her lashes.

He was about to speak to her when Rance Herrington hailed him from the other end of the table. "Bring any dogs back with you for the Sweepstakes, Kerr?"

"Twelve of the finest that ever made a track in the snow," he replied promptly. "And Duna, of course."

"The Trail Eater's hounds are always the best—*before* a race!"

Luce Barton's comment raised a general laugh.

Rance ignored the interruption. "We've been doing something big in the club this year, Kerry. Got twelve entries already. First prize, twenty thousand dollars; second, seven thousand; third, three thousand!" He checked them off on his fingers. "Some little wad for the lucky ones, eh?"

"I'll say! Well, I'm the thirteenth entrant—and thirteen is my lucky number!" Kerry's voice was gayly confident; but just at this moment he did not want to talk dog. There was this new girl beside him, and he was eager to know who she was. He leaned toward her.

"No one remembers that we haven't met," he said, with his air of smiling shyness. "You can't help knowing my name, it's been bellowed about enough here. But yours—?"

"Barbee Neilan." There was a pleasing, mellow quality in her voice that he liked.

"Your father—he isn't George Neilan of the Nome 'Prospector'?"

"He is that," she answered, with the faintest imitation of her father's accent.

"Good heavens! I've heard him talking about you for the past two years; but I thought you were a child away at school!"

She laughed, lifting her firm little chin, and Kerry thought the line of it enchanting. "I'm twenty, and home from the States for good. You," she continued in a livelier tone, "are none other than our landlord. Dad told me you owned the 'Prospector' building."

"That's about the extent of my worldly possessions." He smiled at her confidentially. "You know, Miss Neilan, it's always the exception that proves the rule—I'm it, at this feast of the placer kings. I'm the only poverty-stricken member of the Malamute Racing Club!"

The girl flashed him an amused glance. "But the only member, so far as I can learn, who has actually driven his own dogs on the Sweepstakes Trail," she observed approvingly.

Kerry was conscious of a sudden warming sense of happiness at her interest—an interest he felt to be untouched by that derision he had grown to expect when his racing was mentioned. Yet he deliberately turned the conversation to other subjects—skiing on the hills below Anvil Rock; skating on the river in front of the Eskimo village. He found her enthusiasm for winter sports equaled his own; and, even as they talked, he began to visualize the long, ice-mirrored stretches of Snake River with Barbee Neilan and himself swinging along together on skates.

THE supper progressed with an increasing babble of conversation and hilarity. Kitty Kramer smiled up the length of the board to where the doctor sat bending upon her a look of satisfied possession. She thoroughly enjoyed the prestige that came to her as the physician's wife; but, genuinely fond as she was of her elderly husband, a moment later she turned with equal response to meet the guarded counterpart of the doctor's look in the black eyes of Rance Herrington.

He leaned toward her, a half-amused, half-indulgent expression on his dark face.

"Satisfied, Kitty?"

Kitty's whole-hearted pleasure in material things was the magnet that drew them to her. Tonight she was reveling in her position as hostess of the Malamute Club, a social pinnacle coveted by every other woman in Nome's One Hundred. Yet at Herrington's question she allowed her pouting red mouth to modify the radiance in her eyes. "I would be, Rance, —if I had that ermine wrap."

Herrington's jaw set with sudden stubbornness; and Kitty, after an appraising look, set herself to win back his smile. But the supper had now reached the progressive stage where men and women exchanged seats at will. Herrington, who had been darting speculative glances toward Kerry and Barbee Neilan, came suddenly to his feet, and, careless that he was leaving one of Kitty's involved sentences in the air, sauntered to the head of the table.

He stood behind Kerry's chair. "Kitty wants to talk to you," he said, "so run along like a good fellow. I'll hold down your place while you're gone."

Kerry went reluctantly, and Herrington dropped into the vacated seat.

"Barbee!" The gold king's voice was taut with displeasure. "Why on earth did you come here tonight?"

Barbee's long lashes veiled her eyes while she bit into an olive. Then she looked up at his sulky face with a quick smile that was touched with mischief. "I'm here, sir," she began glibly, "in the capacity of society reporter for the 'Prospector.' 'Reliable news from all parts of the world,' sir. 'And a page for every age.' See our columns for—"

"Barbee!"

"Rance!" She mimicked his sharp tone and glance. When he continued stern and unsmiling she went on in her natural voice: "Honestly, I *am* here in Dad's place, Rance. The old linotype machine collapsed this evening, and the poor dear's in no end of a mess trying to get it fixed before morning. Someone had to report this great event, and, being the editor's daughter—"

"BEING the editor's daughter, you probably threw something into the darned machine to put it out of business. But, Barbee—can't you see you don't belong in this crowd? Why, you're just a kid! You're too—you're—oh, lord!" He checked himself with a gesture of exasperation. Then, scowling, he took up the girl's full wine glass and drained it. A moment later, under cover of hilarity led by Kitty's full-throated laugh, he bent his head close to Barbee's and drew her into a low-toned argument.

About them the clamor mounted steadily, and the shifting of places went on until Kerry Wayne, returning with a peremptory message from Kitty, ousted Herrington and took his own chair again.

Rance went back to his seat near his hostess. He waited, perhaps with intent, until the talk of racing dogs was at its height before he made the remark that focused upon him the attention of the entire table.

"I bought Tokon this morning."

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"Bought *Tokon!*" exclaimed Midas Bernard incredulously. "Bought that outlaw racer?"

In the quiet that followed Herrington answered nonchalantly: "Uh-huh. He set me back just two thousand dollars, too; but, believe me, brothers, I'm going to make him earn it! I'm going to run him in the next Sweepstakes."

The announcement brought forth exclamations of dismay and vigorous condemnations of Herrington's foolhardiness. Everyone had an anecdote to tell of Tokon, the most notorious wolf-dog in the North; Tokon, the magnificent tawny husky who could become a fiend in harness, a man-tearing devil that ripped the parka off his trainer, that tried to slash the throat of any man who attempted to drive him when he didn't want to work. Tokon, who could race like the wind for a hundred miles, and then quit on the trail, and have to be carried back to the finishing post, a dead weight on the racing sled.

For two years this imperious and unconquered husky had passed from owner to owner escaping shooting only because of his extraordinary speed, strength, and intelligence—qualities which no man had as yet found a way to command.

"But I'll make the brute obey me if I have to skin him alive with a blacksnake!" boasted Herrington.

MEN shook their heads; some of the women looked doubtful, troubled. But Kitty Kramer, in a glow of approbation, clapped her hands and demanded an immediate look at Herrington's new racer. "O-oo, Rance! Telephone Slim at the kennels and have him bring Tokon over here to the party!"

Herrington, pleased by the sensation his purchase had created, sauntered over to a telephone and called up the kennels and Slim Carvey, his trainer and driver.

He made known his wishes; but it was plain there was opposition at the other end of the wire. "What's that?" He scowled into the mouthpiece. "Well, never mind whether it's good for him or not. That's my business. . . . I'll take the risk, I tell you! . . . No! Bring him over right now! . . . What? . . . Put him on a leash! . . . Danger! Oh, good lord—muzzle him then. . . . *Muzzle* him, I tell you, and get him here within half an hour!"

The supper went on. Women's voices grew shriller, men's louder as they called back and forth the length of the table. Barbee Neilan's young eyes took in the gayety of those about her; if sometimes they wore a questioning look as they rested on Rance Herrington and Kitty Kramer, the expression was fleeting; her face grew vividly interested again when she joined in the verbal tilting of those near her.

But suddenly a crash split the chattering din. It was followed by a thumping commotion behind the portières that screened the reception-room. Then a trickle of protesting Eskimo English was engulfed in a flood of angry American: "Get out of the way, you blubber eater! . . . But I tell you I *am* coming in! . . . Turn on that light and do it quick—see! . . . Never mind! I'll hold him! . . . Down, Tokon! Down, you yellow demon, or I'll—I'll—"

Chairs were overturned as the diners jumped up to surge toward that commotion. Herrington leaped ahead, yanked the hangings aside and exposed the darkened room beyond.

The crowd halted . . . gasped . . . then began backing away in awed silence.

AGAINST the dim wall of the reception-room a white-jacketed Eskimo was flattened, his apprehensive eyes fixed on the figure of a tall, rangy fellow in a fur parka. The man swayed and clung with both hands to the collar of a wolf-dog reared shoulder high as he pawed wildly to free his head from a steel muzzle.

The sudden light from the clubroom brought the tawny creature down on all fours. He swerved to face the brilliant gathering, his lean, beautiful head lowered, his fierce, proud eyes glittering behind the criss-cross steel bands.

"Isn't he a beauty?" Pride of possession was in Herrington's voice. "Bring him into the light, Slim! Let the folks get a good look at him!"

The driver's hawklike face was sulky. Kerry Wayne, perhaps, of all the men present was the only one who appreciated the protest that showed in the man's every action, the protest of the experienced dog-man against this unwarranted indignity put upon his charge; this degrading muzzling of an imperious wild thing to drag it in to furnish a Roman holiday for a thoughtless gathering.

Cursing under his breath, Slim stooped to lay hold of the leash that dangled from the outlaw racer's neck. Then with his other hand on the collar he tried, none too confidently, to urge the dog forward.

Tokon, ignoring his audience, sank to the floor and began pawing to dis-

He yawned mightily and sat wavering. . . . "Must have gone the limit at the supper last night," he said

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The sound of laughter was a taunt to the nerve-racked dog. He leaped the length of his chain, straining toward his tormentors

lodge his humiliating head-cage. The unexpected ceasing of resistance sent Slim plunging with such clownish effect that several in the crowd laughed.

The sound was a taunt to the nerve-racked dog. He leaped the length of his chain. Straining toward his tormentors, he bared his fangs in a snarl that was both terrible and piteously impotent, because of the muzzle which had shifted until the forehead strap covered one eye.

"Heavens, what a fiend!" . . . "Superb animal!" . . . "Magnificent!" Mingled exclamations of admiration and condemnation rose from the men; squeals of awed delight and murmurs of pity from the women. Barbee caught Kerry's arm. "It's not fair," she protested indignantly. "It's not a sporting thing to do!"

But Herrington, after a moment of hesitation, set his jaw and strode forward toward the bristling husky. "Confound it, Slim, let me take him! . . . Come here, you—" In a rising temper he snatched the leash from the trainer's hand. "I'll make you come to time! I'll show you who's your master! . . . *Mush!*" He planted his foot against the dog's braced haunches and gave a vicious shove.

With a swift jackknife turn the husky launched himself at Herrington's throat. The man dodged, but the steel muzzle scraped his cheek, caught in the shoulder of his coat and held the clawing animal against his body. With an oath he flung him aside and snatched from a stand an ornamental walrus tusk. As Tokon sprang again, he swung the heavy ivory. There was a thud, and the husky crumpled to the floor.

THE wide entrance framed the incongruous tableau—the wolf-dog lying stunned; the man, disheveled, tense-jawed, in torn evening clothes, standing over him with the ivory tusk upraised in a well-kept hand. For a space there was dead silence. Then Tokon stirred . . . attempted to rise . . . and finally came dizzily to his feet.

A murmur of relief broke the stillness. Slim stepped forward and laid hold of the dog's collar. Herrington dropped the tusk to a chair. "Take that brute out of here, Slim." There was an odd quaver in his voice. Beads of sweat stood out on his flushed face. With both hands he smoothed his disordered hair back from his brow.

After he had rubbed his bleeding cheek with his handkerchief, he gathered the tatters of his waistcoat together, and with admirably assumed carelessness stepped into the full light between the moose-hide hangings.

He smiled. "Ladies and gentlemen,"—his bow burlesqued the showman, but he failed to check the slight trembling of the hand he pressed so mockingly against his heart—"this act concludes the evening's performance. My next exhibition will take place at my kennels, where I will"—a grimness crept into his voice—"where I will teach my pet his company manners!"

The gathering, relieved of the tension, broke into loud applause. When movement and conversation again animated the supper party, Herrington turned where he stood and watched his dog, now obediently following Slim to the outside door.

The rebel racer (*Continued on page 114*)

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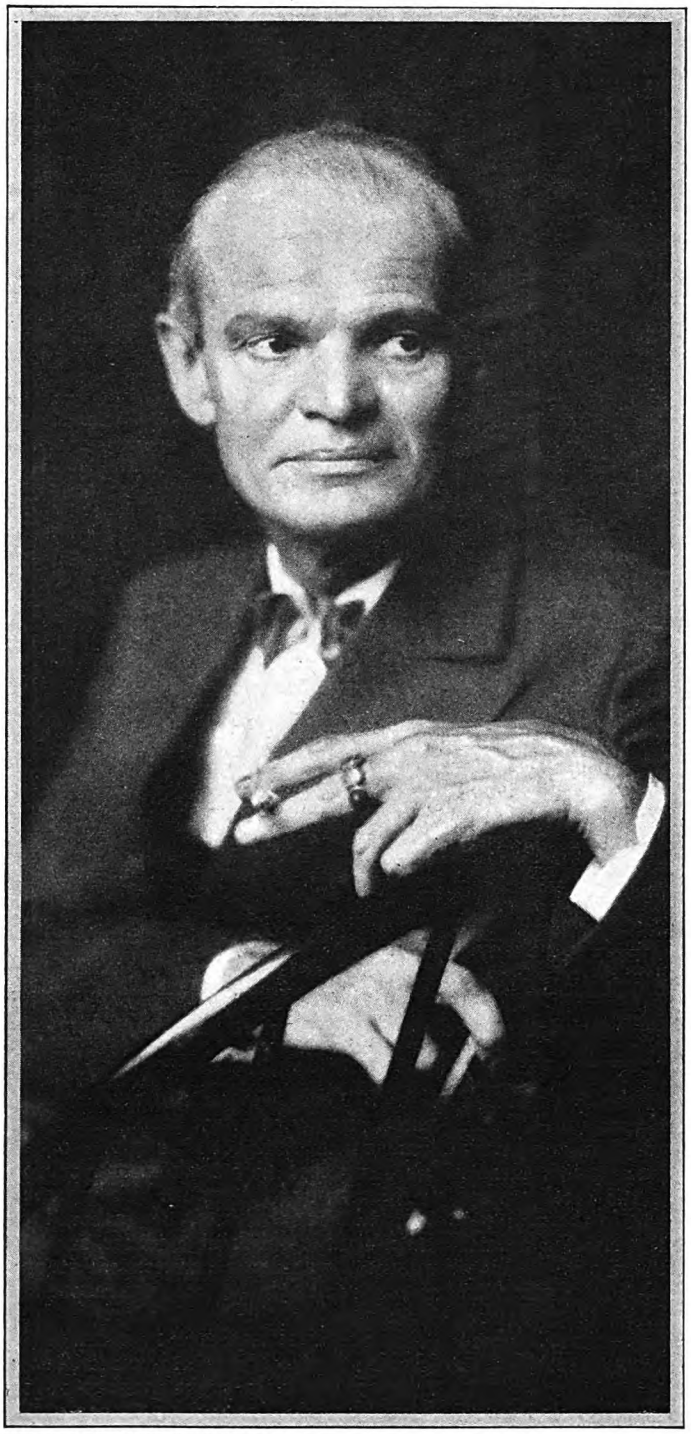
CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND *says that*

WIVES *are either* Tightwads *or* Spendthrifts



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON, N. Y.

Clarence Budington Kelland is the author of an amazing number of short stories, special articles, and novels. His "Scattergood Baines" stories, which have been appearing in "The American Magazine" for nine years, have had an almost unprecedented popularity. Mr. Kelland started out to be a lawyer, but was lured into literary labors by the soft enchantment of editors' checks. . . . On the opposite page appears a picture of Mrs. Emily Post. Although Mrs. Post is probably best known for her famous book, "Etiquette," which has run through many editions, she has also written a number of popular novels and an entertaining travel book. Her exceptional position in society here and abroad, coupled with the wide public acceptance of "Etiquette," has made her an international authority on manners and social customs

I HAVE been collecting the data upon which to base this article for forty years, so nobody can accuse me of undue haste. For thirty years I was collecting unconsciously—soaking it in through my pores, as it were; and for ten years I have been on the trail deliberately.

The matter under discussion is family finances.

The hero of the piece is the husband, and the villain is the wife. Which is not necessarily the fault of the wife, but of the present structure of civilization, more especially of that branch of human endeavor known as retail business.

The facts I have gathered so carefully come from a variety of sources: In my early youth I heard the gossip of the neighbors and observed without complete understanding such events as transpired under my own roof. In my later years of so-called maturity I, as a lawyer, listened to the stories of embattled husband and wife in quest of divorce, to the testimony in courts where men were being sued by merchants to collect bills which had been run, and compared notes with other legal practitioners. Since abandoning the legal profession I have scrutinized my friends and their affairs, and, being a quiet soul who never asks permission to join in a fight not of his own creating, I have been graciously allowed to sit in parlors and listen to the family battles of my intimates. Also, and without boasting, I may say that I, too, have been married.

I have watched the antics of retail merchants and of salesmen and saleswomen, and I have noted the reactions of the shopping wife thereto. I have accompanied my own wife on shopping excursions in various parts of the globe, and, without mentioning names, I may say I have accompanied other men's wives on similar errands.

In brief, then, I know my domestic finances backward, in and out, up and down and sideways, and now I come to a point where I dare venture my first positive statement, namely:

THERE are two kinds of wives: a very small quota of women who are so economical that they are parsimonious, and a very large portion who are spendthrift. There is no mean. There is no happy average. Whichever school they belong to they go the whole hog.

We used to have a saying, when I was a boy, that dogs and line fences caused more trouble than any other two created devices for setting people at odds with one another. I will add to that that more quarrels between husband and wife have been started by the mention of money than by chorus girls, blond waitresses, dancing men with sleek hair, traveling men, or complexes.

Show me a couple who have no difficulties over domestic finances, and I will show you a couple who can get away with anything. A woman can overlook any conduct on the part of her husband if he never intimates that the new hat cost too much, and a husband will condone any offense if his wife does not resort to the retort that he seems to think, simply because he gives her a little money, that that is all God and nature require of him.

(*Continued on page 104*)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON, N. Y.

KELLAND *Doesn't* Know What *he is talking* About

Answers EMILY POST

OUR friend Mr. Kelland shuts his masculine eyes to the truth and blindly sweeps *all* women into two fixed classes—the predatory and the parsimonious—and labels both as equally worthless! Why? Apparently because of an obsessing and narrowing experience with the deadlier of the two extremes.

And then, having voiced his grievances—bewailed would be the better word—he guilelessly declares that he *knows* domestic finances both inside-out and backward.

Backward! A-ha! He never said a truer word. About a hundred years backward—and then some. In fact, his whole arraignment reads like a dusty found-in-the-attic diary reiterating the plaint of an antiquated male. Where, I ask, unless from an old diary, *did* Mr. Kelland get his so quaintly archaic point of view? Or is he laughing in his sleeve? Can he really know so little about the modern woman, the *average* woman of today?

In a frame of mind that seems genuinely bordering on panic he asks *What, Oh, What* is poor helpless husband to do about the bills in the little dress shops that are wrecking his credit—and his life!

It seems such an emergency call, this last, that it may be best to hurry and tell poor husband quickly—before we go into all the other details that are jamming the keys of my typewriter in their eagerness to get said—that the whole "What'll I do?" query would have been nothing to answer if Mr. Kelland had endowed any of his husbands with an atom of "spunk" and a grain of common sense.

In order to make it easy, let's call the Kelland type of (*Continued on page 110*)

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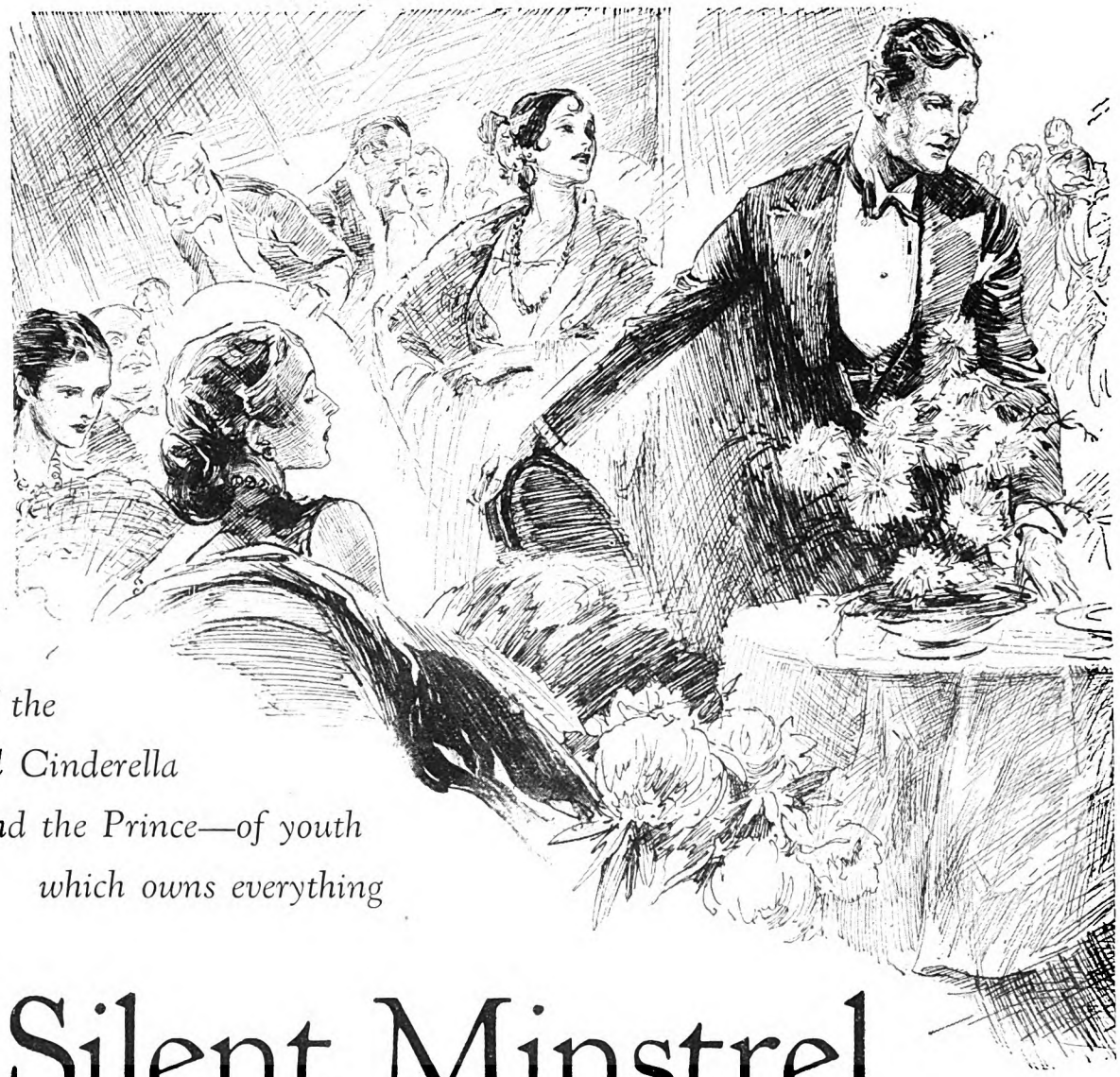

A story of the eternal Cinderella and the Prince—of youth which owns everything

The Silent Minstrel

By LYNN MONTROSS

BECAUSE they had named her Cecilia, her parents fancied that the matter of her life and character had been fairly well settled. She would, of course, be quiet and pale and mystical, like that saint whose picture hung above the old upright piano in the Kirby living-room. But Cecilia seldom did what was expected of her. At the age of eighteen, she became as willful and unreasonable as an April day: She made a cabaret singer her hero; she played her finger exercises miserably; she made any minute wide enough for tears and for laughing and for dancing. And then, suddenly, came the boys.

"I like boys," explained Cecilia.

Her mother sighed. They were such shiny boys—they gulped self-consciously, stood on one foot and said, "*Um* . . . Is Cecilia here?" There were two or three of them every evening, and always Edward. Mrs. Kirby could not help feeling a little sorry for Edward; he was not sleek and slangy like the others; he could not make Cecilia giggle at his every remark; he merely looked resolute and worshipful until at ten o'clock Mrs. Kirby said firmly, "Now, Cecilia, schoolgirls must have their sleep!" And Edward rose and backed toward the door, twisting his cap with big, painful hands.

When the footsteps receded from the porch and the house was quiet, Cecilia always tilted a moment on tiptoe like a wild-flower swaying to every vagrant breeze, her dark eyes glowing as she exclaimed, "Mother! I hate to go to sleep. It's like . . . dying. *I want to be alive every minute.*"

"I wish," her mother would say, "you'd think more about your studies, and less about boys and dancing. At your age—"

"I'm eighteen!"

"At your age a girl is too young to be thinking about—"

"Boys, you're going to say." Cecilia was indignant. She tried to assume a worldly, sophisticated air but succeeded only in looking like a kitten. "You forget, Mother, that I'm not interested in boys any more. They're so young. I like older men . . . men who have known the Continent."

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Mrs. Kirby. She guessed that Cecilia had seen some movie, and she knew how silly the dreams of a young girl can be. Sometimes she worried about this madcap who was so strangely her daughter; but this adolescent pose was too absurd.

"All right," said Cecilia in a hurt whisper as she went upstairs to her room. "*All right.*"

AND the next evening when Edward came, Cecilia looked mysterious and withdrawn. He regarded her with boyish anxiety; sometimes she teased him shamefully, sometimes she worried him to desperation with her immature coquetry.

"Edward," she said suddenly.

"What?" Their conversations were filled with these solemn monosyllables.

She crossed the room and whispered to him loudly and fiercely, "I think I'm going away." (It was the first time the idea had ever entered her mind.)

Edward swallowed quickly. "Going away? Where?"

"I can't stand it any longer!" Cecilia stood motionless a

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Illustrated by
JOHN H. CROSMAN

"I suppose," Cecilia said helplessly, "that you're Vance Crowley"

moment, indulging herself in the bliss of self-pity. Then she smiled and asked irrelevantly, "Do you know Vance Crowley?"

"No. Who's he?"

"*Edward!* Don't you even know who he is? Why, everybody knows that much!"

"I don't," said Edward stubbornly.

Tossing her little close-cropped head, Cecilia put a worn record on the phonograph. The sentimental tremolo of a violin flowed from the revolving needle, and then began a sweet husky tenor, willfully romantic. It was as if another person had entered the primly shabby living-room, a languid, worldly man in evening clothes who walked carelessly back and forth with hands behind his back as he chanted:

"You're driving me wild,
That's putting it mild,
Sweet child . . ."

"An old one!" Edward sniffed defensively.

"Of course it is. But it's Vance Crowley singing it."

She spoke the name intimately, as if from long acquaintance—for the dreams of eighteen are beyond all understanding. So many evenings she had played this record, so many evenings that husky, romantic tenor had spoken only to her:

"Say when
You're going to say when,
Then say it again,
Sweet child,
I'm wild about you!"

The voice trailed off wistfully, the violin was silent, and once more the two youngsters were alone in the room. Cecilia ran to turn off the machine. The boy stood up, his hands clenched and his face red. "You don't know him," he said miserably.

"Don't I? Oh, don't I?" The little wretch smiled back provocatively over her shoulder, and quoted glibly from a newspaper clipping she kept in her dresser drawer: "He's just back from Europe—from the Continent—and he's singing at the Club Rio, that new place on Broadway; and he's signed a contract for a thousand dollars a week to make phonograph records; and he's not young like most people you meet—he's about forty and he's been everywhere and seen everybody—and I'm—"

"You're *what?*"

"Oh, nothing," she whispered, as if it were very much something.

EDWARD'S young face was suddenly fearful. He looked helplessly at her, trying to cling to some proper masculine dignity. "Cecilia, you—you'd better be careful! You don't know—"

"I guess," said Cecilia with a schoolgirl's clumsy repartee, "that I'll do just what I please."

And that night in her room she wrote a letter on the crinkly mauve stationery which Aunt Maude had given her as a birthday present. The round script and the stilted, immature sentiments of admiration were those which movie actors, cabaret singers, and stage stars are accustomed to receiving in every mail as "fan letters." But it seemed to Cecilia that she had done something tremendously unique and thrilling. All the next day going to and from high school she carried the letter in her purse. Several times she haltingly decided not to post it; and then, that evening, while two boys waited in the living-room, she ran breathlessly to the drug store sub-station and returned with shining eyes.

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Before long it began to be whispered that Cecilia Kirby was a wild girl. Older people too easily leap to that conclusion when they have forgotten the strange and painful fancies of immaturity. The little district in Brooklyn was as close-knit and conservative as any New England town; it was, in fact, a village, surrounded and isolated by a forest of roofs; and when neighbors met in the group of small stores and shops known as "the corner," Cecilia's name began to be mentioned.

"Why, I hear she's writing love-letters to some cabaret singer over in the city!"

(Broadway was as remote to many of the good Flatbush folk as if it were in another state instead of being only a subway ride away.)

"And I can't believe her mother knows a thing about it. Mrs. Kirby would never permit . . ."

"I wouldn't think Edward Hayes's mother would want him seeing such a giddy girl every evening."

ONLY vague remarks like these, and yet they began to carry conviction. People meant no harm or malice, but they could not comprehend the illusions which are the stuff of reality in a young girl's imagination; people misjudged the powder and rouge which Cecilia applied with a lavish, untutored hand when she was a block away from home, the absurdly extreme styles the girl affected when her mother's vigilance was relaxed for a moment; and, more than all, that unsteady laugh of Cecilia's, which rang suddenly like a handful of coins tossed from some starry balcony of youth. For there is something frightening to the middle-aged upon seeing all wild, free things . . . so many potentialities for sadness, for pain and for ecstasy.

Cecilia was too unworldly to be immediately aware of the comment she was causing: she went on showing the precious letter to her friends at high school. To these silly young girls it seemed very intimate; they would never have guessed that it was the conventional reply written by some busy star's secretary:

> My Dear Miss Kirby: Thank you for your good opinion of my singing. I am glad that you still like some of my old records, such as "Sweet Child," and I hope that the ones I am recording now will entertain you for as long a time to come. It is always helpful to receive a note of appreciation such as yours, and I trust that sometime, as you say, you will come to hear me at the Club Rio. With best wishes,
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Vance Crowley

The stationery was "distinguished looking," in Cecilia's opinion, the envelope square and heavy, the typing as personal as script; and at the bottom that bold signature, like a secret and romantic message scrawled across the white page of a young girl's experience. Each time she read the brief paragraph, Cecilia found new meanings in it. "I hope that sometime you will come to hear me at the Club Rio." . . . What could that mean but that maybe Vance Crowley wanted to meet her?

So she told the girls at high school in a burst of confidence that she thought Vance Crowley wanted to meet her . . . "Only," said Cecilia, "he didn't say so right out." And several of the girls told their mothers and sisters; then it was whispered around "the corner" that Cecilia really *had* a clandestine engagement with a Broadway singer. That was why her name was mentioned several times at the next meeting of the parents' club, and why two or three of the girls were forbidden to go out evenings with her.

But she was trustful and unsuspecting until the night of the Junior Class party in the high-school auditorium, a gala social event in the calendar of the very young. There was dancing, and rented palms, and evening dresses, and punch . . . and in the midst of all this glamour Cecilia learned that first lesson, so painful to youth, about wagging tongues. Curiously enough, it was Edward who conveyed it to her—sturdy, resolute Edward who went about these days squaring his shoulders belligerently as if to guard her from every stray suspicion. But his eyes were too anxious, his face too open and ingenuous to conceal his worry.

"Edward!" she cried as they were dancing together, "why are you so mean and solemn all the time? Why do you keep looking at me that way?"

He avoided her eyes. "*What* way?"

"*That* way."

For days the boy had wanted to warn her against her chatter; but he knew no tactful approach. "Well," he stumbled, "I do think you ought to be more careful about what you say and about showing that letter around—"

He would have stopped, but she pursued him relentlessly. She quit dancing and led the way to a seat. "Why?" she demanded.

Edward could conceal nothing from her, not even the overwhelming adoration which he fondly supposed to be a secret. In muffled, jerky sentences punctuated by her sharp queries at every halt, he told the whole story.

She understood all that he said. She guessed at much more. "So they think such things about me," she said in a small, horrified voice. "What awful, awful people!"

SLOWLY the room, the lights, the music, the gowns began to blur into incoherence before her eyes. She felt frightened and alone. In her heart was a blinding pain; she wanted to run like a child to some dark closet and hide among old friendly garments.

Edward followed her to the outside door, but she shook off his awkwardly comforting hand. "Leave me alone," she whispered, and walked slowly out into the darkness of the athletic field.

For a long time she stood motionless beneath the shadowy outline of a basketball goal post, while the night laid cool fingers against her hot face and wet lashes. Life seemed monstrous and incredibly cowardly.

She knew that she could never go on day after day with people tossing scandal like sharp thorns in her path. The injustice of it! Just as her elders had exaggerated a few adolescent poses, so Cecilia now magnified their censure into alarming proportions—the wildest fancies became realities. In a panic of fear she sought escape . . . somewhere . . . somehow.

And then, like a kindly beacon light within her heart, there suddenly came that husky romantic tenor, that minstrel who chanted endlessly

> "Sweet child,
> You're driving me wild . . ."

Her hands trembling with sudden resolution, she grasped her purse and started rapidly toward the nearest subway station.

AT TEN o'clock Cecilia Kirby sat alone at a table in the Club Rio. On every side of her, like quivering orchids in some fanciful garden, were gowns of mauve and rose and jade . . . old faces, young faces, the gleam of silver, the white of damask, rouge and powder and the sheen of marcelled hair. The perfume and the voices blurred into one vague symphony; the jazz was a fountain of many colors which rose and fell with gurgling rhythm; and on the parquet floor were a myriad of golden slippers like fireflies weaving in and out to the dance.

Cecilia's eyes glowed with surprise and delight as she looked about, and her breath came very fast. The frock of shell-pink taffeta with silver lace which her mother had made for the high-school party seemed simple and ingenuous—but not in the least abashed—in the company of cloth-of-gold and Parisian confections. And here, among the hard, blithe faces of these cabaret habitués, Cecilia looked even younger than her years: dark eyes, wide and eager, hair which lay in adorable ringlets close to her ears, lips parted as if she were about to exclaim softly in her wonder at this strange and glamorous scene.

People stared at her a moment, then gave up the puzzle, for the patrons of the Club Rio were too blasé to be interested even in naïveté, and they refused to be puzzled very long by anything.

"Your order, miss?" murmured a waiter.

"Yes," breathed Cecilia. Then a great doubt crossed her face like a shadow, for she remembered that she had only a few dollars, and she supposed that things would be dreadfully expensive. "I think," said Cecilia, smiling trustfully, "that I'll just have a club sandwich."

The waiter bowed and was gone; then, as suddenly as if conjured up by some hidden magician, another person appeared—this time an ample woman of forty in an extreme evening gown of black and silver, who searched Cecilia's face with hard, shrewd, kindly eyes. Cecilia did not know that this woman was a hostess, whose business it was to relieve the nightly boredom and to preserve a genial social discipline. Cecilia did not know that it was a bit unusual for a girl of her age to appear alone in a place like the Club Rio.

"You are waiting for your friends?" inquired the hostess with pleasantry which had grown habitual and authoritative.

"Oh no," said Cecilia. "I came here to meet Mr. Crowley."

"Does Mr. Crowley know you are waiting for him?"

"You see, I have a letter from him saying he wanted to meet me," Cecilia explained. She produced the letter from her purse with such innocent confidence that the hostess could no longer doubt her. "Do you think," asked Cecilia with

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brilliant inspiration, "that I'd better send a note to him?"

Without waiting for a reply, she found a fountain pen tangled in the untidy array of handkerchiefs, powder puff, comb, and compacts which filled her purse; and she hastily scrawled across the back of the treasured letter:

DEAR MR. CROWLEY: I am here tonight and at table 61, and I would very much like to meet you as you said in your note to me.

She hesitated a moment, but could think of nothing to add, so she smiled and handed the unique communication to the ample woman in the black and silver gown, who backed away with a dazed look on her sophisticated features.

"If you'll just see that Mr. Crowley gets it, please," said Cecilia, "won't you?"

NOW several things happened with that bland dexterity which distinguished happenings at the Club Rio. First came the club sandwich, and there never was such a club sandwich in all the world; it looked like the prize-winning float in some culinary parade. It overawed Cecilia. She was certain she would never have enough money to pay for such a fantasy. . . . But before she had time to become accustomed to the sandwich, the great room was suddenly flooded with an uncanny glow of lavender incandescence, and gauzy chorus girls flitted about among the tables like playful moths. The program had begun. And soon—maybe in only a few minutes—Vance Crowley would appear!

At this thought, Cecilia's heart first became meek for a moment, then wildly galloped away, leaving a frightened small girl who clutched the edge of her chair with taut fingers. For she had never quite realized that there was actually a Vance Crowley. He had always been merely a vision, a vaguely splendid minstrel with weary eyes who always said and did the things Cecilia wanted him to say and do. . . . But the man who was reading her note, the man who would soon be sitting opposite—what would *he* say and do?

She sat as still as a mouse, trying unsteadily to think what she would say when Vance Crowley finally appeared—until she became so engrossed that she did not notice the man who stood behind the other chair regarding her with curious, intent gaze. When at last she raised her eyes, she started guiltily, and immediately lost every one of the easy, poised remarks she had stored up against just such an emergency.

She could only stare at him, almost in appeal:

"I suppose," she said helplessly, "that you're Vance Crowley."

"I'm afraid that I am." He tried to appear humble, but his eyes were laughing as he sat down opposite her. "Do you want me to be somebody else?" he inquired.

"Yes." The truant word slipped out.

Cecilia whispered to him loudly and fiercely, "I think I'm going away, . . . I can't stand it any longer!"

"All right," said the stranger solemnly. "Whom would you prefer? Babe Ruth? Savonarola? The Prince of Wales? Joan of Arc? President Coolidge?"

She dared to glance up again, and her naïve gaze betrayed a flash of disappointment as well as surprise. Of course Vance Crowley was not the splendid vision her imagination had conjured up from a phonograph record—nobody could have looked like that. "He looks so much like, like himself," Cecilia thought dejectedly.

Certainly he did not resemble anybody she had ever seen, even within her vivid imagination, this tall, dark, sad man; and he was not conventionally handsome. It is true that he was about thirty-eight or forty years old, as she had hoped; but he had a somber face, somewhat battered by life, with a mouth which twisted wryly to one side when he smiled. Cecilia had a sudden wild suspicion that he was laughing at her. She was afraid of him.

In defense she became sulky in a small-girl fashion. Because she did not know what to say, she closed her lips tightly, and looked at the stage where the chorus girls had been transformed from moths into milkmaids of old Versailles. At last, after a queer little silence, she snapped out petulantly:

"I don't like this cabaret!"

It was the worst, the most willful blasphemy she could think of, and she would not have been surprised if the man opposite her had raised shocked eyebrows. Instead, he bestowed upon her for the first time a warm glance of approval. He nodded with enthusiasm. "Terrible place," he agreed.

He sighed and lit a cigarette. Cecilia hoped that he would offer her one—it would be so flattering!—but he carefully put the case back in his pocket. He sat in silence, puffing his cigarette while she fidgeted uneasily—she was used to a continuous chatter with boys, for in high-school social circles any slightest lapse in conversation was held to be deplorable.

"It must be nice to sing," she suggested hopefully.

He leaned forward, and a droll light danced in his narrowed gray eyes. "I hate singing," he said.

"You do!"

"I do. I'd much rather eat lobster salad." He leaned back impressively, with folded arms. His dark face was very grave. "Even without dressing," he added as a dramatic climax.

FOR some time a puzzled suspicion had been growing in Cecilia's mind that he was making fun of her. Now she was certain of it. A few minutes ago she had been sulky, but her inexperience contained no further weapons to combat his worldly, mocking sureness of what to say and do. In a baffled voice she said, "I think maybe I'd better be going home. . . . Is it late?"

She sat very straight in her chair, a small childish figure of uncertainty. Her dark eyes were wide and bewildered; her fingers plucked unsteadily at the fringe on her gown. (*Continued on page 95*)

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WILSON—*the* Greatest

By BRIGADIER GENERAL

ON November 11th, 1918, the World War ended. Ten years ago today we were still celebrating the victory, and were planning eagerly for the return of our soldiers from France. So this seems a particularly fitting time to give you this extraordinary story of the part played in the World War by Woodrow Wilson, who, by virtue of his position, was commander-in-chief of the American military and naval forces.

General Reilly's article is of additional interest because of his own distinguished war record, and because he was for a time one of President Wilson's severest critics.

THE EDITOR

NO MAN was ever more roundly abused as a pacifist than was President Woodrow Wilson prior to our declaration of war in April, 1917—and I was one of those who abused him. Day after day, through the columns of the Chicago "Tribune," I attacked the policies of his Administration in reference to preparedness. My opinion of him was the opinion of the majority of military men of that day. (I was free to express mine, because I had resigned my commission in the Regular Army to write for the Chicago "Tribune.")

That was twelve years ago. Most professional soldiers and students of military history then thought President Wilson incapable of leading a nation in time of peril. Today, a great many of us—possibly most of us who formerly thought him a pacifist, temperamentally unequipped for leadership—regard him as a war leader of vast and rare ability. Certainly that is my opinion, reached after having participated actively in the war as commander, first of the 149th Field Artillery, and then of the 83d Infantry Brigade, both of the 42d (Rainbow) Division, and after having spent ten years in studying the history of the Great War.

None of our war Presidents and no European statesman of the Great War showed a clearer grasp of the principles necessary to bring victory, nor more determination in following them, than did President Wilson once we entered the fight.

The outward contrast in his attitude before and after war was declared is so great that it is almost as if a pacifist had turned overnight into a militarist.

Everyone remembers the attacks made on Wilson as a pacifist. Many still believe him to have been one. However, the more the cloud of misrepresentation of our part in the war vanishes, and the facts emerge like rocky peaks through a settling haze, the more clearly his greatness as a war leader stands out. All this despite foreign propaganda and acrimonious politics at home. For the facts show plainly that President Wilson reached many great decisions and, having reached them,

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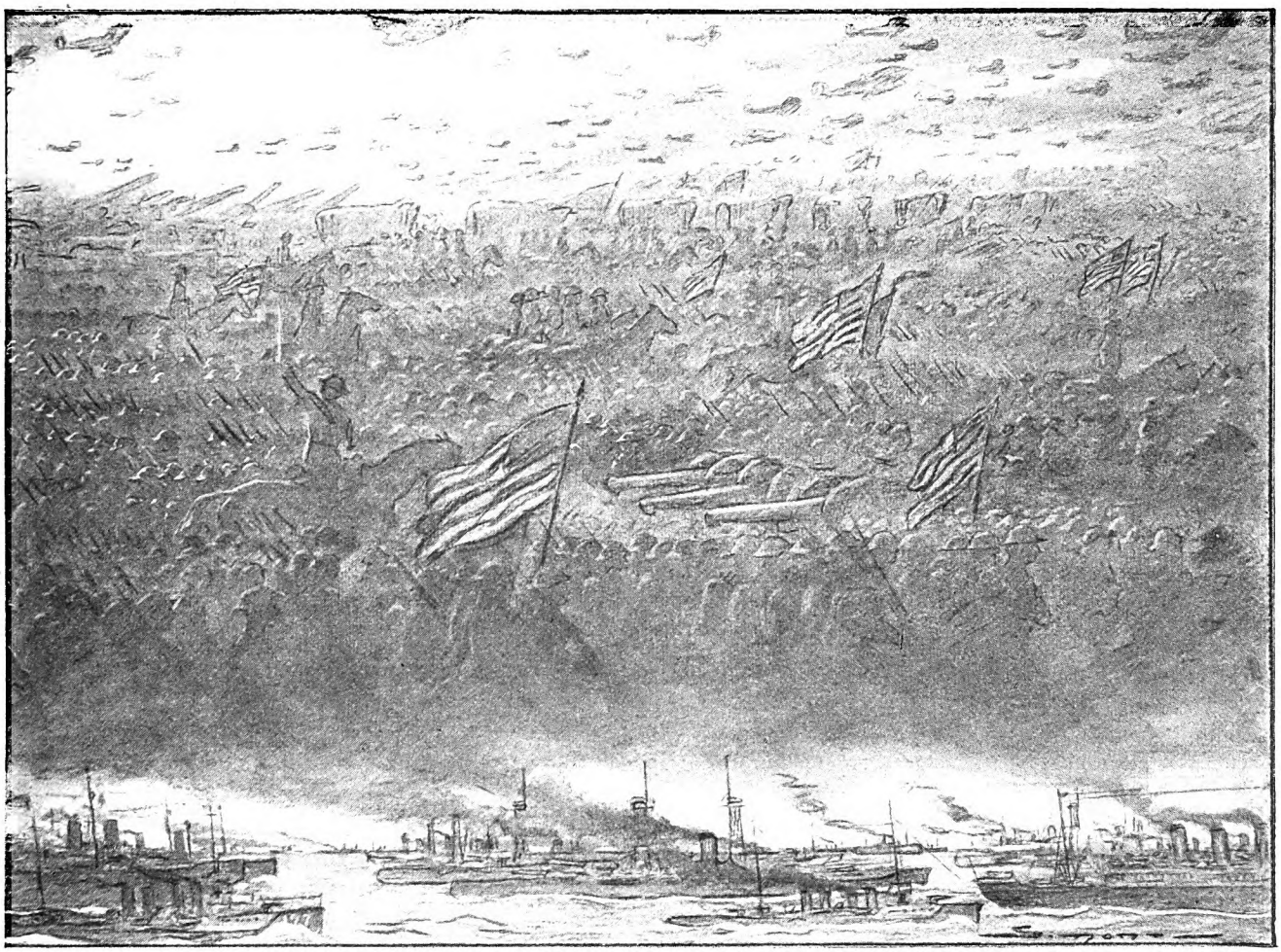

War Leader *of them* All

HENRY J. REILLY, O. R. C.

Drawings by JOSEPH SIMONT

saw them through to triumph. He avoided errors made by our other war Presidents, and by the civil leaders of the warring nations of Europe.

THESE four were, perhaps, his greatest decisions as a war leader:

1. To select capable men for commanding military positions, and then to rely upon them in military matters, and back them up.

2. To propose and urge through Congress the Selective Service law.

3. To back up General Pershing in taking the time necessary to put a minimum of 1,000,000 American troops in France to make our first blow a hard one, instead of striking immediately a series of weak blows.

4. To have the American soldiers in France fight under an American commander, as a unified force.

Implicit in these decisions is the great groundwork of military success, for these are tenets designed to win a war, and not a political victory. President Wilson had to have knowledge and courage to see as he saw, and to do as he did. Later in this article, I shall explain to you, as former Secretary of War Baker did to me, how President Wilson reached some of his decisions, and what was his attitude toward the war—and toward the soldiers who were fighting it. But first let me tell what our three Generals think about Wilson. I have known them since long before the war.

Generals Pershing, Bliss, and March held the highest and most responsible positions in our Army during the war. They are the only officers since Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan to attain the full rank of General.

Their testimony proclaims Mr. Wilson free from a fault which is common to most statesmen—a fault which has caused more defeats in war than has bad generalship in battle.

This fault is the failure to understand that the methods which make for a successful political career in peace are exactly the opposite of the methods which bring victory in war.

Compromise for political reasons is second nature to statesmen. Decisive action for purely military reasons, regardless of political expediency, must be second nature to a general if he is to win battles.

The first produces what Mr. Wickham Steed, celebrated correspondent of the London "Times," calls the "peace mind," and the second he calls the "war mind."

The three Generals had no illusions on the subject. They knew from the history of our wars, and from what they had seen in Europe since the outbreak of the war in 1914, that more dangerous than a powerful and efficient enemy in front is a "peace" mind holding the reins of power in the rear.

WITH what secret misgivings as to their future must they have accepted their positions of grave responsibility, which even a Napoleon could not have successfully held if his backing depended upon a "peace" mind!

General John J. Pershing, noted for the brevity of his speech and the intentness with which he means it, says: "He backed me up."

No American General has ever had a more difficult job than that of Pershing's as Commander of our Expeditionary Force in Europe. When he tells his story of the tremendous difficulties he heroically overcame, and of the unjust criticism, both in this country and in Europe, which he determinedly faced, his place in history as a great man and a great soldier will be assured, and the four words I have just quoted will become a tribute to the memory of President Wilson.

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General Peyton C. March, who was Chief of Staff in Washington, says: "President Wilson threw all the power of his great office and great personality into the war program. He backed his military advisers to the limit, and did not interfere with their performance of their military duties." It was General March's job to organize, equip, train, and embark at our seaports the troops sent to Pershing. In doing so, he exercised a ruthless efficiency. This was fortunate for the nation, but made enemies of many individuals in Congress and out of it.

History remembers the big things and forgets the little ones. However, at the time such events happen, the damage done a party leader by such enmities is frequently serious. One way out is to relieve the General responsible for the criticism. But President Wilson was above political expediency; his aim was to win the war as quickly as possible. Not once did he remove a General to save himself from criticism.

General Tasker H. Bliss says: "Both during the war and afterward, Mr. Wilson never made decisions involving military matters until he had gotten an opinion from military sources. In my considerable experience with him, I have never known him to act contrary to such opinion, once it was given him."

General Bliss sat as our representative with the premiers of France, Great Britain, and Italy and their advisers in the Supreme War Council at Versailles.

THIS council had come into existence after the tremendous defeat suffered by Italy in the fall of 1917, and which had frightened the Allies into putting aside their mutual jealousies for the moment in an attempt to get unity of military action. It was constantly the scene of disputes based on interallied rivalries. It was frequently the battleground of soldiers and statesmen of one or another of the nations, in their disagreements as to the military policies to be followed. Sometimes, in the council, plans were sprung which aimed at putting one or another nation in a good trading position at the peace conference after the war, rather than at the best way of beating the enemy. It was a place in which even a wary diplomat of wide experience could easily have "put his foot in it," thus furnishing a convenient excuse for his dismissal.

The cynical will say: "Well, they were Wilson's Generals, why shouldn't he have supported them?"

The answer is: They were not his Generals in the sense of belonging to his political party, or of having been known to him personally, or associated with him over a long period of time.

All three were Republicans. They were hardly known to the President personally. They had not been associated with him. There was not the slightest hint of the relationship which existed between President Theodore Roosevelt and General Leonard Wood.

Then, how were they chosen?

Recently, I went to Cleveland to see Mr. Newton D. Baker, who was our Secretary of War during our participation in the Great War.

One of the first questions I asked him was: "Mr. Secretary, who selected General Pershing to command the American Expeditionary Force, and how was it done?"

He said: "I selected General Pershing. I did so because of his long record of military efficiency and accomplishment. You remember the loyalty he displayed when he had the difficult task of staying far enough south in Mexico to prevent further raids on our border, while at the same time preventing any incident which could cause war with Mexico—which the President did not want. You must also recall the admirable way he stood the gaff of the criticism directed at him. All these things contributed to my choice of General Pershing to head our army. When I had made up my mind, I went to Mr. Wilson and told him my choice. He said, 'What are your reasons?' While I told him he listened carefully, and then said: 'If that is your judgment, it is mine.'"

Similarly, on the advice of Mr. Baker, and with the approval of General Pershing, the President recalled Major General March from France to become Chief of Staff, to succeed General Bliss, who had reached the age limit set by law for his retirement. However, in recognition of General Bliss's valuable knowledge of military and international affairs, stored up during more than a quarter of a century of careful study, Mr. Wilson ordered him to continue in active service.

But to return to the Chief of Staff in Washington, who is the executive officer of the Secretary of War. It was he who would determine whether or not General Pershing would get, with the maximum of speed, what he asked for from this country. Mr. Baker wanted for the job an officer who had served long enough in France to understand what General Pershing's problems really were. The President agreed with Mr. Baker.

Major General March was the logical answer.

When a young officer, March first attracted attention as the commander of the battery of artillery raised at Yale University for the Spanish-American War. Later, as a major of Volunteer Infantry, he set out with his battalions, with a week's supplies, to rescue Commander Gillmore and his party, who had been captured by the Filipino insurgents. He was gone for months, during which he whipped superior insurgent forces and penetrated far into the mountainous, savage country of northern Luzon, inhabited by headhunters, and until then untrod by any American.

His report on the artillery in the Russo-Japanese War, which he saw as an official American observer, and his close study of the new French 75 gun, and the change in artillery tactics which it brought about, was largely responsible for the rearming and reorganization of our artillery, and for its adoption of new tactics, a number of years prior to the outbreak of the World War.

RECALLING our own past history and some of the events in Europe during the World War, where "political expediency" was more dangerous to a general's military "head" than defeat at the hands of the enemy, I said to Mr. Baker: "It is nothing unusual for generals with good records to be picked at the beginning of a war; but it is rather uncommon for those same generals to survive the wave of bitter criticism which a people, particularly when unprepared for war, always indulge in because victories are not immediately produced.

"In the World War we not only had such criticism from our own people voiced by our press and Congress, but also from the Allies. General Pershing's insistence on uniting our troops into an American Army, instead of using them as replacements for the British and French Armies, and his training of our troops for warfare in the open instead of merely for trench warfare, created great opposition to him in Europe. Didn't this result in pressure being brought to bear on you and President Wilson?"

Mr. Baker replied: "Yes; Mr. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, and Lord Reading, the British Ambassador, were constantly after the President. However, the President considered his job to be that of the supreme coördinator of all the different forces of our Government, striking a united blow against the Germans. On the picture, as a whole, his mind functioned independently and clearly. On the purely military side, he simply accepted the judgment of the experts."

PRIOR to the outbreak of the World War, in 1914, a vast gulf existed between our professional military people and the average civilian on the subject of war.

The thinking professional soldiers were in the same position that a small number of modern doctors would have been in had they appeared during some plague of the Middle Ages, and advocated stopping the germ-spreading religious processions got up to persuade the Almighty to withdraw the plague.

The soldiers knew that all the world, with the exception of the United States and Britain on land, and China on land and sea, was prepared to fight on a tremendous scale immediately war should come. They knew that Europe bristled with questions that had almost caused war on several recent occasions and, undoubtedly, would cause a general European war. They knew that in disputing with Japan, we were arguing with a nation as prepared as any continental European one.

They saw most of our people blindly following the procession, like the religious fanatics of the Middle Ages, ignoring the facts of international relationship as they were, and praying at the shrine of the Hague Tribunal and Carnegie's Peace Palace.

They followed with interest the struggles of Lord Roberts and other military and civil leaders in Britain, not only to combat British pacifists but, above all, to convince the thinking Britisher that the day of helter-skelter waging of war by "up, boys, and at them" measures had passed; that war with Germany meant war on a modern scientific efficiency management basis.

From the time war came, in 1914, on, these American military men were more and more worried because apparently our people did not see that a war army of today—no matter what the enthusiasm, patriotism, and courage of the individual citizen—cannot be extemporized immediately war is declared, any more than the U. S. Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil, the American Telephone and Telegraph

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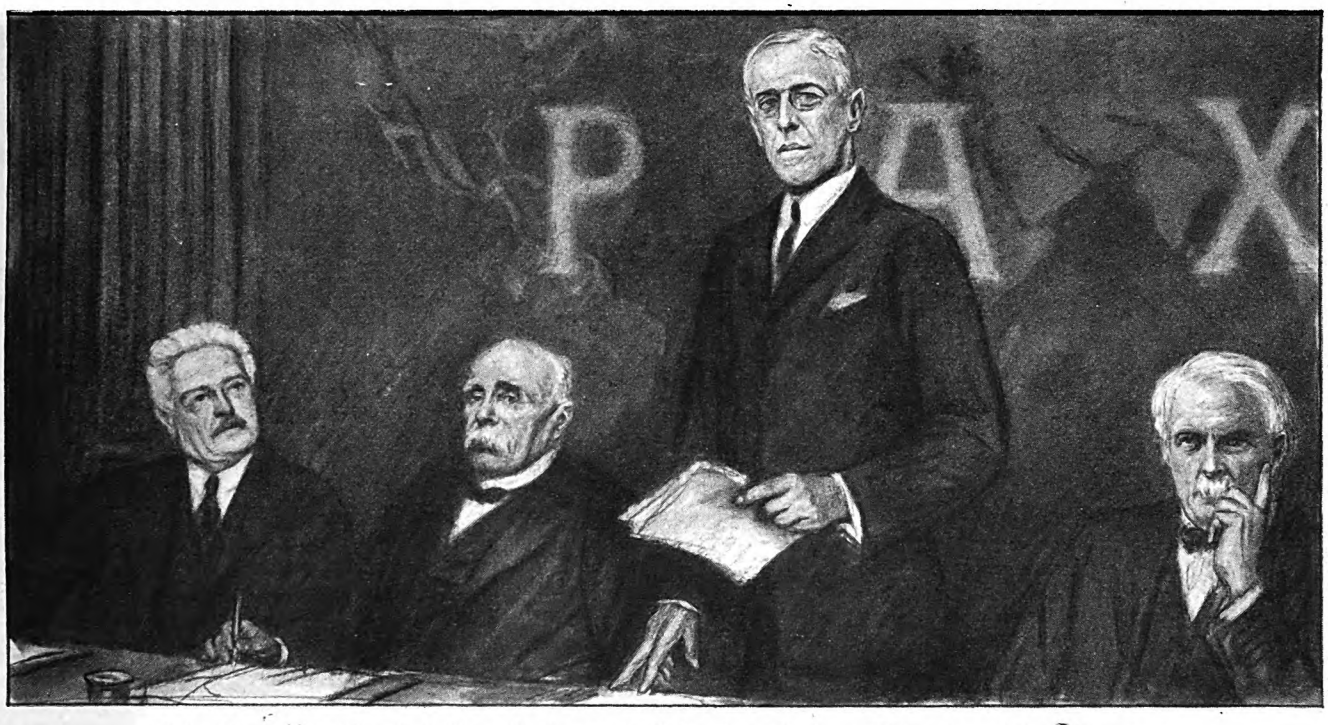

"The Big Four" of the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, where Woodrow Wilson presented the first draft of the covenant of the League of Nations. From left to right: Orlando, Clemenceau, Wilson, Lloyd George

Company, or any other vast organization, could be created overnight.

The Allied propaganda which exaggerated Allied victories and German defeats, and mentioned Allied defeats only when too great to be hidden, and then minimized them, added to our troubles.

THE whole tendency of this propaganda was reflected by our press and, in general, conversation was to the effect that the free-born citizens of the unprepared and war-abhorring Allies have sprung to arms overnight and are giving the conscripts of the Kaiser and his war-worshiping General Staff the good licking they deserve.

Any disagreement with this shallow view was promptly labeled pro-German, even though uttered in the cause of preparedness.

President Wilson and his Administration reflected outwardly this popular ignorance of, or indifference to, the need to prepare on land. On sea, the Navy bill of 1916, providing the largest fleet in the world, was excellent. On land, the Act of 1916, while making some improvements in our Army and marking the beginning of the present National Defense Act, was not a measure to provide the war army we afterward brought into existence.

Yet immediately war was declared, the Administration, headed by President Wilson, promptly urged and brought into existence the measures necessary to mobilize the whole man power and material resources of this Nation, so that its maximum strength could be flung in the minimum time into the war arena, to crush Germany.

Nowhere in history is there a more prompt recognition and more immediate execution of the basic military fact that victory comes from the maximum use of all available force in the minimum amount of time.

I asked Mr. Baker what was the reason for this apparently complete reversal of President Wilson's point of view with respect to military matters, once war was declared; a reversal so astonishing that the military world, not only in this country but in Europe as well, is still discussing it.

He replied: "President Wilson's mind was of the kind that concentrated determinedly on whatever he was doing. As long as he thought the United States was not going to be drawn into the war, he was resolutely opposed to anything which he thought would provoke the issue.

"Once he had made up his mind we were going in, he was just as resolutely determined to go in without stint and to the limit, with the intention of finishing the job in the most thorough manner possible."

In ancient times, two enemy armies sometimes stood by and watched a champion from each fight a duel, the outcome of which was accepted as settling the quarrel between them.

In the period prior to the French Revolution, European nations settled their difficulties by means of professional armies. The people as a whole stayed home, and accepted the result of the combat between their professional army champions as settling the war.

The French Revolution put an end to that. When the European kings started their armies toward France to take from the French their newly-found freedom and give them back a monarchy they didn't want, the nation literally sprang to arms to stop this program. They did so.

THIS, and the rise of democratic government, which makes every man have a "stake" in his country, instead of being merely the subject of some monarch, introduced in modern times the practice of training the mass of the citizens of the state, in peace, so that immediately war is declared, the man power of a nation is ready as trained soldiers.

Such a system of course means that the first blows are enormously powerful, struck by millions of men in huge armies, instead of weak blows struck by a hundred thousand, later reinforced by another hundred thousand which then strike a somewhat stronger blow of two hundred thousand, and so on; the idea being that small reinforcements will steadily increase the weight of the blow struck, until after one or more years the army finally reaches a million or more, and can strike a really strong blow.

Like Britain in 1914, when we declared war we were unprepared on land to strike a strong blow immediately. The danger was that we would use such force as we had to strike a weak blow, then send a comparatively small reinforcement and strike another stronger—but still relatively weak—blow and so on.

THIS method of fighting greatly delays the day when a really hard blow can be struck. First, because the small number of trained men and officers are all hurried off to the front, much to their contentment it is true, but to the detriment of the nation as a whole, because it leaves no one behind to train the immense numbers of the new army hastily called into existence.

Second, such a method takes the time needed again and again to reorganize the force in the field, because of the casualties in each combat.

Therefore, I asked Mr. Baker: "How did it happen that we planned from the beginning not only to put a large army in the field but also to have its first blow a strong one? Did the British and French missions, which came over here shortly after our declaration of war, point out the necessity and value of such a course?"

"No," said Mr. Baker. "The British and French missions came to get money and supplies. Neither had any idea enough American troops could or would be sent to Europe to affect the military situation seriously. Marshal Joffre and General Bridges wanted a few troops to show the American flag, because of the resultant good (*Continued on page 122*)

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"Three BIG Things I Learned *from* My Father"

An interview with John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

By M. K. WISEHART

UP THE Hudson at Pocantico Hills (on a beautiful estate), near Tarrytown, New York, lives a retired country gentleman who has passed his eighty-ninth birthday (and who may easily reach a hundred). As all the world knows, this man has triumphed *twice*—once in his undertakings and again in his health. The art of never exciting himself is said to have brought to him both these successes. Exacting observance of established habits, weighing of judgments, slow aiming in life as in his golf, have likewise been described as the means by which he achieved his victories.

Never a lover of luxury, but precise in his requirements as to convenience and orderliness, he is a character of unique simplicity. I think you would be interested to know something about his present-day routine.

Seven o'clock is his rising hour. Before breakfast, he looks over his house and garden, glances at his newspaper, and participates with his household in devotional reading. At eight-forty-five he is ready for a little game at which he is a devotee. Played with fifty-two cards, with numbered squares, it is called "numerica" and somewhat resembles Canfield solitaire. At this time of day it does not detain him long. By nine, he is in his office attending to his letters and telegrams and matters connected with various benevolent enterprises for which he is famous. Mid-forenoon finds him on the golf links in company with some of his friends, the principal of the high school perhaps, or the Presbyterian minister, or the priest of the local parish. Having returned from the links by noon, he rests, bathes, changes his clothes; and the balance of his day is mapped out as follows:

1:15. Luncheon.

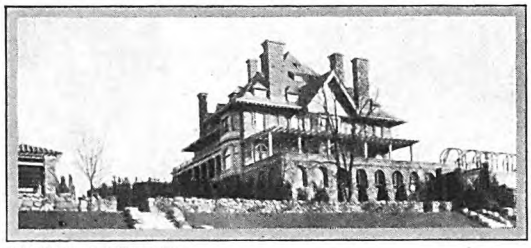
2:15. Two or three games of "numerica."

3:30. He drives in his motor car, his chauffeur being instructed to seek new routes of travel and to maintain a speed of about twenty-five miles an hour.

5:30. He returns home for the longest rest of the whole day, about an hour, after which he changes for dinner and goes through the evening newspapers.

7:30. Dinner. (At his table are his neighbors and friends, sometimes his son, his daughters, or his grandchildren.)

8:30. This is the high spot of the whole day—a little more of that game, "numerica," which he plays amid the lively conversation, the laughter and jests. In the course of the evening there may be music, for there is a pipe organ in the house, and friends who sing are often invited.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROS.

Home of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

Tomorrow, as yesterday and the day before, this plain country gentleman will be pleased to adhere to some such schedule as this. Who is he? Doubtless you have already guessed. It is John D. Rockefeller.

DOWN at 26 Broadway in lower Manhattan, sitting at the center of a long table in an oak-paneled room, is a man of fifty-five, solidly built, five feet seven or eight inches in height, with square shoulders, clean-cut features, wide forehead, firm lips, and a determined chin. Like his father, John D. Rockefeller, Junior, rises at seven o'clock, leaving home so as to be at his office between half past eight and nine. In the course of the morning, if business permits, he goes to his club for setting-up exercise—squash or tennis. The routine of business usually occupies him until late in the afternoon, and the chances are that when he goes home he takes a bulky portfolio of work that has to do with the many business enterprises and the benevolences in which the Rockefellers are interested.

Now, between these two men, who so strikingly resemble each other in their methodical way of doing things, there has existed for a half-century one of the most remarkable paternal and filial relationships that history records. Furthermore, it is safe to say that no man, without qualification or definite stipulation, has ever reposed in his son such complete trust in matters of vast import and involving such huge sums as the elder Rockefeller has done.

Some years ago, when the list of stockholders in the various Standard Oil companies was made public, many financiers were surprised to learn that most of the Rockefeller holdings were owned not by the father but by his only son. In the light of what I am going to tell you in this article, you will see that in this fact itself there was nothing extraordinary. The senior Rockefeller had come to the conclusion that, since his son was carrying most of the burden, he ought to have control of their interests. In consequence, he had turned over to his son several hundred million dollars in securities all at one time.

Recently, when searching the files of a New York newspaper for certain information in no way connected with the subject of this article, I chanced upon a brief item about the junior Rockefeller which interested me immensely. "I did not pick this job," he was quoted as saying; and from the context it was perfectly plain that he referred to the fact that not by choice is he one of the richest men in the world. As I read these words, I wondered what kind of man John D., Jr., really is, and other questions occurred to me: What was his boyhood like? How was he trained for the unique position which he occupies today? What are the most important things he has learned from his father about business and about life? And the other day, when the opportunity presented itself, these were the very questions I put to Mr. Rockefeller himself. As you will see, he not only answered them but, incidentally, in so doing, threw a most interesting light on the kind of man his father was and is.

TO BEGIN with, we must go back to the year 1882 when, on the eastern outskirts of Cleveland, there was a big farm consisting of several hundred acres known as "Forest Hill." This was the first Rockefeller estate. The senior Rockefeller was then forty-three years old, and was engaged in building the Standard Oil Company. He was already a multi-millionaire, having merged the oil interests of the country into a $75,000,000 corporation.

On a hilltop of this estate was a large, rambling, comfortable house, and below it was a lake which had been created by damming a small stream. Here, the Rockefeller children learned to swim, and the father was a patient and encouraging teacher, resourceful in devising mechanical means to help them to learn.

"Father was never a fancy swimmer," observed Mr. Rockefeller, "but he had a simple breast-stroke and good staying power. In my mind's eye I have a clear picture of him swimming around the lake,

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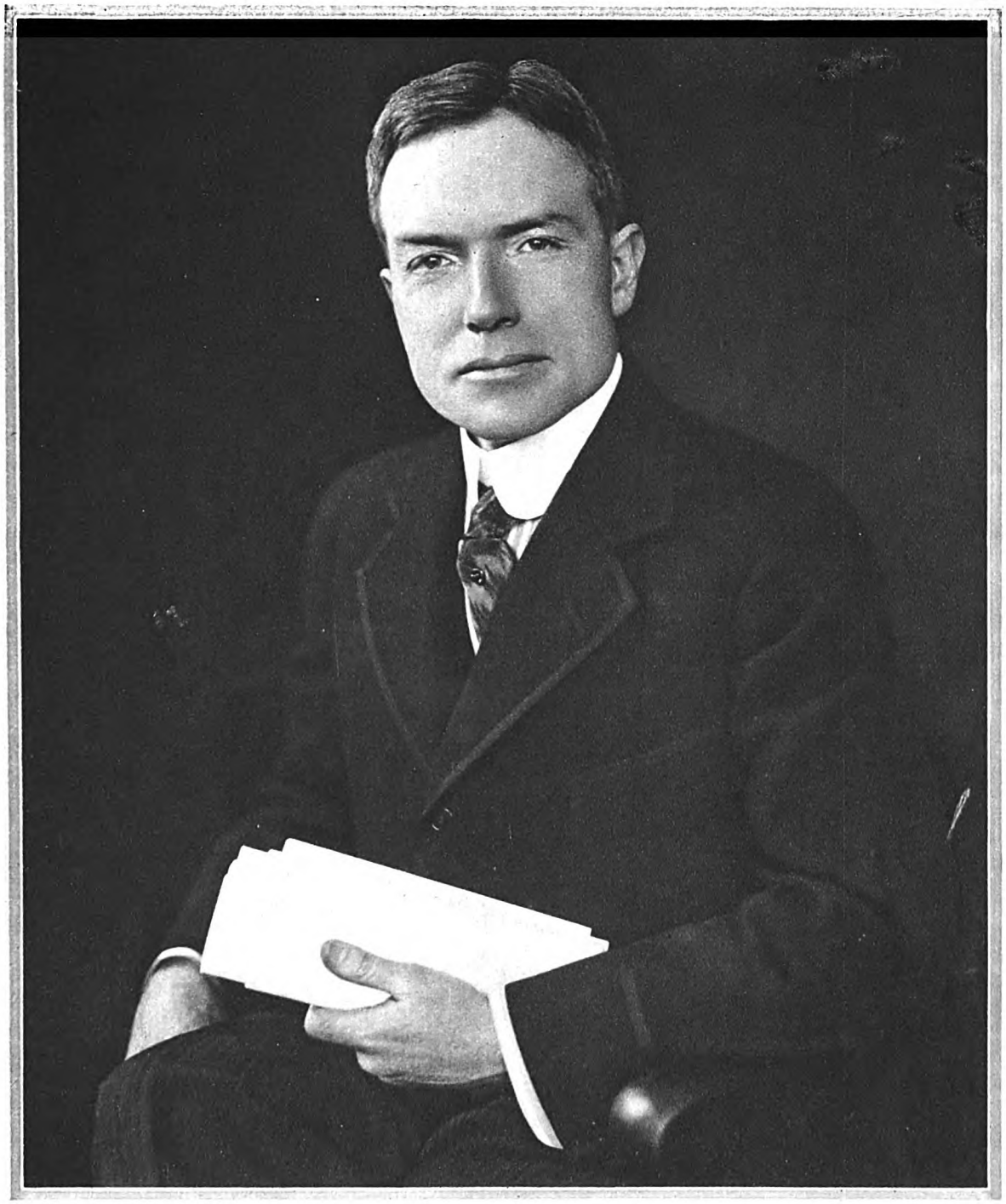

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

nearly a mile, on a hot day with his straw hat on to keep his head cool.

"Father was always an enthusiastic skater. I recall going with him to test the thickness of the ice, to see whether it was safe for our sport. The lake was deep, so Father deliberately chose a means of saving ourselves in case the ice gave way. We took under our arms long narrow boards, which would hold us up in case we broke through. I didn't realize it at the time, of course, but later I came to know that this was characteristic of him. He always took the utmost care to examine any project thoroughly; and, once he was convinced that it was safe and right, he put it through without further question.

"I have heard Father say that he regretted that he did not have more time for his family during those early years; and had to leave so much of our training to our mother. Nevertheless, he was always the companion and friend of my sisters and myself, and we learned much from him; but this was not so much by precept as by example.

"WELL do I recall that one winter evening, when I was staying at Forest Hill and Father was there on a visit, his enthusiasm for skating led him to get up shortly after midnight on a Monday morning to go with some of the workmen to our little lake to flood the surface of the ice so as to make it smoother for skating that day. He went at this unusual hour because he would not have the work done on Sunday.

"When I was about ten years old and we had moved to New York, Father had cement floors with curved edges laid in the yard on either side of our home, 4 West Fifty-fourth Street, so that the space could be flooded for a rink. Here for years we skated during the season, and many neighbors and friends enjoyed the sport with us. I can see Father to this day as he looked, with his silk hat on, doing the 'outer edge' for a few minutes in the morning before leaving for his office."

"I cannot remember when hard work was new or strange to me," the elder Rockefeller has said; and it was in this same school that his son was brought up.

"So far as money was concerned," continued Mr. Rockefeller, "we children came to realize that there was nothing we could

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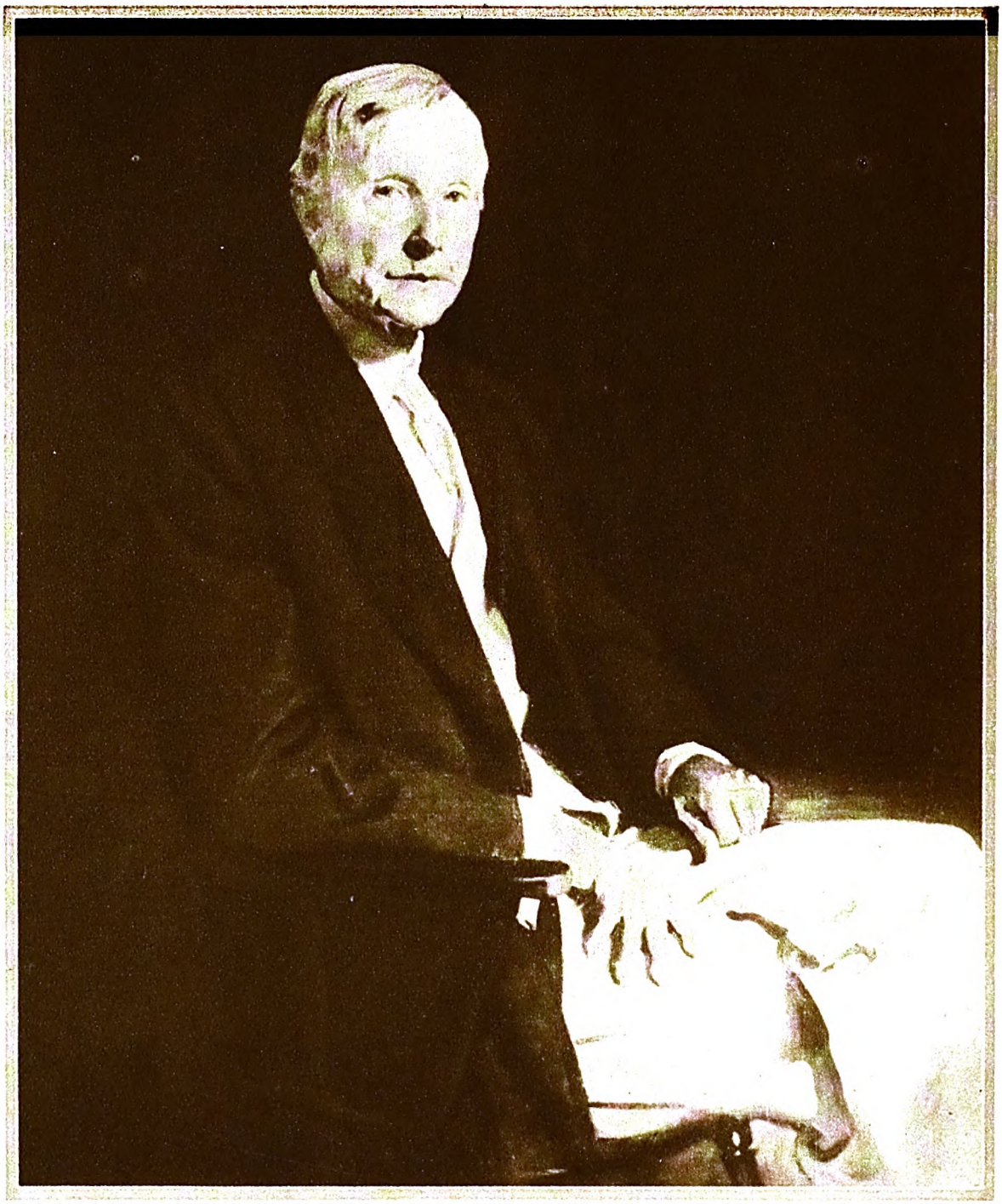

PHOTOGRAPH OF A PAINTING BY SARGENT

John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

not have, had Father been disposed to give it to us. There were other children who had a great deal more than we had. Particularly we felt that we were in a terrible plight as compared with some of our cousins.

"We were taught that we should work to earn the pleasures we enjoyed. We learned to work, to save and to give; but there was nothing rigid about the system by which we were taught this. Mother always saw to it that we had something for the collection when we went to church and to Sunday-school, and this was either from what we had earned or from the small allowance given us. If one of us saved ten dollars, then Father was ready to put ten dollars more with it to go into the bank."

In the Rockefeller household, as in many homes of lesser means, the rewards for faithful attention to duties were in nickels and dimes. For violin practice, young John D. received five cents an hour. When old enough to work about the Cleveland estate, he drew the same wages as the laborers. A winter on Fifth Avenue—a summer spent in cracking stones for a wall, splitting, sawing, and cording tough oak—at fifteen cents an hour!

YOUNG John D. did not go away to a preparatory school as so many children of the rich do today. He attended one in New York City, and he walked to and from school. It would never have occurred to him that he should be taken in the family carriage.

"When I failed to prepare Monday's lessons on Saturday," said Mr. Rockefeller, "I used to get up early Monday morning to study; for no school work was permitted in Father's house on Sunday. I had a little glass clock which showed the hands clearly when there was a light behind it. This I would hang before a gas jet, awakening every once in a while to peek at the clock for fear I had overslept. This was a bad thing, to be sure, for it kept me from getting the proper amount of sleep for a growing boy. But school work did not come easily to me, and I was determined to do the best I could. Father never expected more than that, but he did expect *that*. Whatever my marks, even if I was far from the head of the class, I was never censured if I had done my best."

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Until he had finished prep school, young Rockefeller had been planning to go to Yale University. Before he matriculated, however, he decided that a smaller community would be more to his liking. This question as to whether college training in a smaller institution has greater advantages over that in a large institution was discussed between the elder and the junior Rockefeller as it is today between most fathers and sons; but the elder did not make the decision. He took the attitude that it was something for his son to decide for himself. So young John D. went to Brown University.

While in college he took no business courses and did not specialize. Upon being graduated in 1897, when he was twenty-three, there were three courses open to him: law school as a preparation for business, a trip around the world with some of his college friends, beginning work in his father's office at once. Here again the decision was left to him alone. He came to the conclusion that, as his father was then nearing sixty, he could not afford the time either for law or for travel. Immediately after his summer vacation, he went into his father's office.

"WHAT was the early training in your father's office like?" I asked.

"Father said not a word to me about what I was to do in the office before I went to work there, nor has he ever since. Moreover, he did not say anything on that subject to anyone else in the office, so far as I have ever learned. Apparently, it was his intention that I should make my own way.

"To begin with, I studied the books of accounts, acquainting myself with the affairs of the office generally. In lieu of law school I read a book on common law. I sat in various conferences and business meetings, listening and learning as much as I could from my father's business associates. Also I spent a good deal of time sitting in on interviews with Mr. F. T. Gates, one of my father's associates, who was unfailingly considerate and helpful in familiarizing me with the various affairs under his direction."

As the younger Rockefeller came more in touch with affairs, he signed various agreements and important papers for his father; but he did not sign as his father's attorney, never having had any power of attorney nor any specific authorization of any kind in these matters.

"Someone had to sign these papers," Mr. Rockefeller remarked. "I knew that the matters referred to were in accord with Father's wishes, and simply assumed the authority to act. My position, of course, was a very delicate one, for Father could at any time have challenged my authority for doing what I had done. I felt, however, that he trusted me and knew that I had only one desire—to help him to the full extent of my ability, and so I took the chance of acting without orders.

"Such a method of initiating a son into business as that adopted by my father is, I think, unique. I have never heard of any other father allowing his son such a free hand and permitting him to assume responsibilities in connection with such important interests without giving him detailed instructions and specific and limited authority. But it was evidently Father's idea that I should learn what I could, and make a place for myself if I were able to do so."

"Under these circumstances," I remarked, "it seems hardly possible that you could have avoided making some mistakes."

"One mistake I made taught me much that I needed to know," was the response. "While this was a powerful object lesson to me, I learned even more, I think, from the gentleness with which my father dealt with it when I brought it to his attention.

"After I had been in the office for a time, it seemed desirable that I should seek to get some knowledge of value and investments by selling securities on my own account. One of my sisters and I became partners in an investment account, the capital for which Father lent us. We paid him interest on the loan and divided the profits.

"Somehow, a speculator, with reputable acquaintances though he himself was of poor character, got in touch with some of the men in our office and told them of an opportunity to make money in the purchase of certain stocks in which, he said, a prominent Wall Street operator was interested. As I recall, a joint account was arranged between that operator and our office, whereby we were to buy the stock, half of it being the operator's account. Little by little we accumulated this stock on the speculator's representations that certain changes contemplated in the business at an early date would greatly enhance its value.

"Our commitments for the joint account became larger and larger. Later, we learned that while, at the instance of the speculator, ostensibly representing the operator, we were buying this stock for the joint account, the speculator was at the same time selling his own stock on the rising market which we were creating. At last, when we called upon him to take up the big operator's half of the stock which we had bought, he put off the matter from day to day with excuses and evasions.

"DURING all this time I had never seen the speculator. Becoming suspicious, I found upon inquiry that he used to meet employees outside, but never in his office nor ours. I made an appointment to see him in my office at a certain hour. The hour came, but he was not there. When he finally arrived, in the evening, one look was enough to satisfy me that we had been duped. He made excuses and promises, but the outcome was that we were involved in a loss amounting to an immense sum of money."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I had not the money to meet the loan, and there was nothing to do but turn to Father. He listened to the story patiently. He did not utter one word of complaint or rebuke. He asked a good many questions, very pointed and searching ones, and probed into every detail of the transaction. When he had heard the whole story and finished his questioning, he said simply that he would see me through. That was all. There was no reproach, and not even a warning as to the future. Later I came to realize that Father could not have adopted a wiser way of teaching me the uncertainties, the dangers, and the unwisdom of speculation. He wanted me to learn in the hard school of experience; and he was big enough to utter no word of reproof and generous enough to shoulder the burden of my costly mistake.

"Elsewhere I have said that my father is the most interesting man I have ever known. In business and in life he has been my example. From him I have learned many things. For me, one of the outstanding lessons of his life is his open-mindedness. I do not mean that he is easy to convince. On the contrary, once he has reached a conclusion, he is most tenacious of his judgment. At the same time, he has always been ready to consider and reconsider any question when facts or arguments new to him can be brought to bear. His mind is never closed.

"I RECALL that back in 1914, when I was arranging to make a personal investigation of conditions in the mines, collieries, and mills in Colorado, he was not sure that I was working along the right lines in the broader industrial policies that I wished to inaugurate. But he did not oppose my undertaking the investigation in my own way. Not one word was said against it. He realized that the situation was one concerning which he was not fully informed. Since then he has come to feel that the course I followed was a wise one.

"Many times my father's breadth of mind has appeared in his dealings with members of his own family. I think of an instance that I once described at a gathering of the Dutch Treat Club, in New York.

"When the J. P. Morgan collection of Chinese porcelains, which had been loaned to the Metropolitan Museum of Art for some years, was finally to be disposed of after Mr. Morgan's death, the opportunity was offered me first to choose such pieces as I might care to buy. With the aid of an expert in judging Chinese porcelains, I selected a number of pieces, and then asked Father if he would lend me the money with which to make the purchase.

"The amount involved in this transaction was sufficiently large to alarm him. Not being familiar with Chinese porcelains, not knowing the scarcity of the pieces of highest quality and their costliness, he declined to make the loan, feeling, doubtless, that the purchase I desired to make was an unjustified extravagance.

"I then wrote to him calling his attention to the fact that I had never indulged myself in any such expensive luxury as a yacht, nor wasted money in gambling or riotous living; that these porcelains were not only beautiful but educative and cultivating, being among the greatest works of art civilization had ever produced. Again I asked him to make the loan; and this time he replied that he would do so. But later, when it came to arranging the terms of the loan, he surprised me by saying quietly that he had decided not to lend me the money for the purchase but would give me the porcelains, and he did."

I did not ask Mr. Rockefeller the amount involved in the purchase of the porcelains, nor did he tell me; but from newspaper accounts published at the time it is known that the sum was in excess of a million dollars.

"Another thing that I have learned from my father," observed Mr. Rockefeller, "is the wisdom of patience—self-control. Among my earliest recollections of him is his fondness for horses. He was regarded as one of (*Continued on page 141*)

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Panorama of the Employees' Golf Course, Oneida Community, Ltd.

The Higher you Climb the More Lonely you Become

"What I want is companionship," says P. B. NOYES, "and so I stay close to the hearts and hands of people around me"

By KEENE SUMNER

JUST back in New York, after spending one day in Kenwood. And what a day it has been! Kenwood is the home of Pierrepont Burt Noyes, president of the Oneida Community, Limited; the O. C. L., as they all call it. And to spend a day anywhere around P. B. Noyes is to have an experience not easily forgotten.

Better than a tonic, that man is. The Community too! It must be so; for here am I, after a long and strenuous day, sitting down at midnight, eager to tell what I have seen and heard and felt.

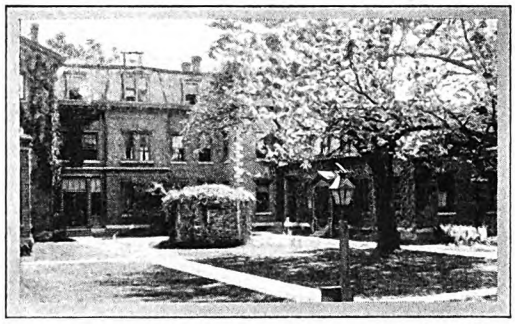
There are only about four hundred people in Kenwood. But how they do work and play, talk and write! How they do live! Just to be with them from nine A. M. until five P. M. has been like taking some newfangled electrical treatment.

There's a whole bunch of brothers and cousins and assorted relatives named Noyes. And there's "Dunc" Robertson, and Grosvenor Allen, and "Doc" Dunn, and a score of others I wasn't lucky enough to meet.

They live in charming houses; everybody practically within stone's throw of everybody else. And their smiling, tree-shaded lawns lie within a loop of Oneida Creek as if within the curve of an enfolding arm.

These folks are running the biggest business, in their own specific line, in the world. Yet nobody is disgustingly rich, nobody is poor, and everybody is doing a lot of interesting things absolutely apart from the business.

I got off the train after a rather bad night. The skies were leaden and the air was murky. I could easily have felt as glum inside as the day was gloomy outside.



View of the Quadrangle, surrounded by the buildings of the Mansion

Yet from the moment "Doc" Dunn's secretary, Miss Kellogg, met me at the station, until the last cordial handclasp of good-by, those extraordinary people made me feel as if we all had the world by the tail. Which is a grand and glorious feeling.

Coming home on the train I kept saying to myself: "They certainly do know how to live!"

Every time my thoughts got to that point they went one jump beyond. And with that jump they invariably fetched up at the one person who is the center of the whole situation.

PICTURE to yourself a man six feet tall and to spare. Slender as a boy; and, in spite of his gray hair, as young as a boy! Brown eyes that burn and sparkle and laugh. A man who talks with swift, compelling interest about everything from jigsaw puzzles to international diplomacy.

A man who could have been a millionaire many times over; but who is not one, because he doesn't "choose" to be one.

A man who not only *says* he would like to see other folks happy, but who has tackled the job of seeing that at least some of them *are* happy.

I could go on; but that gives you an outline sketch for a picture of P. B. Noyes in his own home town.

It always has been a different sort of town from those where you and I grew up. And you can't understand Mr. Noyes, or the other people who live in Kenwood, without knowing something about this place where most of them were born and bred.

You have heard of Oneida Community. For a long time it has been merely a business name. But eighty years ago it began as a religious settlement, founded by Mr. Noyes's father.

That was an era of religious fanaticism, a feverish searching of the Scriptures to discover a sure formula for being "saved."

J. H. Noyes was a powerful, magnetic personality. Having arrived at a salvation formula which seemed to him the correct one, he and his converts put it into practice.

Oneida Community was founded in 1848 and survived in its original form for more than thirty years. Its story is an amazing one; but it cannot be told here.

The only tangible things remaining today are a great, rambling brick structure, and the men and women who were born in that building.

From its beginning, about seventy-five years ago, it was called the Mansion. It grew and grew, until it became a huge affair. There were scores of sleeping-rooms; half a dozen general sitting-rooms; a library; a dining hall; a—but I can't name them all.

Here lived most of the members of the Community and here their children were born. All property was held in common.

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Everybody worked, and no kind of work was held to be less honorable than another.

On a knoll in the center of Kenwood the Mansion still stands. And it is the heart of the "community" today, just as it was the heart of the Community in those strange times of long ago.

As often as not, they now call it the Big House. Or they cut the phrase to merely "the Big." A good many of them still live at "the Big." Even those who have their own homes go to the Mansion for meals if there is a hitch in their domestic arrangements.

At one end of the dining-room there is a great wide alcove. Formerly it was a separate room; the Dish-washing Room. On finishing a meal, everyone gathered up his dishes and carried them there to be washed.

THEY tell of one Community member who went to a restaurant in New York, absent-mindedly piled up his dishes at the end of his meal, and had carried them half the length of the restaurant before he realized what he was doing.

This particular section of the Mansion was known also as the Spanking-Room; a name which some of the men who eat there today have good reason to remember.

There are dozens of reminders of this curious past of theirs. In those days, smoking in the Mansion itself was forbidden. But a small separate building, known as the Smokehouse, was provided. And even today, in a group so modern that a girl can smoke a cigarette without causing comment, the old Smokehouse is referred to with humorous affection.

But there are other reminders more important than these: survivals of the old spirit itself. Fanaticism has been translated into a capacity for enthusiasm. There is the old sense of the obligation to work; the old respect for work; and, to an almost incredible extent, the old feeling that no one person, or no small group of persons should grab most of the rewards of work.

That this feeling has survived, in a modern business and a modern social régime, is due primarily to P. B. Noyes. Perhaps even he couldn't have managed it, except with those very people. But perhaps, too, no one else could have managed it, even with them.

He was born in August, 1870, in the big brick Mansion. Like the other youngsters, most of his time in his early years was spent in the Children's House. That was the Community custom.

But his first ten years were the last ten years of the old Community. Times had changed. Ideas had changed with them. And in 1880 the original Community was dissolved.

It had been supported by farming and small manufactures. These occupations continued to support the people—most of whom stayed on—although the religious communism was abandoned.

Pierrepont B. Noyes was born in the Oneida Community, New York, when it was a religious settlement. Today, under his presidency, the Oneida Community is an ideal manufacturing center, doing a yearly business of $14,000,000 in silverware. During the World War, Mr. Noyes served as First Assistant Fuel Administrator. Later he was appointed Rhineland Commissioner. He is fifty-eight years old

Young Noyes went to school in Kenwood; which, by the way, is now a part of the city of Oneida, although the two are separated by a long stretch of open country. Then he went to Colgate Academy.

When the boy was sixteen his father died. The lad had been working each summer, learning a carpenter's job. This was strictly in accord with the old Community idea that everyone should work.

But he would have had to work anyway, for money was scarce. Still, he managed to go to Colgate University for two years, and to spend a shorter time at Harvard. But he earned what little he spent at both places.

IN THE very early nineties he got out of college and into business. With a younger brother, he came to New York and sold silverware to the little dealers over on Third Avenue.

He bought silverware from the manufacturers, sold it to the East Side shopkeepers, and made whatever profit he could on the deals.

I should say "they" instead of "he," for his brother was in it, too. P. B. used to average a profit of fifteen dollars a day. But as a salesman his brother was somewhat out of his element.

If he went into a shop to get an order, and the proprietor turned him down, he said to himself: "Thank heaven! That's over!" And with promptness and immense relief he made his escape.

Just why they figured that he would be *in* his element running a restaurant, is beyond me. But at any rate they bought an eating place over on Ninth Avenue, and the brother took charge of it.

Meanwhile, P. B. was making occasional visits to Kenwood. When a young man does that sort of thing, you don't need twenty guesses to hit upon the reason. It is always feminine gender and unmarried. In P. B.'s case, the "reason" for those visits became Mrs. Noyes a year or two later.

But meanwhile, also, other things were happening at Kenwood. Some members of the old Community had died. Some had drifted away. Those who remained were divided into factions. The industries were doing only fairly well. Altogether, things were on the down-grade.

How they would have turned out nobody knows. Because Pierrepont Noyes, down in New York, came to a personal decision which settled not only his own future but also that of the Community remnant at Kenwood.

"ONE day," he told me, "I was walking along Third Avenue in New York; early in 1894 it must have been. I was thinking about what I wanted to do and to be. And all of a sudden I made up my mind on two points:

"I decided that I didn't want to be rich and I didn't want to be poor. I wanted enough money to give me comfort and the real pleasures of life. But I didn't care about merely piling up wealth.

"I decided, too, that the best place to live the kind of life I wanted was not in New York City. I would go back to Kenwood and make a place for myself there.

"At that time, Oneida Community was manufacturing several products, including a small output of plated silverware. That part of the business amounted then to only $200,000 a year, but I believed it was the line which had the best possibilities for the future.

"Well, I did come back. I found the people divided into two camps. That gave me my first training in diplomacy," he laughed. "But it wasn't long before their differences were smoothed out and we had the first essential in any organization—harmony and enthusiastic team-work.

"Not that it was always easy! For instance, my idea of concentrating on silverware was ridiculed at first. For years our chief product had been traps and chains. We led in that field; and some of our people thought I was crazy to attempt a struggle in another direction where our competitors were already strongly intrenched.

"But I felt there would be plenty of room for our (*Continued on page 129*)

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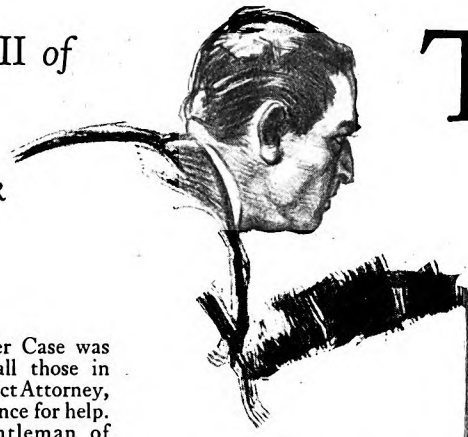
PART III *of*

The Bishop

S. S. VAN DINE'S



DRUKKER

THE Bishop Murder Case was the strangest of all those in which Markham, District Attorney, had turned to Philo Vance for help. Eccentric young gentleman of fashion and leisure that Vance was, his hobby had become the solving of just such unsolvable mysteries as this, and with Van Dine (his secretary) he placed himself at once at Markham's disposal.

Professor Dillard, retired mathematician, lived in a dignified old house on Seventy-fifth Street just off Riverside Drive, with a court behind it joining the rear court of the Drukker house on Seventy-sixth Street, and otherwise shut in by apartment-house walls. Belle Dillard, the professor's niece, had made the basement into a clubroom, and the alleyway at the side of the two houses into a long archery practice range, overlooked only by the Dillard windows and the bay window in Mrs. Drukker's room. Here, Joseph Cochrane Robin (Cock Robin to his friends) had been discovered by the professor, at eleven-forty one Saturday morning, with an arrow through his heart. No one else was in the house, except Pyne, the butler. Belle was away, playing tennis. Beedle, the cook, was out marketing. Sigurd Arnesson, professor of mathematics at Columbia and adopted son of Professor Dillard, was working at the University Library. Robin had called to see Belle, as had also a young man named Sperling—and they were rivals in archery as well as for Belle's favor. Finding Belle out, they had both gone down to the basement clubroom. Adolph Drukker, cripple and mathematical protégé of Arnesson, had also called that morning, but only Belle and Beedle had been seen to enter or leave the house—this by Pardee, an amateur chess enthusiast and friend of the Dillard family, who lived on the south side of Seventy-fifth Street. In the mail box was found a typed message:

Joseph Cochrane Robin is dead.
Who killed Cock Robin?
Sperling means Sparrow.

And in the lower right-hand corner were the two words, in capitals: "THE BISHOP."

Sperling was taken in custody, and being told that the bow found near Robin's body was a woman's, promptly confessed to the murder, though there was no shred of evidence against him.

So matters stood, nine days later. The alibis of Belle, Arnesson, Pardee, and Drukker had proved impossible to check. Arnesson had volunteered his help, and had reported that there was no typewriter or paper of the kind used in the "Bishop" note in the houses either of Pardee or Drukker; Adolph Drukker had stated that his mother, "Lady Mae," as she was called, had screamed on that morning, but she denied it; the coroner had reported Robin's death due to a blow inside the clubroom; the body had then been placed on the range, and the arrow driven through the heart. These were the only new facts.

Then, John E. Sprigg, a student of Arnesson's, was found dead at seven-thirty in the morning in Riverside Drive Park, shot through the head with a .32. This news was brought by Heath, the police sergeant on the case, to Markham and Vance.

"I can't credit it," Vance murmured. "It's too ghastly. But, of course, it's so." And in a hushed voice that brought a sense of unutterable horror into that dingy old office he recited:

"There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead,
lead;
He shot Johnny Sprig
Through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it right off of his head, head,
head."

MARKHAM sat staring at Vance like a man hypnotized. Heath stood rigid, his mouth partly open, his cigar held a few inches from his lips. There was something almost comic in the Sergeant's attitude, and I had a nervous inclination to laugh; but for the moment my blood seemed frozen, and all muscular movement was impossible.

Markham was the first to speak. Jerking his head backward, he brought his hand down violently on the desk top.

"I was in deadly terror—and yet

"What new lunacy of yours is this?" He was fighting desperately against Vance's dumfounding suggestion. "I'm beginning to think the Robin case has affected your mind. Can't a man with a commonplace name of Sprigg be shot without your trying to turn it into some grotesque hocus-pocus?"

"Still, you must admit, Markham, old dear," returned Vance

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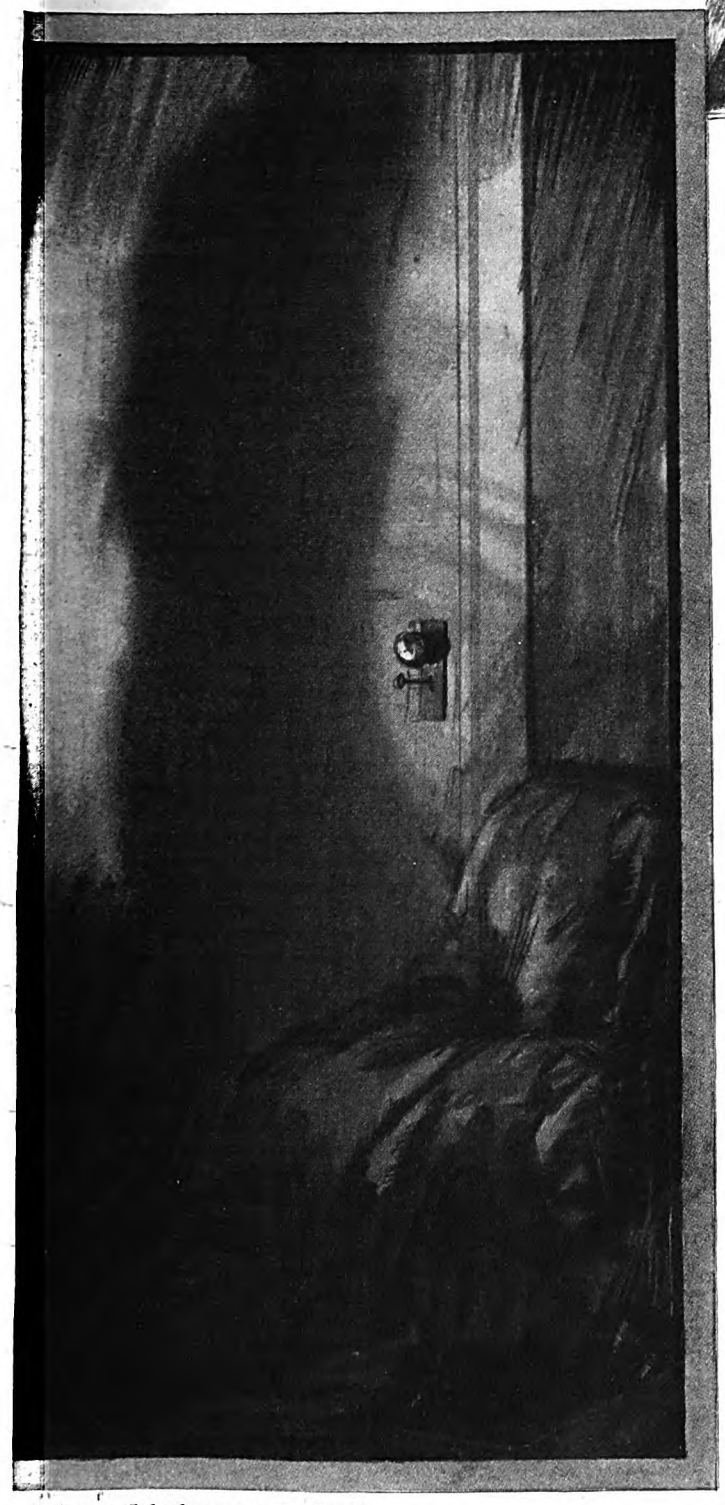
Murder Case

NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

Illustrated by H. M. STOOPS

VANCE



I knew I had to open the door"

mildly, "this particular Johnny Sprigg was shot with 'a little gun,' through 'the middle of his wig,' so to speak."

"What if he was?" A dull flush had crept into Markham's face. "Is that any reason for your going about babbling Mother-Goose rhymes?"

"Oh, I say! I never babble, don't y' know." Vance had dropped into a chair facing the District Attorney's desk. "I may not be a thrillin' elocutionist; but really, now, I don't babble." He gave Heath an ingratiating smile. "Do I, Sergeant?"

But Heath had no opinion to express. He still held his astonished pose, though his eyes had now become mere slits in his broad, pugnacious face.

"Are you seriously suggesting—?" began Markham; but Vance interrupted him.

"Yes! I'm seriously suggesting that the person who killed Cock Robin with an arrow has vented his grim humor upon the hapless Sprigg. Coincidence is out of the question. Such repetitive parallels would knock the entire foundation out from all sanity and reason. 'Pon my soul, the world is mad enough; but such madness would dissipate all science and rational thinking. Sprigg's death is rather hideous; but it must be faced. And however much you may force yourself to protest against its incredible implications you'll eventually have to accept them."

MARKHAM had risen, and was pacing nervously up and down.

"I'll grant there are inexplicable elements in this new crime." His combativeness had gone, and his tone had moderated. "But if we assume, even tentatively, that some maniac is at large reconstructing the rhymes of his nursery days, I can't see how it will help us. It would practically close all routine lines of investigation."

"I shouldn't say that, don't y' know." Vance was smoking meditatively. "I'm inclined to think that such an assumption would supply us with a definite basis of inquiry."

"Sure!" snapped Heath with ponderous sarcasm. "All we gotta do is to go out and find one bug among six million people. A cinch!"

"Don't let the fumes of discouragement overcome you, Sergeant. Our elusive jester is a rather distinctive etymological specimen. Moreover, we have certain clues as to his exact habitat. . . ."

Markham swung round. "What do you mean by that?"

"Merely that this second crime is related to the first not only psychologically, but topically. Both murders were committed within a few blocks of each other—our destructive demon at least has a weakness for the neighborhood in which the Dillard house is situated. Furthermore, the very factors of the two murders preclude the possibility of his having come from afar to give rein to his distorted humor in unfamiliar surroundings. As I learnedly pointed out to you, Robin was translated into the Beyond by someone who knew all the conditions obtaining at the Dillard house at the exact hour the grisly drama was performed; and surely it's obvious that this second crime could not have been so tidily staged had not the impresario been acquainted with Sprigg's ambulat'ry intentions this morning. Indeed, the entire mechanism of these weird playlets proves that the operator was intimately cognizant of all the circumstances surrounding his victims."

The heavy silence that followed was broken by Heath.

"If you're right, Mr. Vance, then that lets Sperling out." The Sergeant made even this qualified admission reluctantly; but it showed that Vance's argument had not been without its effect on him. He turned desperately to the District Attorney. "What do you think we'd better do, sir?"

Markham was still battling against the acceptance of Vance's theory, and he did not answer. Presently, however, he reseated himself at his desk and drummed with his fingers upon

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the blotter. Then, without looking up, he asked: "Who's in charge of the Sprigg case, Sergeant?"

"Captain Pitts. The local men at the Sixty-seventh Street Station grabbed it first; but when the news was relayed to the Bureau, Pitts and a couple of our boys went up to look into it. Pitts got back just before I came over here. Says it's a washout. But Inspector Moran* told him to stay with it."

Markham pressed the buzzer beneath the edge of his desk, and Swacker, his youthful secretary, appeared at the swinging door that led to the clerical-room between the District Attorney's private office and the main waiting-room.

"Get Inspector Moran on the wire," he ordered.

WHEN the connection had been made he drew the telephone toward him and spoke for several minutes. When he had replaced the receiver, he gave Heath a weary smile.

"You're now officially handling the Sprigg case, Sergeant. Captain Pitts will be here presently, and then we'll know where we stand." He began looking through a pile of papers before him. "I've got to be convinced," he added half-heartedly, "that Sprigg and Robin are tied up in the same sack."

Pitts, a short, stocky man, with a lean, hard face and a black tooth-brush mustache, arrived ten minutes later. He was, I learned afterward, one of the most competent men in the Detective Division. His specialty was "white-collar" gangsters. He shook hands with Markham and gave Heath a companionable leer. When introduced to Vance and me he focused suspicious eyes on us and bowed grudgingly. But as he was about to turn away his expression suddenly changed.

"Mr. Philo Vance, is it?" he asked.

"Alas! So it seems, Captain," Vance sighed.

Pitts grinned and, stepping forward, held out his hand.

"Glad to meet you, sir. Heard the Sergeant speak of you often."

"Mr. Vance is helping us unofficially with the Robin case, Captain," explained Markham; "and since this man Sprigg was killed in the same neighborhood we thought we'd like to hear your preliminary report on the affair." He took out a box of Corona *Perfectos*, and pushed it across the table.

"You needn't put the request that way, sir." The Captain smiled, and selecting a cigar held it to his nose with a kind of voluptuous satisfaction. "The Inspector told me you had some ideas about this new case, and wanted to take it on. To tell you the truth, I'm glad to get rid of it." He sat down leisurely, and lighted his cigar. "What would you like to know, sir?"

"Let us have the whole story," said Markham.

Pitts settled himself comfortably.

"Well, I happened to be on hand when the case came through—a little after eight this morning—and I took a couple of the boys and beat it up-town. The local men were on the job, and an assistant Medical Examiner arrived the same time I did. . . ."

"Did you hear his report, Captain?" asked Vance.

"Sure. Sprigg was shot through the top of the head with a .32. No signs of a struggle—no bruises or anything. Nothing fancy. Just a straight shooting."

"Was he lying on his back when found?"

"That's right. Stretched out nice and pretty, right in the middle of the walk."

"And wasn't his skull fractured where he'd fallen on the asphalt?" The question was put negligently.

Pitts took his cigar from his mouth and gave Vance a sly look.

"I guess maybe you fellows over here do know something about this case." He nodded his head sagaciously. "Yes, the back of the guy's skull was all bashed in. He sure had a tough fall. But I guess he didn't feel it—not with that bullet in his brain. . . ."

"Speaking of the shot, Captain, didn't anything about it strike you as peculiar?"

"Well . . . yes," Pitts admitted, rolling his cigar meditatively between his thumb and forefinger. "The top of a guy's head isn't where I'd ordinarily look for a bullet hole. And his hat wasn't touched—it must have fallen off before he was potted. You might call those facts peculiar, Mr. Vance."

"Yes, Captain, they're dashed peculiar. . . . And I take it the pistol was held at close range."

"Not more'n a couple of inches away. The hair was singed round the hole." He made a broad gesture of inconsequence. "Still and all, the guy might have seen the other fellow draw the gun, and ducked forward, spilling his hat. That would account for his getting the shot at close range in the top of the head."

"Quite, quite. Except that, in that case, he wouldn't have fallen over back, but would have pitched forward on his face. . . . But go on with the story, Captain."

Pitts gave Vance a look of crafty agreement, and continued:

"The first thing I did was to go through the fellow's pockets. He had a good gold watch on him and about fifteen dollars in bills and silver. So it didn't look like a robbery—unless the guy that shot him got panicky and beat it. But that didn't seem likely, for there's never anyone round that part of the park early in the morning; and the walk there dips under a stone bluff, so that the view is cut off. The bird that did the job certainly picked a swell place for it. . . . Anyhow, I left a couple of men to guard the body till the wagon came for it, and went up to Sprigg's house in Ninety-third Street,—I'd got his name and address from a couple of letters in his pocket. I found out he was a student at Columbia, living with his parents, and that it was his habit to take a walk in the park after breakfast. He left home this morning about half past seven. . . ."

"AH! It was his habit to promenade in the park each morning," murmured Vance. "Most interestin'."

"Even so, that don't get us anywheres," returned Pitts. "Plenty of fellows take an early constitutional. And there was nothing unusual about Sprigg this morning. He wasn't worried about anything, his folks told me; and was cheerful enough when he said good-by to 'em.—After that I hopped up to the university and made inquiries; talked to a couple of the students that knew him, and also to one of the instructors. Sprigg was a quiet sort of chap. Didn't make friends and kept pretty much to himself. Serious bird—always working at his studies. Stood high in his classes, and was never seen going around with Janes. Didn't like women, in fact. Wasn't what you'd call sociable. From all reports he was the last man to get in a mess of any kind. That's why I can't see anything special in his getting shot. It must have been an accident of some kind. Might have been taken for somebody else."

"And he was found at what time?"

"About quarter of eight. A bricklayer on the new Seventy-ninth Street dock was cutting across the embankment toward the railway tracks, and saw him. He notified one of the traffic men on the Drive, who 'phoned in to the local station."

"And Sprigg left his home in Ninety-third Street at half past seven." Vance gazed at the ceiling meditatively. "Therefore he would have had just enough time to reach this point in the park before being killed. It looks as if someone who knew his habits was waiting for him. Neatness and dispatch, what? . . . It doesn't appear exactly fortuitous, does it, Markham?"

Ignoring the gibe Markham addressed Pitts:

"Was there nothing found that could possibly be used as a lead?"

"No, sir. My men combed the spot pretty thoroughly, but

"Why," she exclaimed, "there's only one here! The other is gone".

*Inspector William M. Moran, who died two years ago, was, at the time of the Bishop case, the Commanding Officer of the Detective Bureau.

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nothing showed up."

"And in Sprigg's pockets—among his papers . . ?"

"Not a thing. I've got all the stuff at the Bureau—a couple of ordinary letters, a few odds and ends of the usual kind. . . ." He paused as if suddenly remembering something, and pulled out a dog-eared notebook. "There was this," he said unenthusiastically, handing a torn, triangular scrap of paper to Markham. "It was found under the fellow's body. It don't mean anything, but I stuck it in my pocket—force of habit."

THE paper was not more than four inches long, and appeared to have been torn from the corner of an ordinary sheet of unruled stationery. It contained part of a typewritten mathematical formula, with the lambda, the equals and the infinity sign marked in with pencil. I reproduce the paper below, for, despite its seeming irrelevancy, it was to play a sinister and amazing part in the investigation of Sprigg's death.

Vance glanced only casually at the exhibit, but Markham held it in his hand, frowning at it for several moments. He was about to make some comment when he caught Vance's eye; and, instead, he tossed the paper to the desk carelessly, with a slight shrug.

"Is this everything you found?"

"That's all, sir."

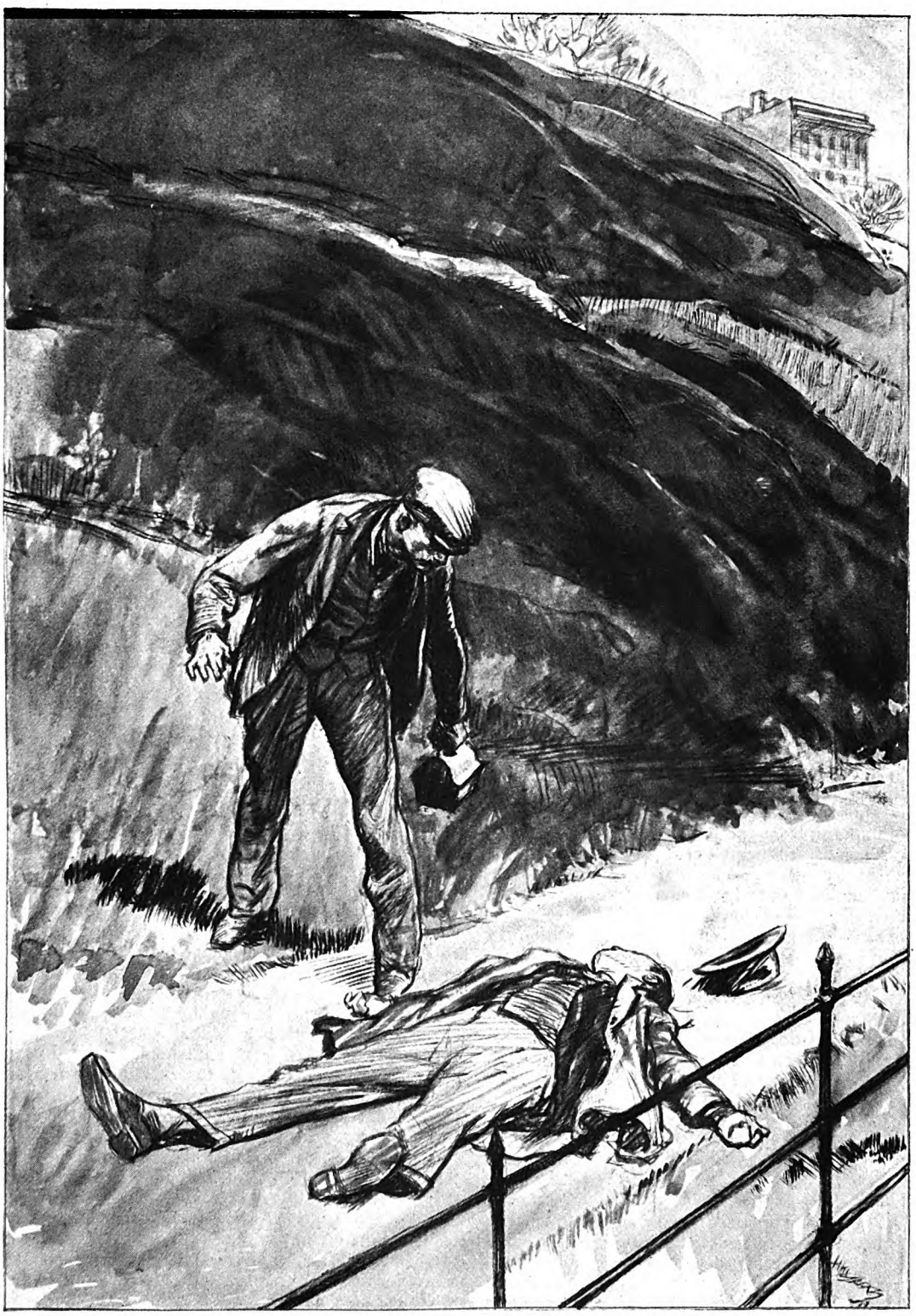
Markham rose.

"We're very grateful to you, Captain. I don't know what we'll be able to make out of this Sprigg case, but we'll look into it." He pointed to the box of *Perfectos*. "Put a couple in your pocket before you go."

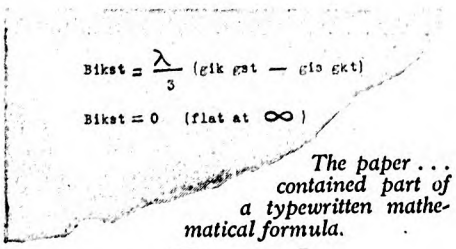
"Much obliged, sir." Pitts selected the cigars, and placing them tenderly in his waistcoat pocket, shook hands with all of us.

When he had gone Vance got up with alacrity, and bent over the scrap of paper on Markham's desk.

"My word!" He took out his monocle and studied the symbols for several moments. "Most allurin'. Now where have I seen that formula recently? . . . Ah! The Riemann-Christoffel tensor—of course! Drukker uses it in his book for determining the Gaussian curvature of spherical and homaloidal space. . . . But what was Sprigg doing with it? The formula is considerably beyond the college curricula. . . ." He held the paper up to the light. "It's the same stock as that on which the Bishop notes are written. And you probably observed that the typing is also similar."



The body of Sprigg was discovered by a bricklayer, who was cutting across the embankment toward the railway tracks



$$B_{ikst} = \frac{\lambda}{3} (g_{ik}\, g_{st} - g_{is}\, g_{kt})$$

$$B_{ikst} = 0 \quad (\text{flat at } \infty)$$

The paper . . . contained part of a typewritten mathematical formula.

HEATH had stepped forward, and now scrutinized the paper. "It's the same, all right." The fact seemed to nonplus him. "That's a link anyway between the two crimes."

Vance's eyes took on a puzzled look.

"A link—yes. But the presence of the formula under Sprigg's body appears as irrational as the murder itself. . . ."

Markham moved uneasily.

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"You say it is a formula that Drukker uses in his book?"

"Yes. But the fact doesn't necessarily involve him. The tensor is known to all advanced mathematicians. It is one of the technical expressions used in non-Euclidean geometry; and though it was discovered by Riemann in connection with a concrete problem in physics, it has now become of widespread importance in the mathematics of relativity. It's highly scientific in the abstract sense, and can have no direct bearing on Sprigg's murder." He sat down again. "Arnesson will be delighted with the find. He may be able to work out some astonishing conclusion from it."

"I see no reason," protested Markham, "to inform Arnesson of this new case. My idea would be to keep it under cover as much as possible."

"The Bishop won't let you, I fear," returned Vance.

Markham set his jaw.

"Great God!" he burst out. "What damnable sort of thing are we facing? I expect every minute to wake up and discover that I've been living a nightmare."

"No such luck, sir," growled Heath. He took a resolute breath like a man preparing for combat. "What's on the cards? Where do we go from here? I need action."

Markham appealed to Vance.

"You seem to have some idea about this affair. What's your suggestion? I frankly admit I'm floundering about in a black chaos."

Vance inhaled deeply on his cigarette. Then he leaned forward as if to give emphasis to his words.

"Markham, old man, there's only one conclusion to be drawn. These two murders were engineered by the same brain: both sprang from the same grotesque impulse; and since the first of them was committed by someone intimately familiar with conditions inside the Dillard house, it follows that we must now look for a person who, in addition to that knowledge, had definite information that a man named John Sprigg was in the habit of taking a walk each morning in a certain part of Riverside Park. Having found such a person, we must check up on the points of time, place, opportunity, and possible motive. There's some inter-relation between Sprigg and the Dillards. What it is I don't know. But our first move should be to find out. What better starting-point than the Dillard house itself?"

"We'll get some lunch first," said Markham wearily. "Then we'll run out there."

Arnesson

X
A REFUSAL OF AID
(*Monday, April 11th; 2 p. m.*)

IT WAS shortly after two o'clock when we reached the Dillard house. Pyne answered our ring; and if our visit caused him any surprise he succeeded admirably in hiding it. In the look he gave Heath, however, I detected a certain uneasiness; but when he spoke his voice had the flat, unctuous quality of the well-trained servant.

"Mr. Arnesson has not returned from the university," he informed us.

"Mind-reading, I see," said Vance, "is not your *forte*, Pyne. We called to see you and Professor Dillard."

The man looked ill-at-ease; but before he could answer Miss Dillard appeared in the archway of the drawing-room.

"I thought I recognized your voice, Mr. Vance." She included us all in a smile of wistful welcome. "Please come in. . . . Lady Mae dropped in for a few minutes,—we're going driving together this afternoon," she explained, as we entered the room.

Mrs. Drukker stood by the center-table, one bony hand on the back of the chair from which she had evidently just risen. There was fear in her eyes as she stared at us unblinkingly; and her lean features seemed almost contorted. She made no effort to speak, but stood rigidly as if waiting for some dread pronouncement, like a convicted prisoner at the bar about to receive sentence.

Belle Dillard's pleasant voice relieved the tensity of the situation.

"I'll run up and tell Uncle you're here."

She had no sooner quitted the room than Mrs. Drukker leaned over the table and said to Markham in a sepulchral, awe-stricken whisper: "I know why you've come! It's about that fine young man who was shot in the park this morning."

So amazing and unexpected were her words that Markham could make no immediate answer; and it was Vance who replied:

"You have heard of the tragedy, then, Mrs. Drukker? How could the news have come to you so soon?"

A look of canniness came into the woman's expression, giving her the appearance of an evil old witch.

"Everyone is talking about it in the neighborhood," she answered evasively.

"Indeed? That's most unfortunate. But why do you assume we have come here to make inquiries about it?"

"WASN'T the young man's name Johnny Sprigg?" A faint, terrible smile accompanied the question.

"So it was. John E. Sprigg. Still, that does not explain his connection with the Dillards."

"Ah, but it does!" Her head moved up and down with a sort of horrible satisfaction. "It's a game—a child's game. First, Cock Robin . . . then, Johnny Sprigg. Children must play—all healthy children must play." Her mood suddenly changed. A softness shone on her face, and her eyes grew sad.

"It's a rather diabolical game, don't you think, Mrs. Drukker?"

"And why not? Isn't life itself diabolical?"

"For some of us—yes." A curious sympathy informed Vance's words as he gazed at this strange tragic creature before us. "Tell me," he went on quickly, in an altered tone; "do you know who the Bishop is?"

"The Bishop?" She frowned perplexedly. "No, I don't know him. Is that another child's game?"

"Something of that kind, I imagine. At any rate, the Bishop is interested in Cock Robin and Johnny Sprigg. In fact, he may be the person who is making up these fantastic games. And we're looking for him, Mrs. Drukker. We hope to learn the truth from him."

The woman shook her head vaguely. "I don't know him." Then she glared vindictively at Markham. "But it's not going to do you any good to try to find out who killed Cock Robin and shot Johnny Sprigg through the middle of his wig. You'll never learn—never—*never*. . . ." Her voice had risen excitedly, and a fit of trembling seized her.

At this moment Belle Dillard reëntered the room, and going quickly to Mrs. Drukker put her arm about her.

"Come," she said soothingly; "we'll have a long drive in the country, Lady Mae." Reproachfully she turned to Markham, and said coldly: "Uncle wishes you to come to the library." With that she led Mrs. Drukker from the room and down the hall.

"Now that's a queer one, sir," commented Heath, who had stood looking on with bewildered amazement. "She had the dope on this Johnny-Sprig stuff all the time!"

Vance nodded.

"And our appearance here frightened her. Still, her mind is morbid and sensitive, Sergeant; and dwelling as she does constantly on her son's deformity and the early days when he was like other children, it's quite possible she merely hit accidentally upon the Mother-Goose significance of Robin's and Sprigg's death. . . . I wonder." He looked toward Markham. "There are strange undercurrents in this case—incredible and terrifying implications. It's like being lost in the Dovrë-Troll caverns of Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt,' where only monstrosities and abnormalities exist." He shrugged his shoulders, though I knew he had not wholly escaped the pall of horror cast on us by Mrs. Drukker's words. "Perhaps we can find a little solid footing with Professor Dillard."

The professor received us without enthusiasm and with but scant cordiality. His desk was littered (*Continued on page 65*)

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CARTOONS BY H. TEMPEST GRAVES

The game of "Murder." Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope (left) as District Attorney. (Right) Neysa McMein, Harpo Marx, Robert Sherwood, George Kaufman, Alexander Woollcott, Robert Benchley, F. P. A.

Ten Games *that will give* Life *to* Your Party

They are favorites with some of America's greatest party-throwers— Try 'em at your own risk!

By EDWARD LONGSTRETH

A DISCOVERY which affects the peace of mind, and even the happiness of millions of men and women throughout this country has just come to light. I refer to the recent revelation that up-to-the-minute Americans have gone daffy playing games. Pop into any party that is sizzling with life, and the chances are that you will find the guests in the happy throes of "Averages," "Categories," "Crime," or whatever is the latest wrinkle in mirth-provoking, brain-teasing diversion.

In the course of hunting out sure-fire games, my fellow-conspirator, Leonard T. Holton, and I invaded five hundred reputable homes and shamelessly demanded the favorite game of the inmates. As a result of our efforts, we unearthed nearly two hundred indoor games, and tried 'em on the dog; that is, such friends as would stand for having their parties converted into experiment stations. About one hundred and fifty of the two hundred games recommended proved highly entertaining. These we put into our book; but in this article we're going to pass on to you what we consider the best ten.

The game "In the hat." Robert Sherwood and John Held, Jr., have made amazing scores with it

Try 'em at your own risk. We refuse to be liable for split sides, or broken ribs.

With all due modesty (a rhetorical phrase), we confess that for years the greater part of our time has been spent in circulating among those polite men and women who had wild-eyed the clock, and writhed in agony, wondering just how soon they could break away from a dull party and make tracks for home. Like countless other guests, we, too, had reached the saturation point of repeating the rounds of deadly gatherings dedicated to the memory of conviviality.

As long as no better device was at hand, it was all very well to extol the beauties of noble conversation, or to fall back on bridge as a method of killing time after dinner. Not that anybody was deceived. On the contrary, everyone knew that such

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methods of passing time were very uncertain as reliable entertainment. Both had (and have) serious drawbacks, especially if some of your guests happen to be not particularly good at either.

The alternative?

Games. The best games that the minds of America's brightest wits and party-throwers have been able to devise; games that are challenges to all the intelligence, originality, resourcefulness, and sense of humor you possess. Please don't crowd, ladies and gentlemen. We'll demonstrate presently.

At this point, some of the very wise guys will probably emit shouts of derisive horse-laughter at the idea of full-blooded modern Americans snooping around the living-room in quest of beans, cantering madly after a vacant chair in "Going to Jerusalem," or skipping merrily in circles playing "Drop the Handkerchief." These sneers had best be made in private—if at all. Surely no one wants to be branded as a moss-back number, as one who is uninformed and out of step with his times. We hereby give fair warning that such will be the fate of all those who think that games begin and end with the quaint old relics out of a musty past, like "Spin the Plate," and "Post Office."

In all fairness, it must be confessed that there are some just grounds for going off half-cocked in belittlement of the game idea. One is likely to think first of those lamentable parlor rompings of the 'Nineties, which brought the word "game" into disrepute as soon as necking became more popular. Some of our readers may recall the old-fashioned kissing games which once enlivened whole evenings for a generation which did not have the refuge even of auction bridge. Those were the days when parlor etiquette was so stuffy that boys and girls called each other "Miss" and "Mister" until after they were married. And the idea of a man's peeking at a girl's shoe string was enough to send both parties into hysterics. No wonder they resorted to kissing games to put a little spice into life.

But with the passing of the old-fashioned parlor, the need for sentimental games also passed. With the advent of the living-room, there came a period of dullness never equaled in all the history of civilization. Men and women, gregarious creatures that they are, still assembled by force of habit; but they came together with dread of the long evenings, with the nerve-racking menace of boredom.

AT FIRST, guests yawned discreetly; presently they yawned openly; eventually they rebelled. Out of this rebellion dawned a new day, or rather a new evening. Now our best people romp through an evening with games like "Averages," "Getting Your Number," "Plot and Counterplot," "Murder," or "Crime," and tear up the house playing "Lottery," or jazz "Charades." Guests who used to be straining at the leash by ten-thirty now want to stay to welcome the milkman.

The modern party is a combination of everything that goes to make life bearable, from small talk to refreshments, from games of nonsense to games of skill and wit. Of course, if your guests prefer to separate into aloof little groups of four, and play cards, nothing will stop them. But, praise be, it is no longer inevitable, or even essential, to play bridge these days in order to kill time until eleven o'clock. Even when the card tables are spread about, we know of several excellent short stunts that will counteract the nine-o'clock tedium at bridge when a good dinner may make players drowsy—and dull. Two of the best of them are included in the selection which we will come to presently.

BUT, before we go into that, I want to make an important point: Games are a *means*, not an *end*. The object of the party is to have people go home feeling as though they had never before in their lives spent such an entertaining evening. The means to effect this highly desirable end are many; but in our humble opinion one of the best is the use of one or two well-chosen and well-timed games.

For one thing, games stimulate folks to talk easily and naturally. Conversation, to be at its best, must flourish when the talkers are not self-consciously relying on their talk to carry through a whole evening. Imagine the feelings of a famous comedian when someone comes up to him at a party and says, "Oh, Mr. Wham, please be funny for us!" Under such circumstances, it is of course impossible for him to do anything but attempt an escape. The same panic menaces the best conversationalists alive when a host gets them all seated and says to them, by implication at least, "Now talk!"

One pathetic incident will make clear the horror of such crises and the urgent need for the relief of our discovery.

On a certain occasion I had been invited with several others to meet a minor celebrity from England. When dinner was over and we had all solemnly assembled in the living-room, we plunged desperately into conversation. The subjects of Prohibition and the Younger Generation were exhaustively discussed, and the opinion of the petty celebrity on both was asked, and hearkened to with awe. There followed a dissertation by someone on the unseasonableness of the weather—a sure sign that the evening was going to the dogs. Imagine our horror when we discovered at a little past nine o'clock that all the reliable topics of conversation had already been completely exhausted!

There followed the usual forced isolated laughs, the familiar gasping attempts to keep the conversation rolling, and, finally, the deadly, ossifying doom of silence. This was broken at last by a sudden attack of hysterics on the part of our hostess, who was quickly carried from the room.

Poor soul, she did not know any games. Just one little game, one tiny stunt, would have started the conversation again, briskly and naturally, and the evening would have been saved.

As a game preserver of some experience, we shall now proceed to offer what we consider the best all-around games culled from our expeditions into the various wild places where games are found. You may not like all of them, you may never use some of them, but out of the group you may surely find at least one that will save the life of your next party.

Let's start with "Categories." Some of the best minds in America today amuse themselves with this game in their spare time and off hours. Yet it offers no difficulties to those of us who make small pretensions to wit and learning. Of course the amount of fun to be got out of the game depends largely upon choosing categories suited to the experience of those who are playing. But we'd better be starting. Here goes!

Select a five-letter word like "smart," and put it letter by letter in a column down the left-hand margin of a piece of paper as in the accompanying diagram. Then rule the paper into lines across the page, one for each letter. Next, draw vertical lines cutting across the horizontal ones, so as to form five columns. At the head of each column, write the name of a category, or classification group, such as cities in Europe, American poets, and so on. We suggest here some that are diversified enough to challenge the readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

	Famous Generals	Food-stuffs	Cities in Europe	Office Supplies	Operas
S			Siena		
M				Mucilage	
A					Aïda
R		Radish			
T	Turenne				

You are now ready to play.

Give each player a paper and pencil and a time limit of twenty minutes. At the end of this time, the papers are signed, collected, and marked for score on this basis: 5 points for each word which is not found on any other paper; 3 for each word found on only one other paper, and one for all other words correctly filled in.

A FEW of the old games have survived the test of time because they still challenge the ingenuity and inventiveness of brilliant men and women. The best of these in our humble opinion is "Charades." This game is the most popular of all with actors and with many writers. It is a prime favorite with the comedian, W. C. Fields, as well as with Louis Bromfield, the novelist, and Carolyn Wells.

The most tantalizing charades to guess and the most amusing to play are those in which you can pun part, or all, of the word.

To take a relatively simple word as an illustration of the possibilities lurking in a game of Charades, suppose one of the guests secretly selects the word "performance." He then assembles a cast for producing the word in a series of short acts, one for each syllable, winding up with an act for the whole word. The other guests must try to guess from the dialogue and action what the word is.

The person who has chosen the word becomes the stage director. He selects his cast and takes its members into his confidence. He asks his host for any simple properties he needs, like an umbrella or a frying pan. The idea is to put the word over so that nobody can guess it.

Now "Performance" is ordinarily divided into the syllables Per-form-ance, but the director decides to pun them as Pur-form-ants. (Another and harder possibility is Pur-for-manse). When the action is agreed upon (and this must be done quickly to prevent tiring the audience with "waits") he announces: "This is the first syllable."

The actors enter. One of them takes the part of a cat and the other impersonates a spinster. The spinster coddles the cat and the cat purrs. A few irrelevant and misleading words and actions are thrown in, for smoke screen.

The next syllable is announced, and the

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scene implies the shop of a modiste, who shows a model to a customer. The customer likes the dress but objects to the form of the model as not good. The modiste retorts that it is not good form to say so. (This is really too easy.)

The third act shows the distress of a housekeeper upon discovering ants in her pantry.

Then the final act is given, in which it is announced that the whole word is concealed. Here the word "Performance" can be used to mean the show itself, or the accomplishment of some deed; but in any case, the actors are careful not to make *their* performance a dead give-away.

A MORE informal version of Charades is called "Adverbs." As might be expected, this is also very popular with theatrical people. This game is especially popular with the New York Theatre Guild company of actors—Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Margalo Gilmore, Dudley Diggs, and the playwright, Sidney Howard. We have found that it makes an equally big hit with people who never get a chance to exercise their dramatic instincts on a stage.

One of the players secretly chooses an adverb. For the benefit of those who have been out of school for more than two years we hereby proclaim an adverb to be a word which modifies in some way the action of a verb. Such words as "quickly," "passionately," or "despondently" are all adverbs in good and regular standing.

Having selected an adverb, the player faces the crowd. One by one, they ask him to do something "in the manner of the adverb," for they are trying to guess by his actions just what the adverb is. The person who guesses it correctly is allowed the fun of being IT and choosing another adverb.

At the slightest sign that a party is tottering to its fall, there are several splendid trifles that will prop it up again. Here is one simple expedient that comes in especially handy for such moments:

"Hello! B. O.," says Rube Goldberg (left)
"Hello! O. B.," returns George Abbott (right)

Take a deck of cards off the card table, if one is in use; otherwise, produce a deck out of the table drawer. Also get an old felt hat out of the hall closet. Ask one of your guests if he has ever tried this one. Before he has time to answer, make him sit down in a chair. Then place the hat, with the brim up, only five feet in front of his feet. Hand him the deck of fifty-two cards and ask him to see how many he can *deal* into the hat. Those on the rim do not count, unless they fall in. Your guest will look disdainful. The hat is so close he can almost touch it. He begins nonchalantly, expresses embarrassed surprise after a few cards flutter wide of the mark, and, finally, gets down to business in deadly earnest, while the others clamor for their turn. It sounds simple: Try it.

Rube Goldberg, the comic-strip artist; George Abbott, the actor and playwright, and several of their friends, quite by chance invented an amusing stunt game while they were in Florida together last winter.

There was a business convention of some sort going on at their hotel, and they heard prosperous executives calling to each other, "Hello, R. B., how goes it?" . . . "Have you seen G. S.?" So the cartoonist and his friends fell into the whimsical habit of hailing each other with initials—any initials at all. Then it became a game. One would hail the other with a pair of initials, and the other had to reply by using two initials that would complete a four-letter word. "Hello, B. O., how goes it?" Rube would challenge, and his friend would brightly reply, "Okay, O. B." thus completing the four-letter word "Boob." Four-letter words were soon selling for the price of a seat on the Stock Exchange, as the ability to start a bona fide word which the other could not finish had certain advantages agreed on beforehand, say, an ice cream soda, or a free dinner.

Valuable as such casual, spontaneous stunt games are, they cannot be relied on to save more sustained emergencies—such as a gape, or open yawn, in the ranks as early as nine o'clock, the zero hour at most parties. After long service in testing and experimenting with the various ways of keeping a party going at full cry, we warn you that the game must be suited to the occasion and the players. The best game alive will languish when a tactless hostess drags it into the party by the hair on its head.

ANYONE who can read can follow the rules of the most successful games, but not everyone has a natural gift for leadership. The leaders at parties usually rush forward of themselves if they are encouraged even moderately. However, any hostess who is ambitious to give a real wow of a party, should invite at least one guest who will help put across anything that she may suggest.

It is important for anyone with a desire to be known as an (*Continued on page 138*)

The game of "Charades" with the word pur-form-ants. Carolyn Wells plays the spinster and Montague Glass the purring cat. The guessers are W. C. Fields, Hendrik Van Loon, John Held, Jr., and Louis Bromfield

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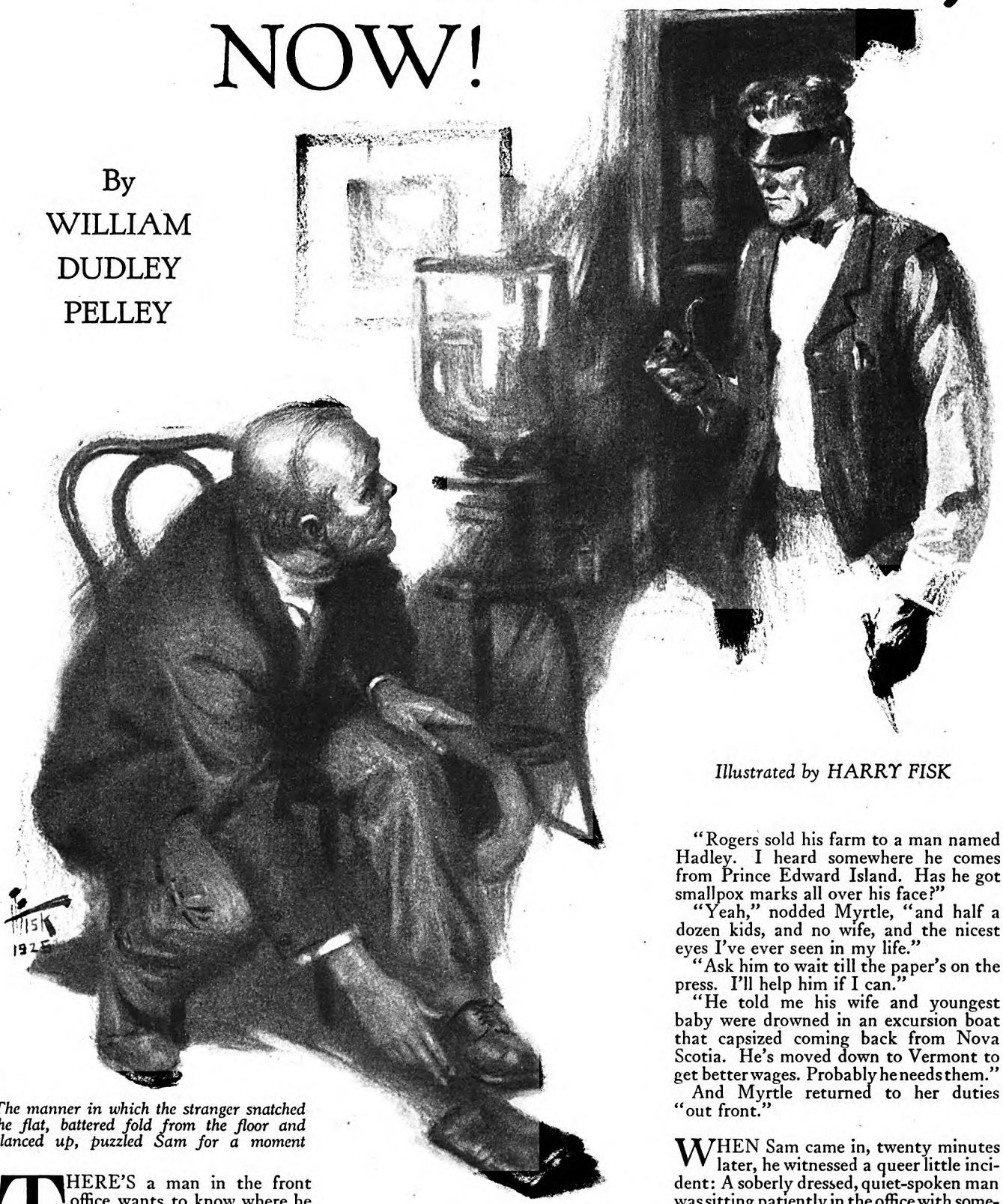
The Man who Lived in Eternity NOW!

By
WILLIAM
DUDLEY
PELLEY



Illustrated by HARRY FISK

The manner in which the stranger snatched the flat, battered fold from the floor and glanced up, puzzled Sam for a moment

"THERE'S a man in the front office wants to know where he can find a good housekeeper," announced Myrtle Corey, coming into the composing-room of the Paris "Daily Telegraph" one hectic afternoon in 1914.

Samuel P. Hod, editor and publisher, paid scant attention to his office girl. The European war was under way. Editorial supervision of the make-up, especially front-page headlines, was becoming a daily rite in the "Daily Telegraph" office.

"He'd better try a Want Ad," the editor responded finally, when Myrtle had repeated her announcement. "Who is he, anyhow?"

"I think he's that new carpenter who's bought the Rogers place out beyond where I live. On the road toward Foxboro."

"Rogers sold his farm to a man named Hadley. I heard somewhere he comes from Prince Edward Island. Has he got smallpox marks all over his face?"

"Yeah," nodded Myrtle, "and half a dozen kids, and no wife, and the nicest eyes I've ever seen in my life."

"Ask him to wait till the paper's on the press. I'll help him if I can."

"He told me his wife and youngest baby were drowned in an excursion boat that capsized coming back from Nova Scotia. He's moved down to Vermont to get better wages. Probably he needs them."

And Myrtle returned to her duties "out front."

WHEN Sam came in, twenty minutes later, he witnessed a queer little incident: A soberly dressed, quiet-spoken man was sitting patiently in the office with something in his hands. As the editor crossed the threshold, the seated man dropped it. Sam saw a pair of red leather covers about the size of a post card, badly dog-eared. The manner in which the stranger snatched the flat, battered fold from the floor and glanced up, puzzled Sam for a moment. The man seemed chagrined.

"Sort of hard luck, warn't it, to lose your wife, with six kids to look after?" the

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publisher suggested, pulling up a chair for himself. "How old are they, anyhow?"

"Tommy, the youngest boy, is seven. Nellie's the oldest—nineteen! But she can't be much of a mother to the rest because she's . . . she's blind."

"Blind!"

"She lost her sight two years ago. A cookin' vat exploded in a canning factory where she was workin' through vacation. Doctors tried to save her eyes, but claimed at last it couldn't be done."

The stranger had secreted the little pair of leather covers in his hip pocket and now picked up his hat.

"You must have married rather young—to have so much family for a man your age."

"Eva—that was my wife—always did want children. I used to tell her we were shoulderin' an awful lot of responsibility, havin' so many youngsters, on my wages as a carpenter. But she'd laugh and say, 'Just one more can't make the responsibility much worse.' You don't find many women holdin' sentiments like that these days, Mr. Hod."

"You bet you don't," the editor agreed.

The man turned his hat around in his hands.

"Some day," said he, "I'm hopin' the Almighty'll make it clear why wives and mothers like Eva have to be taken before their time, leavin' behind so many who need 'em. There's such a lot of women in the world, if it ain't wrong to say it, that could be spared so much better. . . ."

"I understand," the editor replied. "What's the ages of the others?"

"Myra's ten and Jeanie's eleven. Then three years before them there was Dot—short for Dorothy. She's fourteen."

"And the oldest boy?"

"Seba? He's sixteen. He's goin' to high school in September, but he can help around the place. When the steamboat company settled for the accident, I thought it was only right to put the money into property, so they'd always have a home. You don't know anyone 'round this town needs a good carpenter capable of bein' foreman, do you? I need work, as well as a housekeeper. If I can't find a berth, it'll sort o' stump me. I'll have to set up for myself." Again he turned the inverted hat.

"I think it'd be best, anyhow," the editor advised. "In the long run, you'll make more."

PRIVATELY, Sam Hod made up his mind to see that the new resident got business even if it meant superfluous "repairs" in the "Telegraph" office; he was the type of man to command that sort of interest, even the first time one met him.

"I hope I can get a good woman cheap," the carpenter went on. "But I can't much more than give her a home."

"There ought to be slathers of females—widders and such—glad to live out on the Rogers place with a first-rate family of children."

"It's kind of out o' the way, that back road. And . . . there'll never be another woman precisely like Eva!"

When Hadley had departed—with the editor's promise to find a woman somewhere—the local reporter, Paul Lyman, by the window sat back from typing some items.

"What sane woman's going 'way out on that lonely back road to live, and push her neck into the noose of six ready-made kids? Women these days don't go in for raisin' other women's families. Huh! They don't even go in for raisin' families of their own."

"It'd be an act of Christian charity," declared Sam, "to find that man another wife."

"Well, you've been everything in this town from head selectman to dog-catcher, Mr. Hod. You mean you'd turn matchmaker?"

"I'd like to," muttered Sam. "Men like Hadley are this country's backbone. They don't deserve to lose good wives." Then, after a ten-minute interval, during which most of the staff had put Hadley out of their minds, he suddenly raised his head, and avowed, "Yes! By heck. I will!"

"Will what?" asked Myrtle.

"Find Hadley a wife!"

But he didn't. Instead of trying to contrive a match, Sam frantically attempted to break one up. Three weeks later Paul Lyman came in off Main Street and got instant attention by announcing:

"You remember Jake Hadley, the Blue Nose carpenter? Well, who do you s'pose he's taken on for housekeeper? *Doc Pressey's ex-wife!* And she's made a bet with the cook over to the American House to marry him by Christmas, or forfeit a hundred dollars!"

The office was quiet with the silence of tragedy.

Not that Amy Pressey was inherently bad, merely that she was shallow. She was one of those women who live by emotions and impulses, justifying every dereliction by the statement, "I just couldn't help it. Something bigger'n I was, inside me, drove me to do it." Back in 1914, she was somewhat of a town institution by reason of being its only divorcée. She both looked and acted the rôle, and seemed to enjoy the distinction it brought her.

"Doc" Pressey—a "horse doctor," by the way—had always been more of a joke than his wife since their arrival in Paris, five years before. He was an undersized, boggle-eyed, excitable man, who dressed the year round in mackinaw and hunting boots. They had taken the tenement over the Rathburn Pharmacy on the corner of Main and Hill streets, a trifle outside the regular business section. Whereupon he started to supply good "copy" for the "Telegraph."

IN THE aforesaid half-decade, four juicy news exploits had specifically involved him. First, being an addict to practical joking, he had contrived to coax a horse into the house, via a rear embankment. The animal's weight had crashed in the floor, however, killing the horse and wrecking the drug store. The three other episodes were his wife's desertions.

She was a small, sharp-faced, shrill-voiced woman with an eyeglass chain draped over one ear, and three upper teeth that bit her lower lip. She was known to bedeck herself with cheap jewelry upon arising in the mornings, had a dozen canvassers for silk hosiery pulling her doorbell for collections as many times a week, and her own child, a sickly young-

Tommy, aged seven, was the first to win her. He came in one noontime, his chubby arms laden with little kittens

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ster of seven, was never clean-faced from Monday to Friday.

Saturated with cheap romances, which she read when she might better have been doing her housework, she ran away first with Walt Howard's hired man. The veterinary chased them and found them in Brattleboro. He must have forgiven her, for he lived with her another two years, till he came home one winter's morning from an all-night case to find a note pinned to the youngster's dirty frock.

She was "sick of it all," and had eloped with a fellow five years younger who trimmed windows that year for the Williams' clothing store. And if the Doc followed them, she vowed to "end it all." But the Doc took a chance, learned at the station which way they'd bought tickets, and confronted them ultimately in Hanover, New Hampshire. Mrs. Pressey ended nothing—not even a propensity for high-voltage infidelity. Because she promptly repeated the exploit with an itinerant soda-jerker who worked that next summer in the down-stairs drug store. This time Doc Pressey attempted no pursuit.

THE town understood that his wife rather enjoyed being brought back and forgiven. Anyhow, she was piqued when the Doc went on about his practice, and eventually she came back of her own accord to see about it. She had been away long enough, however, for Pressey to get a quick and legitimate divorce. Entering her former home, she discovered one Emily Seaver installed there, the youngster—allotted to the father—for once clean, and the tenement in order. Pressey had married Emily within a week of getting his freedom.

Amy Pressey nearly wrecked the place before Chief Hogan was summoned to remove her. Whereupon, she kept the Doc in a week of apprehension by getting word to him of the various ways and places in which she was going to end her life. Two weeks later she had moved down into the none too savory American House, waiting on table for her board and flirting with the men who labored in the nearby brickyards. She bided her time to "get back" at the community. For a month Paris worried.

But not half so much as Sam Hod worried—for his carpenter friend—when Paul's information was confirmed, and a personal visit to the Hadley domicile revealed how securely Amy Pressey was ensconced there. Sam Hod came back with his kindly face dolorous.

"Sufferin' Moses!" he groaned in recital. "She's sweet as honey to Jacob, fairly reeks with female dependency and martyrdom; and yet she hates children, and 's only settin' her cap for this stranger to spite the respectable element who'll have none of her."

"Can't Mr. Hadley see through her?" asked Myrtle. "Hasn't he heard the stories about her?"

"He's got queer ideas, that Hadley. He holds the idea that because they're women, all of 'em must be as good as the one he loved and lost. I saw it by the way he stuck up for the Doc's wife while we were lookin' at his stock in the barn. That type of man can't see through a woman—any sort of woman!"

"Is he stuck on her already?"

"Well, he's been so harassed, lookin' after them live-wire youngsters, that all he can think about is the way Amy's 'sacrificed' to go out and help care for 'em. When a man's had a hard row to hoe, and all of a sudden finds a female volunteerin' to help him hoe it—and give him sympathy besides—he's not apt to hate that female, not exactly! So I say, Sufferin' Moses! . . . What on earth can I do?"

But Sam, along with the rest of the valley, had much more to hear from Amy Pressey than could carelessly be conceived. The woman may or may not have known what Paris thought about her and how it held her. She may or may not have cared what it said about her, and whether Jake Hadley heard it or believed it. The fact remained that, having a certain shallow pride to maintain before those acquaintances with whom she had made base wagers, she had to stick to her place and exhibit a semblance of finding satisfaction.

At least she had no time to read cheap novels, and she gave up silk stockings and jewelry in the mornings. She did not lie abed till ten o'clock, either. Not with five youngsters who had to go through the hectic daily turmoil of getting dispatched for school.

Tommy, aged seven, was the first to win her. He came in one noontime, his chubby arms laden with little kittens.

"Lookit!" he declaimed. "Fresh kittens! Th' ol' cat had 'em in the barn!"

The Pressey woman turned from her work at the sink. She beheld the expression on his upturned face, the dawning wonder at life in his eyes. And something stirred in her breast that not even the birth of her own child had awakened. A laugh and a sob crowded in her throat. Down on her knees she found herself, her arms opened wide. Boy, kittens, and emotions were all fused together. . . .

Then there was Nellie, the blind girl.

Being the type of woman who went through life with her heart on her sleeve, the sightless daughter's attempts to make herself of use were nearly too much for Amy Pressey to endure.

"Don't try to do nothin'. Just go and sit down, and let me do it," she found herself offering a score of times a day, till at last it grew into a habit. Yet not quite a habit. Something more like a principle.

Having an inherent instinct toward finery for herself, she began taking a competitive interest in dressing Myra, Jean, and Dot for school. Once in the village she overheard an exclamation at the neat appearance the girls always made. Amy Pressey had a new thrill in that moment—a different sort of thrill from any that had ever before come to her.

"I'll show this dratted town!" she vowed grimly.

And she did. All unaware of the change it was working in herself.

ONE night Seba grabbed her and kissed her when she had a pressed suit ready for him to wear to a party. Instead of a romantic heart-leap at a kiss from a younger man, this time Amy Pressey dropped in a chair by her ironing board, and Jake Hadley entered to discover her sobbing. The man was more distressed than the woman.

"I know the work's pretty hard," he apologized, "and I'm considerably back in your wages. But please don't feel any worse than you must—"

"But I don't feel bad!" she cried with candor. "I'm happy, happier than I've ever been in my life! I never dreamed things could make such a difference."

"Things? What things?" the astonished man demanded.

"Oh, you'd never understand, so why try to tell you?" And she was gone into her bedroom, with the door closed between them.

Then there was Jacob himself.

Work grew precarious with the advance of winter. Money was scarce. He could not meet her wages. She watched deep furrows grow down his pitted cheeks. Once, arising in the night to fasten a loosened blind, she heard him sobbing alone in his bedroom. He wept as men weep, sobs which are tearless, racking the diaphragm.

She stood a long time in nightgown and shawl, work-reddened hand on the knob of his door. Her own heart was racked to go in and comfort him, racked as it never had been in her life. But a queer strength sustained her. A quarter-hour she stood there, fighting a battle with herself. Then this woman, who had deserted husband and child, and run away with three different men, dropped her hand from the knob and went back to her place beside Nellie.

THE day before Christmas she drove alone into town, buying such gifts for the children as her purse could afford. Mainly she patronized the "five and ten," because sixty dollars of her money went to apply on her wager with the American House cook. The pity of it was, the cook took the money. Yet Amy Pressey derived a weird sense of gratification from meeting that payment. . . . The story leaked out and the community marveled.

She debated a long time over a gift for Jacob. In the end she bought nothing. She discovered that she couldn't, though her reasons therefor went unanalyzed.

The war in Europe settled to a gory stalemate. To get money to provide for the demands upon him, Jacob temporarily gave up his carpentering. He took a job in the knitting mills, where foreign orders were heavy. Twice a day he drove back and forth along the Foxboro back road. Sometimes his housekeeper drove in for him. Of a Saturday night people saw them together in the village, bargaining over supplies, like husband and wife.

"Why in thunder don't he marry her?" barometrical Paris demanded in ire. "It's a rotten sort of deal to hand Amy, after her pullin' herself together the way she has."

"Guess he's still in love with the woman who was drowned," declared a millhand in Edwards's cigar store. "He carries her picture around in a cardcase and looks at it often. I've seen him do it on his job to the shop."

"What does she look like?" another demanded.

"Cripes, he ain't showed it to me! He don't show it to no one. But I'll bet I've seen him open up that little pair o' leather covers a couple o' hundred times."

Behind his cigar case, Cal Edwards's eyes were quizzical. "Sure it's a picture of

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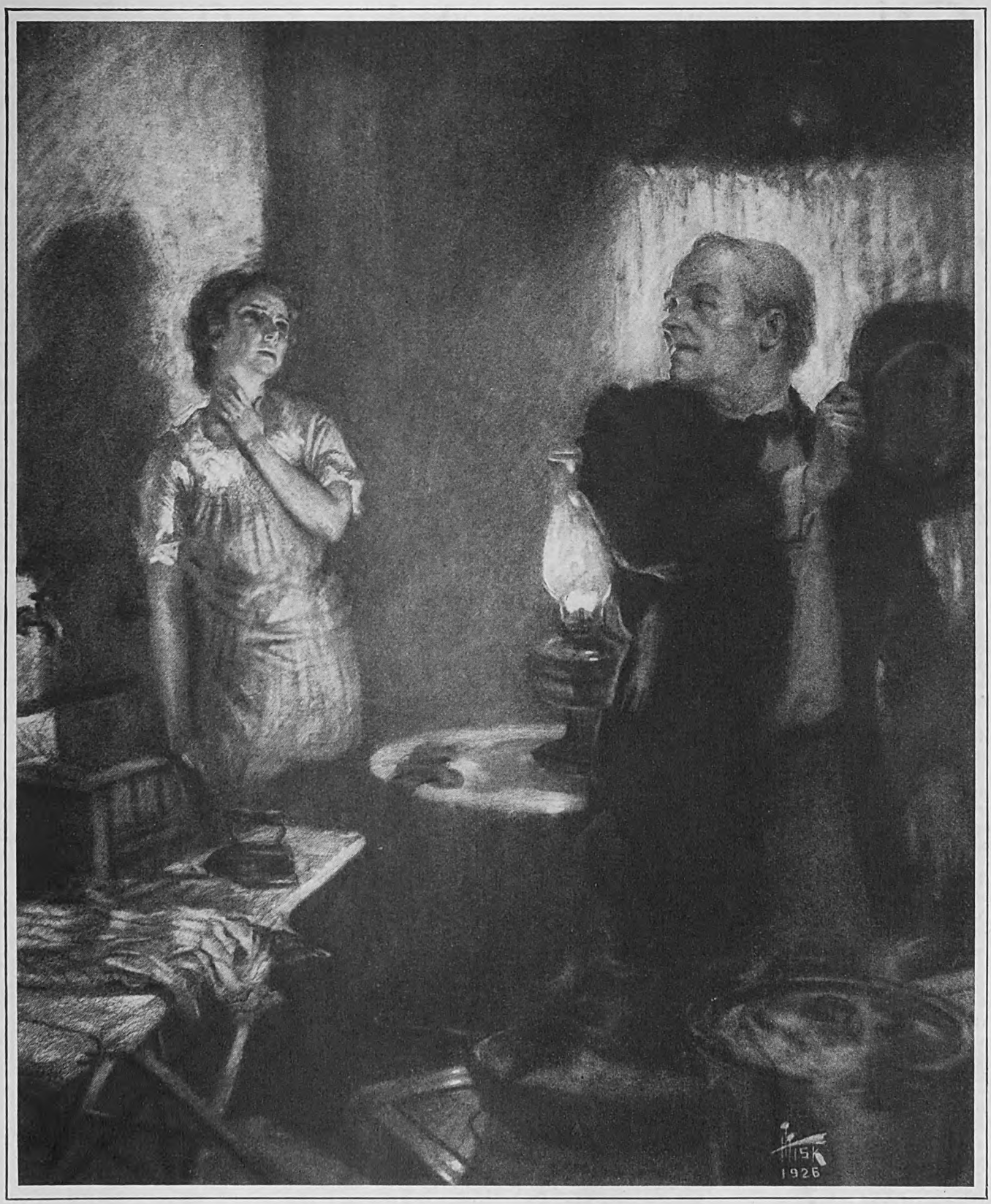

When Jacob turned around, Amy had her hand at her throat. "Suppose," she choked, " . . . suppose he . . . he never comes back?"

his wife in that cardcase, Joe?" he demanded.

"Sure. It must be. What else would he look at?"

"Well, it isn't!"

"It isn't? What is it? And how do you know?"

"He left it behind him in here with his wallet, one night, and I was able to return it to him. It isn't any woman's picture. None o' your business what it is. But it's what keeps Jacob Hadley on even keel, and I admire him for it. I've got pretty well acquainted with that feller, on and off. He put a piazza on my Elm Street house. I don't mind sayin' that when my sister died, it was what he told me that kept me from going to pieces. She was all I had."

"What did he tell you?"

"That's none o' your business, either!"

Amy Pressey likewise discovered early that Jacob carried the little leather folder always in his pocket with something inside that seemed to give him peace. She found it beneath his pillow one morning and a horrible stab of jealousy—one of the few which ever assailed her—impelled her to open it. She sat a long time on the edge of the bed when she had done so, and into her own tired face came a nobility which had never been there before. She made the bed and replaced the leather fold where he might find it that night if he came to look. She never told him she had seen it. (*Continued on page 159*)

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Christmas—*The* Magic Season

When the Heart Rules the Head

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

THE work which I had planned to have Ephraim do was really of the most imperative sort; and he had been selected from hundreds of negroes as the man who could most speedily accomplish my design. Yet, as I warmed in my description of what we were to accomplish in the remodeling of the old stable into a garage, glancing at my listener I saw that he was thinking of other things. A strange light was in his eyes—the gleam of innocent mischief that betrays the child and the tramp in each one of us.

With what I felt was irresistible argument, I attempted to wed the good Ephraim to my plans. I explained my hope in detail and assured him that he was the only man who could finish the work in ten days, when it was essential that it should be done. But my carpenter remained unconvinced. His whole attitude was that of a child who, upon being advised of the glories of education, rebelliously, with a primal wisdom, dreams of green fields and wild flowers and little furry and feathered friends of the fragrant wood.

With a certain archness, a certain wonder at my inattention of the thing essential, Ephraim at last looked full at me.

"But, Cap'n," he objected, with as much astonishment as politeness permitted, "ain't you done remember that next week is Christmas?"

I was properly rebuked. There's one season of the year, thank God, when we abandon ourselves to those delirious and orchid-luring guides, our emotions. At Christmas the heart dethrones the head, the essentially great ruler then comes into his own. It compels us to do high things; it permits us to do foolish things. It sanctions our being childlike. It permits us, with gallant idiocy, when we have only a dollar in the world, to spend that dollar on someone else. It urges us, for one brief week, to be gloriously, recklessly, unselfish. Spiritually, it draws the whole human family close. . . . Like nothing else in the world, it starts us on long journeys homeward. Why is it that we look more eagerly forward to Christmas than to any other holiday? Is it because that is the one season in the year when the heart is an unlimited monarch? That hard word, "practical," is a tyrant most of the year; but when Christmas comes we can live spontaneously, as children live. Men let business cares go to the devil, where they should go; they break their slavish routine, shed their crusts and come forth, once each year, as children of God.

Christmas has magic in it! When November is nearing its end, men begin to cast long glances homeward, to fidget, to rebel against their usual tasks. "Christmas will soon be here" is a saying that plays havoc with the dull order of ordinary life. Christmas is the real turn in the year. We approach it cheerily; we have a fine time when it comes; we loaf, hunt, visit for a week after it is over, and then, perforce, we gird ourselves to begin a new year, looking forward to the next Christmas. That is very vividly true with children, and what is true with them would be true with us, if we were free.

I REMEMBER a Christmas I spent on a lonely sea-island. I had not chosen to be there. The sailboat on which I was homeward bound was completely becalmed some twenty miles from her destination. We lay in the lee of the dim semi-tropical isle, waiting for a breeze. Though it was Christmas Eve, the afternoon was balmy. I watched the dark shores of the mainland longingly; I watched the sky attentively, hoping for clouds and a good stiff wind. But all was serene. The waters of the huge bay behind the island were so limpid that the incredible symphony of sunset was echoed in that opalescent sea.

Then the dewy white stars blazed in the velvet blue. . . . There were only three of us on the sloop, and we were homesick. But the fact that it was Christmas Eve gave us a certain happiness. . . . Under those great sea-stars, with the surf rolling splendidly in the distance, there could be, at such a season, no feeling save one of worship.

There's an Eden for which each of us longs; but it is intangible, receding. Often we are in it and know it not until it is too late. That lonely Christmas Eve I wanted sorely to be at home; but never has the spirit of that mystical time seemed nearer than on that Holy Night when I was an exile.

When, with the coming of the flood tide at dark, we found that there was no breeze stirring, the three of us went ashore for a stroll on the beach. Though wooded and of great size the island was without human habitation. There was a radiant moon that tinged the solemn woods with silver wonder and shone afar on the sleeping waters. The glimmering surf plunged drowsily on the quiet shore.

Down the long white beach we walked on that strange Christmas Eve, conscious of the ocean's ancient amplitude of power, conscious of the luminous serenity of the night, opening fragrant and flowerlike, conscious of the divine quietude of resistless energy manifest in the vast and ordered universe. . . . The earth was all acceptance, worship; and the moon poured down a measureless penetrating tide of glamour. The sea, the stars, the moonbeams fair, the silver-filleted tall pines—all these we saw, we felt. Over the white beach breathed aromatic airs fresh from the sweet myrtle thickets of the island. The majestic rhythm of creation was apparent on every hand. "The sea is His, and He made it;" and the stars that jewel the wondrous sky, and the dewy dark woods, and our own hearts. . . . If Christmas means the consciousness that God is love, and that our love for one another is the almighty solvent to cure all human ills, I never felt the truth of it all more strongly than on that beauteous night, on that lonely island, where the only songs were silence and the rolling anthem of the beach.

We reached home next day at twilight; we were twenty-four vital hours late. But the beauty about (*Continued on page 133*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. WARREN BOYER

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Photograph by Clara Sipprell

"I love a white Christmas," says Mr. Rutledge. "Snow is beauty obliterating the world; its glamour is akin to moonlight. Snow is gentleness, chaste as the mountain air, virginally cool, softly smoothing the tawny dead leaves and the patient little bushes."

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Photograph by Hal Phyfe

Lynn Fontanne

MISS FONTANNE and her husband, Alfred Lunt (you see them together on the opposite page), are both stars of the Theatre Guild. They have been married for six years, and have been playing in the same company for the past four years. Mr. Lunt is a native of Wisconsin and Miss Fontanne of England; each one had theatrical ambitions from childhood, and each began by "speaking pieces." Stage stars sometimes are jealous of one another, so when these two entered the same company their friends hung out the "Danger Ahead!" warning. These friends now cheerfully admit that, as prophets of domestic troubles, they are failures.

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Jealous? We Should Say NOT!

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY

By
MARY B. MULLETT

PROLOGUE: In a left-handed sort of way, the theme of this story is Jealousy; for it is about a man and a woman who braved the green-eyed monster, and left him flat.

As for these two chief characters, they are everything we could wish a hero and a heroine to be: young, handsome, charming, and touched with the glamour of fame.

You might call them a prince and princess of the stage; for, as almost everybody knows, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are twin stars in the galaxy of the Theatre Guild. And the Guild itself is a brilliant constellation in the dramatic sky.

But not everyone knows that Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne are also man and wife. They have been married six years. And during four years of that time they have been playing in the same company, often in the same plays, measuring their abilities side by side.

Even their friends said this couldn't be done without one or both becoming jealous of the other. "Danger ahead!" these friends muttered. But they now admit that, as prophets, they were all to the bad.

The curtain rises on the dining-room of a New York apartment. In one corner a picturesque stairway leads to the bedrooms above. Later, we discover that another stairway leads from the bedroom floor to a big studio-living-room at the top of the building.

A man is arranging some flowers. At least, he is sticking them into a bowl on the table. Sometimes he looks like a boy of fifteen. Again he seems about thirty-five. He is probably somewhere in between; but we soon decide that it doesn't matter just where.

If he should live to be seventy-five, there still will be times when he will look fifteen.

He is Alfred Lunt, the hero of our story. Our heroine, Miss Fontanne, is just now coming down the stairway, slender and very lovely. The lady; not the stairway.

When I try to describe Lynn Fontanne, I get all mixed up as to metaphors. She is rather like vivid and exotic music. But she is like something else, too; something clear and clean and mentally four-square.

If, for instance, she were a house, you would like that sort of house for a home. It would be warm and bright and gay—and it would not come crashing down about your ears if some wind of trouble blew up a storm.

"Lynn," says Mr. Lunt, regarding the floral decoration with marked disapproval, "these flowers are terrible."

"Why, darling, I think they're rather lovely," says Miss Fontanne.

Being English, she uses the word "darling" with an easy casualness which we Americans seldom acquire.

"Do you think so?" asks her husband. "They remind me of a boarding-school girl with adenoids."

IT IS a joy to talk with Alfred Lunt. Serious and highly intelligent, he nevertheless is endlessly amusing. A combination devoutly to be desired in anyone! But in a husband—well, it is nothing short of a heaven-sent miracle.

"I begin to understand," he went on, still eying the flowers resentfully, "why the insane patients at Oshkosh used to stick out their tongues at the calla lilies."

"Oshkosh!" I exclaimed. "What were you doing in Oshkosh? I thought you were English, too."

"Dear me, no! I was born in Milwaukee. My father was from New England; and my mother was Hattie Briggs, of Hortonville, Wisconsin. She looks like a duchess. At least, she looks as a duchess should, but—judging from my limited experience with duchesses—the way they seldom do look."

"ALFRED had an American father and mother," said Miss Fontanne, "a Swedish stepfather, and now he has an English wife."

"No wonder he can interpret any character, from a Hungarian to a Hottentot!" I said. "And, by the way, how did you two happen to become actors?"

"I can tell you," laughed Mr. Lunt. "We both began by speaking pieces. At the early age of three, when Lynn lived in an English village in Essex, she used to recite a piece about a little girl who was taking her dolls to the seaside and—Tell her about it, Lynn!"

"Well," said Miss Fontanne, "in the last verse there was a long word, and all through the first part, I was getting ready for it. Finally, with my face red and my whole body tense, I brought it out:

"'She *dis-lo-cated* her shoulder.'

"And then I finished in a breathless rush, to the accompaniment of uncontrollable laughter on the part of the audience.

"My popularity as a reciter," laughed Miss Fontanne, "was simply because I was funny and didn't know it. My mother used jokingly to say, 'Lynn will be a second Ellen Terry. Some day she'll be earning twenty pounds a week!' And I, not realizing that it was just said in jest, believed every word of it. (*Continued on page 124*)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Doctor Bundesen and his family

The Strange Result of a Well-Aimed SNOWBALL

It ruined a bishop's high hat, it reformed a Chicago street urchin, and it gave to America one of our greatest public health doctors

By NEIL M. CLARK

ON a sunny Sabbath morning in mid-winter, a bishop was walking down Michigan Boulevard, in Chicago, bound for his church. Suddenly, an expertly-aimed snowball whirled through the air and sent his "topper" flying, a hopeless wreck. He turned to see a ragged urchin making a hasty get-away.

"Boy," the bishop cried, "come here!"

It would be hard to say what caused the boy to obey. But he did. And, strangely, he was not greeted by a scolding, but by an arm pleasantly thrown about his shoulders, and with a heart-warming smile.

"My hat furnished you a first-rate target," said the bishop; "now, will you do something for me?"

The boy's wary eyes held a query, and a doubt.

"I want you," the bishop explained, "to come to my Sunday-school. We'll show you a good time, and you will find lots of friends."

The boy knew all about that Sunday-school, from the outside. Mostly, it was attended by rich folks. He had never been inside, never had expected to be asked inside. Hence, he accepted the invitation with alacrity.

They made a queer pair, the ragged urchin and the dignified but bareheaded bishop, as they walked down the street and turned into the church. But the incident, in spite of its humorous features, proved to be the beginning of a friendship that lasted without a break until the bishop's death. For the boy, it was the turning point of a lifetime.

Until then this nine-year-old lad, whose name was Herman Bundesen, had roamed the streets, half-wild, often legging it swiftly away from the police. Not far from the bishop's church, on the very edge of one of the roughest districts in the city, he sold newspapers. His home was behind a saloon. His two pals sold papers three blocks away. The three of them played together, and were united in their common fear and dislike of a

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certain "Tough Kid," who sold papers at another corner near by.

But the incident of the snowball brought about a change. The bishop—Bishop Cheney, of the Reformed Episcopal Church—studied the boy Herman, perceived that he had a capacity for thoroughness, and strength of character; and encouraged him to develop his abilities, and to live with a purpose, cultivating the ideal of service.

Thirty years and more have passed. Of the three newsboys who were pals and ran wild together, two are in the penitentiary serving life terms for murder. The third, Dr. Herman Neils Bundesen, is known as one of the foremost fighters for health in this country.

We were sitting in Bundesen's beautifully furnished office. I knew that the man whose legs were flung at ease over the arm of the chair, had been called "the outstanding health officer of the decade"; I knew that, as health commissioner of Chicago for nearly six years, he had made an astonishing record in lowering the city's death rate; that when he quit this post he was deluged with offers, and jumped from a salary of ten thousand dollars to positions paying forty thousand; that as president of the American Public Health Association, he holds the highest office in the gift of his fellow workers in this country; that as a writer, some of his books have attained a distribution of three million copies, and translation into several languages; that as a practical preacher of the doctrine of health, perhaps no living man ever carried his message in person to so many, for it is estimated that he has addressed from the platform more than a million people, not to mention countless millions who have heard him by radio.

All this I knew. But what I did not know was that Doctor Bundesen rose literally from the gutter, that his earliest years were spent in an orphan asylum, that his career represents a triumph against adversity, and a struggle such as few men have the courage and determination to carry to so high an achievement.

Bundesen is forty-six years old. He might be thirty, for all the traces left on his features by time. Believing in what he fights for, he keeps himself in perfect health; Rooseveltian vigor is his dominating characteristic. (And he has a healthy Rooseveltian family of six children.) Sandy-haired, firm-lipped, firm-jawed, his blue-gray eyes look at all men straight and unafraid from behind their shell-rimmed glasses. At times, in grim flashes of speech, one glimpses the raw ore that has been turned to steel in the shaping of his career.

HERMAN NEILS BUNDESEN was born in Berlin, Germany, in 1882.

"My father," he said, "was killed a week or ten days after I was born. My mother brought my sister and me to this country when I was about six months old, thinking she could make a better living here. But the struggle among strangers was much harder than she thought it would be.

"She tried giving private lessons in foreign languages—about all she knew how to do. But pupils were few and far between, and the work didn't bring enough to keep the family together. She finally had to put my sister and me in the orphan asylum for a time.

"I was a pretty wild sort of boy when I knocked off Bishop Cheney's hat with a snowball, and got invited to his Sunday-school. I'm satisfied that if it hadn't been for that incident I'd probably be where my chums that used to sell papers with me are—behind the bars! I was headed that way.

"But Sunday-school gave me new ideas. I began heading in a different direction."

From his earliest days, Bundesen wished to become a doctor.

"If you ask me why," he said, "I can't tell you. Were there physicians in our family? No. It was just the way I happened to lean.

"Always, if there was a hurt dog in the neighborhood, it fell to me to look after him. More than once I went to the drug store for a nickel's worth of iodine to plaster on some dog that had been fighting, when maybe it was the last nickel I had and I missed my supper for it.

"I used to hang around old Doctor Mercer's house too; he was the physician that everybody went to in that neighborhood, and many a time I (*Continued on page 78*)

If You Ask Me:

Bad Names are Easy to Call But Hard to *Recall*

I LISTENED this noon to a heated political argument. It occurred in a New York club where men are supposed to be gentlemen. National elections, however, fan strange fevers. For a minute a fist fight seemed brewing; but one of the belligerents finally turned on his heel and stalked stridently from the room. As a parting shot, he barked:

"I refuse to argue any longer with a moron!"

In thinking the fracas over, it struck me that I had heard this word *moron* a great many times in the past six or eight years. It has got to be sort of a shibboleth among the smart fellows. They use it to brand those human beings for whose mental processes they have a vast and withering contempt. It signifies that the party of the second part has a mind that ought to be stored in the skull of a ten-year-old child.

It's a convenient word! If a person doesn't happen to think as you do, if his customs are not your customs, you can advertise your superior smartness by tying this can to him. It makes you feel quite smug and up-to-date.

Up-to-date? . . . Not by a jugful! You have become a contributing member to one of the oldest societies in the world. It has formed the background out of which have emerged most of our important historical figures.

You are blood-brother to the "superior ones" who considered Oliver Goldsmith a "stupid, heavy blockhead, little better than a fool," or the medieval Italians who thought that Michelangelo was rather a dunce. Although the word was not in use at the time, Lincoln was a "moron" and an "ape" to many of his enemies. Horace Greeley was a blockhead to the boys in the printing shop who put ink in his straw-colored hair. Arthur, Duke of Wellington, was considered a stupid youth; Lord Kitchener was "the dullest boy that ever entered a school"; Charles Dickens was so unpromising that his father predicted he would be a disgrace to the family. General Grant was "slow-witted," Hans Christian Andersen was always in disgrace and never knew his lessons, while in his early schooldays Sir Isaac Newton was usually at the bottom of his class. . . . Your prototypes, my friend, have made fun of all the simple souls out of whose ideas have been evolved the steamboat, the electric light, the automobile, the telephone, the air-brake—not to mention a score of other modern wonders.

You may not be unlucky enough to mislabel a budding genius, but it might be wise to watch your step anyway, if you find yourself in danger of getting too superior. It isn't nice to call people "morons" and frequently it isn't accurate. Moreover, it's not a bit forehanded. Some day you may want to strike one of your "morons" for a job—or a loan.

Bad names are easy to call but hard to *re*call. Before you bandy them about too freely, make sure that they fit. . . . And then don't do it!

Merle Crowell

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Out Where *the* Highways End!

That's where "Mike" Dorizas, explorer, athlete, and college professor, has met with some of the weirdest of his wild adventures

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

I WAS in search of a story of adventure. The very word conjured up pictures of African jungles, of Arctic wastes, of smoldering intrigues in the tropics, savage wars. Famous names slipped through my mind—Byrd, Amundsen, Lawrence, and others of men who had made the world ring with their deeds. These were of the front-line, of the aristocracy of adventurers—but their stories had been told.

Suddenly it occurred to me that there is a democracy of adventurers too, to which unsung millions of us belong. The miner, the steel worker, the riveter high above the street; the doctor summoned to combat death, the lawyer who crosses wits with lawyer; the farmer who stands helpless while the storm beats down upon his fields; the salesman who invades the strange city, even the jobless man in search of a job—are not these adventurers all?

And the question leaped at me, "Why not get away from the regular paths and see if an adventurer of parts can't be found even in the unlikeliest place?"

Whereupon I tried to think of the place in which the physical hazards of this hurly-burly world seemed fewest, and finally decided upon the schoolroom.

"The teacher," I reasoned with myself, "after all, is an intermediary. He takes the facts that *others* have brought to light, and in the calm of his schoolroom merely passes them on to others to be translated into action."

BUT in a schoolroom I found a man who has heard the bullets of South American revolutionists patter against the walls of his room; who has been captured by Mongolian bandits; who has slept on the desert in the tents of Arabs, and has broken bread with the Lapp in the Land of the Midnight Sun! A man who has fought with bare hands for his life on the banks of the Caspian, who braved smallpox in Persia, and has been burned black by the torrid heat of the Java Sea!—Dr. Michail Dorizas. (Pronounce his last name as if the "i" were a double "e.")

And when I asked him why he had left the routine of the schoolroom to undergo these things, he smiled and a far-away look came into his eyes, as he answered me:

"I wanted to see for myself before I undertook to teach. I wanted to know and feel and judge at first hand that of which I read in textbooks."

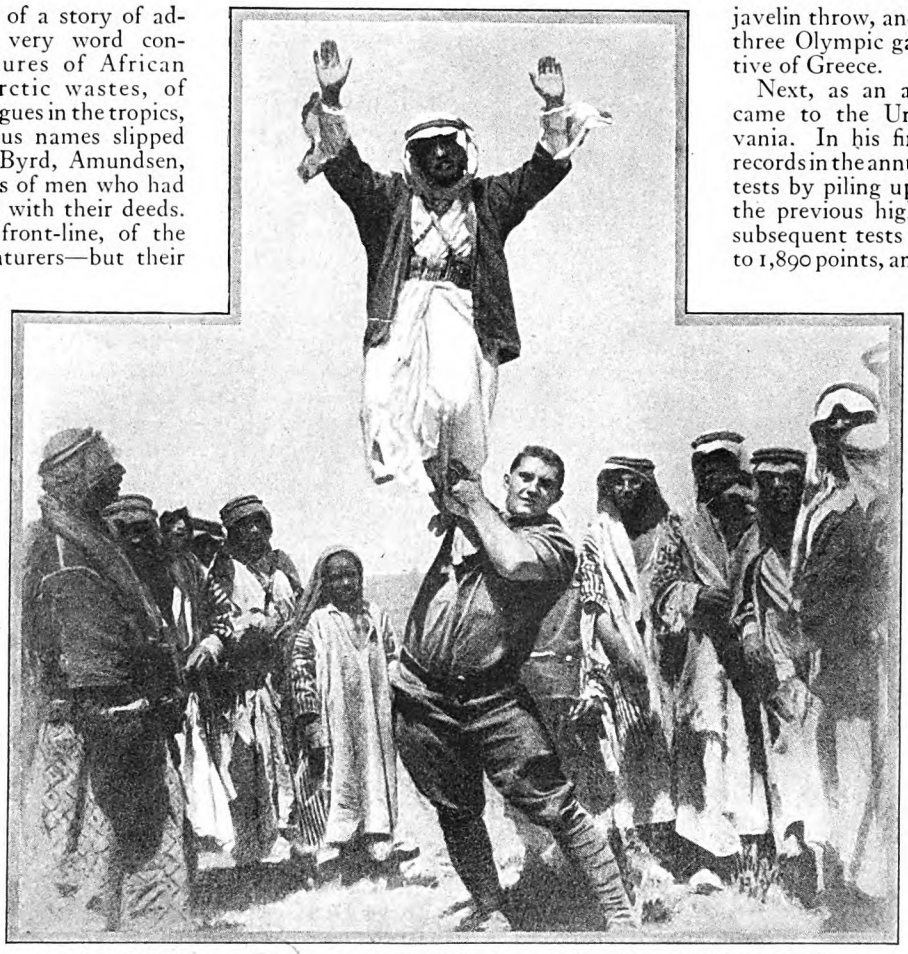
Forget for the moment that Dr. Michail Dorizas is a Doctor of Philosophy, and call him "Mike." Then jog your memory. Not so many years ago the name of "Mike" Dorizas was known to almost every man enrolled in an American college.

A giant in physical strength, at the age of eighteen, while a student at Robert College, in Constantinople, Michael Dorizas won the world's record in the javelin throw, and later on took part in three Olympic games as a representative of Greece.

Next, as an advanced student, he came to the University of Pennsylvania. In his first year he broke all records in the annual university strength tests by piling up 1,776 points against the previous high mark of 1,460. At subsequent tests he increased his total to 1,890 points, and then to 2,200 points, a figure never before dreamed of by strong men of college rank, and never equaled since.

At Pennsylvania, he established new records in shot-putting, discus and javelin throwing, and won his letter in football, track, and wrestling. Over a period of three years he won as many intercollegiate wrestling championships, throwing six men (two each year) in four minutes and twenty seconds, all told for the six—another record that has never been equaled.

He can take a man in his hands and lift him above his head as if the man were no more than a baby. The ability to perform this feat once saved his life, as we presently shall see. Today, at thirty-eight, he is 250 pounds of solid iron; has a chest that measures 48 inches, and has the agility of a cat.



"Mike" Dorizas delighting a group of Arabs by lifting their chief into the air. By a similar feat of strength Dorizas once saved himself when he was set upon by a Mongol bandit band. He tells the story of that encounter in this article

SO MUCH for "Mike" Dorizas, the athlete. But there are other sides to this school-teacher.

At eighteen, while he was breaking records with the javelin, he also was winning his first degree for scholarship and a place on the faculty of Robert College. Though scarcely more than a boy in years, he had made himself master of five languages—English, Greek, Turkish, French and Ancient Greek. He could also speak enough Russian and German to get along without an interpreter, and could understand Spanish. He was a geographer of more than passing ability.

Further study at the University of

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Pennsylvania, and that famous college granted him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Then, this country entering the war, he went to France among the first to go over, as a member of an American hospital unit.

Almost immediately, his knowledge of the French language and people led to his assignment on a special mission to pick hospital sites for the army. Then came the Armistice, and he was summoned to the Peace Conference at Paris, to be placed on the American Section of the International Commission on Mandates in Turkey as the geographic and linguistic expert.

Few, if any, schools are more exacting in selecting faculty members than is the Wharton School of Finance, of the University of Pennsylvania. Since the war, Doctor Dorizas has been an instructor in the Geography Department of this famous school. He has written an authoritative book on the foreign trade of Greece, and has become widely known in scholastic circles as a most interesting lecturer. Most men would stop here, but not Dorizas!

HE IS a traveler, an explorer into the world's odd corners. Since boyhood he has roamed the earth, his only baggage that which he carried on his back, his only fortune that which he had earned in the classroom and on the lecture platform. Off to remote mountains and deserts and jungles avoided by the tourist and unheard of by the average man, Dorizas has gone afoot and by every kind of conveyance known—sleeping in the huts of peasants, pitching his hammock in barns, or spreading his sleeping-bag under the open stars.

I asked him where he had been, and then I had to stop him. I didn't want to set down a directory of the nations and places of the earth. So I turned the question around, and asked him where he had *not* been.

"That's easier," he granted. "I've been to every populated part of the world except Australia, New Zealand, Central and South Africa, and certain parts of interior Asia.

"But I'm young yet," he reminded me. "Come back four or five years from now, and I'll tell you that I've been in every land where man lives. I'm going, just as fast as I can raise the money."

Even as we talked he was making ready for his ninth trip into Russia. "I want to take a look at the new Germany, too," he said, "and perhaps at the new Poland."

He couldn't say, offhand, how many times he had crossed the ocean, or how many oceans he had crossed. "What does it matter?" he shrugged. "Can you say how many times you have been to New York?"

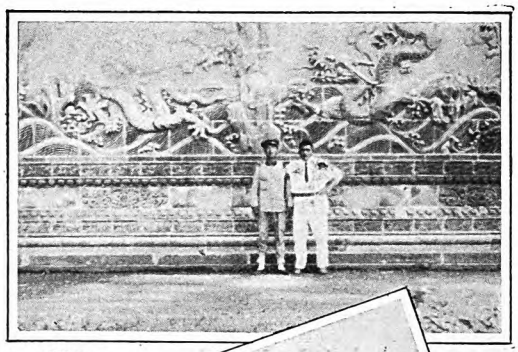
A Greek by blood, Dorizas was born in Constantinople, where his father was First Secretary of the Greek Legation. Some of his earliest teachers in that city, where he lived every winter, were Americans. And he was again in touch with American influence when he went to Robert College, an American college in Constantinople.

His summers were spent at the ancestral home of his family on the ancient island of Cephalonia, which is off the Gulf of Patras in the Ionian Sea. It is a stern and rugged island, frowned over by old Mt. Enos, and here Dorizas found new teachers in the Ionian fishermen and sailors, and in the hunters and shepherds of the hills. He learned to hunt and to climb mountain crags, to swim and to sail boats. Venturesome always, he sailed southward to Zante, and north as far as Corfu. He was becoming a man, a young giant! One day, as he pulled at the oars of a small boat in a rising sea, they snapped under the might of his stroke.

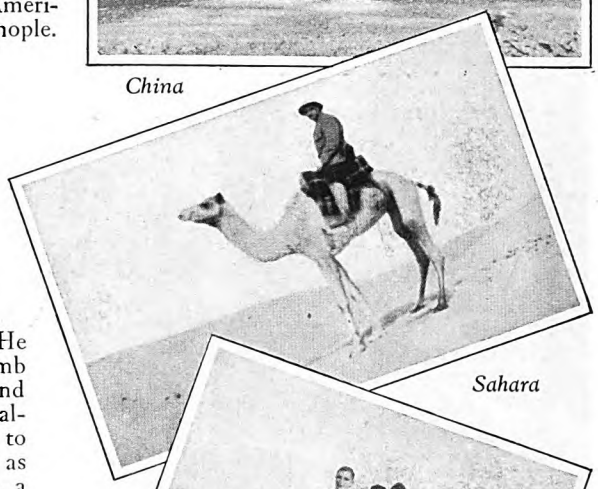
VACATION periods and holidays found him in out-of-the-way towns, and before he was sixteen years old he had made a journey by foot through the Balkans.

"Money? I needed but little," he explained to me. "Travel cost me nothing; for I walked. My bed cost me nothing, for I carried it on my back and pitched it on the ground. As for meals, a mountaineer wouldn't think of letting a stranger afoot pay him for hospitality, though he had but a crust of bread to share. The latchstring of the mountaineer is always out, not alone in the Balkans but in any part of the world."

There were Young Turks in Constantinople who talked of a New Turkey, and Young Russians (*Continued on page 155*)



China



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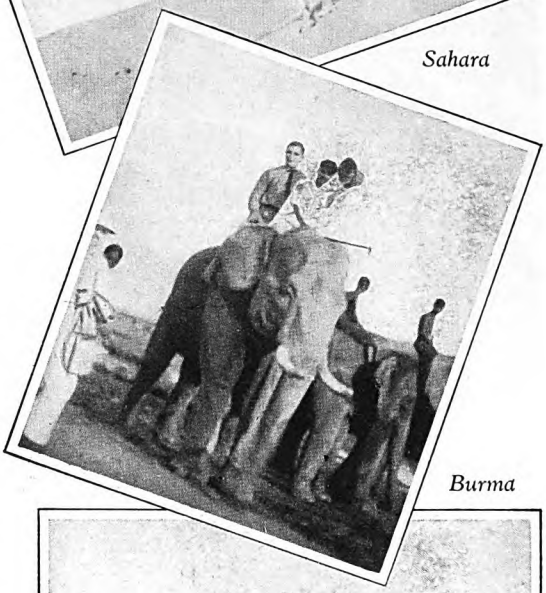

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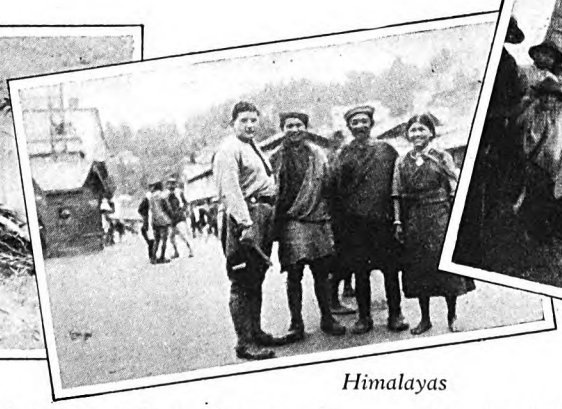

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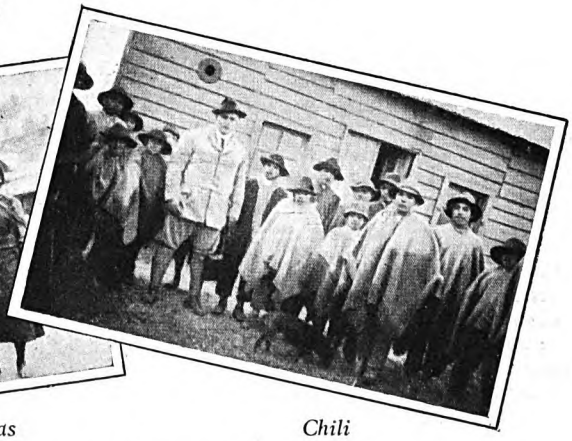

Chili

Snapshots taken of Doctor Dorizas on his various trips to out-of-the-way places

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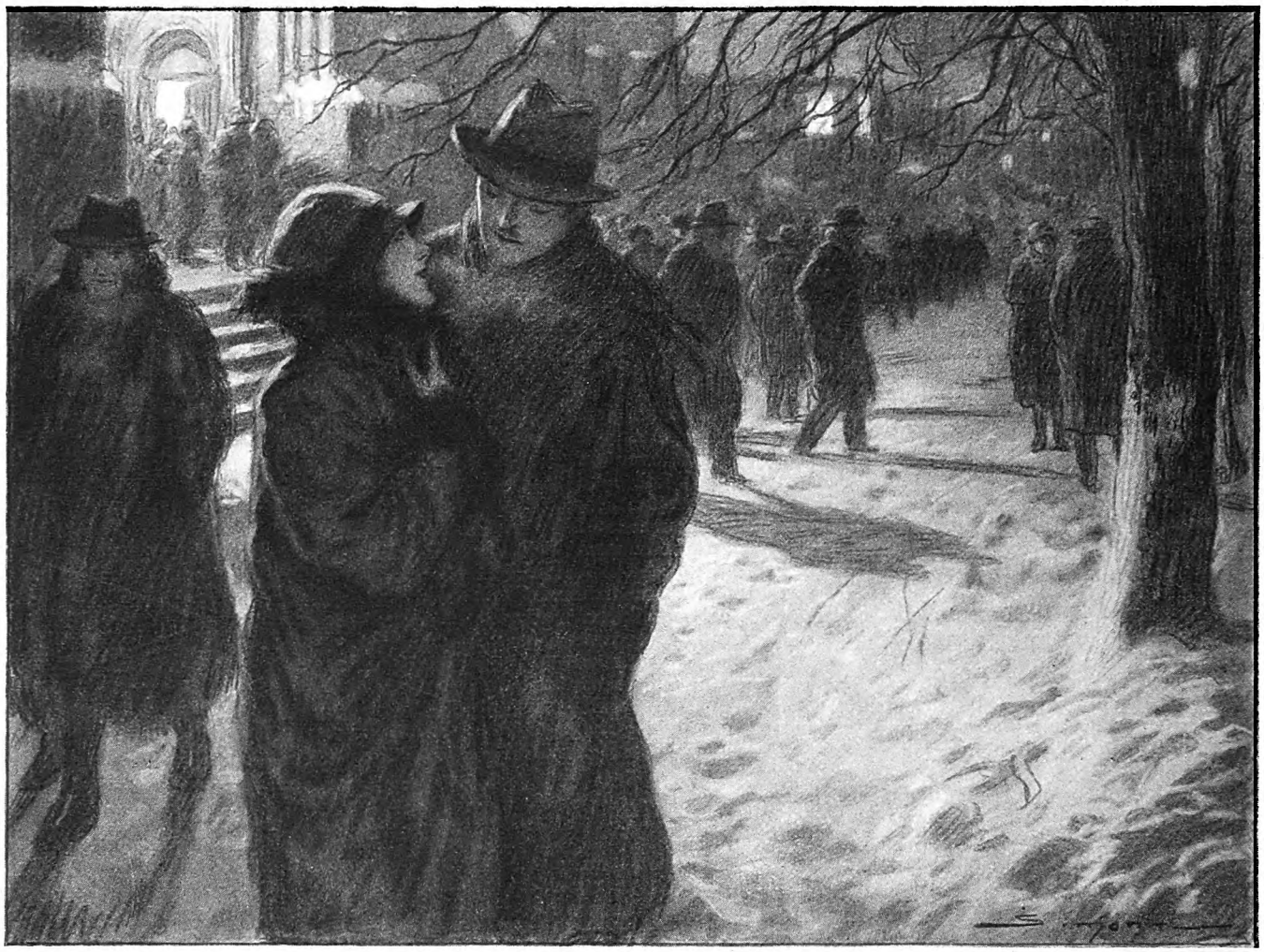

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year—"

NOËL

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING'S story of a woman who had the Christmas spirit in her heart but found it not so easy to put it into practice

Illustrated by
JOSEPH SIMONT

IT WAS the first hour of Christmas, and the church was packed to its doors for the midnight service. Devout people, weary ones, those in search of a childhood memory, and unaccustomed onlookers, sat shoulder to shoulder in the oaken pews. Great, loose-leaved poinsettias flared on the altar among the candles, and the fresh scent of pine came from a grove of small spruce trees in which the *crèche*, with its plaster images of the nativity, had been placed. The voices of the choir rose high, with an almost unearthly sweetness, caroling.

Young Doctor Knight and his wife sat stiffly wedged together. They were mercilessly tired, and this hour of relief from activity was making them realize their exhaustion. But they always came to the midnight mass on Christmas Eve. "Always" meant five years to the Knights. Five years ago they had been here, Mary with a great bunch of violets tucked inside her coat and wearing the excited, conscious look of the bride. They had been married just a month on that first Christmas.

Now, after five years, they had left three children sleeping at home and their tired young shoulders leaned toward each other in common support. Mary's hat was a little awry and the doctor needed a shave. But they had been too hurried to bother much about how they looked.

The boxes to the out-of-town relatives were gone. No more standing in line before parcel-post windows. The shopping was done at last, that difficult, skillful shopping which meant spreading a little money so far that there would be a gift for each of the relatives and the children would have full stockings.

All the parcels were wrapped. The lights were on the tree. The Christmas candy was made and the chocolates dipped. The turkey was stuffed. It had cost an appalling amount, and Mary knew what planning it was going to take to keep next month's meat bill down so that the extravagance of nine dollars for a Christmas turkey might be appeased. It was going to take planning in all directions

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The tears came to Mary's eyes as she thought of that first Mother and her Child in whose honor this day had been set aside

to work in the Christmas bills. But there were chestnuts in the stuffing. Francis liked it that way. Everything was in order, and Christmas had really begun in joy and reverence.

The choir chanted it, the scent of the pine and incense mingled, the bell on the altar rang sweetly, and Mary and Francis knelt together. The doctor moved as if he roused himself, and, looking at her husband's face, Mary noted with pity the way fatigue dragged at it, lined it. He must get some sleep in the morning, and yet the children couldn't be hushed too much on Christmas morning.

Her double responsibility for his tiredness and the children's pleasure set her to planning how she would work it out. Christmas must be a perfect day for all of them. She was glad that they were beginning it like this. Her heart lifted with exaltation and peace, and for a moment she forgot how her weary nerves and muscles ached.

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Outside it was clear and white and cold. People moving away from the church in steady lines of black figures called "Merry Christmas" to one another, and added that it would be twenty-five below before morning. Automobiles started reluctantly, their chilled engines numbed by two hours of the steady cold. Mary, pulling her coat around her closely—there were no violets under it tonight—hurried with her husband to their little enclosed car.

"I hope we aren't going to have any trouble getting started," she said. "Merry Christmas, Frank!"

He drew her arm through his own, returning her greeting affectionately.

"Beautiful night, isn't it? I guess she'll start all right. But it's certainly getting much colder."

Mary shivered against him while he pressed his foot on the starter.

"Now we'll see what the old car's made of."

The engine whirred, sprang to life, died, jumped again, turned over steadily at last.

The stars shone bright, as they should, and the snow crystals sparkled. A carol hummed in Mary's head. Two more miles and they'd be home and warm, with this beauty behind them and the children's fun ahead. But the car was making a great deal of noise.

"Aren't you running in second?" she asked Francis.

"First. I can't shift. She's cold."

The engine stormed and rattled for a few more blocks.

Frank made a valiant effort with the gear shift, and pushed it into second.

"I don't like that rattle."

Neither of them liked it. Something loose, something broken—an ominous sound, getting steadily worse.

He stopped and pulled on his brakes, and they glanced disconsolately at each other.

"We'll have to leave it and have it towed," said Mary unhappily.

BOTH of them knew what that meant: Ten dollars unexpected expense for towing the car into the garage, where something serious might be found wrong with it. The thought ground on the nerves of them both as Francis turned the wheels of the car into the curb and they abandoned it.

"The street car runs along, one block over there," he said. "Come on."

"You suppose there will be a car?"

"We can try. If not, we can call a taxi."

"Oh, Frank, we mustn't. It can't be more than a mile."

"Pretty cold for a stroll," he answered, trying to be amused, and failing.

She knew how cold it was. That still kind of cold that puts you off your guard because it is so windless, but numbs you slowly, parches your lips as you breathe.

"There must be a garage or drug store open to telephone from."

"Morks' will be. But that's only three blocks from home. Oh, let's not talk, Frank. Let's hurry! If we walk, a street car will probably catch up with us."

They started, bracing their weariness against the first few blocks, which were uphill. Mary faced ahead stoutly, then turned and tried to walk backward. She could feel her fingers aching already through the tips of her gloves. It hurt so

All the jocosity of Mr. Knight could not remove that trace of something that wasn't quite rancor but more like acute disappointment, which was tearing at them all

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she tried not to think of it. Such a beginning for Christmas!

No street car came. There was no sound except the crunching of their tired feet. It seemed a month of effort before they were at last within their own hallway, their faces red and distorted and a white patch on one of Mary's cheeks. Frank put snow on it.

"Poor old girl," he said, patting the frostbitten cheek.

"Oh, that's all right. It's the car and you. How are you going to manage your calls in the morning? Do you suppose it has anything really wrong with it?"

"Probably just needs thawing out. I'll telephone a wrecker now."

SHE heard him telephone the city for a wrecker while she was turning down his bed, and shook her head at the clock, which pointed reproachfully to three o'clock. In about three hours the children would be awake. Mary went in and softly adjusted the covers of the cribs. If only they'd sleep just a little longer than usual. Just long enough so her head would stop swimming and her eyes wouldn't feel as if someone were trying to push them back in her head.

At half-past three the house was silent. The stockings, bountifully filled, hung from the mantel of the living-room. The Christmas tree rustled imperceptibly as stray needles dropped from its branches to the red crêpe tissue paper laid at its base. Mary sat up in bed, and remembered that she had forgotten to put the candy canes on the trees—and she had promised Betty that there would be candy canes. Stealthily she wrapped her bathrobe around her and went down to hang three striped canes from the branches. Francis did not hear her go nor come back so wearily, her mind a churn of duties accomplished and duties to be started in the morning, her body too tired to relax into sleep.

The children woke relentlessly at six o'clock. Mary managed to keep them in bed until seven; but no longer. She woke Francis then. He was even more in need of a shave, and in his dressing-gown looked unkempt and haggard. But he lit the fire and the excitement began. It was a perfect picture of a family on Christmas morning, with Betty pulling a horn out of her stocking and Peter beating a drum, and the tree glittering in the corner with dozens of lights.

Pictorially, it was quite as it should be; but the picture of course blurred some details. The children were inclined to quarrel over possessions and difficult to interest in breakfast. The living-room was strewn with blocks and small toys within five minutes, and Mary found herself picking things up so that they wouldn't be stepped on, and then picking them up again.

But at last they all gathered at the table, Cathy, the baby, in her high chair beside her mother, and the general-housework maid serving in her usual careless manner. Jennie was not a good maid, but she was the best one Mary could afford, and she liked the children.

"We'll have dinner sharp at one, Frank," said Mary, "so that Jennie can go out. I promised her she'd be through by three-thirty. Have you a busy morning?"

"There's a lot of measles on the West Side," said Frank, "and I promised Allerby that I'd see what was on his list this morning. He's not going to make many calls today."

Mary said she supposed not. She had a grievance against this older doctor, who worked his assistant as Francis was worked, and showed no sign of giving him more recognition or more money.

"I suppose Doctor Allerby intends to spend Christmas with his family," she remarked, with just a trace of verbal acid. "Or possibly Mrs. Allerby's entertaining."

Francis looked at his wife quizzically, as if he knew perfectly what was going on in her mind, and used the customary defense:

"He's been through the mill, Mary. Don't forget that. He's reached a position now where he doesn't have to do the things younger doctors must do."

"I know. But it seems to me that, in justice—"

She remembered that it was Christmas, and broke off, torn between justice and good will to all men, even elder doctors. Francis grinned.

"Allerby intends to treat me all right, Mary. I'm sure of that."

"I wish I were."

"Well, you wait, old girl!"

"I do wait—but you get so tired with all he puts on you, and you won't push yourself, Frank."

"WHEN are we going to have the presents?" asked the doctor, with seeming irrelevance.

He didn't mean the children's early morning ones, but the family gift-giving, which was held around the Christmas tree after the relatives had gathered.

"After dinner. That's another reason for having it on time. You know how the children act later in the afternoon, and the baby will have to be put to bed as soon as it's over. You won't be late, will you?"

"You bet not! How do you feel this morning? Worn out after that walk?"

She shook her head bravely. Christmas was no time to confess to aching legs.

"I guess I'd better call up and see if the car's thawed out. If it is, I'll have them bring it around. It will cost a dollar more, but save me an hour."

"I'd do that. And I must get at the salad. Betty, you and Peter go (*Continued on page 150*)

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To get thoroughly married takes

Time *and* Trouble

Says JUDGE RAYMOND MACNEILLE, who has heard thousands of domestic quarrels

By SHERMAN GWINN

ON a narrow, humble little Philadelphia street lived John and Anna Peters and their seven children. A shabby street, where every two-story red brick house was exactly like its neighbor; where of afternoons after school the air was filled with the din of playing urchins, and pennies meant what dollars do to most.

Peters I've called them, John and Anna Peters: it wouldn't be right to tell their real name, though it stands opposite the record of one of the strangest domestic dramas ever staged in an American court. John was a good workman, industrious, steady, and a kindly father—when he didn't drink. Anna washed, cooked, mended, cleaned. Handy with a needle, she sat up late to make her own and the children's clothes and little things for the house. It was a poor house, but it was home and Anna took pride in it. She had the spirit of sacrifice.

The Peterses came into Judge Raymond MacNeille's court one winter morning three years or more ago. Anna had never been in court before and knew nothing of judicial dignity and rules of evidence. All she knew was that the kindly, sympathetic man before her was the judge, and that somehow he seemed also to be her friend. She was in court to fight for her children and her home. And to give her courage she had brought the children with her.

"Can't you and John get along, Anna?" asked the judge. "You say he drinks, neglects his family, and beats you. Tell me all about it."

Anna's pale, thin face flushed a little. The children edged closer, clinging to her work-worn hands. John, the defendant, stood by with bowed head.

"Judge," Anna began, "drink is his curse. First along I forgave him, for he is a good man when he hasn't whisky; and he didn't drink so much then. But with each year he got worse. Drink made a fool of him. I begged him on my knees to let it alone, if not for my sake, for the children's; but he beat me and got drunk again. I prayed, Judge, for you see I have these little ones. I'm not here for myself but for them." Her voice rose tremulously. "For fifteen years I've taken his abuse without a whimper. I've gone without food. I've kept it from the neighbors out of shame. But I can't stand it any longer! For the sake of the babies, Judge, I've come to you because they told me you'd protect us and make John do right."

The reassuring, friendly voice of the judge broke the dead silence. "Yes, we will protect you," he said. "My investigators have looked into your charge and tell me it is true. Furthermore, Anna, they tell me you're a good woman, that you've suffered unjustly. I'm going to let *you* sit in judgment over your husband! I am going to let *you* impose the sentence!"

The woman's eyes lighted. "Do you mean that, Judge?"

"Every word of it," he declared. "This man has acted like a brute. He deserves no mercy, for he has given none. When his kind comes before me I'm sorry the law has done away with whipping posts—I'd like to give him a taste of his own medicine. But we still have jails and stone piles. Anna, his sentence is up to you. You are the one he has most wronged!"

John turned white. "Anna, Anna, please!" he cried. "I won't touch another drop! I won't do anything wrong again! Anna, don't be hard on me!"

"Silence!" directed the court. "Your wife is your judge."

Anna's jaw squared.

"The wrong has been done," she reminded her husband. "I begged you, as you now beg me, not once but a thousand times, and you didn't listen. Fifteen years it's been! I think you ought to have a year in jail! No, two years wouldn't be too much!"

"You are the judge," repeated the court. "Go on."

"Anna, please!" wailed the man, in utter terror.

"Come to think of it," snapped Anna, grim as a sphinx, "a life term wouldn't be too good for you. Fifteen years, Judge, fifteen! And I've never whimpered! That's a long time and this is my chance. Life imprisonment wouldn't be too much!"

JOHN collapsed in a chair. "I've never been in jail," he gasped. "Judge, don't send me there now! I'll do right from now on, so help me God!" He appealed to his wife: "Anna, so help me God, I'll do right!"

"Your plea comes too late," pronounced Judge MacNeille sternly. "The sentence is that you, John Peters, shall be confined for the remainder of your natural life in—"

The children were crying. John was crying. Suddenly the grimness left Anna's face.

"I'll take it back, Judge!" she cried. "I can't send him away! I take it back!"

"But you've already passed sentence," reminded the court. "That sentence is for life."

"No, no, Judge! I was carried away before I thought. I don't want him sent to jail. The best I could earn would be sixty-five cents a day. I can't bring up these young children on that. I can't, Judge. It wouldn't be fair. I don't want to break up our home!"

Judge MacNeille smiled. "Neither do I, Anna," he said kindlily. "It's our business to mend broken homes, not to break them up. I think we can mend yours. You are still the judge. What shall it be—sentence suspended?"

"Yes, Judge. Sentence suspended. I believe he'll do right."

"I will," pledged John earnestly.

Ten minutes later John and Anna Peters left the courtroom arm in arm. Three years and more have passed—John and Anna have not appeared in court again. Not long ago a court officer who visited them added to the record of their case:

"Settled. Doing well."

THE big thing that strikes you about Judge MacNeille is that he is human, alive, and knows people. Especially does he know the hearts of people—the boy in trouble, the wayward girl, the struggling mother, and the poor man bucking adversity.

"Justice costs too much for the poor," he once declared. "I'm going to make it free."

He did make it free by establishing in Philadelphia the "Poor Man's Court," wherein judge and attendants alike give their time and service, and justice may be had for the asking. It is a court of law, but more a court of reason. MacNeille puts reason first!

In a civil suit which came before him some years ago the right or wrong of the contention centered about the material constituting the roof of a building. One set of witnesses swore the roof was copper. The opposing witnesses swore the roof was tin. The law expected MacNeille to direct a verdict on that evidence. Instead he adjourned court, went to the building, borrowed a ladder and himself climbed up to the eaves. The roof was neither tin nor copper! It was composed of tar paper!

Judge MacNeille is only forty-nine. Yet during the fourteen years he has been on the bench in Philadelphia courts he has heard approximately 150,000 cases dealing primarily and fundamentally with the ups and downs of the American family. Many of these cases have come to him in the Domestic Relations Branch of the

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Municipal Court, of which he was the president judge, others in the Juvenile Branch of the same court, still others in the Poor Man's Court, which he founded five years ago; and in 1927 he began sitting as a judge in the Court of Common Pleas. In a single week he has heard as high as seven hundred actions, which is a record probably unequaled by any other American judge. He has reunited hundreds of homes.

A home mender! For three hours, the other day, I had Judge MacNeille talk to me about the home—of those things which most tend to make it happy, and of those which most endanger it. I had him talk of boys and girls, and of parents, and of his experiences in the Poor Man's Court—in the terms of actual cases handled, raw from the bin of life.

HE WAS born down in the neighborhood of Seventh and South streets, Philadelphia, which to anybody who knows Philadelphia will speak volumes. The Ghetto, with all its terrible congestion, poverty, and naked misery was on one side of him; "Little Italy" was on the other. He was reared "down-town," where blocks are filled with dingy courts that in turn hold dingier courts, and environment has a chance to do its worst. He was the leader of his gang of boys.

One day the letter carrier stopped in the furniture store conducted by MacNeille's father to announce that he wasn't going to carry any more mail.

"I'm a lawyer now," he said proudly. "Word came this morning that I passed the state examinations."

"But how did you ever find time to study law?" demanded Father MacNeille. "You have a job and a family."

Young Raymond awaited the answer open-mouthed. The letter carrier was one of his particular heroes.

"I studied when I wasn't carrying mail," the carrier explained. "A lawyer is a friend of mine. He helped me and loaned me books. I'm going into his office."

"You've done a great thing," pronounced Father MacNeille. "That's the kind of man I'd like my boy to be."

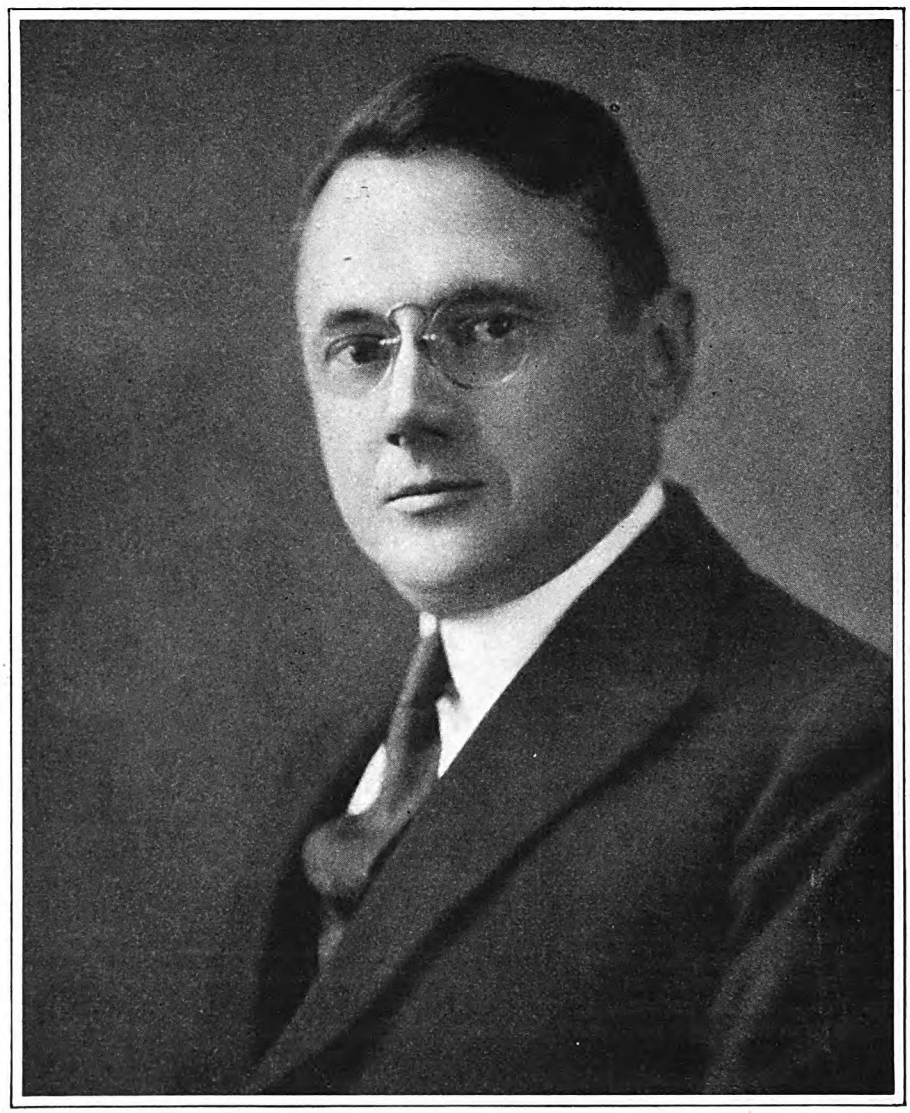
Judge MacNeille smiled as he told me this. "From that day," he said, "I resolved to become a lawyer."

He went on:

"I played lawyer among the boys. When disputes arose in the gang I jumped in to settle them if I could. I persuaded the boys to 'talk it out' rather than fight, for a fist fight usually leads to more trouble. However, if talk failed I refereed the battle. My ambition grew when I got into high school and studied subjects dealing with courts and government, and with this bent of mind I naturally became more interested in the troubles of folks than most boys or young men do. I was surprised at the number of troubles that had their beginning in the home.

"As to myself, I had a good home. I was under the influence of a soundly-thinking father and good mother. They didn't spoil me, but neither did they jail me up within a stone wall of 'don'ts.' Old-fashioned, church-going folks they were, but they understood boys. Their science of child rearing was common sense and reason.

"I believe it was the contrast between my own home and the homes of many of the boys I knew that crystallized my interest in the family life of youngsters. And I made a discovery: That good homes in the sense of homes that are good for the boy seldom turn out criminals and ne'er-do-wells, no matter what their neighborhood.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WM. SHEWELL ELLIS, PHILA.

Judge Raymond MacNeille is one of Philadelphia's most noted jurists. For some years he was the president judge of the Philadelphia Municipal Court, and five years ago he founded the "Poor Man's Court," where justice is administered free. Judge MacNeille was born in Philadelphia forty-nine years ago

"LATER, when I studied law in the office of an old friend, he hammered a mighty valuable precept into me.

"'Dig down to the root of the trouble,' he'd advise. 'Don't let the branches fool you, but dig to the root!'

"Adherence to that advice as a young lawyer showed me that the biggest mountain of trouble invariably has a mole-hill beginning. Today, after having sat as the judge in tens of thousands of cases, I can say with certainty that that is truer of the home than of any other place wherein trouble generates."

When the Municipal Court was formed in Philadelphia in 1914 Judge MacNeille was one of the original ten appointed to its bench. The court set a precedent in American jurisprudence. It didn't want masses of evidence. It sought the truth.

"Briefly, here is the court's procedure," Judge MacNeille explained: "When a case is listed actual hearing of it is deferred for a week. Impartial investigators of the court then go out and in unobtrusive ways interview neighbors, friends, and relatives of the contending parties. Their report is before the judge for his guidance when the case comes up in court. That report contains facts.

"Take an example:

"In one of my earlier cases a woman charged her husband with desertion and demanded support for herself and four children.

"'He makes forty dollars a week,' she testified.

"'Judge, I only make twenty dollars,' protested the husband. 'I have an affidavit from my employer to prove it.'

"He presented the affidavit. It seemed conclusive evidence, and would have been under the old methods. Our investigator, however, did more than talk with the man's employer. He went back over the pay roll for a *year* and discovered that the average pay of the husband had been thirty-eight dollars weekly. The reduction in pay to twenty dollars had been made after his wife had started action, and at the man's own request!

"Even honest testimony is fallible. In another action, (*Continued on page 145*)

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I Wish I Were Somebody *Else*

By H. I. PHILLIPS

IT MUST be great to be a skywriter,
Or a subway,
Or an admiral,
Or a home-run king.
Or "Lindy,"
Or a male quartet,
Or what have you?

At least, that's the way it strikes me. Maybe it's indigestion, or the weather, or a lack of exercise. I dunno. All I know is that more than half the time I'm wishing I were some other fellow. In fact, I am often selfish enough to want to be two other fellows.

It's all wrong, of course, for it amounts to a form of envy; and envy is a thing with which no man should be caught on a bet. The truth is, you should pick out a goal, and go for it, never stopping to look at the other fellow unless the other fellow is a tackle. Most of my life, however, I have been running rapidly in all directions, which, perhaps, is why I have never got near enough to any goal line to tear up the posts.

There was a time when I thought I'd be a ventriloquist

Quick detachable ambitions have been the curse of my aching heart. I probably have one of the largest collections of slightly used and shopworn ambitions in the world.

One fine ambition in life is enough for any man. There ought to be a law prohibiting anybody from taking on more than two in a season. I've fished out as many as six in an afternoon. Many of them were undersized and should have been thrown back at once.

In fact, an ambition a day has often kept my contentment away.

Ever since I put on long pants and began to worry about food, clothes, and lodging, I have aspired to be one thing today and another tomorrow. Now it has become a habit. One day I think I should like to be like Thomas Edison; and the next day I think I should prefer to be the Four Marx Brothers. Monday morning may find me wishing I were Charles Schwab, the steel magnate, and Tuesday noon may see me peeved because I am not in the galoshes of Flo Ziegfeld, the well-known glorifier.

Yesterday I was in a blue funk all day. I couldn't make out why. It wasn't until late in the day that I suddenly realized what was wrong with me. The trouble was I had read that morning a statement of the earnings from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and was miserable because I couldn't write a book like Anita Loos. Tomorrow I may be in distress over the thought that I can never be like Nicholas Murray Butler, and day after tomorrow I may feel all's wrong with the world because I failed to pick the goal steadfastly aimed at by Gene Tunney.

I'd see a doctor about it if I didn't know there were so many people in the same boat with me. Wanting to be some other fellow is a pretty universal characteristic.

Sailors want to be park superintendents, and park superintendents want to be sailors. Miners want to be mountain climbers, and mountain climbers want to be miners. All tenors yearn to sing bass. Many a hard-headed captain of industry secretly wishes he could make as much money giving dancing exhibitions in a night club. The country is full of poets who would leap at a chance to be prosperous pork packers. Every subway worker would like to be pilot of the airplane mail.

There are reports that Eugene Tunney, heavyweight champion of the world, would really rather be a professor of English, if he could get two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year at the job. There are few professors of English who wouldn't change places with Tunney at the price. President Coolidge has admitted that his ambition for many years was to be a country storekeeper. Mayor James Walker of New York would like to be a great song writer.

A few days ago the proprietor of a garage and automobile service station where I had been keeping my flivver called me into his office, closed the door, and, hauling several manuscripts out of the safe, confessed that he wanted to write for the fiction magazines, and would I look over the stories and tell him where to send them.

It's a good thing there are no fairies wandering around with magic wands in their hands looking for work these days. They'd be mobbed by the rush of business!

Suppose one fine day I heard a flutter over beside the square piano and, turning, beheld a good fairy who pulled her union card on me, and spoke somewhat as follows:

"Now, don't be nervous. I'm just dropping around to call on the trade and take weekly orders. I've got a new wand here and I'm crazy to try it out. Would you like to be turned into somebody else?"

"Certainly, I want to be somebody else," I'd say. "Take a chair and make yourself comfortable. What's been detaining you? I've always wanted to be somebody else."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" suppose the good fairy would exclaim, as she began to strop her new wand.

"Wait a minute!" I'd cry. "Not so fast, G. F. If I tell you to go ahead and make me Senator Borah, do I have to stay that way?"

"Oh, yes; for quite some time, anyway," the good fairy might answer.

"Then it's all off," I know I'd reply. "At this precise moment I want to be Senator Borah; but tomorrow morning I might regard it as a great mistake and want to be the President of Mexico. No, lady, I can't give you any new business today. Try the fellow in the apartment next door. He's another silly goof who looks awfully unstable and restless."

You see, I'm too fickle. My idols have been at best "Good for only thirty days."

IF ALL the idols of my boyhood could be mobilized at one time, they would constitute a big parade, which would take several hours to pass any given point. There's hardly a career I haven't aspired to follow.

My first ambition in life, as nearly as I can remember, was to raise a goatee, let my hair grow long, and have my own Wild West Show and Congress of Nations. This came with my first glimpse of Buffalo Bill. Between that time and today, I have thought I'd like to be about everything, from a vaudeville hoofer to an evangelist.

I once resolved to be a ventriloquist, and spent many hours of practice in the attic asking myself in a loud voice, "Well,

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Charlie, how are you today?" And then answering myself through nearly set lips: "I'm pretty well. How are you?" I finally got so I could call to my imaginary partner down in the cellar, "Are you down there, Charlie?" and squeak with slightly twisted mouth a distant, "Yes, boss, I'm down here, and it's mighty cold," to the amazement of schoolmates, all of whom agreed it would be wonderful, if my Adam's apple didn't move so much.

Another time, I determined upon a career as a "lightning illustrator" in vaudeville. The idea being that some beautiful woman would sing a dramatic song about some battle, election, horse race, or social reform, while I would draw an appropriate picture in colors on a huge canvas, putting on the final stroke just as she concluded.

This notion fastened itself upon me after seeing an actor, one George Parsons, a well-known "variety" man of the era, do this stunt in Poli's Bijou Theatre. I was further intrigued by the fact that at one time Parsons had been a sign painter employed by my father, and had taught me as an infant to draw marine studies on a smoked plate. The plates were then shellacked and put on easels atop the square pianos of the day as supposedly artistic bric-à-brac. They were quite the thing in the era when every American home had at least one table made of spools.

FOR a period of several years, I thought it would be perfectly grand to follow in the footsteps of William Jennings Bryan, become a boy orator, stampede a convention or two, and always be mentioned as a Presidential possibility. Then, a few weeks later, I had about made up my mind to become the best snare drummer in town, like Dick Miller.

Between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, I determined at various times to become a press agent for a circus, a cartoonist, a buck-and-wing dancer, an actor, a prosecuting attorney, a druggist, a mortician, a hotel proprietor, an amusement park owner, a livery-stable owner, the boy wizard of a mail-order business, and a city politician.

I might as well confess all: I once wanted to be a floorwalker. I had a job in a local department store as a bundle boy, and my first glimpse of its floorwalker settled it; his was the grand manner. He had a walk that was nothing short of a work of art.

A little later, I thought something of becoming a saloon proprietor. It seemed to me that nearly everybody of affluence and standing in our town owned a saloon. There were about five to a block then, and some of our citizens used to think that the reformers were unreasonable whenever they would launch a campaign to limit bars to a half dozen per block, keep them from within two hundred feet of a church, college, or government building, and make them close all Sundays.

A career as a lightning illustrator in vaudeville once seemed the Big Thing, of course with a singing partner

When I first went to work, I had a notion that I would save enough money to open a bar somewhere near the center of town. I even used to think up names for it. I remember that I finally settled on "Albermarle Café" for no reason in particular, and pictured the big glass windows with the gilt letters:

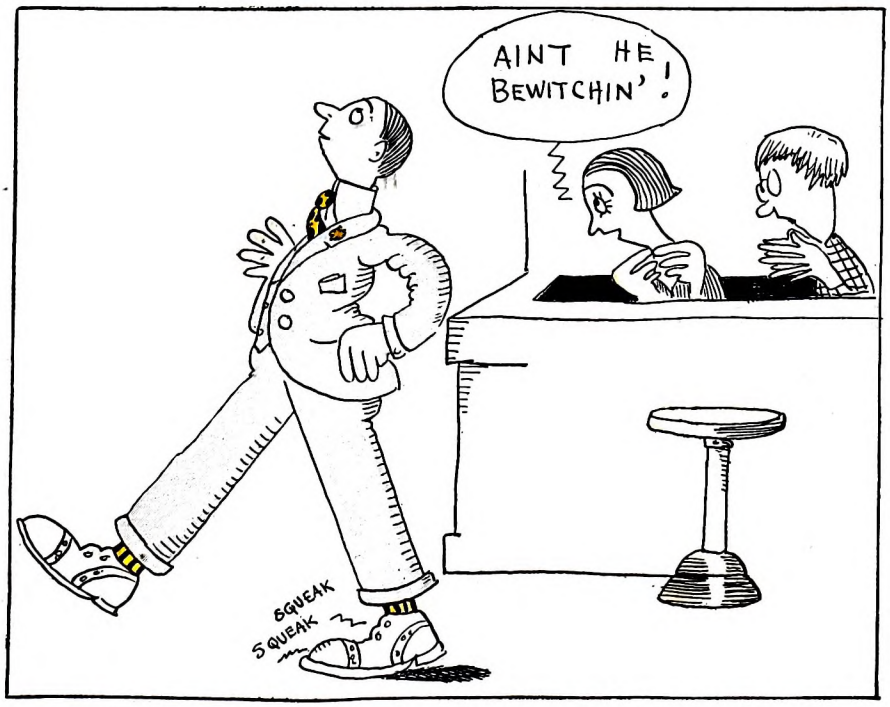
THE ALBERMARLE CAFÉ
H. I. Phillips, Prop.
Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars
Try Our Free Lunch

This base ambition was kept a secret from my relatives and friends. After a time, I decided to keep my name off the windows and run it in the name of one of the bar boys. Ultimately, I grew more refined, gave up the idea of becoming a bar proprietor entirely, and considered a hotel as more respectable. I went so far as to go to work in a hotel, to "learn the business from the bottom up." But they put me too near the bottom.

IT WILL be appreciated that as a youth I did not hitch my wagon to a star. I traveled on roller skates instead of a wagon, anyhow.

I had no burning ideal, no flashing vision. All I wanted to do at that time was to get ahead. And I thought of getting ahead as arriving at a stage of affluence where I wouldn't have to get to work before eight o'clock, where I could work in my "Sunday clothes," and where I could wear one moderate-sized diamond in my shirtfront, and not be subject to any such crude threats as, "Hey, you! If you come in five minutes late again, I'll fire you!"

This picking of idols by the catch-as-catch-can system has been ever with me. Looking backward, I find that I was influenced in early youth largely by the impression made upon me by the outstanding local figures in my home town. I read as many circulars on (*Continued on page 76*)



Once I aspired to be a floorwalker in the Home-Town Department Store

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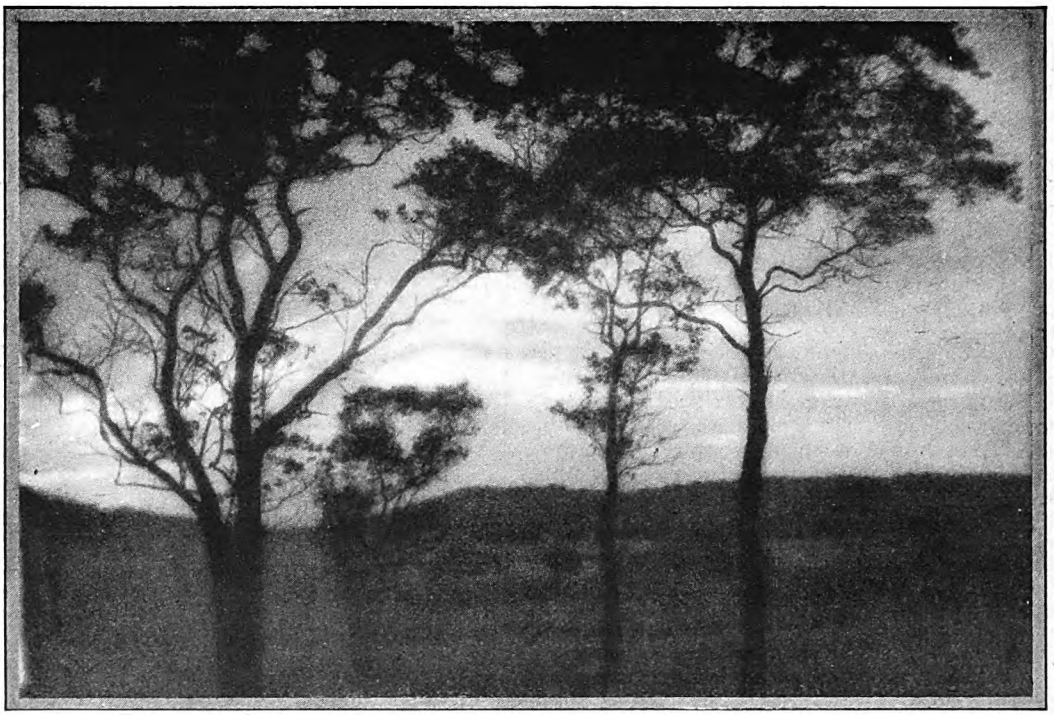
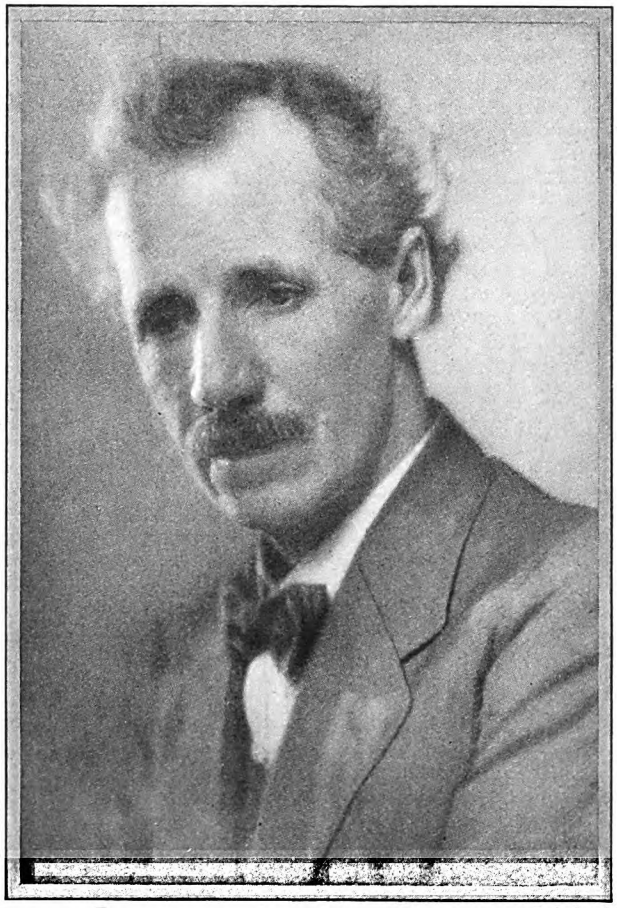


Trees at sunset

If Your Eye is Trained for Beauty You can See it Anywhere

By
EDWIN
P.
HICKS



J. H. Field, a photographer of Fayetteville, Arkansas, has won hundreds of prizes in national and international exhibitions. He was a carpenter, but his love for pictures lured him away from that trade. He made this portrait of himself

PRIZES in themselves don't mean much to me. The big thrill comes when they hang my pictures in the exhibits."

This is the way J. H. Field, a quiet little photographer in Fayetteville, Arkansas, feels about it. Already he has won more than three hundred photographic prizes in national and international exhibits and his name ranks high among the camera fraternity.

"When I won my first prize," he told me, "I knew practically nothing about photography; but I did know that I wanted to get away from the microscopic sharpness of the ordinary photograph. Softness, mystery, the intrigue of light and shade—these were the elusive qualities that I sought, and I worked away in my own crude fashion until I obtained them to a certain degree.

"One day a traveling salesman for photographic supplies dropped in and saw some of my pictures. He thought they were unusual and encouraged me to exhibit them at a photographers' convention to be held in Milwaukee.

"It was a big national photographers' association, and I was scared to death to send in my amateur efforts; but—nothing venture, nothing have.

"IMAGINE my surprise and delight when I was awarded second prize, a bronze medal, in my class. Later some magazines printed a few of my pictures and spoke flatteringly of their composition, their beautiful atmospheric effects, and their fine tone values. All this was so much Greek to me; so I bought some books on photography to find

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out what they were talking about.

"I was a carpenter by trade, and night after night, after my day's work of carpentering was done, I sat up and read them. And the more I read the more I hankered to give up my job as a carpenter and become a photographer.

"Finally I raked up enough money to pay my tuition in a photographer's gallery in Waupun, where I was then living. I learned a good many tricks of the trade, including developing, finishing, retouching. But my employer's methods of taking photographs were very antiquated. Two clasps were used on the victim, in order to secure the right pose—one behind the ears, the other about the neck. He was then commanded to "look pleasant." I put in a year's apprenticeship, then I worked for him for a few months at a dollar a day.

An American boy—one of Mr. Field's portrait studies

"BUT I wanted my own studio. I felt I could do better alone, and I was beginning to have vague ideas about the kind of photographs and pictures I wished to take. I found a photographer at Berlin, Wisconsin, who was willing to sell for six hundred dollars. I didn't have that much money, but I managed to borrow one hundred dollars one place, seventy-five dollars another, and so on until I had the whole amount.

"Of all years to begin, I picked out the panic year following the World's Fair in Chicago! Things were mighty close, and I was young, green, and tender. Sometimes I was nearly sick wondering how to pay the rent and the very small stock bills. But the tide turned. Business picked up. I managed to pay my debts and finally to save a little. However, up to this time I had been turning out nothing but just 'bread and butter' photographs.

"These didn't satisfy me at all. In fact, the ordinariness of my own photographs filled me with disgust and chagrin. There was nothing in them to arouse the imagination, and I knew I could do much better work.

"IT SO happened that I wasn't feeling any too well physically, and my doctor advised me to be in the open air as much as possible. As a boy, my taste ran to flowers and trees. I spent all my spare time in the woods and fields. So when the doctor told me to get out more, out I went; but this time my camera went with me.

"When I saw a bit of nature that appealed to me I would experiment with the camera. Instead, for instance, of shutting the lens down to the last notch, I used it wide open. I printed from the back of the glass negative and got a very soft effect. Sometimes I placed a piece of celluloid, or two or three, between the print paper and the negative. The results were quite pleasing. Occasionally I substituted a piece of tissue paper, or chiffon, or bolting cloth, maybe a combination of all three, in order to get the effect I was after. I have even jarred or kicked the tripod during a long exposure just at sunset, and got some

The fagot gatherer

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Morning work. A Field photograph that won high honors in European exhibits

beautiful results. However, I don't recommend this last method, because there is no certainty that you can give the correct kick or jar.

"In my small way I was striving to put 'feeling' into my pictures. And now and then I would turn out something that convinced me I was on the right track.

"There was no one in my small town who could help me with my work, so I bought more books and plugged along at them by myself.

"ONE day I attended the Photographers' Association Convention in Chicago, at which John Vanderpool, head of figure drawing at the Art Institute, was the principal speaker. Naturally, with the rest of the photographers, I had a little collection of pictures on display. Vanderpool, after viewing the various collections, took mine up to the platform with him. He said a lot of good things about my work and also pointed out a number of faults. But when he concluded his talk by telling his audience to 'Go home and make pictures like Mr. Field's,' I thought my cup of joy would overflow.

"After that marvelous incentive I settled down to business in earnest, and enrolled in a course with a New York painter. I got a great deal of good out of it. I have always been handicapped in not having had art instruction. All the big photographers know a lot about art. I can only 'feel' it out.

"I suppose at the bottom of what reputation I may have attained is my love for nature. Some people go into ecstasies over a handful of diamonds, but I find rarer beauty in the sun-kissed dewdrops on a spider web in early morning—nature's jewels. When I look into a mud puddle I don't see the mud. Instead, I see reflected in its depth the beautiful curves of some weeds or wild grasses growing over at one side, or the fluffiness of floating clouds overhead. I look for the sparkling high lights on its sun-flecked surface or for the sinuous line of dazzling silver found where water and damp earth meet. There may be seven-jeweled dragon flies darting back and forth above it, or graceful water spiders skimming over its copper-colored surface! Why look for mud? Then I try to photograph the things as I see them.

"MY FAVORITE time to be out snapping with my camera is in the early morning, when the mists soften the harsh outlines and give a lure and mystery to even the most ordinary subjects. A painter can give an illusion of atmosphere with color, but a photographer has to get his out of lights and shadows.

"Haven't you noticed how, in the half light, with all the multitudinous details blurred or hidden, you get a sense of space? Even ugly things take on a strange, eerie beauty; tall chimneys become campaniles, and warehouses palaces. Only the other day a friend mistook an early morning picture of a filling station for that of a Grecian temple. But a few minutes after the picture was taken the sun had arisen, and the shadows and mists that gave it so much beauty had faded; the bas-reliefs of the frieze which ran around the temple beneath the

"Nature's jewels," is Mr. Field's

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cornice had turned into an electric-light sign; the Parthenon top had been transformed into a peaked tile roof; the Doric columns were simply sturdy concrete posts; the gods and goddesses had become gasolene and oil pumps; the vestals were mechanics in greasy overalls —and a truck was squawking madly out in front for service.

"ONE of my pictures, which I call 'Ghosts of Summer,' won several prizes and is a general favorite. It is three gone-to-seed dandelions stuck in a peanut-butter jar. I secured my effects by turning a high-powered light upon the stems which glistened on the rims of the glass jar, and cast delicate fluffy shadows upon a light background. Another of my prize-winning pictures, and one of the best I ever took, was that of a pond which had been dug up by a farmer a week or so before, and which was only about fifty feet square. I focused my camera on the sun's rays in the mud, managing, at the same time, to pick up the high lights along the opposite edge. The result resembles the curve in a mighty river, the sunlight dancing and glistening upon its waves, with faint trees in the distance.

"Nearly every Sunday I'm out all day long, rain, shine, or snow; walking anywhere from five to thirty miles. Sometimes I lug my camera over my shoulder but often I leave it at home. I go out just for the joy of it, and browse around, picking out places that will make good pictures under the right conditions.

"But it is often hard to make time and conditions meet. An instant too soon, an instant too late may spoil a perfect photograph. There is a certain time when the light will be just right, when the shadows will lie just as you want them. If you are there *then*, you will get your picture. I make dozens and dozens of trips before I get the thing I'm after. Sometimes a cloud floats over the sun at the wrong time. This may mean days and days of delay, until conditions are just right again.

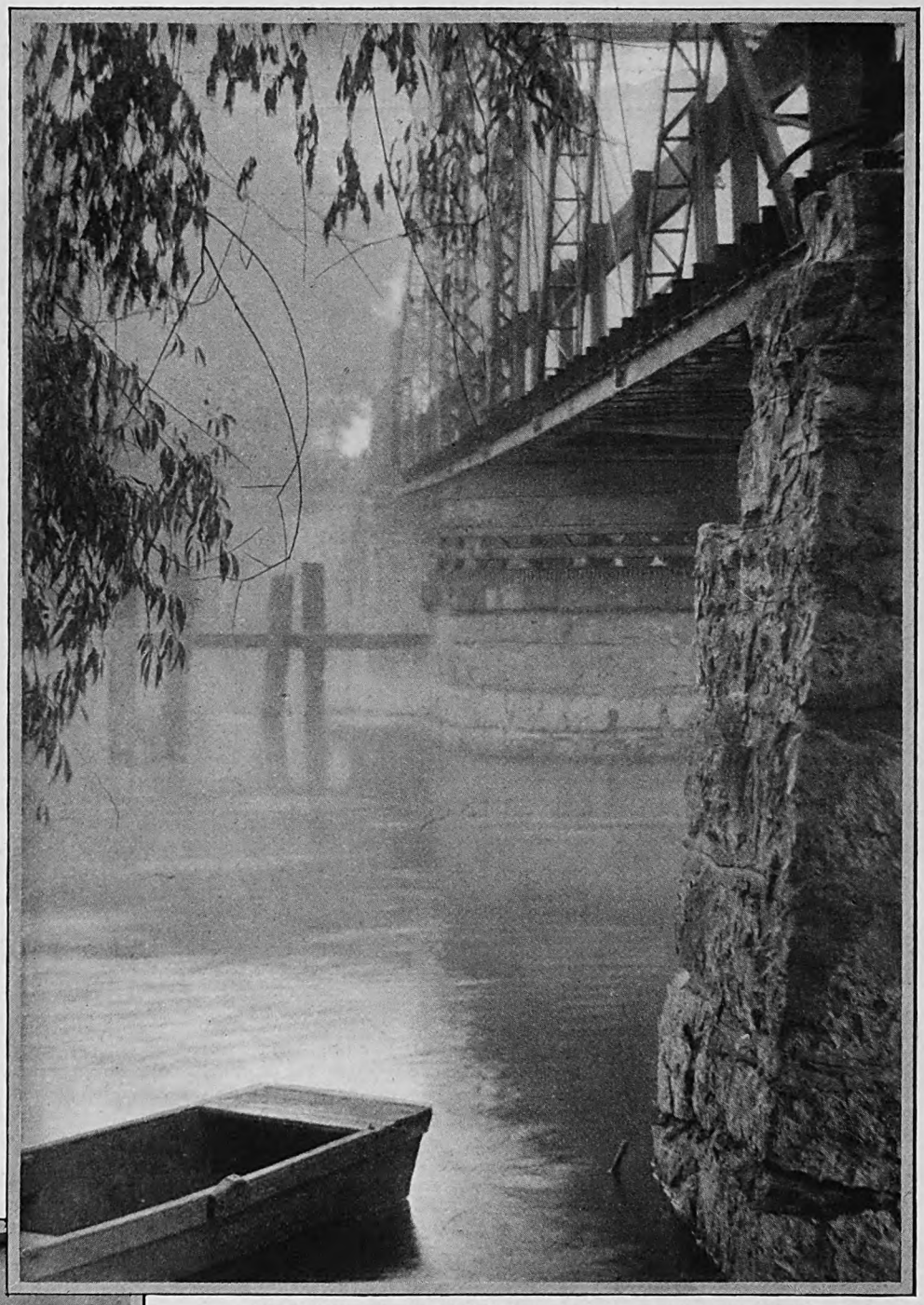
"For instance, while I still had my studio in Berlin, Wisconsin, I wanted to take a photograph of a landscape with trees, a marsh, and a certain cloud effect. The place I had in mind was two and a half miles out of town. Every time a cloud formed near the marsh I grabbed my camera and ran. I kept my weather eye out of my window for weeks.

"I made exactly thirteen trips, snapping a plate or two each time, before I got the right effect.

"Another time I had been out chasing a herd of cattle all one hot July morning, waiting for them to get stretched out into a line that would be a proper arrangement for my picture. Finally, about noon, they grouped themselves just the way I wanted them to.

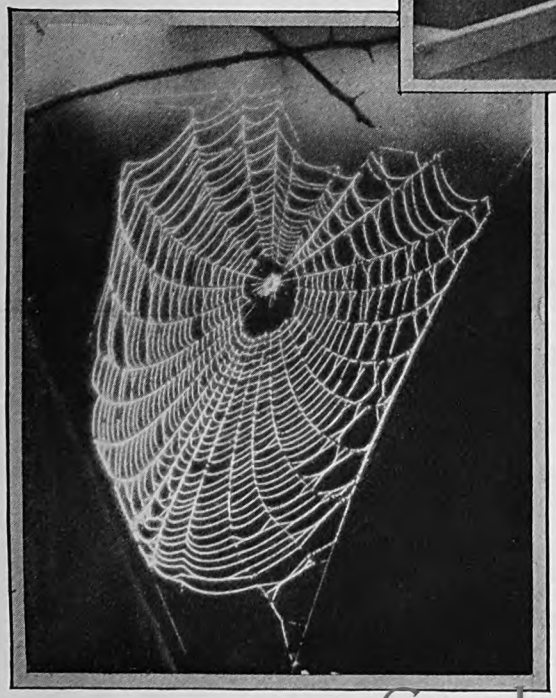
"While I was adjusting my camera, with my head beneath the cloth, a woman came running down over the hill crying and yelling at the top of her voice and frightened all the cows away. She hurried up to me, all out of breath, and panting, 'They won't hurt you at all. Don't mind them a bit.'

"That picture is still on the waiting list." (*The End*)



The bridge. Another Field photograph that won honors abroad

designation of these spider webs



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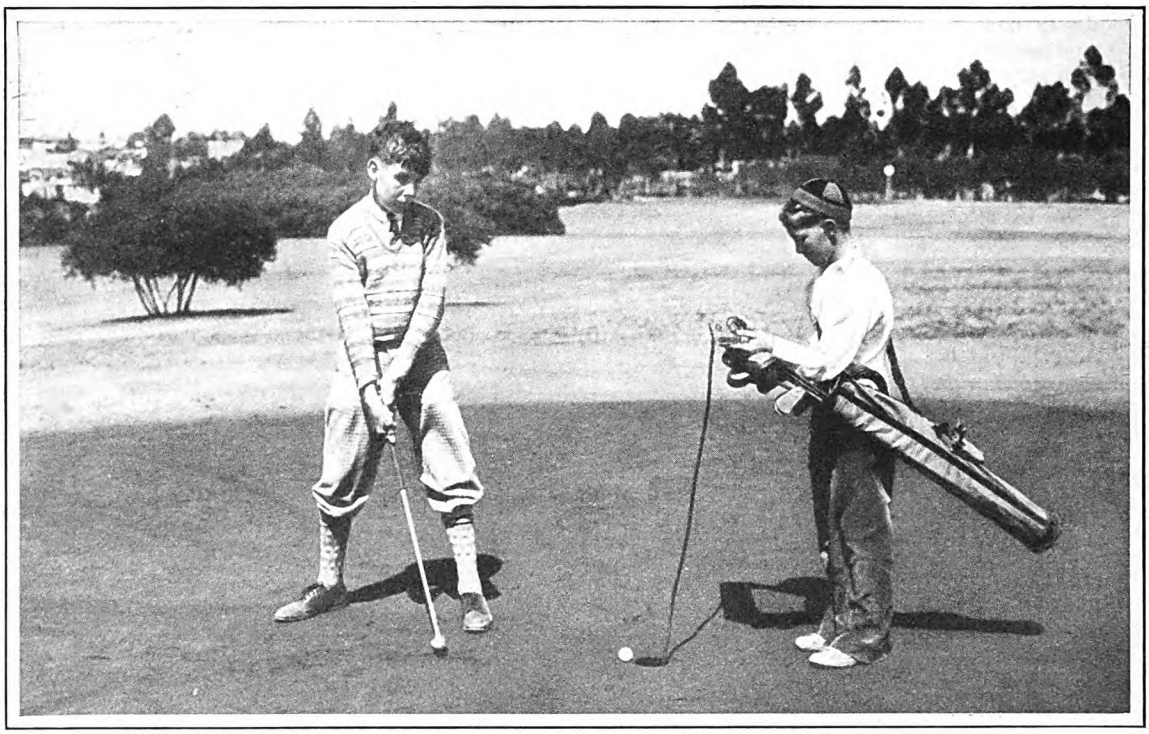

Barton Cooper, of San Diego, California, can't keep his "eye on the ball," but he plays excellent golf just the same

Not Even the Hazard of Blindness Can Beat This Boy Golfer

IF YOU have ever played golf, you know how much depends upon the accuracy of your eye and the skill with which you control your shots. If you have never played the game, you can get some notion of it by imagining yourself trying to drive a little ball from a starting place to a little hole from somewhere around one hundred and twenty-five to six hundred yards away. The idea is to get the ball to its destination with only three to five strokes.

You need perfect control of your muscles, the ability to judge exactly how far the ball will go if hit only so hard, and, especially, you need your eyes. Indeed, "Keep your eye on the ball" is one of the axioms of golf.

Yet one of the best players on the San Diego Municipal Golf Links in California is a blind boy thirteen years old. His name is Barton Cooper, and he is the son of Lieutenant W. S. Cooper of the United States Navy.

On the San Diego municipal course, an average golfer, under usual conditions, will knock the little white ball around the course and into all nine holes en route in somewhere between fifty and sixty strokes.

I saw Barton do it in forty-three, under the stimulus of showing off. This is only four strokes over par.

"If he ever gets it on the green"—the smoothed-off circular space around the hole—"you might as well concede him the hole in not more than two putts," a professional player at the links assured me. I saw him sink plenty of putts—and he never took more than two strokes. He has the caddy rattle the pin in the cup. From the sound, he gauges the direction, the distance, and the effort he must make in order not to overshoot the hole.

It is worth any golfer's while to watch Barton get ready for a long shot. First, he carefully tees up his ball. Next, he runs his hand down the length of his club, preparatory to setting the club head about an inch back of the tee. He is now ready to take his stance. At this point, his caddy "tells him the direction of the next hole" by placing his arm across the boy's chest and squaring his shoulders around until they are on a line with the hole. After Barton is all set, the caddy describes the slopes in the fairway and any hazards to be encountered.

Barton rarely hits over or under the ball. Sometimes, however, because the caddy has not been accurate in lining him up, he will drive the ball off at the wrong angle. After Barton has shot from the tee, the caddy locates the ball, leads the boy to it, and the two proceed to line up and start all over again.

Besides being a little more than an average golfer for his age—even if he had his eyesight—Barton is alert and active generally. He plays the piano, operates a typewriter, and is a sophomore in a high school for boys, where he meets exactly the same conditions and requirements as are met by boys with eyesight. At present, he is learning to swim.

"But I like golf better than anything," he told me. "I first played in the summer of 1925, when I was about ten. My father was playing a round with some friends. The sound of the clubs on the ball, and the whirr of the balls through the air thrilled me.

"One day I asked my father to let me try to 'sink a putt.' You know that is the short shot you make after you are on the green, or within at least fifteen feet of the cup—or hole. I don't believe Father thought I could do it; but he let me have the club. I asked the caddy to rattle the pin in the cup.

"I was accustomed to depending on sound for direction, so locating the cup was not as hard for me as you would think. I didn't know how hard to hit the ball in order to send it the right distance. I swung the club lightly to get the weight of it in my mind. Then I tapped the ball. My father seemed to get a big thrill out of it. I did, too, when he told me I had sunk the ball.

"From then on, I have been crazy about golf.

"The hard part came when I began trying to drive—to make the first long shots you take in trying to get from the tee, or starting point, down to the cup. My first drive was 175 yards."

The day I played with Barton—and he beat me—I saw Barton make a drive of around 200 yards.

After I had got acquainted with him and won his confidence, Barton told me

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why he likes to play golf so very much.

"Other boys can enjoy adventures," he said. "Golf is my adventure.

"The only trouble I have is that people are too kind to me. It is necessary, of course, for me to rely on my caddy a lot. On the long drives before I get to the green, he has to tell me in just what direction to drive and how far to drive. I am glad you saw that long drive I made a moment ago. Some find it hard to believe.

"My first caddy used to pick the ball up and carry it a few yards farther, just to encourage me. I didn't like that, because I want to make my scores honestly. When I found out he was doing this, I got another caddy. He felt sorry for me too. So now I have a caddy that I have checked up on. He makes me win every foot of the way, and you bet your life he doesn't roll the ball into the cup when it stops an inch or two short."

Barton was born in Alameda, California, thirteen years ago. Until he reached high school he went to a Braille school in Los Angeles. There he learned to use a typewriter and to read by the Braille system. He makes all his school notes on a Braille typewriter."

MAGNER WHITE

After Fifty Years of Waiting Margaret Mann's Dreams Came True

ONE lovely summer, fifty-five years ago, a little lassie sat perched on the sturdy shoulders of her father beside a village road in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. The child's heart beat excitedly, for she had come to watch the Queen pass by. Since early morning, she and her father had waited; and now at any moment Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, was due to drive through the village in her grand state carriage on her way to her summer castle at Balmoral.

It was a great day in the little Scotch girl's life. The Queen's benign face and her kindly manner as she acknowledged the greetings of her humble subjects made a profound impression on the child's mind.

And now, more than half a century later, the thousands of folks who love Margaret Mann in the "mother" rôles which she has made famous in motion pictures say that the stately actress looks like the late Queen Victoria. If you have seen Miss Mann in her latest success, "Four Sons," you can settle that question for yourself. At any rate, you will rejoice that this valiant-hearted woman has come into her own, at the age of fifty-nine, after years of poverty, bitter disappointment, and failure.

"We were very poor," she explained. "My father had a little factory in Aberdeen where he made carpet shoes—bedroom slippers, you call them here. He worked hard too, but it was almost impossible for him to support his large family, even though we lived in a small village outside of the larger town.

The door to movie fame opened for Margaret Mann when, at fifty-nine, she was given the rôle of the mother in "Four Sons"

"When I was nine years old, I had to leave school and make my own way. My father sent me to the farm of a cousin near our village. Here, I did all sorts of heavy work: I milked the cows, fed the pigs, and tended the sheep. And when it was necessary I took my place behind the plow. So far as I am able to see, all this hard work didn't hurt me a bit. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if my training in physical endurance in those days isn't the very thing that enables me to stand up under the strain of screen work now.

"As I grew older, I learned the dressmaking trade and managed to save up a little money. I soon decided to try my luck in a younger land, for there weren't many opportunities in Scotland in those days for a girl to get ahead. I bought a ticket for South Africa; I suppose because I knew less about that country than about any other. But it was a lucky thing for me that I went there, for it was in Johannesburg that I met the man who afterward became my husband."

After her marriage to James F. Smythe, a young accountant, Margaret continued her work as a dressmaker. Her husband earned a good salary; but there were many things to buy for the new home, and Margaret wanted to "help out." Two children came to them, a boy and a girl; but they both died while they were very young.

"After that," Miss Mann explained, "I didn't want to go on living in South Africa. I wanted to find new work to do—in a new country. It was hard on my husband when I asked him to give up a good job and risk the money we had both saved. But he wanted me to be happy, so we set sail for the United States."

The couple landed in Philadelphia, but they did not remain there long. They kept on clear across the continent to Washington State, where they lived for a number of years. Later, however, Mr. Smythe's work took him to San Diego, and the two set about building a new home in the California sun.

"While I was living in San Diego," she told me, "I was asked to impersonate Martha Washington in a pageant. I loved doing it. My friends were kind enough to say that I did it very well. Many persons, most of them strangers, suggested that I ought to go into motion-picture work. But that wasn't possible at the time.

"Five years later, however, Mr. Smythe was offered a position in Los Angeles. With only one photograph of myself, I started out walking from one studio to another. It wasn't a particularly encouraging pilgrimage. I was fifty years old then, and I don't believe I could have kept on trying if it hadn't been for my husband. I believe that any woman who goes to Hollywood with no income or with nobody to look after her is bound to meet failure. Extra work is precarious—even for the youngest and prettiest.

"One day a director discovered that I was what they call a 'type.' He gave me a bit of work. After a while, I was given another bit at a different studio. Of course the parts were only tiny ones, but, thanks to my plowing days, I still had lots of energy. And I used it all trying to do my best. Little by little I became more experienced, more restrained; and, in a few years, I was playing substantial rôles.

"But in 1924 my world turned upside down. I lost the little success I had earned. Moving-picture audiences didn't want old white-haired mothers on the

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screen any more. They wanted young mothers, sophisticated mothers. And so I could find little to do."

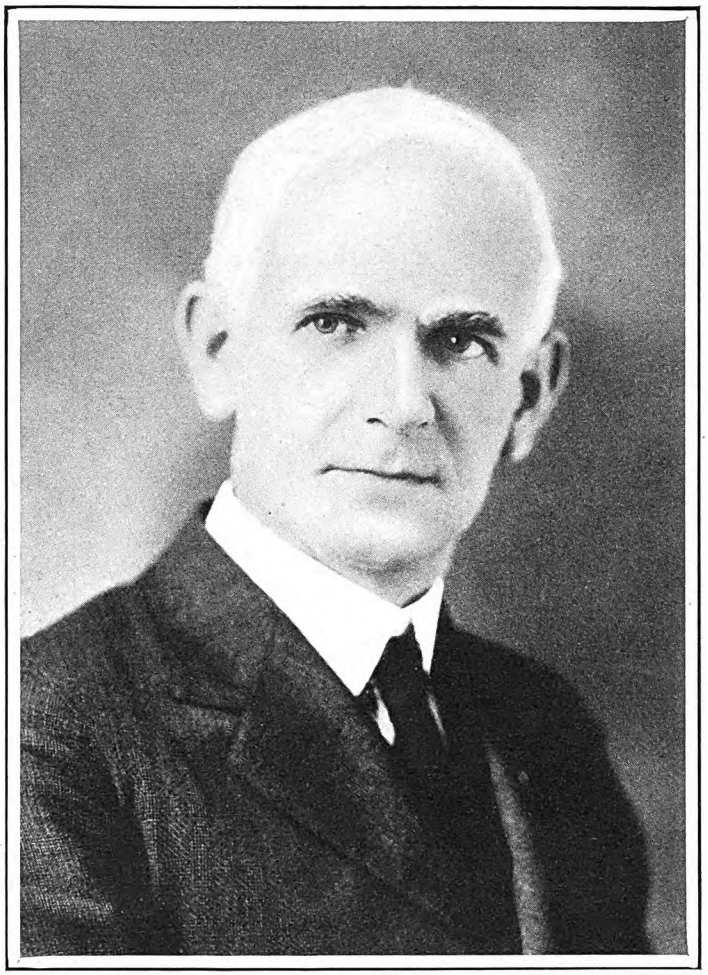
Hard times fell on the Smythe household. Unemployment was general in motion pictures. Margaret was forced to drop back into the "extra" ranks from which she had so painfully climbed.

Then, one day—after months of silence—she received a call from the studio to work on a picture called "Mother Machree." She had only a bit, as usual. But she performed it to the limit of her capacity. The director was impressed, so impressed that he never forgot her. And when he was casting for the part of Grandmother Bernie in "Four Sons," he remembered her and gave her the leading part.

At last her hard work was rewarded, for her success in this new film has been tremendous. And the best witness of the fact is the contract which she recently signed—a contract which makes the fifty-nine-year-old woman a moving-picture star and provides her with a salary far beyond her wildest dreams.

ROSA STRIDER REILLY

"Piggy" Shows What a Small-Town Editor Can Do



Granville Barrere, or "Piggy," as his friends call him, has done more to help his town than any other man in Hillsboro, Ohio

DOWN home, when we were kids, we called him "Piggy," because he was so darned pig-headed. He was a gangling, awkward-looking kid. When he thought he was in the right, he'd fight and cuss and throw things, no matter how big the other fellow was.

His name is Granville Barrere. The Barreres came into Ohio just after the Revolution and settled at New Market, which was the big town before Cincinnati was. A Barrere ran the inn there. The capital of that district was moved to Hillsboro, and his son, George Washington, became owner of the "News-Herald" there. I learned the trade of newspaper man in the "News-Herald" office.

Piggy studied at Ohio State University, and went to New York to practice law. When his father died, he went back to run the paper, and he was just as pig-headed as ever. He believed Hillsboro was the most beautiful town in the country and the best place in which to live—which, of course, all we folk from there know. He wanted it to be even better, however. Almost every small town has a crank like that, someone who wants to do something to improve his town, and who sacrifices himself and gets in bad with almost everyone just by trying to help them.

Every year Piggy sets himself and his paper to some task of improving conditions in the town. He gets mad, fights, argues, cusses, and usually puts it over. Seven years ago he tackled the biggest job of his career.

Like most of those beautiful, quiet, small towns, the political gangs ruled this one, and almost ruined it. The finances were in terrible shape, for the town was practically bankrupt, with no sign of relief.

The waterworks was a junk heap, and the wells and pumps could not furnish water enough to supply the town. Sometimes the supply was shut off for days at a time. Sometimes they had to pump from Clear Creek and try to purify the water. There was little if any fire protection. The streets were in terrible condition. The Business Men's Association knew that conditions were hopeless unless the old, grafting political gang was driven out. They wanted a city manager, but could not have one until the people voted on it, a year later.

Piggy determined to straighten up the mess when he found that the waterworks bonds—issued many years before—had been forgotten. They did not repudiate them; they just let them go, as there was no money. He got the idea of a non-partisan business administration.

The idea went over. Piggy used his paper to work up enthusiasm over the plan, and every business man in town agreed. Then the committee met, hand-picked the most prominent and successful business men, and put them on the ticket. Every one of them roared and refused to serve.

"I'm too busy," they protested, or, "I can't neglect my business."

"We don't want loafers," replied the committee.

Piggy carried copies of the pledge to serve and handed them to the business men. They surrendered and kept their pledge.

The committee then waited on the political bosses and read the riot act to them. With all the business men in town united, and with nine of the best men on the citizens' ticket, the bosses wilted. The Republicans did not nominate anyone, while the Democrats put up only a couple of candidates.

The result was as follows: Floating indebtedness paid off; the waterworks bonds paid; waterworks rebuilt; new pumps and reservoir built; air pressure machinery installed; waterworks paying a dividend instead of borrowing money every year; fine paved streets; the fire department reorganized and motor machinery bought; the public library, which had not bought a new book in ten years, reorganized and brought up to date in every particular. Nor was there any increase in the tax rate; rather, it has been decreased twice.

This year, Piggy decided the year's work should be to build a playground, swimming pool and recreation field for the boys and girls of the town. He knew that it was badly needed, and believed that such a plant would encourage town loyalty, teach sportsmanship and provide clean, healthy amusement for the people, as well as give the boys and girls some incentive to stay in the old home town.

He put it over, too. It was a desperate fight, because so many of the older generation still regard sports and games as "foolishness."

HUGH FULLERTON

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Why this soup is extra-rich in vegetable goodness!

At pickaback I never lack
To strut my manly stride.
All-comers fear when I am near
With Campbell's Soup inside!

FIFTEEN fine garden vegetables in one soup! That sounds surprising, doesn't it? How many women have the time to make soup with so many different vegetables in it? Just think of the trouble, too—all the marketing to do, all the tedious preparation of the vegetables, all the cooking that keeps you tied to your kitchen, and all the expense. But there's really no need to deprive your family of such a richly supplied, hearty, healthful vegetable soup. For Campbell's offer it to you already cooked and laden with the choicest vegetables that grow.

As vegetables are often cooked in the home kitchen, the cooking water is thrown away. Yet this water has absorbed valuable mineral salts from the vegetables. But this is not so with well-made Vegetable Soup, for it blends the vegetables in a rich liquid that contains their goodness in its full strength.

So you see why Campbell's Vegetable Soup is such a beneficial way to eat vegetables. It contains such good vegetables and so many of them, in all their natural abundance of health-giving qualities.

Here in one soup is such a generous quantity of hearty, substantial food that women everywhere call it "a meal". In thousands and thousands of homes it is frequently eaten as the luncheon or supper. It is so convenient! Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. It's then all ready.

And the children! Don't they just love to dodge the vegetables! They always have one eye cocked on the dessert. Yet they are the very ones who most need the health-promoting vegetable foods. It's a real relief to see how eagerly they eat Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on each label. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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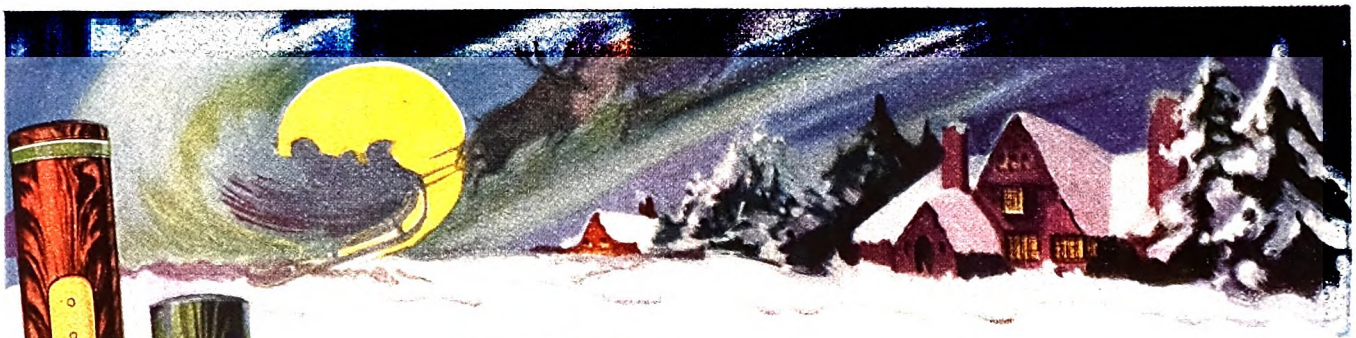

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The Bishop Murder Case

(*Continued from page 32*)

with papers, and it was obvious that we had disturbed him in the midst of his labors.

"Why this unexpected visit, Markham?" he asked, after we had seated ourselves. "Have you something to report on Robin's death?" He marked a page in Weyl's "Space, Time and Matter" and, settling back reluctantly, regarded us with impatience. "I'm very busy working on a problem of Mach's mechanics. . . ."

"I regret," said Markham, "I have nothing to report on the Robin case. But there has been another murder in this neighborhood today, and we have reason to believe that it may be connected with Robin's death. What I wanted particularly to ask you, sir, is whether or not the name of John E. Sprigg is familiar to you."

Professor Dillard's expression of annoyance changed quickly.

"Is that the name of the man who was killed?" There was no longer any lack of interest in his attitude.

"Yes. A man named John E. Sprigg was shot in Riverside Park, near Eighty-fourth Street, this morning shortly after half past seven."

The professor's eyes wandered to the mantelpiece, and he was silent for several moments. He seemed to be debating inwardly some point that troubled him.

"Yes," he said at length, "I—we—do know a young man of that name—though it's wholly unlikely he's the same one."

"Who is he?" Markham's voice was eagerly insistent.

Again the professor hesitated.

"THE lad I have in mind is Arnesson's prize student in mathematics—what they'd call at Cambridge a senior wrangler."

"How do you happen to know him, sir?"

"Arnesson has brought him to the house here several times. Wanted me to see him and talk to him. Arnesson was quite proud of the boy; and I must admit he showed unusual talent."

"Then he was known to all the members of the household?"

"Yes. Belle met him, I think. And if by 'the household' you include Pyne and Beedle, I should say the name was probably familiar to them too."

Vance asked the next question.

"Did the Drukkers know Sprigg, Professor Dillard?"

"It's quite possible. Arnesson and Drukker see each other a great deal. . . . Come to think of it, I believe Drukker was here one night when Sprigg called."

"And Pardee: did he also know Sprigg?"

"As to that I couldn't say." The professor tapped impatiently on the arm of his chair, and turned back to Markham. "See here"—his voice held a worried petulance—"what's the point of these questions? What has our knowing a student named Sprigg to do with this morning's affair? Surely you don't mean to tell me that the man who was killed was Arnesson's pupil!"

"I'm afraid it's true," said Markham. There was a note of anxiety—of fear almost, I thought—in the professor's voice when he next spoke.

"Even so, what can that fact have to do with us? And how can you possibly connect his death with Robin's?"

"I admit we have nothing definite to go on," Markham told him. "But the purposelessness of both crimes—the total lack of any motive in either case—seems to give them a curious unity of aspect."

"You mean, of course, that you have found no motive. But if all crimes without apparent motive were assumed to be connected—"

"Also there are the elements of time and proximity in these two cases," Markham amplified.

"Is that the basis of your assumption?" The professor's manner was benevolently contemptuous. "You never were a good mathematician, Markham, but at least you should know that no hypothesis can be built on such a flimsy premise."

"Both names," interposed Vance, "—Cock Robin and Johnny Sprigg—are the subjects of well-known nursery rhymes."

THE old man stared at him with undisguised astonishment; and gradually an angry flush mounted to his face.

"Your humor, sir, is out of place."

"It is not *my* humor, alas!" replied Vance sadly. "The jest is the Bishop's."

"The Bishop?" Professor Dillard strove to curb his irritation. "Look here, Markham; I won't be played with. That's the second mention of a mysterious Bishop that's been made in this room; and I want to know the meaning of it. Even if a crank did write an insane letter to the papers in connection with Robin's death, what has this Bishop to do with Sprigg?"

"A paper was found underneath Sprigg's body bearing a mathematical formula typed on the same machine as the Bishop notes."

"What!" The professor bent forward. "The same machine, you say? And a mathematical formula? . . . What was the formula?"

Markham opened his pocketbook, and held out the triangular scrap of paper that Pitts had given him.

"The Riemann-Christoffel tensor. . . ." Professor Dillard sat for a long time gazing at the paper; then he handed it back to Markham. He seemed suddenly to have grown older; and there was a weary look in his eyes as he lifted them to us. "I don't see any light in this matter." His tone was one of hopeless resignation. "But perhaps you are right in following your present course.—What do you want of me?"

Markham was plainly puzzled by the other's altered attitude.

"I came to you primarily to ascertain if there was any link between Sprigg and this house; but, to be quite candid, I don't see how that link, now that I have it, fits into the chain. I would, however, like your permission to question Pyne and Beedle in any way I think advisable."

"Ask them whatever you like, Markham. You shall never be able to accuse me of having stood in your way." He glanced up appealingly. "But you will, I hope, advise me before you take any drastic steps."

"That I can promise you, sir." Markham rose. "But I fear we are a long way from any drastic measures at present." He held out his hand, and from his manner it was evident he had sensed some hidden anxiety in the old man and wanted to express his sympathy without voicing his feelings.

THE professor walked with us to the door.

"I can't understand that typed tensor," he murmured, shaking his head. "But if there's anything I can do . . ."

"There *is* something you can do for us, Professor Dillard," said Vance, pausing at the door. "On the morning Robin was killed we interviewed Mrs. Drukker—"

"Ah!"

"And though she denied having sat at her window during the forenoon there is a possibility she saw something happen on the archery range between eleven and twelve."

"She gave you that impression?" There was an undertone of suppressed interest in the professor's question.

"Only in a remote way. It was Drukker's statement that he had heard his mother scream, and her denial of having screamed, that led me to believe that she might have seen something she preferred to keep from us. And it occurred to me that you would probably have more influence with her than anyone else, and that, if she did indeed witness anything, you might prevail upon her to speak."

"No!" Professor Dillard spoke almost harshly; but he immediately placed his hand on Markham's arm, and his tone changed. "There are some things you must not ask me to do for you. If that poor harassed woman saw anything from her window that morning, you must find it out for yourself. I'll have no hand in torturing her; and I sincerely hope you'll not worry her either. There are other ways of finding out what you want to know." He looked straight into Markham's eyes. "*She* must not be the one to tell you. You yourself would be sorry afterward."

"WE MUST find out what we can," Markham answered resolutely but with kindliness. "There's a fiend loose in this city, and I cannot stay my hand to save anyone from suffering—however tragic that suffering may be. But I assure you I shall not necessarily torture anyone."

"Have you thought," asked Professor Dillard quietly, "that the truth you seek may be more frightful even than the crimes themselves?"

"That I shall have to risk. But even if I knew it to be a fact, it would not deter me in any degree."

"Certainly not. But, Markham, I'm much older than you. I had gray hair when you were a lad struggling with your logs and antilogs; and when one gets old one learns the true proportions in the

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universe. The ratios all change. The estimates we once placed on things lose their meaning. That's why the old are more forgiving: they know that no man-made values are of any importance."

"But as long as we must live by human values," argued Markham, "it is my duty to uphold them. And I cannot, through any personal sense of sympathy, refuse to take any avenue that may lead to the truth."

"You are perhaps right," the professor sighed. "But you must not ask me to help you in this instance. If you learn the truth, be charitable. Be sure your culprit is accountable before you demand that he be sent to the electric chair. There are diseased minds as well as diseased bodies; and often the two go together."

WHEN we had returned to the drawing-room Vance lighted a cigarette with more than his usual care.

"The professor," he said, "is not at all happy about Sprigg's death; and, though he won't admit it, that tensor formula convinced him that Sprigg and Robin belong to the same equation. But he was convinced dashed easily. Now, why? Moreover, he didn't care to admit that Sprigg was known hereabouts. I don't say he has suspicions, but he has fears. . . . Deuced funny, his attitude. He apparently doesn't want to obstruct the legal justice which you uphold with such touchin' zeal, Markham; but he most decidedly doesn't care to abet your crusade where the Drukkers are concerned. I wonder what's back of his consideration for Mrs. Drukker. I shouldn't say, offhand, that the professor was of a sentimental nature. And what was that platitude about a diseased mind and a diseased body? Sounded like a prospectus for a physical culture class, what? . . . Lackaday! Let's put a few questions to Pyne and kin."

Markham sat smoking moodily. I had rarely seen him so despondent.

"I don't see what we can hope for from them," he commented. "However, Sergeant, get Pyne in here."

When Heath had stepped out Vance became suddenly sober. "We're dealing with unknown quantities here. We're pitted against some strange, abnormal force that doesn't operate according to the accepted laws of conduct. It's at once subtle—oh, no end subtle—and unfamiliar. But at least we know that it emanates from somewhere in the environs of this old house; and we must search in every psychological nook and cranny. Somewhere about us lies the invisible dragon. So don't be shocked at the questions I shall put to Pyne. We must look in the most unlikely places. . . ."

Footsteps were heard approaching the archway, and a moment later Heath entered with the old butler in tow.

XI

THE STOLEN REVOLVER

(Monday, April 11th; 3 p. m.)

"SIT down, Pyne," said Vance, with peremptory kindness. "We have permission from Professor Dillard to question you; and we will expect answers to all our questions."

"Certainly, sir," the man answered. "I'm sure there's nothing that Professor Dillard has any reason to hide."

"Excellent." Vance lay back lazily. "To begin with, then; what hour was breakfast served here this morning?"

"At half past eight, sir—the same as always."

"Were all the members of the family present?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Who calls the family in the morning? And at what time?"

"I do, myself—at half past seven. I knock on the doors—"

"And wait for an answer?"

"Yes, sir—always."

"Now think, Pyne: did everyone answer you this morning?"

The man inclined his head emphatically. "Yes, sir."

"And no one was late to breakfast?"

"Everyone was on time promptly—as usual, sir."

Vance leaned over and deposited his cigarette ash in the grate.

"Did you happen to see anyone leaving the house or returning to it this morning before breakfast?"

The question was put casually, but I noted a slight quiver of surprise in the butler's thin drooping eyelids.

"No, sir."

"Even though you saw no one," pursued Vance, "would it not have been possible for some member of the household to have gone out and returned without your knowing it?"

PYNE for the first time during the interview appeared reluctant to answer.

"Well, sir, the fact is," he said uneasily, "anyone might have used the front door this morning without my knowing it, as I was in the dining-room setting table. And, for the matter of that, anyone might have used the archery-room door, for my daughter generally keeps the kitchen door closed while preparing breakfast."

Vance smoked thoughtfully a moment. Then in an even, matter-of-fact tone he asked: "Does anyone in the house own a revolver?"

The man's eyes opened wide.

"Not that I—know of, sir," he answered haltingly.

"Ever hear of the Bishop, Pyne?"

"Oh, no, sir!" His face blanched. "You mean the man who wrote those letters to the papers?"

"I merely meant the Bishop," said Vance carelessly. "But tell me: have you heard anything about a man being killed in Riverside Park this morning?"

"Yes, sir. The janitor next door was telling me about it."

"You knew young Mr. Sprigg, didn't you?"

"I'd seen him at the house here once or twice, sir."

"Was he here recently?"

"Last week, sir. Thursday I think it was."

"Who else was here at the time?"

Pyne frowned as if trying to remember.

"Mr. Drukker, sir," he said after a moment. "And, as I recall, Mr. Pardee came too. They were together in Mr. Arnesson's room talking until late."

"In Mr. Arnesson's room, eh? Is it custom'ry for Mr. Arnesson to receive callers in his room?"

"No, sir," Pyne explained; "but the professor was working in the library, and Miss Dillard was with Mrs. Drukker in the drawing-room here."

Vance was silent a while.

"That will be all, Pyne," he said at length. "But please send Beedle to us at once."

BEEDLE came and stood before us with sullen aggressiveness. Vance questioned her along the same lines he had taken with Pyne. Her answers, for the most part monosyllabic, added nothing to what had already been learned. But at the end of the brief interview Vance asked her if she had happened to look out of the kitchen window that morning before breakfast.

"I looked out once or twice," she answered defiantly. "Why shouldn't I look out?"

"Did you see anyone on the archery range or in the rear yard?"

"No one but the professor and Mrs. Drukker."

"No strangers?" Vance strove to give the impression that the fact of Professor Dillard's and Mrs. Drukker's presence in the rear yard that morning was of no importance; but, by the slow, deliberate way in which he reached into his pocket for his cigarette case, I knew the information had interested him keenly.

"No," the woman replied curtly.

"What time did you notice the professor and Mrs. Drukker?"

"Eight o'clock maybe."

"Were they talking together?"

"Yes. Anyway," she amended, "they were walking up and down near the arbor."

"Is it custom'ry for them to stroll in the yard before breakfast?"

"Mrs. Drukker often comes out early and walks about the flower beds. And I guess the professor has a right to walk in his own yard any time he wants to."

"I'm not questioning his rights in the matter, Beedle," said Vance mildly. "I was merely wondering if he was in the habit of exercising those rights at such an early hour."

"Well, he was exercising 'em this morning."

Vance dismissed the woman and, rising, went to the front window. He was patently puzzled, and stood several minutes looking down the street toward the river.

"WELL, well," he murmured. "It's a nice day for communin' with nature. At eight this morning the lark was on the wing no doubt, and—who knows?—maybe there was a snail on the thorn. But—my word!—all wasn't right with the world."

Markham recognized the signs of Vance's perplexity.

"What do you make of it?" he asked. "I'm inclined to ignore Beedle's information."

"The trouble is, Markham, we can't afford to ignore anything in this case." Vance spoke softly, without turning. "I'll admit, though, that at present Beedle's revelation is meaningless. We've merely learned that two of the actors in our melodrama were up and about this morning shortly after Sprigg was snuffed out. The al fresco rendezvous between the professor and Mrs. Drukker may, of course, be just one of your beloved coincidences. On the other hand, it may have

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some bearing on the old gentleman's sentimental attitude toward the lady. . . . I think we'll have to make a few discreet inquiries of him about his ante-prandial tryst, what? . . ."

HE LEANED suddenly toward the window.

"Ah! Here comes Arnesson. Looks a bit excited."

A few moments later there was the sound of a key in the front door, and Arnesson strode down the hall. When he saw us he came quickly into the drawing-room and, without a word of greeting, burst forth:

"What's this I hear about Sprigg being shot?" His eager eyes darted from one to the other of us. "I suppose you're here to ask me about him. Well, fire away." He threw a bulky brief-case on the center-table and sat down abruptly on the edge of a straight chair. "There was a detective up at college this morning asking fool questions and acting like a burlesque sleuth in a comic opera. Very mysterious. . . . Murder—horrible murder! What did we know about a certain John E. Sprigg? And so on. . . . Scared a couple of juniors out of an entire semester's mental growth, and sent a harmless young English instructor into incipient nervous collapse. I didn't see the Dogberry myself—was in class at the time. But he had the cheek to ask what women Sprigg went around with. Sprigg and women! That boy didn't have a thought in his head but his work. Brightest man in senior math. Never missed a class. When he didn't answer roll call this morning I knew something serious was the matter. At the lunch hour everyone was buzzing about the murder. . . . What's the answer?"

"We haven't the answer, Mr. Arnesson." Vance had been watching him closely. "However, we have another determinant for your formula. Johnny Sprigg was shot this morning with a little gun through the middle of his wig."

ARNESSON stared at Vance for some time without moving. Then he threw his head back and gave a sardonic laugh.

"Some more mumbo-jumbo, eh?—like the death of Cock Robin. . . . Read me the rune."

Vance gave him briefly the details of the crime.

"That's all we know at present," he concluded. "Could *you*, Mr. Arnesson, add any suggestive details?"

"Good Lord, no!" The man appeared genuinely amazed. "Not a thing. Sprigg . . . one of the keenest students I ever had. Something of a genius, by Gad! Too bad his parents named him John—plenty of other names. It sealed his doom apparently: got him shot through the head by a maniac. Obviously the same merry-andrew who did Robin in with an arrow." He rubbed his hands together—the abstract philosopher in him had become uppermost. "A nice problem. You've told me everything? I'll need every known integer. Maybe I'll hit upon a new mathematical method in the process—like Kepler." He chuckled over the conceit. "Remember Kepler's 'Doliometrie'? It became the foundation of Infinitesimal Calculus. He arrived at it trying to construct a cask for his wine—a cask with a minimum amount of wood and a maximum cubical content. Maybe the formulas I work out to solve these crimes will open up new fields of scientific research. Ha! Robin and Sprigg will then become martyrs."

The man's humor, even taking into consideration his life's passion for abstractions, struck me as particularly distasteful. But Vance seemed not to mind his cold-blooded cynicism.

"There's one item," he said, "that I omitted to mention." Turning to Markham he asked for the piece of paper containing the formula, and handed it to Arnesson. "This was found beneath Sprigg's body."

The other scrutinized it superciliously.

"The Bishop, I see, is again involved. Same paper and typing as the notes. . . . But where did he get that Riemann-Christoffel tensor? Now, if it had been some other tensor—like the G-sigma-tau, for instance—anyone interested in practical physics might have hit on it. But this one isn't common; and the statement of it here is arbitrary and unusual. Certain terms omitted. . . . *By George!* I was talking to Sprigg about this only the other night. He wrote it down, too."

"Pyne mentioned the fact that Sprigg had called here Thursday night," put in Vance.

"Oh, he did, did he? . . . Thursday—that's right. Pardee was here, too. And Drukker. We had a discussion on Gaussian coördinates. This tensor came up—Drukker mentioned it first, I think. And Pardee had some mad notion of applying the higher mathematics to chess. . . ."

"Do you play chess, by the by?" asked Vance.

"Used to. But no more. A beautiful game, though—if it wasn't for the players. Queer crabs, chess players."

"Did you ever make any study of the Pardee gambit?" (At the time I could not understand the seeming irrelevance of Vance's questions; and I noticed that Markham too was beginning to show signs of impatience.)

"Poor old Pardee!" Arnesson smiled unfeelingly. "Not a bad elementary mathematician. Should have been a high-school teacher. Too much money, though. Took to chess. I told him his gambit was unscientific. Even showed him how it could be beaten. But he couldn't see it. Then Capablanca, Vidmar, and Tartakower came along and knocked it into a cocked hat. Just as I told him they would. Wrecked his life. He's been fussing around with another gambit for years, but can't make it cohere. Reads Weyl, Silberstein, Eddington and Mach in the hope of getting inspiration."

"THAT'S most interestin'." Vance extended his match case to Arnesson, who had been filling his pipe as he talked. "Was Pardee well acquainted with Sprigg?"

"Oh, no. Met him here twice—that's all. Pardee knows Drukker well, though. Always asking him about potentials and scalars and vectors. Hopes to hit on something that'll revolutionize chess."

"Was he interested in the Riemann-Christoffel tensor when you discussed it the other night?"

"Can't say that he was. A bit out of his realm. You can't hitch the curvature of space-time to a chess-board."

"What do you make of this formula being found on Sprigg?"

"Don't make anything of it. If it had been in Sprigg's handwriting I'd say it dropped out of his pocket. But who'd go to the trouble of typing a mathematical formula?"

"The Bishop apparently."

Arnesson took his pipe from his mouth and grinned.

"Bishop X. We'll have to find him. He's full of whimsies. Perverted sense of values."

"Obviously." Vance spoke languidly. "And, by the by, I almost forgot to ask you: does the Dillard house harbor any revolvers?"

"Oho!" Arnesson chuckled with unrestrained delight. "Sits the wind there? . . . Sorry to disappoint you. No revolvers. No sliding doors. No secret stairways. All open and above-board."

Vance sighed theatrically.

"Sad . . . sad. And I had such a comfortin' theory."

Belle Dillard had come silently down the hall, and now stood in the archway. She had evidently heard Vance's question and Arnesson's answer.

"But there *are* two revolvers in the house, Sigurd," she declared. "Don't you remember the old revolvers I used for target practice in the country?"

"Thought you'd thrown 'em away long ago." Arnesson rose and drew up a chair for her. "I told you when we returned from Hopatcong that summer that only burglars and bandits are allowed to own guns in this benevolent state. . . ."

"But I didn't believe you," the girl protested. "I never know when you're jesting and when you're serious."

"AND you kept them, Miss Dillard?" came Vance's quiet voice.

"Why—yes." She shot an apprehensive glance at Heath. "Shouldn't I have done so?"

"I believe it was technically illegal. However"—Vance smiled reassuringly—"I don't think the Sergeant will invoke the Sullivan law against you. Where are they now?"

"Down-stairs—in the archery-room. They're in one of the drawers of the tool chest."

Vance rose.

"Would you be so good, Miss Dillard, as to show us where you put them? I have a gnawin' curiosity to see 'em, don't y' know."

The girl hesitated and looked to Arnesson for guidance. When he nodded she turned without a word and led the way to the archery-room.

"They're in that chest by the window," she said.

Going to it she drew out a small deep drawer in one end. At the rear, beneath a mass of odds and ends, was a .38 Colt automatic.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "There's only one here. The other is gone."

"It was a smaller pistol, wasn't it?" asked Vance.

"Yes. . . ."

"A .32?"

The girl nodded and turned bewildered eyes on Arnesson.

"Well, it's gone, Belle," he told her, with a shrug. "Can't be helped. Probably one of your young archers took it to blow

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out his brains with after he'd foozled at shooting arrows up the alley."

"Do be serious, Sigurd," she pleaded, a little frightened. "Where could it have gone?"

"Ha! Another dark mystery," scoffed Arnesson. "Strange disappearance of a discarded .32."

Seeing the girl's uneasiness Vance changed the subject.

"Perhaps, Miss Dillard, you'd be good enough to take us to Mrs. Drukker. There are one or two matters we want to speak to her about; and I assume, by your presence here, that the drive in the country has been postponed."

A SHADOW of distress passed over the girl's face.

"Oh, you mustn't bother her today." Her tone was tragically appealing. "Lady Mae is very ill. I can't understand it—she seemed so well when I was talking with her up-stairs. But after she'd seen you and Mr. Markham she changed: she became weak and . . . oh, something terrible seemed to be preying on her mind. After I'd put her to bed she kept repeating in an awful whisper: 'Johnny Sprig, Johnny Sprig.' . . . I 'phoned her doctor and he came right over. He said she had to be kept very quiet. . . ."

"It's of no importance," Vance assured her. "Of course we shall wait. Who is her doctor, Miss Dillard?"

"Whitney Barstead. He's attended her as long as I can remember."

"A good man," nodded Vance. "There's no better neurologist in the country. We'll do nothing without his permission."

Miss Dillard gave him a grateful look. Then she excused herself.

When we were again in the drawing-room Arnesson stationed himself before the fireplace and regarded Vance satirically.

"'Johnny Sprig, Johnny Sprig.' Ha! Lady Mae got the idea at once. She may be cracked, but certain lobes of her brain are over-active. Unaccountable piece of machinery, the human brain. Some of the greatest mental computers of Europe are morons. And I know a couple of chess masters who need nurses to dress and feed 'em."

Vance appeared not to hear him. He had stopped by a small cabinet near the archway and was apparently absorbed in a set of ivory carvings of ancient Chinese origin.

"That elephant doesn't belong there," he remarked casually, pointing to a tiny figure in the collection. "It's *bunjinga*—decadent, don't y' know. Clever, but not authentic. Probably a copy of a Manchu piece." He stifled a yawn and turned toward Markham. "I say, old man, there's nothing more we can do. Suppose we toddle. We might have a brief word with the professor before we go, though. . . . Mind waiting for us here, Mr. Arnesson?"

Arnesson lifted his eyebrows in some surprise, but immediately crinkled his face into a disdainful smile.

"Oh, no. Go ahead."

Professor Dillard was much annoyed at our second intrusion.

"We've just learned," said Markham, "that you were speaking to Mrs. Drukker before breakfast this morning. . . ."

The muscles of Professor Dillard's cheeks worked angrily.

"Is it any concern of the District Attorney's office if I speak to a neighbor in my garden?"

"Certainly not, sir. But I am in the midst of an investigation which seriously concerns your house, and I assumed that I had the privilege of seeking help from you."

The old man spluttered a moment.

"Very well," he acquiesced irritably. "I saw no one except Mrs. Drukker—if that's what you're after."

Vance projected himself into the conversation.

"That's not what we came to you for, Professor Dillard. We wanted merely to ask you if Mrs. Drukker gave you the impression this morning that she suspected what had taken place earlier in Riverside Park."

The professor was about to make a sharp retort, but checked himself. After a moment he said simply:

"No, she gave me no such impression."

"Did she appear in any way uneasy or, let us say, excited?"

"She did not!" Professor Dillard rose and faced Markham. "I understand perfectly what you are driving at; and I won't have it. I've told you, Markham, that I'll take no part in spying or tale-bearing where this unhappy woman is concerned. That's all I have to say to you." He turned back to his desk. "I regret I'm very busy today."

WE DESCENDED to the main floor and made our adieus to Arnesson. He waved his hand to us cordially as we went out; but his smile held something of contemptuous patronage, as if he had witnessed, and was gloating over, the rebuff we had just received.

When we were on the sidewalk Vance paused to light a fresh cigarette.

"Now for a brief *causerie* with the sad and gentlemanly Mr. Pardee. I don't know what he can tell us, but I have a yearnin' to commune with him."

Pardee, however, was not at home.

"Tomorrow will be time enough," Vance said to Markham, as we turned away from the house. "I'll get in touch with Doctor Barstead in the morning and try to arrange to see Mrs. Drukker. We'll include Pardee in the same pilgrimage."

"I sure hope," grumbled Heath, "that we learn more tomorrow than we did today."

"You overlook one or two consolin' windfalls, Sergeant," returned Vance. "We've found out that everyone connected with the Dillard house was acquainted with Sprigg and could easily have known of his early morning walks along the Hudson. We've also learned that the professor and Mrs. Drukker were ramblin' in the garden at eight o'clock this morning. And we discovered that a .32 revolver has disappeared from the archery-room.— Not an embarrassment of riches, but something—oh, decidedly something."

As we drove down-town Markham roused himself from gloomy abstraction, and looked apprehensively at Vance.

"I'm almost afraid to go on with this case. It's becoming too sinister. And if the newspapers get hold of that Johnny-Sprig nursery rhyme and connect the two murders, I hate to think of the gaudy sensation that'll follow."

"I fear you're in for it, old man," sighed Vance. "I'm not a bit psychic—never had dreams that came true, and don't know what a telepathic seizure feels like—but something tells me that the Bishop is going to acquaint the press with that bit of Mother-Goose verse. The point of his new joke is even obscurer than his Cock-Robin comedy. He'll see to it that no one misses it. Even a grim humorist who uses corpses for his cap-and-bells must have his audience. Therein lies the one weakness of his abominable crimes. It's about our only hope, Markham."

"I'll give Quinan a ring," said Heath, "and find out if anything has been received."

But the Sergeant was saved the trouble. The "World" reporter was waiting for us at the District Attorney's office, and Swacker ushered him in at once.

"Howdy, Mr. Markham." There was a breezy impudence in Quinan's manner, but withal he showed signs of nervous excitement. "I've got something here for Sergeant Heath. They told me at Headquarters that he was handling the Sprigg case, and said he was parleying with you. So I blew over." He reached in his pocket and, taking out a sheet of paper, handed it to Heath. "I'm being mighty high, wide, and handsome with you, Sergeant, and I expect a little inside stuff by way of reciprocity. . . . Cast your eye on that document. Just received by America's foremost family journal."

It was a plain piece of typewriting paper, and it contained the Mother-Goose melody of Johnny Sprig, typed in élite characters with a pale blue ribbon. In the lower right-hand corner was the signature in capitals: THE BISHOP.

"And here's the envelope, Sergeant." Quinan again dug down into his pocket.

The official cancellation bore the hour of 9 A. M., and, like the first note, it had been mailed in the district of Post Office Station "N."

XII

A MIDNIGHT CALL

(*Tuesday, April 12th; 10 a. m.*)

THE following morning the front pages of the metropolitan press carried sensational stories which surpassed Markham's worst fears. In addition to the "World" two other leading morning journals had received notes similar to the one shown us by Quinan; and the excitement created by their publication was tremendous. The entire city was thrown into a state of apprehension and fear; and though half-hearted attempts were made here and there to dismiss the maniacal aspects of the crimes on the ground of coincidence, and to explain away the Bishop notes as the work of a practical joker, all the newspapers and the great majority of the public were thoroughly convinced that a new and terrible type of killer was preying upon the community.*

Markham and Heath were beset by reporters, but a veil of secrecy was sedu-

***A similar state of panic obtained in London in 1888 when Jack-the-Ripper was engaged in his grisly, abnormal debauch; and again in Hanover in 1923 when Haarmann, the werwolf, was busy with his anthropophagous slaughters. But I can recall no other modern parallel for the atmosphere of gruesome horror that settled over New York during the Bishop murders.**

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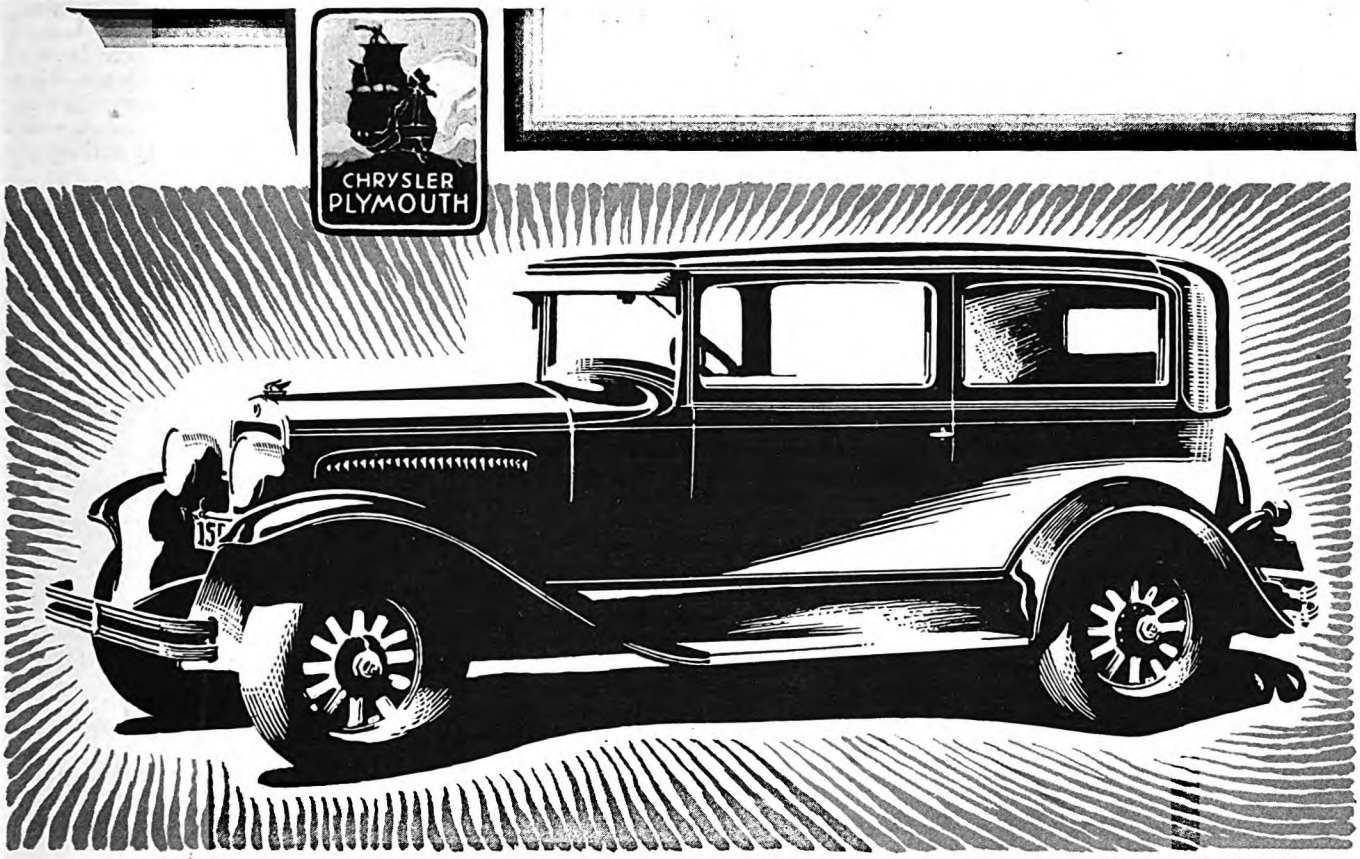

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lously maintained. No intimation was given that there was any reason to believe that the solution lay close to the Dillard household; and no mention was made of the missing .32 revolver. Sperling's status was sympathetically dealt with by the press. After the Sprigg murder the general attitude was that he had been the unfortunate victim of circumstances; and all criticism of Markham's procrastination in prosecuting him was instantly dropped.

On the day that Sprigg was shot Markham called a conference at the Stuyvesant Club. Both Inspector Moran of the Detective Bureau and Chief Inspector O'Brien* attended. The two murders were gone over in detail, and Vance outlined his reasons for believing that the answer to the problem would eventually be found either in the Dillard house or in some quarter directly connected with it.

"We are now in touch," he ended, "with every person who could possibly have had sufficient knowledge of the conditions surrounding the two victims to perpetrate the crimes successfully; and our only course is to concentrate on these persons."

Inspector Moran was inclined to agree. "Except," he qualified, "that none of the *dramatis personæ* you have mentioned strikes me as a bloodthirsty maniac."

"THE murderer is not a maniac in the conventional sense," returned Vance. "He's probably normal on all other points. His brain, in fact, may be brilliant except for this one lesion—too brilliant, I should say. He has lost all sense of proportion through sheer exalted speculation."

"But does even a perverted superman indulge in such hideous jests without a motive?" asked the Inspector.

"Ah, but there is a motive. Some tremendous impetus is back of the monstrous conception of these murders—an impetus which, in its operative results, takes the form of satanic humor."

It was finally decided that the Bishop notes were to be turned over to an expert analyst, and an effort made to trace both the typewriter and the stationery. A systematic search was to be instituted for witnesses who might have seen someone in Riverside Park between seven and eight that morning. Sprigg's habits and associations were to be made the subject of a careful report; and a man was to be detailed to question the mail collector of the district in the hope that, when taking the letters from the various boxes, he had noticed the envelopes addressed to the papers and could say in which box they had actually been posted.

Various other purely routine activities were outlined; and Moran suggested that for a time three men be stationed day and night in the vicinity of the murders to watch for any possible developments or for suspicious actions on the part of those involved. The Police Department and the District Attorney's office were to work hand in hand. Markham, of course, in tacit agreement with Heath, assumed command.

"I have already interviewed the members of the Dillard and Drukker homes in connection with the Robin murder," Markham explained to Moran and O'Brien; "and I've talked the Sprigg case over with Professor Dillard and Arnesson. Tomorrow I shall see Pardee and the Drukkers."

The next morning Markham, accompanied by Heath, called for Vance a little before ten o'clock.

"This thing can't go on," he declared, after the meagerest of greetings. "If anyone knows anything we've got to find it out. I'm going to put the screws on—and damn the consequences!"

"By all means, chivy 'em." Vance himself appeared despondent. "I doubt if it'll help though. No ordin'ry procedure is going to solve this riddle. However, I've phoned Barstead. He says we may talk with Mrs. Drukker this morning. But I've arranged to see him first. I have a hankerin' to know more of the Drukker pathology. Hunchbacks, d' ye see, are not usually produced by falls."

We drove at once to the doctor's home and were received without delay. Doctor Barstead was a large comfortable man, whose pleasantness of manner impressed me as being the result of schooled effort.

Vance went straight to the point.

"We have reason to believe, Doctor, that Mrs. Drukker and perhaps her son are indirectly concerned in the recent death of Mr. Robin at the Dillard house; and before we question either of them further we should like to have you tell us—as far as professional etiquette will permit—something of the neurological situation we are facing."

"Please be more explicit, sir." Doctor Barstead spoke with defensive aloofness.

"I am told," Vance continued, "that Mrs. Drukker regards herself as responsible for her son's kyphosis; but it is my understanding that such malformations as his do not ordinarily result from mere physical injuries."

Doctor Barstead nodded his head slowly.

"That is quite true. Compression paraplegia of the spinal cord may follow a dislocation or injury, but the lesion thus produced is of the focal transverse type. Osteitis or caries of the vertebræ—what we commonly call Pott's disease—is usually of tubercular origin; and this tuberculosis of the spine occurs most frequently in children. Often it exists at birth. True, an injury may precede the onset by determining the site of infection or exciting a latent focus; and this fact no doubt gives rise to the belief that the injury itself produces the disease. But both Schmaus and Horsley have exposed the true pathological anatomy of spinal caries. Drukker's deformity is unquestionably of tubercular origin. Even his curvature is of the marked rounded type, denoting an extensive involvment of vertebræ; and there is no scoliosis whatever. Moreover, he has all the local symptoms of osteitis.

"YOU have, of course, explained the situation to Mrs. Drukker."

"On many occasions. But I have had no success. The fact is, a terrific instinct of perverted martyrdom bids her cling to the notion that she is responsible for her son's condition. This erroneous idea has become an *idée fixe* with her. It constitutes her entire mental outlook, and gives meaning to the life of service and sacrifice she has lived for forty years."

"To what extent," asked Vance, "would you say this psychoneurosis has affected her mind?"

"That would be difficult to say; and it is not a question I would care to discuss. I may say this, however: she is undoubtedly morbid; and her values have become distorted. At times there have been—I tell you this in strictest confidence—signs of marked hallucinosis centering upon her son. His welfare has become an obsession with her. There is practically nothing she would not do for him."

"We appreciate your confidence, Doctor. . . . And would it not be logical to assume that her upset condition yesterday resulted from some fear or shock connected with his welfare?"

"Undoubtedly. She has no emotional or mental life outside of him. But whether her temporary collapse was due to a real or imaginary fear, one cannot say. She has lived too long on the borderland between reality and fantasy."

THERE was a short silence, and then Vance asked:

"As to Drukker himself: would you regard him as wholly responsible for his acts?"

"Since he is my patient," returned Doctor Barstead, with frigid reproach, "and since I have taken no steps to sequester him, I consider your question an impertinence."

Markham leaned over and spoke peremptorily.

"We haven't time to mince words, Doctor. We're investigating a series of atrocious murders. Mr. Drukker is involved in those murders—to what extent we don't know. But it is our duty to find out."

The doctor's first impulse was to combat Markham; but he evidently thought better of it, for when he answered, it was in an indulgently matter-of-fact voice.

"I have no reason, sir, to withhold any information from you. But to question Mr. Drukker's responsibility is to impute negligence to me in the matter of public safety. Perhaps, however, I misunderstand this gentleman's question." He studied Vance for a brief moment. "There are, of course, degrees of responsibility," he went on, in a professional tone. "Mr. Drukker's mind is overdeveloped, as is often the case with kyphotic victims. All mental processes are turned inward, as it were; and the lack of normal physical reactions often tends to produce inhibitions and aberrancies. But I've noted no indications of this condition in Mr. Drukker. He is excitable and prone to hysteria; but, then, psychokinesia is a common accompaniment of his disease."

"What form do his recreations take?" Vance was politely casual.

"Children's games, I should say. Such recreations are not unusual with cripples. In Mr. Drukker's case it is what we might term a waking wish-fulfilment. Having had no normal childhood, he grasps at whatever will give him a sense of youthful rehabilitation. His juvenile activities tend to balance the monotony of his purely mental life."

"What is Mrs. Drukker's attitude toward his instinct for play?"

"She very correctly encourages it. I've often seen her leaning over the wall above the playground in Riverside Park watching him. And she always presides at the children's parties and dinners which he holds in his home."

We took our leave a few minutes later.

*Chief Inspector O'Brien was then in command of the entire Police Department.

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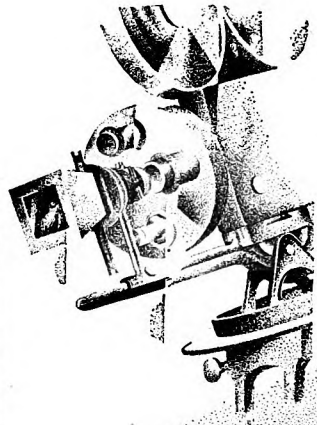

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Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chandler *Special Six*	*			
" *All Other Models*	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
Chrysler *Models 62, 72, Imperial 80*	*			
" *4 Cyl.*	*	*	*	*
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Durant	*		*	*
Essex	*	*	*	*
Flint		*	*	*
Ford *Model A*	*			
Franklin	*			
Gardner *8 Cyl.*	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
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Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
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Peerless *all except Models 70, 72 & 90*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*	*	
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As we turned into Seventy-sixth Street, Heath, as if arousing himself from a bad dream, drew a deep breath and sat upright in the car.

"Did you get that about the kid games?" he asked, in an awe-stricken voice. "Good God, Mr. Vance! What's this case going to turn into?"

Our ring at the Drukker house was answered by a portly German woman, who planted herself stolidly before us and informed us suspiciously that Mr. Drukker was too busy to see anyone.

"You'd better tell him, however," said Vance, "that the District Attorney wishes to speak to him immediately."

His words produced a strange effect on the woman. Her hands went to her face, and her massive bosom rose and fell convulsively. Then, as though panic-stricken, she turned and ascended the stairs. We heard her knock on a door: there was a sound of voices; and a few moments later she came back to inform us that Mr. Drukker would see us in his study.

As we passed the woman Vance suddenly turned and, fixing his eyes on her ominously, asked:

"What time did Mr. Drukker get up yesterday morning?"

"I—I don't know," she stammered, thoroughly frightened. "*Ja, ja,* I know. At nine o'clock—like always."

Vance nodded and moved on.

DRUKKER received us standing by a large table covered with books and sheets of manuscript. He bowed somberly, but did not ask us to have chairs.

Vance studied him a moment as if trying to read the secret that lay behind his restless hollow eyes.

"Mr. Drukker," he began, "it is not our desire to cause you unnecess'ry trouble; but we have learned that you were acquainted with Mr. John Sprigg, who, as you probably know, was shot near here yesterday morning. Now, could you suggest any reason that anyone might have had for killing him?"

Drukker drew himself up. Despite his effort at self-control there was a slight tremor in his voice as he answered:

"I knew Mr. Sprigg but slightly. I can suggest nothing whatever in regard to his death. . . ."

"There was found on his body a piece of paper bearing the Riemann-Christoffel tensor which you introduce in your book in the chapter on the finiteness of physical space." As Vance spoke he moved one of the typewritten sheets of papers on the table toward him, and glanced at it casually.

Drukker seemed not to notice the action. The information contained in Vance's words had riveted his attention.

"I can't understand it," he said vaguely. "May I see the notation?"

Markham complied at once with his request. After studying the paper a moment Drukker handed it back; and his little eyes narrowed malevolently.

"Have you asked Arnesson about this? He was discussing this very subject with Sprigg last week."

"Oh, yes," Vance told him carelessly. "Mr. Arnesson recalled the incident, but couldn't throw any light on it. We thought perhaps you could succeed where he had failed."

"I regret I can't accommodate you." There was the suggestion of a sneer in Drukker's reply. "Anyone might use the tensor. Weyl's and Einstein's works are full of it. It isn't copyrighted. . . ." He leaned over a revolving bookcase and drew out a thick quarto volume. "Here it is in Minkowski's 'Relativitätsprinzip,' only with different symbols—a T for the B, for instance; and Greek letters for the indices." He reached for another volume. "Poincaré also uses it in his 'Hypothèses Cosmogoniques,' with still other symbolic equivalents." He tossed the books on the table contemptuously. "Why come to me about it?"

"IT WASN'T the tensor formula alone that led our roving footsteps to your door," said Vance lightly. "For instance, we have reason to believe that Sprigg's death is connected with Robin's murder. . . ."

Drukker's long hands caught the edge of the table, and he leaned forward, his eyes glittering excitedly.

"Connected—Sprigg and Robin? You don't believe that newspaper talk, do you? . . . It's a lie!" His face had begun to twitch, and his voice rose shrilly. "It's insane nonsense. . . . There's no proof, I tell you—not a shred of proof!"

"Cock Robin and Johnny Sprig, don't y' know," came Vance's soft insistent voice.

"That rot! That crazy rot!—Oh, good God! Has the world gone mad! . . ." He swayed back and forth, as he beat on the table with one hand, sending the papers flying in all directions.

Vance looked at him with mild surprise.

"Aren't you acquainted with the Bishop, Mr. Drukker?"

The man stopped swaying and, steadying himself, stared at Vance with terrible intensity.

"You, too! You've gone mad!" He swept his eyes over us. "You unutterable fools! There's no such person as the Bishop! There wasn't any such person as Cock Robin or Johnny Sprig. And here you are—men grown—trying to frighten me—*me*, a mathematician—with nursery tales! . . ." He began to laugh hysterically.

Vance went to him quickly, and taking his arm led him to his chair. Slowly his laughter died away, and he waved his hand wearily.

"Too bad Robin and Sprigg were killed." His tone was heavy and colorless. "But children are the only persons that matter. . . . You'll probably find the murderer. If you don't, maybe I'll help you. But don't let your imaginations run away with you. Keep to facts . . . facts. . . ."

The man was exhausted, and we left him.

"He's scared, Markham—deuced scared," observed Vance, when we were again in the hall. "I could bear to know what is hidden in that shrewd warped mind of his."

He led the way down the hall to Mrs. Drukker's door.

"This method of visiting a lady doesn't accord with the best social usage. Really, y' know, Markham, I wasn't born to be a policeman. I abhor snooping."

Our knock was answered by a feeble voice. Mrs. Drukker, paler than usual, was lying back on her chaise-longue by the window. Her white prehensile hands lay along the arms of the chair, slightly flexed; and more than ever she recalled to my mind the pictures I had seen of the ravening Harpies that tormented Phineus in the story of the Argonauts.

Before we could speak she said in a strained terrified voice: "I knew you would come—I knew you were not through torturing me. . . ."

"To torture you, Mrs. Drukker," returned Vance softly, "is the farthest thing from our thoughts. We merely want your help."

Vance's manner appeared to alleviate her terror somewhat, and she studied him calculatingly.

"If only I could help you!" she muttered. "But there's nothing to be done—nothing. . . ."

"You might tell us what you saw from your window on the day of Mr. Robin's death," Vance suggested kindly.

"No—no!" Her eyes stared horribly. "I saw nothing—I wasn't near the window that morning. You may kill me, but my dying words would be 'No—no—*no!*'"

Vance did not press the point.

"Beedle tells me," he went on, "that you often rise early and walk in the garden."

"Oh, yes." The words came with a sigh of relief. "I don't sleep well in the mornings. I often wake up with dull boring pains in my spine, and the muscles of my back feel rigid and sore. So I get up and walk in the yard whenever the weather is mild enough."

"Beedle saw you in the garden yesterday morning."

The woman nodded absently.

"And she also saw Professor Dillard with you."

Again she nodded, but immediately afterward she shot Vance a combative inquisitive glance.

"He sometimes joins me," she hastened to explain. "He feels sorry for me, and he admires Adolph; he thinks he's a great genius. And he *is* a genius! He'd be a great man—as great as Professor Dillard—if it hadn't been for his illness. . . . And it was all my fault. I let him fall when he was a baby. . . ." A dry sob shook her emaciated body, and her fingers worked spasmodically.

AFTER a moment Vance asked: "What did you and Professor Dillard talk about in the garden yesterday?"

A sudden wiliness crept into the woman's manner.

"About Adolph mostly," she said, with a too obvious attempt at unconcern.

"Did you see anyone else in the yard or on the archery range?"

"No!" Again a sense of fear pervaded her. "But somebody else was there, wasn't there?—somebody who didn't wish to be seen." She nodded her head eagerly. "Yes! Someone else was there—and they thought I saw them. . . . But I didn't! Oh, merciful Heaven, I didn't! . . ." She covered her face with her hands, and her body shook convulsively. "If only I had seen them! If only I knew! But it wasn't Adolph—it wasn't my little boy. He was asleep—thank God, he was asleep!"

Vance went close to the woman.

"Why do you thank God that it wasn't your son?" he asked gently.

She looked up with some amazement.

"Why, don't you remember? A little man shot Johnny Sprigg with a little gun yesterday morning—the same little man

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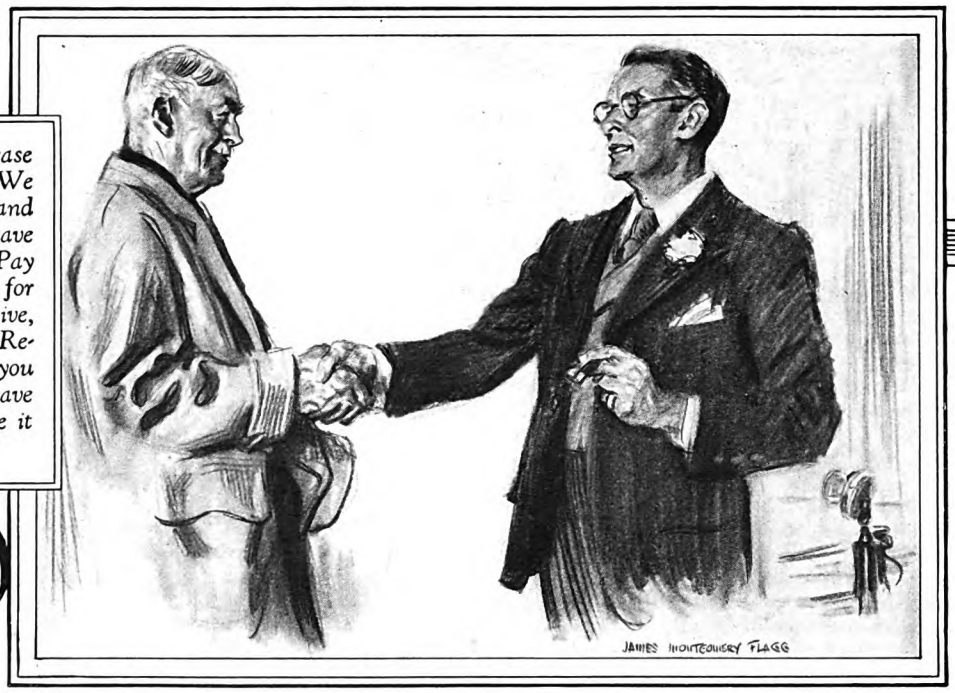
The Happy Day

"You surely deserve release from work and care. We owe our success to you and other men who always gave us the best they had. Pay days will be provided for you, as long as you live, out of the Cooperative Retirement Fund which you helped to build. You have earned the right to take it easy. Good luck!"



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AFTER the man who has won the right to retire in ease and comfort has been congratulated, the wise president and board of directors who thus show their appreciation of faithful service also deserve congratulations. Such appreciation inspires new courage in all hearts. The interests of capital and labor are inseparably linked. Through cooperative efforts their most difficult problems are being solved.

Many of the biggest employers of labor are themselves employees and do not own the companies they manage. These men have learned that officers as well as men in the ranks do better work if they know that years of loyal service will be amply rewarded.

Stockholders expect dividends. Employees expect good wages. In wise management there is a fair and just division of earnings which must be preserved in a delicate balance. Not all of the yearly earnings may safely be paid out in dividends and pay checks.

Long-headed business men lay aside money for new and more effective equipment when old machines shall be worn out. In the same way they make plans that permit the honorable retirement of veterans and the filling of their places by younger men.

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Business has welcomed the development of modern pension plans which have made possible retirement with a fixed income. While, in the past, many privately owned businesses have provided quietly for the needs of retired employees, scientific pension systems are a comparatively new development.

Some of the earlier plans, dictated more by good intentions than by sound financing, are so hopelessly involved that they will have to be revised or completely abandoned.

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HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

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that killed Cock Robin with a bow and arrow. It's all a horrible game—and I'm *afraid*. . . . But I mustn't tell! I *can't* tell. The little man might do something awful. Maybe"—her voice became dull with horror—"maybe he has some insane idea that *I'm the old woman who lived in a shoe!* . . ."

"Come, come, Mrs. Drukker." Vance forced a consoling smile. "Such talk is nonsense. You've let these matters prey on your mind. There's a perfectly rational explanation for everything. And I have a feeling that you yourself can help us find that explanation."

"No—no! I can't—I mustn't! I don't understand it myself."

"Why can't you tell us?" persisted Vance.

"Because I don't know," she cried. I only know that something horrible is going on here—that some awful curse is hanging over this house. . . ."

"How do you know that?"

The woman began to tremble violently, and her eyes roamed distractedly about the room.

"BECAUSE"—her voice was barely audible—"because the little man came here last night!"

A chill passed up my spine at this statement, and I heard even the imperturbable Sergeant's sharp intake of breath. Then Vance's calm voice sounded.

"How do you know he was here, Mrs. Drukker? Did you see him?"

"No, I didn't see him; but he tried to get into this room—by that door." She pointed unsteadily toward the entrance to the hallway.

"You must tell us about it," said Vance: "or we will be driven to conclude that you manufactured the story."

"Oh, but I didn't manufacture it—may God be my witness!" There could be no doubt whatever of the woman's sincerity. Something had occurred which filled her with mortal fear. "I was lying in bed, awake. The little clock on the mantel had just struck midnight; and I heard a soft rustling sound in the hall outside. I turned my head toward the door—there was a dim night light burning on the table here . . . and then I saw the door-knob turn slowly—silently—as if someone were trying to get in without waking me—"

"Just a moment, Mrs. Drukker," interrupted Vance. "Do you always lock your door at night?"

"I've never locked it until recently—after Mr. Robin's death. I've somehow felt insecure since then—I can't explain why. . . ."

"I quite understand.—Please go on with the story. You say you saw the door-knob move. And then?"

"Yes—yes. It moved softly—back and forth. I lay there in bed, frozen with terror. But after a while I managed to call out—I don't know how loud; but suddenly the door-knob ceased to turn, and I heard footsteps moving rapidly away—down the hall. . . . Then I managed to get up. I went to the door and listened. I was afraid—afraid for Adolph. And I could hear those soft footsteps descending the stairs—"

"Which stairs?"

"At the rear—leading to the kitchen. . . . Then the door of the screen porch shut, and everything was silent again. . . . I knelt with my ear to the keyhole a long time, listening, waiting. But nothing happened, and at last I rose. . . . Something seemed to tell me I must open the door. I was in deadly terror—and yet I knew I had to open the door. . . ." A shudder swept her body. "Softly I turned the key, and took hold of the knob. As I pulled the door slowly inward, a tiny object that had been poised on the outside knob fell to the floor with a clatter. There was a light burning in the hall—I always keep one burning at night—and I tried not to look down. I tried—I tried . . . but I couldn't keep my eyes away from the floor. And there at my feet—oh, God in heaven!—there lay *something!* . . ."

SHE was unable to go on. Horror seemed to paralyze her tongue. Vance's cool, unemotional voice, however, steadied her.

"What was it that lay on the floor, Mrs. Drukker?"

With difficulty the woman rose and, bracing herself for a moment at the foot of the bed, went to the dressing-table. Pulling out a small drawer she reached inside and fumbled among its contents. Then she extended her open hand to us. On the palm lay a small chessman—ebony black against the whiteness of her skin. It was the bishop! (*To be continued*)

I Wish I Were Somebody Else

(*Continued from page 55*)

"The Importance of Choosing a Career" and "Fix Your Idea on a Definite Goal" as the next boy, but I played my future entirely by eye.

One of my boyhood heroes was James Powers, the comedian at the first musical play I ever saw. After I saw Powers, I decided to become a musical comedy comedian. I practiced his grimaces and the peculiar pitch of his voice for months, and once, when the Church of the Ascension gave an entertainment at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, I even dressed in a sailor costume and went on to sing a Powers ditty, the chorus of which ran:

Avast, belay, we're off for Baffin's Bay—
We couldn't find the pole because the barber moved away.
The ship got cold; I thought we'd get the grippe,
So the painter put three coats upon the ship—
Hip-Hip Hooray for Baffin's Bay!

"Went on to sing" is right. As soon as I faced the audience, my memory failed me. My début was anything but successful. But even my dismal failure could not immediately make me abandon the notion of being a second Powers.

Of course the Men-I've-Wanted-To-Be were not all home-grown products. There were times when I about made up my mind to start out and follow in the footsteps of such Captains of Industry as the Duke boys, Kellogg, the breakfast food king, Henry Ford, the Armours, the Swifts, the Whelans, the Wrigleys, the Gillettes, and the Smith Brothers.

Not that I'm grasping. I don't always aspire to be somebody with a lot of money. A great performance has its appeal, and I don't believe I have envied anybody in years as much as I envied a certain baseball pitcher who scaled the heights in the Yankee-Cardinal World Series. His name was Grover Cleveland Alexander, and I think it likely that for the rest of my life, whenever I think of ability, skill, and efficiency, I shall think of Alex the Great.

GROVER was considered almost through as a pitcher, so much so that he was cast off by the Chicago club and picked up by the St. Louis. No other team seemed to want him. It was assumed he had seen his best days.

Yet in the most strenuous World Series in years, he pitched three times, giving one of the finest performances in baseball history. He pitched his second winning game on a Saturday in New York, evening up the series and becoming very much of a national hero.

That he had done his bit was conceded. Nobody expected him to appear again in that series. Yet the next day, they had to send for him again. It was the eighth inning. Rogers Hornsby's Cardinals were one run ahead when the Yankees staged an uprising. They got the bases full with two out. Then Tony (Poosh-'em-Up) Lazzeri, one of the youngsters of baseball and something of a home-run swatter, came to the plate. A hit would tie the score and probably win the game, costing the Cards the world's championship.

Hornsby called a halt. He conferred with his lieutenants. Then he gave a signal and all eyes were turned to deep left field, where the Cardinal reserve pitchers were warming up. Presently, a tall, gaunt figure was seen ambling slowly across the field. As he came closer it could be seen that he was a middle-aged gentleman with a very big head and a very small cap. It was "Old Alec," called in once more to save the day.

Everybody by this time was willing to admit that Alexander was a great man, but it was the consensus that Hornsby was stretching things in this attempt to prove Grover was also a great horse.

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked Alec as he reached the box.

"They've got three on and two out," replied Hornsby. "Lazzeri is up and a run will spill the applecart."

"Then we'll have to strike out Mr. Lazzeri," replied Alec. Which he straightway proceeded to do with skill, grace, and dispatch.

There was an idol for you, if accomplishment in a chosen field is what you fancy. Ever since that game, whenever I get to feeling I am doing fairly well with the tasks in hand I think of Alexander the Great. Then I know that I am just loafing.

And the point to bear in mind about Alec is that he never got there by wishing he were somebody else!

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What is the real foe of attractive teeth and mouth health?

Uncleanliness!

. . . thousands never have clean teeth because their dentifrices try to "cure" and fail to clean

You use a dentifrice on your toothbrush to clean your teeth more thoroughly and pleasantly than you can with the brush alone. So, clearly, the most important action of a dentifrice is to clean. Colgate's is made to give you the greatest possible safe cleansing power. It would not clean nearly so well if we tried to make it a medicine or treatment as well as a cleanser . . .

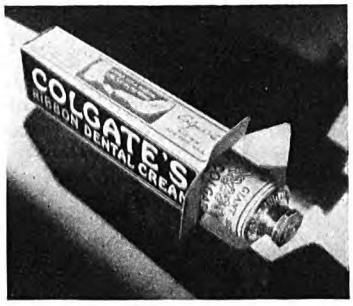
Colgate's is made as dentists recommend

Years ago, before Colgate's was brought out, we went to leading dentists and said, "What kind of dentifrice would you like your patients to use? Would you like it medicated, strongly antiseptic, or antacid?" They answered, "Give us a simple, non-medicated dentifrice that really cleans. Give us as much cleansing power as possible without harm to the teeth. If the dentifrice cleans thoroughly, there is nothing else for it to do."

Constant touch with the latest ideas of the dental profession and continuous research only emphasize the importance of a *clean* mouth. And on the advice of men who know most about mouth care, we continue to make Colgate's the finest dental cleanser that advancing experience can perfect.

The searching, cleansing foam

When you brush with Colgate's you are cleaning your teeth—not doctoring them. The rapidly acting Colgate foam sweeps through your mouth—goes rushing, searching in and out and around teeth and gums—carrying away mucin deposits—polishing enamel glistening smooth—destroying acids that destroy teeth—sweetening all mouth surfaces.



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A trial of Colgate's quickly shows that cleaning is the important thing in care of the mouth. When your mouth is cleansed the thorough Colgate way, you find medicines and harsh abrasives unnecessary.

We will gladly send with our compliments a tube of Colgate's sufficient for ten days' use. Just return the coupon.

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Gentlemen, Please send me the booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy," and a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

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The Strange Result of a Well-Aimed Snowball

(*Continued from page 45*)

begged permission to go along in the buggy when he made sick calls. I would hold the reins while he was inside, and usually he would tell me something about the case.

"We lived a couple of blocks from Mercy Hospital, and that was a source of joy to me too. Whenever an ambulance came in with an accident case, I used to run for the hospital as fast as my legs would carry me. I knew of a tree that grew right outside the operating-room. I used to shinny up it, and, hidden in the branches, I watched the doctors and nurses patch up many a patient.

"One day a man was brought in badly banged up from a street-car accident. I couldn't see all I wanted to from my tree, so I got my nerve up and walked right in the front door and up to the operating-room. Maybe they thought I was a relative of the victim; anyhow, they let me stay.

"After that, I never had to climb the tree again. I came in regularly by the front door."

THUS, direction was given to ambition, and the ragged Bundesen boy in the shack back of the saloon determined to be a doctor.

From this time on, everything else became of secondary importance. Money he had none, save what he earned. So for fifteen years he got whatever jobs he could, and went to school between times.

"I can't begin to remember all the jobs I had, because as soon as I saved some money I quit and went back to school. I got my meals in saloons and the cheapest restaurants. But the last penny would finally go, and I would have to give up for a while and get another job.

"When I was working daytimes, I used to go to night school. When I was going to school, days, I worked at night. For years I never got more than five or six hours of sleep.

"After I got into college" (he went to Northwestern University first, and to the Northwestern Medical School later), "I was holding myself down to two meals a day. But I landed a job firing the furnace and waiting on table in a boarding-house, and that gave me a room and three meals a day."

Many a college boy has fired a furnace or waited table, and never suffered a bit from it. But how many boys, even animated by a powerful desire to finish college, would have had the moral courage to take one of the many jobs that Bundesen gladly accepted?

"At that time," he explained, "the old Washington Park race track was going full blast. There were races every Saturday all summer long.

"It was before the days of the automobile. Great crowds of people used to drive out to the track on Saturdays and Sundays, and most of them went by way of Cottage Grove Avenue. So I was able to get a job as extra street cleaner, working only on Saturdays and Sundays.

"Besides my wages, I was permitted to keep the sweepings and sell them. Usually I got from sixty to eighty cents a week for the two days' sweepings."

But what did Bundesen's fellow-students think of one who, over the week-ends, became a "white wing"?

"Socially," he said, "I was pretty much an outcast. Though some of the fellows were really very decent to me.

"Those were menial jobs I took. Not many wanted them. But it never gave me a worry what others thought. In my own mind, I was determined that nothing should keep me from graduating.

"I remember the *softest* job I had," Doctor Bundesen smiled. "A great deal of discussion had gone on in newspapers and magazines, because canners were using sodium benzoate as a preservative in certain foods.

"Dr. Harvey Wiley was chief of the United States Public Health Service at the time, and he determined to get at the truth of the matter, and find out just what effect sodium benzoate has on the human constitution. An experiment was to be conducted simultaneously at several universities, and ours was one of them.

"Half a dozen volunteers were needed. The university was to feed them free for a six-months period. The joker was that while, some of the time, there was to be no sodium benzoate in the food, at other times it was to contain a little bit or a great deal, as the case might be; and the volunteers were never to know how much there was, or whether there was any.

"Under the circumstances, volunteers were scarce. But when I heard they were going to furnish free meals, I joined up in a hurry!

"A kitchen and dining-room were installed in one of the college buildings. Our health was under steady observation. For me, it was gravy and hot biscuits. We were served steaks, chicken, and lots of other good things.

"Once or twice I came near having fainting spells, when the doses of sodium benzoate were specially heavy. But that was all.

"On the whole, I suspect that the food was much better for me than the meals I had been accustomed to, grabbed mostly in saloons or wherever I could get them cheap, or free."

AT THE age of twenty-seven, Herman Bundesen finally achieved his ambition, and was graduated from the Northwestern Medical School.

Immediately following graduation, he entered the medical corps of the army, where he served as a lieutenant for three years. He also took a post-graduate course at the Army Medical School at Washington.

His interest from the first centered more on public health work than on individual practice, therefore, in 1913, he returned to Chicago and took the Civil Service examination, which enabled him to obtain a place in the city health department. He worked in various departments, each advancement that he won resulting from taking another Civil Service examination. In 1922 he was appointed health commissioner, with administrative oversight of thirteen thousand people.

This was a personal triumph for Doctor Bundesen, for it was the first time in the history of the city that a health commissioner was appointed from the ranks. He continued to hold his office through two changes of party in the mayor's office, and it was not until late in 1927 that he was replaced, for some political reason.

From a host of offers, Doctor Bundesen immediately chose one as medical director for the sanitary district of Chicago, and another as health editor of the Chicago "Daily News." These positions enlarged his field of service.

It was as health commissioner that Doctor Bundesen first made his great reputation, partly as a battler of sickness, but more as the champion and preacher of good health.

"WHEN I went into office," he told me, "I made two resolutions regarding my personal conduct. I resolved, first, that I would never 'play politics' or in any way compromise my honesty. I did this because I believe in God and have a religion —not that I am credulous, but a man lives better when his spiritual life rests on something firm and eternal. So I believe that any man who compromises with honesty denies his religion and his God.

"My second resolution arose out of the fact that I knew I should have to meet peculiar situations. As an example, the lists of babies born in the city were available to private corporations interested in selling various products to the parents. Some of these concerns were quite unscrupulous, and by circulating misinformation succeeded in getting mothers to do things that resulted, in many cases, in death.

"Well, I wanted a rule of action that would guide me in such cases, and this is what I worked out:

"I will never step on any man's toes so long as there is firm ground elsewhere. But if another man's toes cover the only ground in sight, I will step on them and step hard."

There was a third resolve, or policy, underlying these two, which Doctor Bundesen once stated in these words:

"A great city's health commissioner should be doing something besides nailing a red sign on a citizen's door, and saying, 'You dassn't do something!'"

So in constructive work his administration was a steady, splendid fight.

"We found by actual canvass," Doctor Bundesen went on, "that mothers of new babies were being solicited by from ninety to one hundred agents, to buy sets of books, patent diapers, open savings accounts, and what not—some good, some bad. But the worst solicitation came from concerns which were pushing patent baby foods.

"'Feed your baby from a bottle,' they urged. 'It will be better for you, and the

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Where working together is everything

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There are 5000 workers on the staffs of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Laboratories whose sole occupation is to develop constantly improving methods and equipment for the 350,000 employees of the Bell System to use in serving the public. The results of the efforts are evident, not only in the extension of telephone service across the Atlantic, but in the constantly improving local and long distance service at home.

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It's News for you, too

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It's a way that banishes razor-pull . . . stops face smart. A scientific method of beard-softening that gets whiskers off clean and smooth. Today we offer a simple test. See coupon below; tell us where to send your seven-day tube

A MILLION steady customers! Buying only on the basis of results. Men just like yourself . . . with coarse, stubborn beards . . . and tender skins.

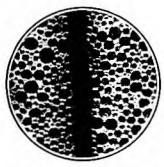
A million men . . . who have discarded old-fashioned shaving methods for a quicker, easier way.

There's no razor-pull, sting or smart. No drag or scrape. You get a smoother, easier shave . . . and you get it with a smile!

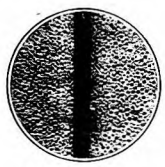
No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For the small bubbles hold more water and soap.



Ordinary Lather
Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



Colgate Lather
Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

That's the scientific principle of it, men. Now here's what this small-bubble lather actually does when you start to shave:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Your beard gets moist and pliable—scientifically softened at the base.

You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort. Seven shaves, just like the one described in this advertisement are now offered in the coupon below.

We'll gladly send a generous sample of our After-Shave also; men are turning to it by the thousands.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 501-L FREE OFFER MEN!
595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's After Shave.
Name _____
Address _____

baby too; and you'll be free to go about as much as you like.'

"Many a mother listened and believed. We found that about eighty of every hundred babies in Chicago were bottle-fed. Medical statistics all agree that the breast-fed baby, other things being equal, is the strong baby, and that of the babies that die in the dangerous first year, the majority are bottle-fed.

"I decided that the information that mothers received was henceforth going to be *honest* information, as far as lay in our power. So I stopped the general circulation of the baby lists, and got a council order forbidding their publication in the future.

"Immediately, a storm of protests arose from the concerns that made their living out of these lists. Lawsuits were threatened, but never one was filed. Representatives from four different concerns offered me, personally, as much as fifty cents per name if I would let them have the lists. And there are some sixty thousand babies born in Chicago every year!

"'It's being done regularly in other cities,' they said. 'You're a fool not to do it too.'

"But I kept on being a fool!"

DOCTOR BUNDESEN began an intensive publicity campaign for good health among babies, probably the most far-reaching campaign of its kind ever conducted in any city. He wrote a book about baby care. There were no city funds available for the publication of the book. He therefore went to several wealthy men, explained his aims and needs, and they financed the book for him.

No copy has ever been sold for profit. Had profit been the object, Doctor Bundesen would have made thousands of dollars from royalties. Over a million copies of the book have been presented to Chicago parents alone, and it is now used by the health departments of several other great cities. One life insurance company distributed three quarters of a million copies, and it has been translated into half a dozen languages for distribution overseas.

A second book, "The Growing Child," followed the baby book. It is a complete outline of personal hygiene, packed full of facts, with diet lists and practical rules for heathful living, and intended fully as much for the adult as for the child.

One or two specific results of Doctor Bundesen's campaigns are as follows: The figures of bottle-fed and breast-fed babies are just about reversed from what they were. Whereas some twenty per cent of the babies in Chicago used to get mother's milk, *eighty* per cent get it today. Furthermore, under his administration, Chicago came to have the lowest death rate among children under one year of age of any of the large cities of this country. These were outstanding facts about an administration conceived in high honesty, and conducted with rare energy and intelligence.

"More and more," he said, "I am impressed with the fact that the *great* health need of the average man is prevention rather than cure. The more we learn about health, the less we need to know about sickness.

"I couldn't, of course, in a short interview, outline a complete health program. But a few high lights stand out promi-

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Portrait painted for The Hoover Company by Paul Trebilcock

—but I Can't Say This to My Husband

MY HUSBAND will give me this Christmas, as he does every year, some lovely and very useless trinket. He likes to be extravagant and a little foolish in his gift to me.

But sometimes I wish—how can I say it? He wants so much to please me—only, like other men, he's a bit unseeing.

To him I'm still the girl he married. Young and strong and radiant with health. He doesn't know — no one but the woman who cares for a home can know — how much of that youth and strength and health can slip from one under the burden of cleaning duties heavier than they need be.

Yet how can I suggest the gift I really want? He would only laugh at me. Tell me that Christmas is no time for such a sensible purchase. That I must have something for *myself*.

If only he could see that what I want *is* for myself. More for myself than any pretty trinket. That it means the very preservation of those things about which he cares so much. My youth. Freshness. That sparkle of unwearied health.

I can't say this to my husband. But I can say it to other husbands like mine:

Give her this year what she really wants. A Hoover.

"GIVE HER A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST"

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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

A Mennen Christmas for him!

Here's a pack full of smooth shaves, quick shaves, cool comfort, lasting comfort—for Christmas morning and every morning. Make this a Mennen Christmas—a day he'll remember every day he shaves.

First a tube of the new Mennen Shaving Cream, Menthol-iced with a zippy dash of cooling menthol that puts new pep and pleasure in his shave.

And a tube of Mennen Skin Balm that adds a soothing, cooling after-touch.

Then a can of Mennen Talcum for Men—the most popular powder for men. Neutral tinted so it doesn't show.

Your dealer can supply you with this Mennen Trio Christmas Box. Or if not, send us his name and address, and we'll see that you are supplied.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, N.J., and Toronto, Ont.

Your shave is only as good as your lather

MENNEN

the *dermutized* shave

Dermutation is the exclusive beard-softening process in Mennen lather which completely softens the beard so that the razor cuts close and clean without nicking or scraping the face.

nently from my experience in meeting thousands face to face from the platform, and through the work in the health department, and here.

"I'd say, for example, as fundamental gospel, that every man ought to think *positively* about keeping well. He ought to have a regular health audit, preferably once a year, just as business houses have periodical profit and loss statements and balance sheets, to see how they stand. He ought to know at least as much about keeping his body in good running order as he knows about his automobile. He ought to understand the properties of foods well enough to be able to order a meal without missing six sevenths of the things he needs and without getting too much of some one or two things, so that his belt begins to stretch and stretch, and his heart groans. He ought to know how to sit and stand correctly, so that all the organs can function as they should. He ought to cultivate a real love for fresh air, sunshine, water, milk—yes! and even codliver oil.

"To take a particular subject: there is the question of the teeth. As a nation, I suppose we take more care of our teeth, after a fashion, than any other people on earth; and, as a nation, we have bad teeth. How can this be?

"When I am on the platform, I have a habit of bringing up this point, and then I stop and ask the audience a direct question. Almost invariably the answers follow the same formula, no matter what audience I am addressing. I say:

"'What should you do every day to have good teeth?'

"And somebody says, 'Keep them clean.'

"'How?' I ask again.

"'By looking after them.'

"'How?'

"'Go to the dentist at least three times a year.'

"'But is that all that you have to do, to go to the dentist three times a year?'

"'Brush them.'

"'Brush them with what?'

"'Antiseptically with a dentifrice.'

"At this point I break in. 'Brushing with a dentifrice,' I tell them, 'is fine as far as it goes; but it doesn't go far enough. You've got to eat food that massages the gums, and rough food that you have to chew.'

"Too many people, today, partake of soft food only; that's why their teeth and gums, in spite of being kept clean, are not in healthy condition.

"THERE are at least three or four important things to know about colds:

"First, a cold is caught from somebody who has one.

"The second fact about colds is that a majority of them can be avoided altogether if a person lives right, gives the system proper foods, and gets enough exercise and fresh air and sunshine—it isn't a question of wearing rubbers or keeping out of drafts.

"We can't avoid all the cold germs. But we can live so sanely that when the cold germ enters, it finds ample energy waiting to fight it, and to prevent it from developing.

"The third fact is that if a cold does get a start, it can often be broken up if taken in hand promptly. Incidentally, too, the most infectious period is during the first *twenty-four* or *forty-eight* hours.

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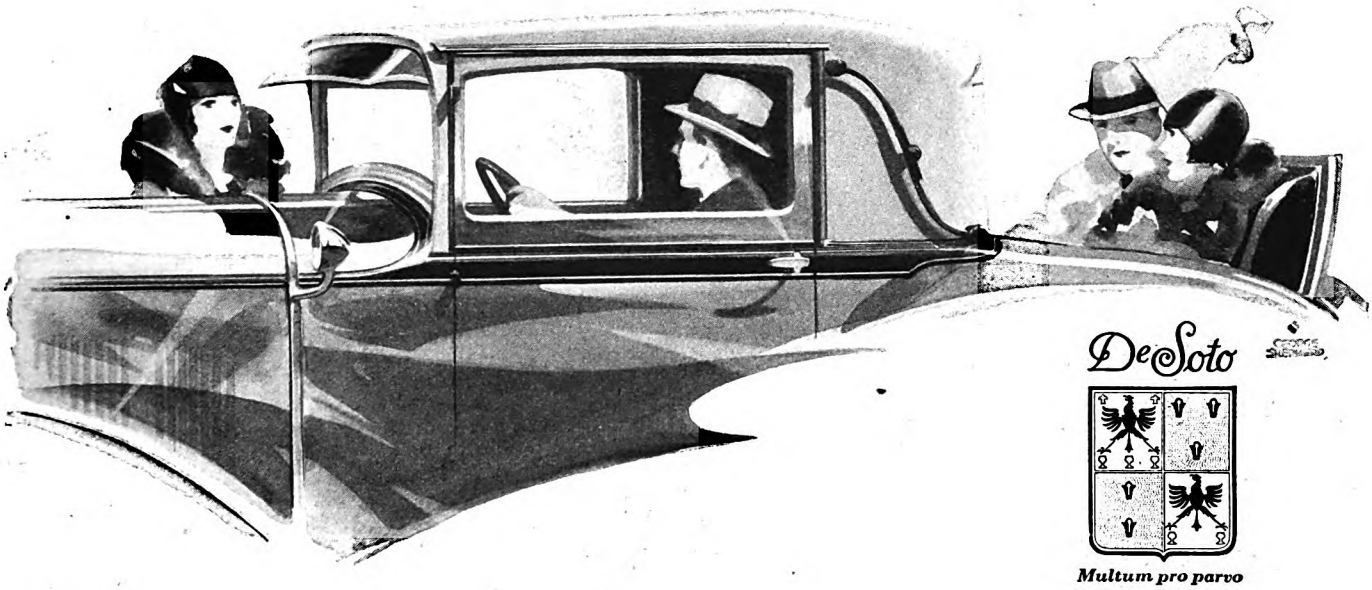
DE SOTO SIX

PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER



SUCH VALUE COULD COME *from* NO OTHER SOURCE

De Soto Six—product of Chrysler engineering and manufacturing genius—gives so much more beauty, quality and performance ability for so little cost—that its greater value in the field of low priced sixes has been instantly recognized and generously rewarded.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION (*Division of Chrysler Corporation*), *Detroit, Michigan.*

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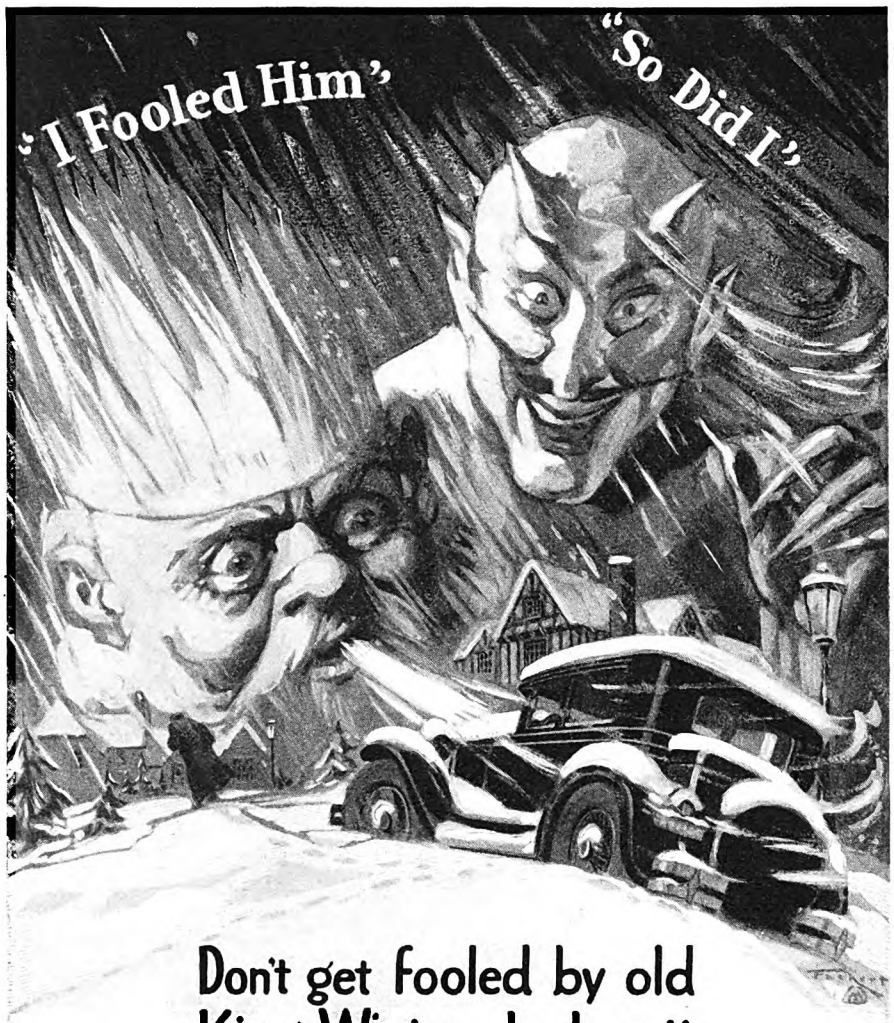

Don't get fooled by old King Winter~ he hasn't run out of snowstorms.

Don't listen to the Devil Indifference when he says "Oh, leave your WEEDS at home."

ACCO
A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY Inc
in business for Your Safety

Always Carry
WEED CHAINS

The period, December 1 to 8, has been designated for a nation-wide "DRIVE SAFELY" drive

Signs will be displayed in good garages and auto accessory stores as reminders to buy and use WEED Chains.

If employers only realized that, and insisted on sending employees home as soon as they show symptoms of a cold, they would certainly save many, many others from suffering the same way. Moreover, they would help to cut down the death rate from pneumonia. For in the great majority of cases, pneumonia is simply a cold that was neglected. A cold can usually be broken up rather easily if a person goes to bed and does the right things during the first twenty-four hours.

"I find that I can nearly always bring on a cold if I stay indoors for four or five days, allow myself to become constipated, or stay for any length of time in hot, stuffy rooms.

"I remember on one occasion when I was coming down with a bad cold Doctor Cheney, the surgeon in charge of personnel for Armour and Company, cured me by a very simple prescription.

"He gave me a teaspoonful of baking soda—sixty grains—in a glass of water followed by a little calcium—there are a number of calcium tablets on the market.

"'These things,' he said, 'will alkaline your system. In two hours, take another teaspoonful of baking soda, and another calcium tablet. Within three hours take a half-teaspoonful of baking soda. And be sure not to eat acid foods.'

"I wonder," Doctor Bundesen interjected, "just how many of your readers would be able to say offhand what things I should not have eaten. Not many, I'll venture! We all know what oil to use in the crank case of our automobiles, but mighty few of us know what foods to put into our stomachs.

"As a matter of fact, most of our health problems," Doctor Bundesen went on, "get back, sooner or later, to diet. By the way, if you care to, I wish you would let the readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE know that if any of them are interested in my last book, 'The Growing Child,' I will be glad to send a copy free. In addition to the simpler rules of hygiene, it gives tables of the common foods that contain the proteins, carbohydrates, fats, minerals, and vitamins A, B, C, and D, which are essential to a well-balanced diet, and other material of value to adults.

"The waist line is truly called the life line. Men and women who let themselves go in this respect are, for the most part, the ones who fill early graves. We need to know whether we are putting health or disease into our stomachs; whether we are eating the right kind and the right quantity of food.

"Several months ago, I was addressing a group of employees of a great manufacturing concern, and at the end I threw the meeting open for questions, as I always do. One man asked me to tell them something about my own daily bill of fare, for I try to live up to the doctrines I preach. So I gave them an outline of a typical day.

"I told them, first of all, that I varied my diet considerably, depending on the season and that there should also be a variation for different individuals; not all engines being of the same size or in need of the same amount of fuel.

"My day starts every morning at about seven o'clock, no matter whether I went to bed the previous evening at eleven or at three.

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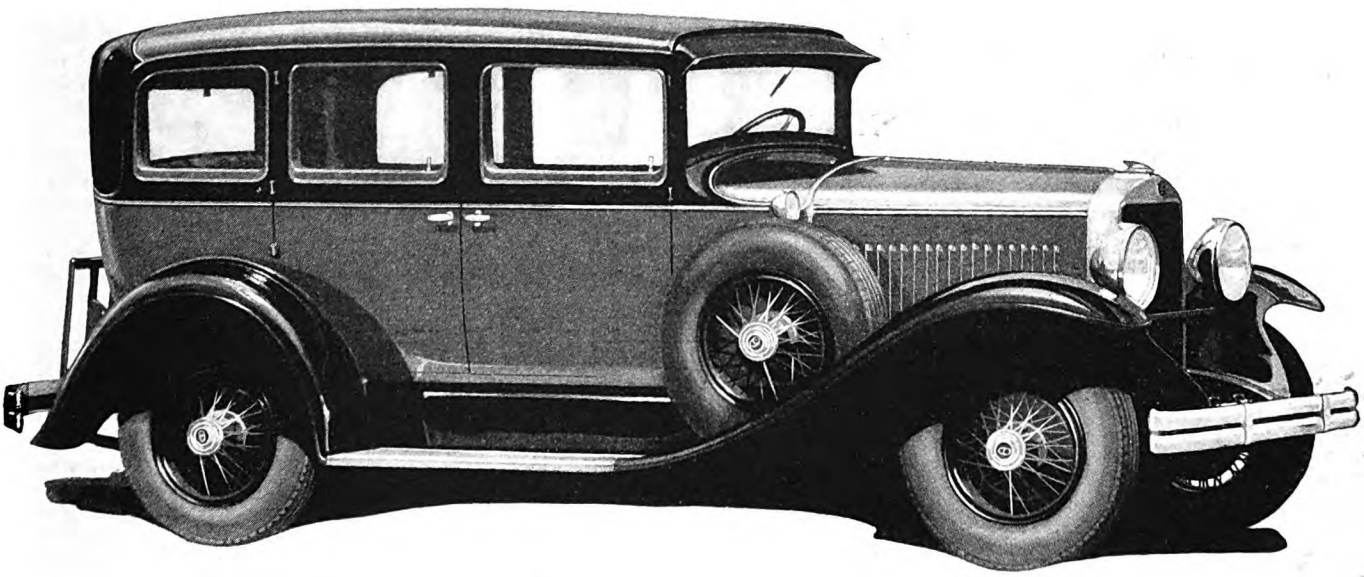
Four Speed Advantages

Quiet and quickly responsive—"third" in the Graham-Paige four-speed transmission (standard gear shift) rapidly accelerates in traffic, and up steep hills. Fourth speed reveals a new smoothness and swiftness. We invite *you* to enjoy the advantages of driving with four speeds forward.

GRAHAM PAIGE

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Car illustrated is Model 614, five-passenger Sedan, with 4-speed transmission (standard gear shift), $1295. (Wire wheels extra.) All prices f. o. b. Detroit.



GRAHAM-PAIGE

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Instead of "*must*" and "*must not*"..

new, fascinating games

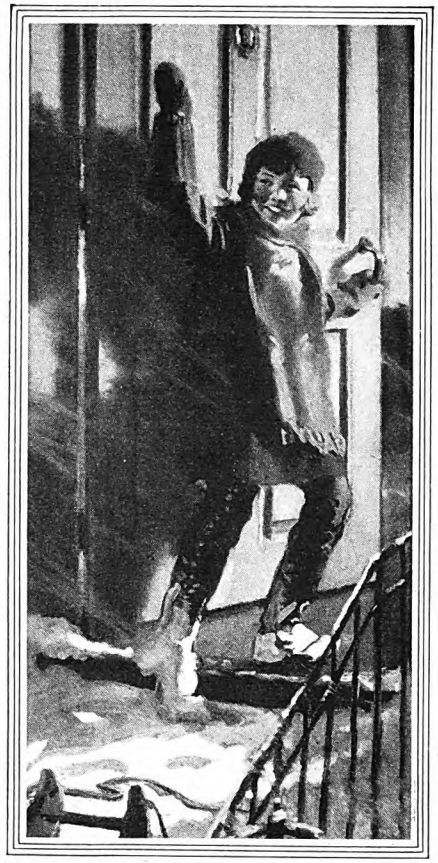
"By appealing to the child's imagination with games, mothers are creating lasting habits," says Ernest Hamlin Abbott, noted authority on child guidance.

Wonderful new discoveries in child guidance show that high spirited youngsters, chock full of mischief, can be *led* without scolding. In many homes today sound habits are being learned—not through "must" and "must not"—but by games.

Mothers know, for instance, how much depends on the sort of breakfast children eat. Tests in the schools of great cities show that the children who do best are those who've eaten *hot, cooked* cereal for breakfast. To rouse enthusiasm for this important habit, this rule now hangs on the walls of 70,000 schoolrooms:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

Mothers feel a great responsibility about it. And so they sometimes try too hard to have children eat their *hot, cooked* cereal. It's just human nature for these irresponsible youngsters to balk a bit when they hear "because it's good for you." The first thing they think of answering is, "Oh mother, I don't want my Cream of Wheat"—"I don't *want* my oatmeal"—or whatever cereal it is.



A little canny strategy on mother's part forestalls any such wail. To make it easy, a clever plan has been worked out, built on the new ideas of child guidance. A children's club called the H. C. B. turns eating Cream of Wheat into a game no child can resist.

Recommended for 32 years by leading authorities

Authorities in child health have for 32 years recommended Cream of Wheat as ideal. Here are three of their reasons:

1. It is abundantly rich in mental and physical energy—all real food.
2. Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and easy to digest. It contains none of the harsh, indigestible part of the grain.
3. Raisins, dates, or prunes easily added while cooking, vary its creamy goodness.

Make this a regular habit with your children—start them out with a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning.

© 1928, C. of W. Co.

FREE—*mothers say this plan works wonders*

This fascinating H. C. B. Club plan arouses children's enthusiasm for a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. Badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts! All material free, sent direct to your children with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. They'll work it out for themselves. 90,000 mothers are finding it such an *easy* way to be sure their children get the *hot, cooked* cereal they need so much. Send the coupon in today.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY DEPT. P-18
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name.....
First name *Last name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

"I don't throw up the windows when I rise, and do calisthenics. No; the first thing I do is to walk into the kitchen and take a glass of water—about fourteen or fifteen swallows. It takes half a minute or so to drink it, because I don't gulp it down, but pause for a breath after each swallow or two. Hot water is better than cold, because the stomach doesn't have to warm it; but it doesn't make a great deal of difference.

"The reason for this procedure is that, when one wakes up, the stomach needs a wash. After it gets it, it is ready to receive food.

"I shave and wash and dress. The whole procedure takes not over twenty minutes. Then I put on my hat and walk around a square. Part of the time I try to walk on the balls of my feet, just to get a little more exercise. A walk like this is something anybody can indulge in.

"I now sit down to breakfast. I take some fruit in season. In winter, particularly, I take orange juice and grapefruit, so that I can alkaline the system; when the alkali reserve goes down, the cold germ has a fine opportunity to get a foothold. If strawberries, raspberries, melons, or the like, are in season, we have them. I always take some whole wheat cereal, or oatmeal, alternating from time to time with a little bran. I put some cream on it, but not much sugar, because by chewing a bit longer the salivary glands make the sugar, and too much sugar is fattening. I have an egg about three times a week, and one slice of toast made of bran, pumpernickel, or whole wheat bread. Sometimes, as a change, I indulge in pancakes made with eggs, or French-fried toast.

"Breakfast finished, I step out of the house and walk ten blocks, after which the automobile picks me up and takes me to the office.

"THE minute I hang up my hat in the office, I drink a glass of water. At ten-thirty, I take a glass of acidophilous milk. (Buttermilk would serve about as well.) At about eleven-thirty I drink more water.

"At noon, I have a bowl of soup, and in warm weather a bowl of 'half-and-half' with graham crackers. I eat a dessert, consisting in summer of fruits, and in winter of a lettuce and tomato salad, or some green stuff. Maybe, in addition to all the rest, I have some spinach. I might say here that the favorite crime of the American business man's lunch is too much meat; another is too much coffee and apple pie!

"In the evening I eat either meat or fish and two vegetables. Potatoes we nearly always have cooked with the jackets on, because about eighty per cent of the iron or vitamins is found in the peeling. The fluids in which the vegetables are cooked are all saved, as they contain over seventy-five per cent of the minerals and vitamins, and my family of six growing youngsters need vitamins. Our bread is usually whole wheat. Sometimes our dessert is fruit. But about three times a week we eat ice cream. This is given to the children as a reward for eating all the rest of the meal and taking codliver oil three times a week.

"This is not a fixed schedule, of course. We vary it.

"In the evening I often drink a glass of water. And every night before I go to bed

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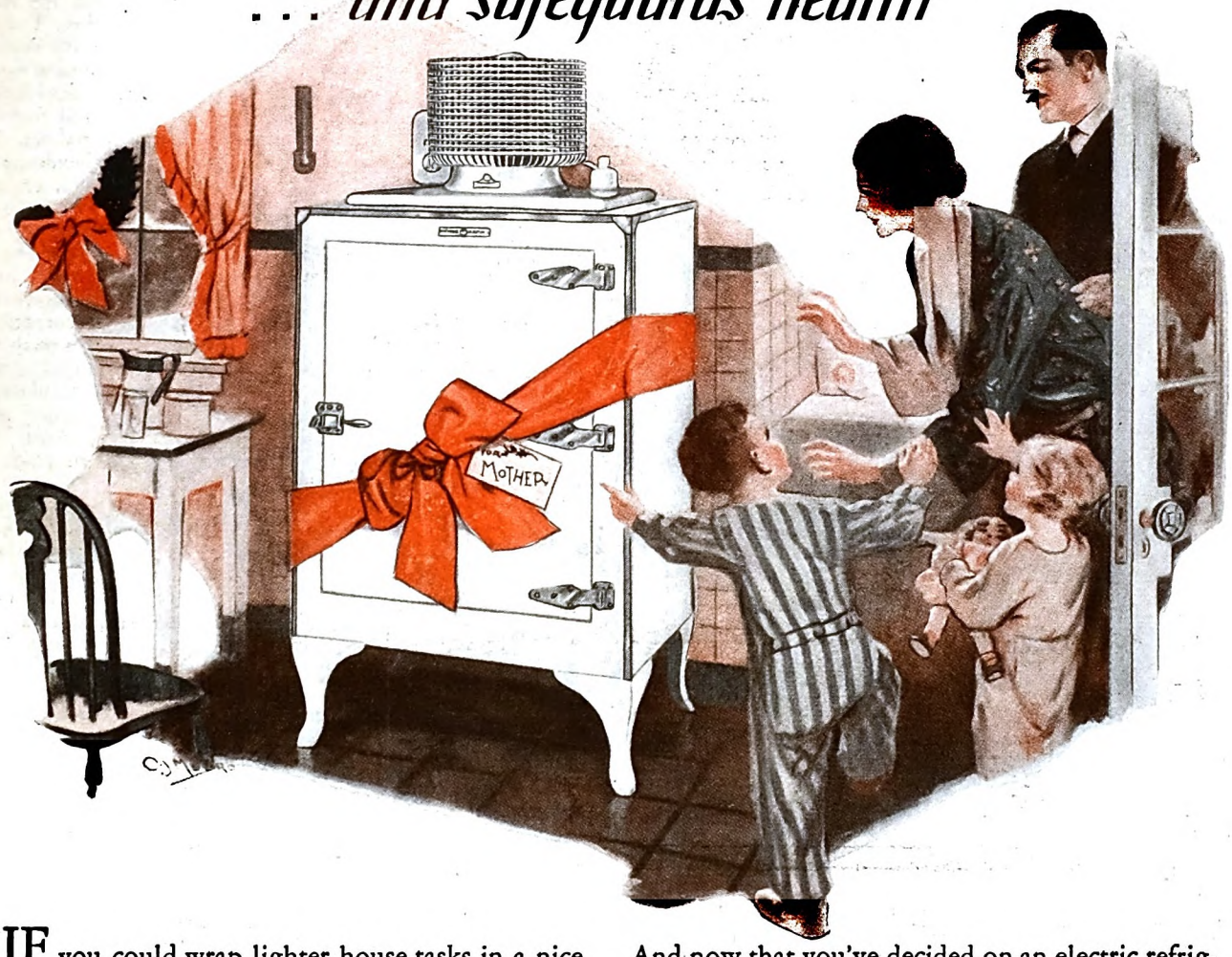
The gift that simplifies housekeeping

. . . *and safeguards health*



IF you could wrap lighter house-tasks in a nice little box and close them with a not-to-be-opened-till-Christmas seal, wouldn't you like to send them to some one you know?

Well, you can come pretty close to doing just that. A General Electric Refrigerator is one sure way to make life easier for the woman who runs the house.

It cuts her marketing trips, it simplifies her menu-planning, it gives new ease and variety to her cooking. It gives her the assurance that the food her family eats will be safely, healthfully fresh.

And now that you've decided on an electric refrigerator, consider especially this new-day General Electric. It is radically different from all others—really "years ahead" in design. It is so automatic that it never even needs oiling. All its machinery is safely sealed in an air-tight steel casing on the top.

These revolutionary refrigerators are developed, produced and guaranteed by General Electric . . . . a strong assurance of their truly superior quality.

For a completely descriptive catalog, just drop us a card asking for Booklet A-12.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

"Makes it Safe to be Hungry"

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

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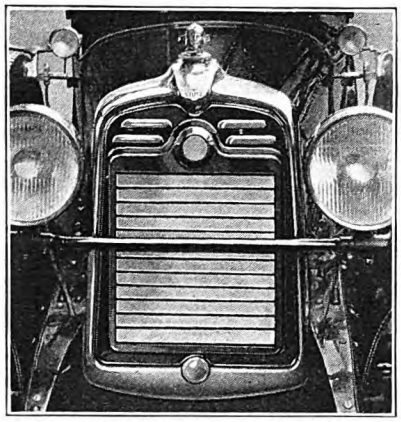
HUPMOBILE 8
CHRYSLER 75 and 80
DODGE SENIOR SIX
CADILLAC
LA SALLE
PIERCE-ARROW
LINCOLN

Owners of These Fine Cars

need never worry about

COLD



Illustrating the Stutz equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

THE makers of these fine cars have *stopped the damage that comes from cold.* Not half way. Not in a way that depends on memory. But in a way that leaves no chance for dangerous neglect. They have adopted *automatic, dependable* motor protection — over the radiator — where motor protection belongs.

Equip your car at the first sign of cold weather

You get the warning signal in coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting. You reach for the "choke"—and instantly a flood of raw gasoline hits ice-cold metal. Oil is washed away from glass-like surfaces. Metal grinds against metal at a terrific speed, producing friction no motor can stand. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. This is the damage you pay for in the spring. *Damage that can now be totally avoided.*

Pines Winterfront stops the damage of cold

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator, and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically,* allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

When you park your car, Winterfront closes completely while your motor is still hot. You cannot walk away and forget it. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. The "choke" habit disappears. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. Your car is warm inside—your motor runs with summer smoothness and flexibility.

Winterfront is easily installed

Your dealer will equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront in a few minutes. Moderately priced—it will pay for itself many times over—and will give you years of service. Thermostats are guaranteed. Accept no substitute. Pines Winterfront is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. Pines Winterfront Company, 404 North Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Motor Protection must be AUTOMATIC

266

PINES WINTERFRONT —*It's Automatic*

I eat an apple, or, in seasons when good apples aren't obtainable, a couple of figs.

"In winter, when there isn't much sunshine, and we don't get as much of vitamin D from that source as we need, I take codliver oil three times a week. I confess that I take it in the form of tablets, instead of the oil itself, because the latter leaves a taste in my mouth for hours afterward. In this connection, I might say that out of the fifty or sixty codliver oil tablets that have been analyzed by the chemists of the American Medical Association, only one has been found to be all that is claimed for it by the makers. It is worth while to write to the headquarters of the Association, in Chicago, to learn the name of that one.

"THE windows in our bedrooms are never closed, and the heat is never turned on. I keep my office windows open most of the time, and the temperature low—a scheme that in winter is healthful, and also tends to keep unwanted visitors from making the office a loafing place!

"Each member of our family is in vigorous health. Everybody says:

"'Gee, but those six kids of yours are husky!'

"We have some difficulty keeping a housekeeper. In fact, we usually have two at once, one being in training, for, after a month or so, some kind friend who has been 'sold' on our simple dietary offers the old one three or four dollars a week more than we pay. But if it helps these friends to live longer, we have no complaint.

"You will notice that I have not mentioned coffee, tea, and tobacco. I might say that I smoke, and that no one likes a cigar better than I do; I would not ask anybody to stop smoking altogether, unless he has a weak heart or for some similar good reason. But I do believe that two or three cigars a day are plenty. It is over-use, abuse, that kills.

"The trouble with coffee and tea is the danger to the heart through *over*-use. Both can give a man a false feeling of well-being for a time, especially when he is tired, with the result that he takes coffee instead of resting, as he should; and unwittingly he draws on reserves of strength that he will need in later years. And when those later years arrive, he suddenly goes to pieces, and thinks he is unlucky. As a matter of fact, he has been culpably careless.

"So many people think that to eat wisely means that one can't enjoy his meals. On the contrary, I'm of the opinion that a man gets more pleasure out of a well-balanced meal than out of the other kind.

"A notion some people have, that you ought to sit down in front of a lot of predigested stuff, is not sound health policy. Usually, if you go in restaurants where they serve that kind of food, or *any* faddish stuff, the people look sickly and pepless.

"To sum up," Doctor Bundesen concluded, "I think these are the two biggest facts about health that I know: By right living, it is possible to add years to life. But of greater moment is the second fact, that by right living a man can also *add life to his years.*"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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NEW PERFORMANCE-NEW STYLE OLD DEPENDABILITY

In Dodge Brothers New Victory Six every feature that contributes to comfort, luxury, style and performance has been refined and improved.

Increased leg-room follows as a natural benefit of increased body-length. Generous additions to head-room and seat width are betterments that everyone will value. Likewise the increased size of the new Victory doors, the greater breadth of vision for all occupants.

Victory lines and colors are smarter than ever. The radiator is higher and more massive. Wide, one-piece fenders of improved design are distinctive beauty-assets.

True Dodge dependability is evident in every stress-sustaining part. The extra sturdy chassis frame forms part of the body, replacing body sills and dust aprons. Body overhang and many excess pounds are eliminated, together with many sources of squeaks and rattles.

Every phase of Victory performance benefits by this unique construction. In particular, roadability and riding ease become nothing less than marvelous.

You are invited to treat yourself to a Victory demonstration today.

PRICES—*Touring Car, $995; Roadster, $995; Coupe, $1045; 4-Door Sedan, $1095; DeLuxe Sedan, $1170; DeLuxe 4-Passenger Coupe, $1170; Sport Roadster, $1245; Sport Touring Car, $1245; Sport Sedan, $1295—f. o. b. Detroit*

DODGE BROTHERS

NEW VICTORY SIX

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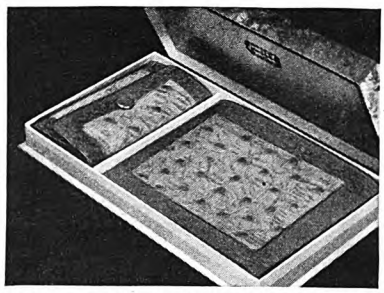
ARE GIFTS FOR MEN HARD TO FIND?

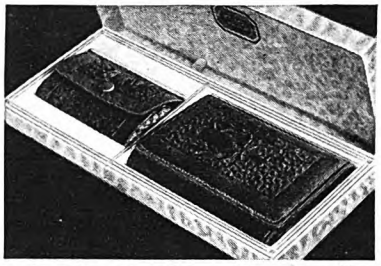
Not if you choose Amity sets of matched leather

This is Find-ex, the greatest improvement in men's wallets in years. Find-ex keeps your cards, auto licenses, etc., clean and orderly in a patented, self-indexing, removable, visible file and it has a separate compartment for the new small-sized bills. In six different varieties of leather. In gift box, $5.

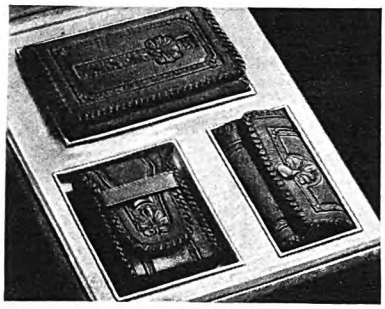


Find-ex and Key Kaddy, an ideal combination gift for a man. In beautiful sets of matched leather. $7, in a handsome gift box.

This is the Key Kaddy which matches Find-ex. In six different varieties of leather to match the various designs of Find-ex. $2 in a gift box.



Amity gift set in richly tooled mahogany pigskin. Threefold wallet and Key Kaddy in gift box for $2.50 to $35. Also in combination of threefold and cigarette case.



Amity gift set. Hand-colored, laced, tool embossed, steerhide threefold wallet, Key Kaddy and cigarette case in beautiful silk-lined box, $12.50. Other sets in a variety of leathers and designs, $2.75 to $50.

Amity ladies' hand-bag of rich imported steerhide, hand-colored, laced and tool embossed. Fitted with mirror and purse, $16.50. Other ladies' bags of many designs from $5 to $25.

SELECTING the right gifts for dad, son or brother can be the very easiest part of your Christmas giving this year. And the most appreciated! Amity gifts of fine leather, durable, useful and beautifully wrought, are what every man secretly hopes for, but does not really expect.

For mother and daughter, too, Amity makes wonderfully attractive hand-bags that settle many a gift problem.

Wallets, Key Kaddies and cigarette cases—you can get them singly or in sets of matched design with handsome gift boxes. Some of the new Amity gift sets include *FIND-EX*, the greatest improvement ever made in men's wallets. Richly tooled, hand-laced, all are of genuine leather.

There is something inherently romantic about leather which appeals to man's imagination. The natural ruggedness and toughness of leathers used in Amity products will be a source of much pleasure to men who receive something made by Amity. This Christmas, you can choose presents that will make everyone happy, from the wide variety of Amity gifts displayed by leather-goods dealers, drug stores, stationers, department stores, men's clothiers and jewelers.

if stamped **AMITY** *it's leather*

Send for interesting "Book of Amity" No. 23, giving facts about the history and romance of leathers and showing *FIND-EX* and other Amity Products. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

The Kind of Radio Hour I Would Like to Put On

FIRST PRIZE

This May Be Asking a Good Deal, But—

I LIVE in a small town in North Carolina. The radio means more to folks like me and my family than can be readily understood by people who live where something is going on every minute. It is our most intimate hook-up with the outside world.

To begin with, I should like five minutes of good band or orchestra music. Something lively.

In the next five minutes, I want to know what's happening in the world.

Now for a good rousing speech from somebody, man or woman, who has opinions on some subject. Politics, religion, international relations—anything that has some good red meat in it. But remember, ten minutes is the outside limit for this sort of thing.

Five minutes of music would make a nice break at this point.

Fifth on the program I should like a ten-minute talk from someone who has had exciting adventures. One of the best things I ever heard over the radio was a talk by the man who filmed the big picture "Grass," in the wilds of Persia. This fellow made me see with his eyes and hear with his ears, and run with his legs.

Now I'd like five minutes devoted to humor. And if I could have my pick of humorists I would choose Will Rogers.

The next ten minutes I should enjoy something of an educational nature. A pointed, concise talk from some authority in the scientific or literary world would suit me down to a T.

A ten-minute playlet, or dramatic sketch, or monologue would come in nicely here.

To top off with, I should like a good old-fashioned song. And, personally, I prefer male voices, and negro spirituals and cowboy songs. J. T. S.

SECOND PRIZE

It Should Be Like a Well-Balanced Meal

THE first thing I shall do in my radio hour is to eliminate unnecessary announcements. This means that there shall be no "cute" remarks; no coaxing of this one or that "whom we all want to hear;" no explaining to "dear friends of Radioland" that our dear little Eva has a cold, but couldn't disappoint her dear friends. (If she has a cold she ought to have sense enough not to sing.)

If there is anything more tiresome than a long-winded after-dinner speaker it is the average radio announcer. When a radio announcer announces he is going to announce, it is frequently as silly as a silly girl's repetition of "And he says, and I says." My hour must be dignified.

My hour starts. The announcer states simply: "Station X." At once a national

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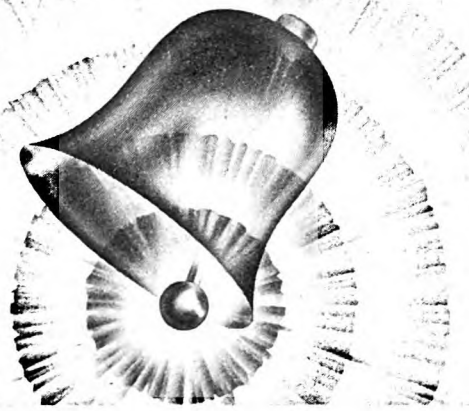


The Joy of Living

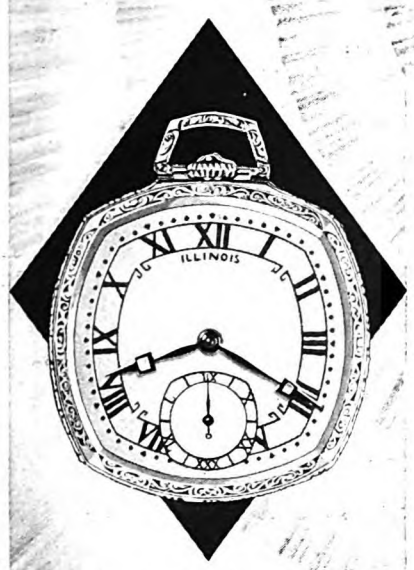
Bells, holly, packages, memories, smiles and joys—this is Christmas!

Good friends and kin are all at once a part of joyful life. It is good to live and give!

This for Brother and that for Mother with all the tingling satisfaction of selecting well and knowing that the Christmas seal hides a host of pleasures.

The pleasure of giving and receiving an Illinois Watch will not be momentary, but will last and grow with increasing pride in its sheer beauty and faithful service as a precious timepiece.

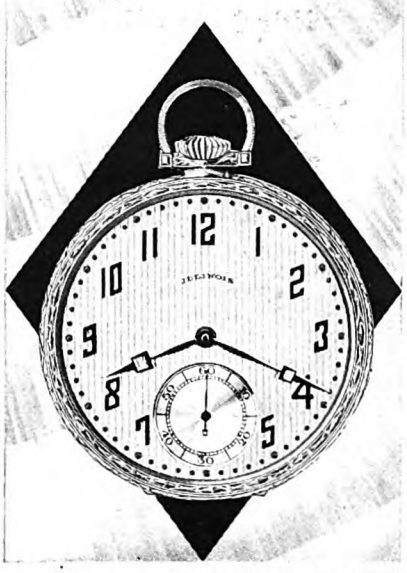
Behind such a gift are more than 50 years of Illinois painstaking craftsmanship and science—a half century of building more than a fine watch, a great American watch.



The Marquis-Autocrat. An unusual watch in both performance and appearance. A rare combination of the dignity of a pocket piece with the attractive influence of unconventional design. In 14k gold-filled cushion-shaped case, this 17-jewel watch deserves its popularity. $55.

The Berkeley. This charming watch has a delicate tracery of design in dark red and black hard enamel inlaid in its 14k white gold-filled case. A 17-jewel watch of Illinois craftsmanship, which insures dependable timekeeping. $55.

The Beau Brummell is style plus! Tailored to the wrist, the eye and the heart. It is one of those watches that improve with the wearing, creating new pride of possession each day. Illinois tradition underwrites its fine 17-jewel movement in beautiful 14k gold-filled case. $50.



The A. Lincoln. A watch of quality and refinement in perfect harmony with the greatness of the name it bears. A dignified watch of unfailing dependability for men of affairs. Fine 19-jewel movement, 14k solid gold case, sterling silver dial with raised gold figures. $110.

The ILLINOIS WATCH

Established 1870

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ILLINOIS BUNN SPECIAL RAILROAD WATCHES

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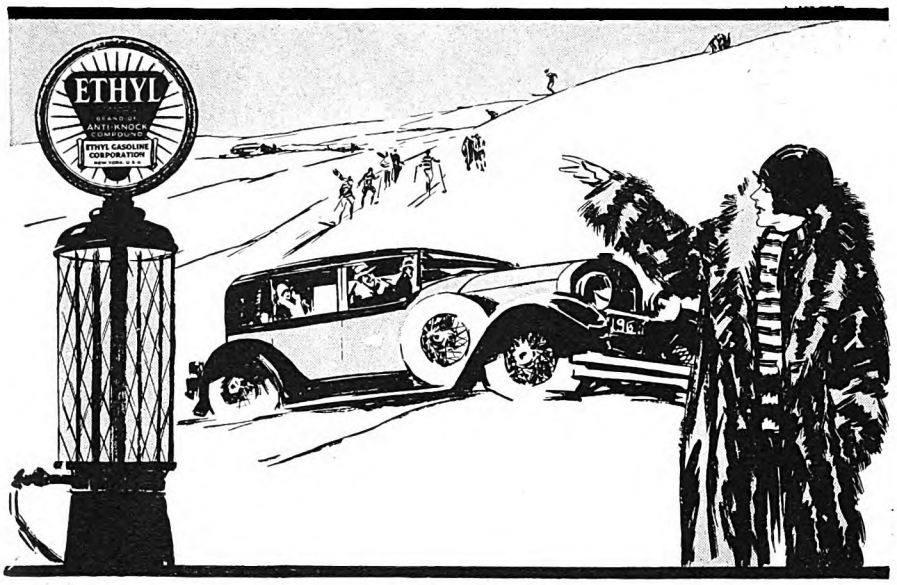


ETHYL

Knocks out that "knock"

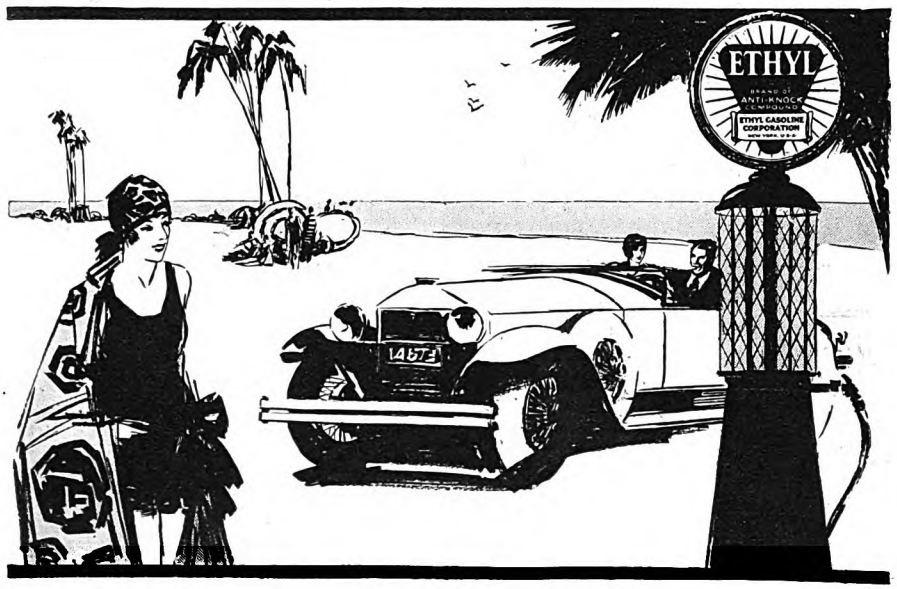
north · east · south · west

WHETHER you live in Canada or Florida, Maine or California—or anywhere in between—you will find ETHYL pumps, at which a superior motor fuel suitable to your climatic conditions is on sale.

Ethyl Gasoline knocks out that "knock." Makes carbon an asset. Increases the performance of any type of car—whether of low or of high compression. Try ETHYL in your car today.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

25 Broadway, N. Y. 56 Church St., Toronto, Can. 36, Queen Anne's Gate, London, Eng.



air is played, spiritedly. Then a brief account of the important events of the day, without comments. I do not mean political or unimportant items, but the real news of the world, with perhaps a statement of past events that made this date historical. Not more than fifteen minutes for this.

The next quarter of an hour would be devoted to the best music, instrumental or vocal; classical music rendered by good musicians. The simple announcement of each number would be sufficient.

Then for fifteen minutes I'd have the snappiest, latest dance hits, a quarter of an hour of noise and "pep." There is a time to dance! we are told. This is my time.

The last quarter of an hour I should give to songs—old songs that everyone loves. Just before "signing off" to close my hour there would be one old non-sectarian hymn. B. E. P.

THIRD PRIZE

I'd Like to *Get* It Without "Shopping" for It

WOULDN'T it be nice if we could find table d'hôte programs to suit our individual tastes without having to twirl dials all evening in the hope of assembling sixty minutes of entertainment, as one scoops dishes onto one's tray in a cafeteria?

Of course it's one thing to map out a program for your own delight; but when it's scheduled for the hours between eight and eleven at night you have to give a thought to the neighbors who drop in now and then.

In the first place, I'd give the professional announcers a rest. I'd find some master of ceremonies with a pleasing voice to act as introducer for Our Own Hour. He should have sparkle, but he must check his wise-cracks at the door.

Just to start things off briskly, how about opening with a military march by a competent band. Three minutes. Then swing into twelve minutes of popular songs by a pair of male singers who put the lyrics across—and let's pick clever lyrics.

Then a five-minute talk on almost any subject by someone who can talk for the ordinary guy in the street and hold his attention. To paraphrase a famous editor: "There are no dull subjects; there are only dull speakers."

A little classical music; but before we go into it, a short explanatory introduction, that anyone can understand—something about the significance and the interpretation of the selection. Fifteen minutes.

A good tenor and soprano offering, and one week, a program of the better songs—not jazz—from current musical comedies; another week, songs of ten years ago; while still another week, popular songs of the nineties. Ten minutes.

Wind up with jazz and a final rousing military march. The latter will be a sop to those who can't stand jazz.

Playlets, lectures, movie-fan chats, kitchen hints, sport talks, and the like—these we may leave to the other hours. They can be picked up occasionally, when one is in a "shopping mood"—as one will now and then embark on a departure and order cheesecake or meringues after years of sticking to rice pudding. D. L.

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What *is* the matter with me?

WHY is she always "too tired" to get up in the morning...too tired to drag herself to parties and the other places she and her husband used to enjoy?

In a great many cases these quiet tragedies which spoil so many marriages are the wife's own fault. She simply does not understand those intimate details of her toilette which so largely determine whether her marriage is a success—or a humdrum failure.

Get the facts about feminine hygiene. Send the coupon below. The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant will send you free their booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It contains facts, *professional* advice, and directions which should be familiar to every woman.

Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant at the nearest drugstore today. Full directions with every bottle.

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Lehn & Fink Radio Program—WJZ and 15 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday evening at 8, eastern time; 7 p. m. central time. *Sole distributors,* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

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LEHN & FINK, Incorporated, *Sole Distributors*
Bloomfield, New Jersey—Dept. 206

Please send me, free, *your booklet,*
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

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The White Fireman takes a hand in chimney construction

THE interest at 5% on a half-billion dollars is the amount that faulty chimneys and flues add to America's annual fire loss.

Knowing this loss to be strictly preventable, the White Fireman set about to find a remedy for the condition. Years of research work enabled him to prepare a practical ordinance for chimney construction, suitable for cities and towns of any size. After securing the general approval of architects, heating engineers and building material manufacturers he started his efforts to have his ordinance adopted by city governments.

The White Fireman's work is being justified by the daily increase in the number of municipalities which are writing the ordinance upon their statute books. It appears certain that his principles of chimney construction will become generally accepted throughout the United States. Thus this one phase of the White Fireman's loss-prevention work will be instrumental in wiping out one of the greatest causes of preventable fire loss.

THE White Fireman symbolizes the Loss-Prevention Service supported by insurance companies. This service includes: Consultation on proposed structures, that they may be as fire-safe as possible. Inspection of property, with recommendations for the reduction of fire-hazards. Maintenance of the Underwriters' Laboratories for the testing of building materials, the practical trial of fire extinguishers and other protective equipment, the examination of electrical apparatus and materials. Various other kinds of technical assistance for the furtherance of property conservation. The North America Agent will tell you how to secure this valuable service.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

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The Silent Minstrel

(*Continued from page 17*)

Vance Crowley stared at her in amazement a moment, then he put one hand over hers as if to still its searchings, and he said:

"You poor, dear, ridiculous infant!"

The sudden tenderness of his tone made the hot tears leap to her eyes; the room swam before her in a vague mist of unreality. And Vance Crowley slowly muttered, "I'll . . . be . . . jiggered!"

Cecilia tried to laugh, a laugh which caught somewhere in her throat and did not succeed very well. At once she hid behind the mirror of her purse and dabbed at her nose and eyes with a powder puff.

"Now," he said brusquely as he looked at his watch, "I have exactly eight minutes left before my cue. . . . Tell me, why did you come here?"

Cecilia considered. "I think," she said, with a rare glimpse of understanding, "it was because I'm so awfully young—if I'd been older—"

"Please don't ever grow older, Cecilia."

"If I'd been older, I'd have thought—"

"Exactly! You would have thought about what other people would have thought . . . and that is why we sometimes gain sense and lose intelligence with the years."

She pondered this philosophy a moment, and gave it up. "And then," she said impulsively, "everybody has been nasty to me lately—just *mean*."

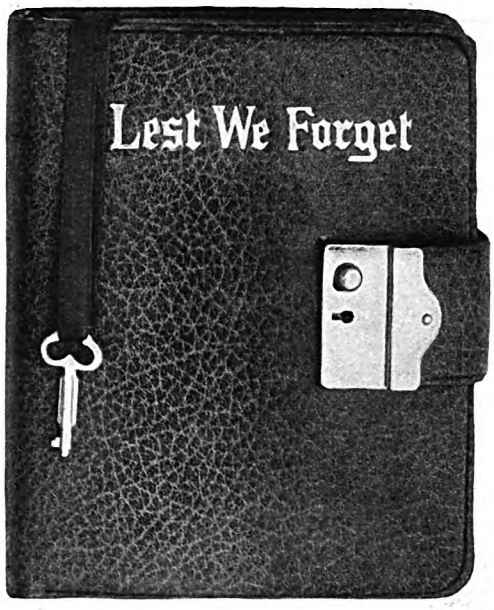
ALL her confidence returned with this delightful theme. As if she had known Vance Crowley for years, she told him about the high-school dance that evening, about Edward, her mother, her home . . . everything that had touched her life in far-away Flatbush. With sudden boldness, she told him about the phonograph record and how she had played it every day. Her words came in quick, fierce rushes.

"And so tonight, you know, when I heard from Edward about how people were talking about me, I just came here. I thought that—I really didn't *think* about it. Maybe if I had I wouldn't have come . . . but you don't quite look like I thought—"

"Dreams never do when they become realities," he said. "At this moment I am having dreams about you, about having dinner with you sometime, about singing to you, about dancing with you; but I know that they will never be anything but dreams. . . . And that is why it is better to stay young."

Suddenly he regarded her with such severity that she was amazed. There was no explaining this man; he could be tender in one moment and stern in the next.

"At your age," he scolded, "think of going to meet a stranger in a night club! I never heard of such a thing! Why, you ought to be home and in bed at this very minute. You ought to be studying your lessons. I'll wager that you don't know what the capital of Guatemala is, or how many parts Cæsar divided Gaul into, or what is the square root of *x*. You ought to wear your skirts longer, and you have too much rouge on, and you ought not to



The Standard Diary for 1929, *"Lest We Forget," No.* 883. *Bound in Levant Ecrase Leather in rose, green or blue. With lock and key. One page to a day. Packed in handsome de luxe gift box. Size* 5" x 4". *Price,* $4.50.

In 1929—*what a* Standard Diary *can do for you and those you love*

THE diary you keep can be for you the greatest novel ever written—more thrilling than fiction could possibly be. It will bring back a part of your life that is gone forever. It will recreate this lost life of yours in every interesting detail. Nothing else in all the world can do this—not even your memory, faithful servant though it strives to be.

Make up your mind you shall not lose this year, 1929, from your life. Determine that it shall always be a living thing. One year that you shall be able to live again at your slightest wish. You can do it if you get and use a Standard Diary. This is the greatest gift you can make yourself this Christmas, and the most worth while you can possibly find for those you love. In years to come they will thank you for it time and time again. Upon the Christmas lists of intelligent people Standard Diaries come first, other things follow.

Select the Standard Diaries you wish from over 300 different styles and bindings. There are diaries for one year and for five. Diaries designed for men and women, boys and girls away at school, and for the busy man. Also appointment books and Record of Investment Books too. Many have lock and key. The prices vary according to size and bindings from 50c to $6.

Note—The Standard Diary, "Lest We Forget" (described and illustrated above), is particularly suitable for the kind of gift you wish to make. It (along with the other Standard Diaries) is displayed by most stationers and department stores. If it is inconvenient for you to personally call on your dealer, send him (or us) the coupon below. Illustrated booklet of leading styles will also gladly be sent on request.

STANDARD DIARIES

To your dealer or
THE STANDARD DIARY CO., Dept. H
26 Blackstone St., Cambridge, Mass.
☐ (1) Enclosed find $4.50 (check) (money order) for Standard Diary, "Lest We Forget," No. 883 (rose) (green) (blue).
☐ (2) Send catalog of Standard Diary Line.

Name_____

Address_____

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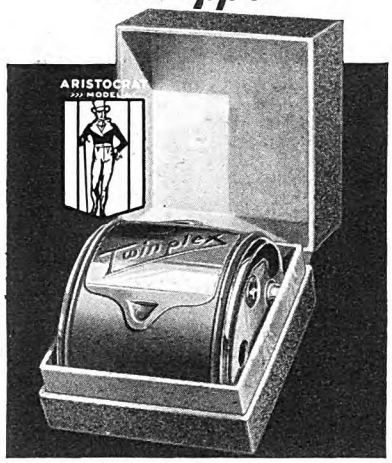
Give him another Twinplex Stropper



A REAL joy gift! A comfort gift! One that will be happily remembered every day for years and years!

This new Aristocrat Model Twinplex is the kind of a present it's a pleasure to give. It's useful—(guaranteed for 10 years!) It's modern—in the new color vogue! It contains more beauty and comfort in its iridescent, blue green and polished nickel body than is offered in most gifts for $4.00.

And if your HIM already has a Twinplex Stropper—no gift could be more welcome than *another*—a special one to keep always ready in his travel kit. For when a man is used to Twinplex smooth-shave-comfort, any journey is spoiled if his Twinplex is forgotten.

Twinplex makes new blades *shave* better, and keeps them shaving marvelously for so long that the money saved on blades repays its cost times over.

Attractive models at from $2.50 to $5.00 at all good dealers.

Twinplex
FOUNTAIN SHAVING BRUSH

Decidedly different—soap and brush in one beautiful shaving help. It is a great time saver—quick, clean, compact. A quick twist of the handle deposits the right amount of cream in the brush. Fine badger hair and French bristles vulcanized in rubber. Handle beautiful non-corroding metal, light, handsome, durable. A clever practical gift. Regular price, including two tubes of cream $5.00. *Special Christmas price $3.49.*

Special Christmas Offer

We are offering the new Twinplex Aristocrat ($4.00) this Christmas and the Fountain Brush in one combined Christmas package for $5.98. *The Twinplex Red Flash Model ($2.50) and Fountain Brush combined for $4.98.*

Most any dealer will show them to you, either singly or in combination. If he can't supply you, write us.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1603 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

know there is such a thing as a night club. I've a good notion to telephone for the strictest chaperon on Manhattan Island, and have you taken home this minute. *I've a good notion to spank you!*"

"No! No!" she wailed. "I don't want to go home. . . . And, anyhow, I can stay out until twelve-thirty tonight because the Junior Dance lasts that long."

She was genuinely frightened. Her last lovely illusions came tumbling down about her head like a house of cards. . . . A chaperon! Her parents had never voiced such strict, old-fashioned ideas of conduct as this worldly minstrel in evening clothes. And his air of authority carried conviction.

"Please!" she whispered.

"Even Cinderella," he said, "had to go home at midnight, and yet you want to stay until twelve-thirty! I really don't know what young girls are coming to."

HE GLANCED at his watch again, and told her that it was only a minute or two until he must sing. With sad resignation Cecilia reached for her gloves and purse. "I guess," she said dolefully, "that I ought to go now—"

Vance Crowley touched her hand again, and his touch was almost shy. "My dear little Cinderella," he said, "of course you ought to go. But, instead, you are going to wait until I sing two, maybe three silly songs, and then we are going to dance . . . didn't you know that?"

Without another word he got up and sauntered toward the stage.

He was greeted by three expensively gowned women at various tables he passed, not to mention a dozen men who appeared to be celebrities. The hostess introduced him with a new air of deference she had not shown to other entertainers; the crowd received him with noisy affection, as if he were an old acquaintance.

Cecilia had forgotten for the moment that he was, after all, Vance Crowley; now she was properly awed. To think that he was returning to dance with her!

He stood languidly leaning against the piano during the opening chords. Nobody could have said that he was a handsome man—he was not even romantically homely, lacking a touch of gray at the temples—but there was something about his dark battered face which made anybody look twice . . . and most women three times.

His voice was a drawling tenor, always as intimate as if it were addressed to one listener instead of the thousands who went to night clubs and bought phonograph records and tuned in their radios. It was a voice which said to life, "Oh, what does it matter?" and then with husky sweetness made everything matter very much—such things as dusk and dawn, a girl's remembered laugh, an almost forgotten dance, that canoe ride last summer. It lied bravely about those moments and took no note of tomorrow.

"Muddy water all around my feet;
Muddy water up and down the street;
Muddy water in mah shoes,
Rockin' to those low-down blues. . . ."

He stood at the edge of the little stage, leaning forward slightly, his shoulders swaying almost imperceptibly to the rhythm of the jazz. His eyes looked over the heads of the people at the tables as if he were recalling a scene he had known long ago:

"I've got my toes turned Dixie way,
'Round that delta let this old boy lay.
My heart cries out for muddy water!"

Cecilia leaned forward, and as she listened she said to herself in a terrified whisper, "I'm in love!" Her breath came very fast. Under the table her hands closed and unclosed. "Why! I'm in love. Yes, I'm in love!"

All her life she had wondered what it would be like, and now she knew. It hurt terribly. It was so different from the times she had imagined herself interested in some sleek high-school youth.

She hardly heard the hand-clapping of the crowd as the singer finished. She scarcely noticed that he had begun another song. She could only stare at the stage with eyes that had suddenly become piteous and stricken. . . .

A little while ago she had seen Vance Crowley for the first time and she had been disillusioned, for he had fallen so far short of the romantic vision of evenings when she listened to a phonograph record. But the dreams of a young girl are glib dreams, and need only a little fact to nourish them . . . already the real Vance Crowley had supplanted and dethroned her illusion, and she repeated endlessly within her untried heart, "*Why! I must be in love.*"

At the end of his second song the applause was so insistent that an encore could not be denied. Then Cecilia heard him saying a few words to the crowd about "this number by special request, an old one that you forgot two years ago;" and he was strolling among the tables chanting:

"Sweet child!
You're driving me wild,
Say, honest and true,
Sweet child,
I'm wild about you. . . ."

When he returned, brushing aside stares and greetings with the ease of a man used to the praise of the crowd, he found Cecilia sitting very tense and still and white; and she did not look up as he took the seat opposite her. "Goodness, child!" he exclaimed. "What can be wrong?"

"I don't know," she said miserably.

VANCE CROWLEY regarded her with gentle wonder a moment, and maybe he was recalling how very difficult it is to be eighteen years old, for he said, "Shall we dance? You must never forget to dance, Cecilia, when anything hurts you."

They danced. The music was a lilting, care-free one-step which laughed at love and youth and song; and Vance Crowley was quite right—at once Cecilia's spirits leaped buoyantly in response; she was proud and gay as she saw people watching them from the tables around. She even liked his rather careless, awkward steps, and did not mind bumping into other dancers in the packed square of floor . . . it seemed so much more sophisticated than the practiced and self-conscious grace of her high-school admirers. . . . And now it was Vance Crowley's turn to be grave for a moment while she chattered breathlessly with her face close to his shoulder.

"It's nearly time," he said soberly,

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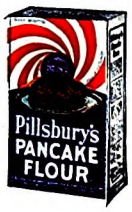
Ernest McGroucher, who believes in doing one good turn every day, introduces a bachelor friend to the pleasures of Pillsbury's pancakes.

That's a quick and easy way to earn any man's gratitude! You'll find Pillsbury's pancakes are even better than the old-fashioned kind—light, tender, delicious, easy to digest. And far easier to make—simply add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and bake!



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

made of the same pure, high-quality ingredients you use in your own kitchen

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Take your first bite. Isn't the crust short and tender? And the rich, luscious mince meat—Heinz Mince Meat—tasting of juicy apples and plump raisins and currants . . . of tender little morsels of meat — of candied citron and lemon peel. What a mince pie—every delicious, fruity bite of it !

We don't wonder that most women have given up making their own mince meat. For it does take such a lot of time and patience and skill.

We *know*. For our own mince meat, we go to extraordinary pains to find the ingredients that give us exactly the flavor and "mince-meat-iness" we want.

"Four Crown" Valencia Raisins from Spain, Grecian Case Currants, candied Leghorn fruits—citron and lemon peel — juicy apples, prime beef . . . And—most important—to secure our spices we send our representatives to the very ends of the world.

Then the blending according to an exclusive Heinz recipe. And the *experience!* For, after all, it is our 59 years of experience that has made the name Heinz mean Flavor.

* * *

Another holiday suggestion — Heinz Fig Pudding made especially light; and Heinz Plum Pudding, as rich and plum-y as you could ask for. We print the recipes for delicious sauces right on the label • *H. J. HEINZ CO.*

HEINZ FIG PUDDING
HEINZ PLUM PUDDING

HEINZ MINCE MEAT

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during the interlude, "that we were going . . . and then there will be no more Cecilia." He stopped, and then went on as if he were talking to himself. "And yet—do you suppose that there could be more? H'm!"

"Why, of course!" cried Cecilia. "There is always more of everything . . . always, always!" She was very brave, very gay.

"Is there?" he mused; but his eyes did not quite believe—they had seen too many things.

"I can meet you and have dinner sometimes, and sometimes on Saturday night we could dance, maybe, and maybe you could come out and see me; that is, if you don't mind Flatbush too much. It isn't wonderful, like these places you are used to but—oh, there was something I did want to ask you!"

"What is that, Cecilia?"

"I wondered if you could—if you would"—she paused, a little entangled and confused by her boldness—"if you would make a phonograph record for me sometime . . . just for me?"

"Yes, Cecilia." He smiled whimsically.

"Won't that be *won*-derful!" She was very much a schoolgirl at this moment, all her amusing pretensions of sophistication fallen from her like an ill-fitting garment. "Then I can show it to Edward sometimes, and he'll be *furious!*"

"You mustn't tease Edward."

"But boys are so funny that you can't help it sometimes."

The jazz stopped short with a final chuckle; the dance had ended, and they went slowly back to their table. Vance Crowley glanced at his watch and called the waiter. But Cecilia clapped both hands over her ears, crying,

"I know what you're going to say. Please don't!"

"CINDERELLA," he said tersely, "it is midnight!"

She did not protest further as he paid a fabulous price for the fabulous club sandwich and then helped her on with her cloak. They followed a reverent head waiter to the door and went out into the gilt and marble lobby where Broadway's incandescence jested with the cool dark night.

And there, standing on the sidewalk outside, was Edward, very pale and determined.

"Why—*Edward!*" said Cecilia.

Without looking at her he walked straight up to Vance Crowley. It was plain that the boy was tremendously moved; he spoke with an effort in a low, shaken voice:

"You've got to quit this—or else you've got to fight me, that's all!" And he stood there doggedly, although his hands were trembling.

Vance Crowley surveyed the youth who stood squarely in his path. He surveyed him first with utter amazement, then with curiosity, and finally with irritation. "My dear young man," he said, "what can be troubling you?"

Edward dropped his eyes a moment before the singer's steady inspection. He pointed toward Cecilia, who stood motionless with fright and embarrassment.

"It's her! I mean—you can't be with her this way. I won't have it! She's too young to know." The boy was almost sobbing in his desperation. "Probably you can lick me, but I don't care. I followed her here tonight, and I've been waiting two hours to tell you—"

Over Vance Crowley's features crept a reluctant admiration and respect for this scared boy who was so valiant in the protection of the girl he adored. It would have been easy to annihilate him with irony, to bring him to ignoble tears with ridicule or a hundred other weapons which belong to age and experience; but Vance Crowley merely said:

"Maybe we'd all better take a taxicab. We can talk more freely then. And later," he added politely, "if we should decide to fight, I think it could be arranged."

THE two youngsters followed him trustfully to the curb. They waited while he hailed a cab, and allowed him to help them in, with sudden reliance on his *savoir faire* to ward off this appalling situation they had pulled down upon themselves. They were frightened and their faces showed it. But neither dared look at the other; both of them watched Vance Crowley appealingly.

Edward could conceal nothing, and his face reddened with sudden shame which engulfed his youthful soul. "Say," he gulped, and it took more courage to make this apology than to offer battle, "I guess maybe I was mistaken—you know. I guess—"

"Sure," said Vance Crowley, "I understand, old man."

Edward's throat tightened and a quick mist came over his eyes. He awkwardly extended his hand. "You're a good egg!" he said in a solemn voice, for he knew no greater compliment to pay. . . . Without smiling, Vance Crowley shook hands.

Then he leaned back against the cushions as if he were tired, and for a time he looked out at Broadway, flowing past like a swift river of dreams. So many people had dreamed on Broadway, it made no difference to the river if now and then a dream could not come true. The river flowed on just the same. . . .

After he had looked at Broadway a while, he turned to those two children who faced him so confidingly. They had youth. They would go on, like Broadway, while dreams lived and died and new dreams were born. They were the everlasting Cinderella and the Prince—they owned all of life.

"I think," said Vance Crowley, "that I'll just let you kids off at the next subway station; then I'll go back and read over my new song."

He got out and bade them good night. It was then that Cecilia found her voice for the first time since Edward's appearance:

"But you are going to see me again? You are going to make that record you promised me?"

He smiled. "I shall make the record for you," he said. He lifted his hat and turned hurriedly to the cab, which waited with throbbing motor. In the gaping entrance to the subway station Cecilia paused; but Vance Crowley drove away without once looking back.

Edward and Cecilia rode nearly out to Flatbush before a word was spoken. She stared at the blackness of the opaque window with angrily blinking eyes, while

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Father of Tree Surgery
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High-grade salesmen wanted

THE Davey Tree Expert Company needs a limited number of high-grade salesmen to sell the nationally-advertised service of Davey Tree Surgeons.

A moderate amount of special training will be required to prepare acceptable men to represent the Davey Company properly.

This training will be provided by the company at its own expense.

It is preferred that applicants be at least twenty-five years of age and not over forty. Employment is permanent for those who make good.

Demonstrated sales ability is required and none will be accepted who cannot give thoroughly satisfactory references.

Good men make from $5,000 to $10,000 per year. Some make more than this and some make less.

The Davey Company is now doing a business of nearly $3,000,000 per year and has been growing consistently. It is represented from Boston to Kansas City and from Canada to the Gulf.

Apply by letter only. Applications will be held in confidence.

The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc.
159 Federal Bldg., Kent, Ohio

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Chester

MILD *enough for anybody*

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What a cigarette meant there

Ten seconds to go—

and raw nerves fighting wearied muscles, driving them on into that fearful unknown beyond the wire. What man will *ever* forget the steadying solace of that last sweet stolen smoke?

What a cigarette means *here*

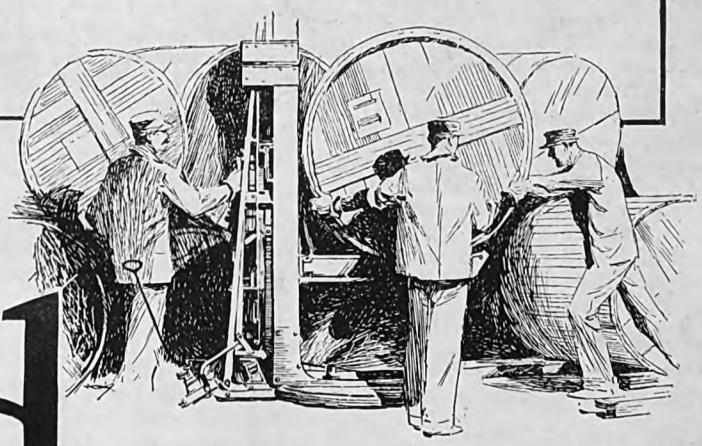
Two years to go—

the slow "ageing" by which tobaccos for Chesterfield lose all bite and harshness . . .

Mysterious, this chemistry of Nature! Endless rows of great hogsheads, stored away in darkness; choice tobacco, tightly packed . . . just waiting. And as if on signal, twice each year the leaf goes through a natural "sweat"—steeps in its own essences, grows mild and sweet and mellow.

Selected leaf, costly patience, endless care — that's what a cigarette means *here*. But right there is *exactly* the reason why Chesterfield means what it does to you!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Millions of pounds of choice tobacco from each crop are stored away in great warehouses to "age."

field

. . . . *and yet* THEY SATISFY

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"Pink tooth brush"? *Heed its warning!*

DO not neglect a tell-tale tinge of "pink" that may appear upon your morning tooth brush! Do something about it! For it is a sign and symptom that something is amiss with your gums.

If you talk to your dentist he will tell you that gum troubles arise from the food you eat. For it is too soft. It lacks the wholesome roughage that should keep the blood briskly astir in the tiny capillaries of the gum tissue.

Result—gums grow idle, inactive, dormant. They become soft and sensitive to the brush. They lose their normal tonicity and bleed easily. Worse troubles may be on the way.

Massage of the gums is the simple restorative measure that specialists find so helpful. It is easily performed—with the brush or with the fingers—twice a day at the time you brush your teeth. And thousands of good dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for the massage as well as for the regular cleaning with the brush.

Ipana and massage maintain the gums in health

For Ipana is a tooth paste specifically compounded to tone and stimulate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, an ingredient well known to dentists for its antiseptic and hemostatic properties.

So make a test of this modern tooth paste. The coupon, of course, will bring you a ten-day trial—enough to acquaint you with Ipana's cleaning power and its delightful flavor. But the better plan is to start at once with a full sized tube from the druggist. That is the fairer test of Ipana's power to improve the health of your gums.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J-128
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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the boy doggedly looked down at his feet. They were both very unhappy.

"You don't blame me, do you?" the boy asked finally.

"I hate you!" choked Cecilia.

They walked the two or three blocks from the subway station to her home in groping silence. In front of the house there was an awkward moment. They looked at each other in the dimness. Edward began haltingly, "I didn't mean to—"

"I never want to see you again!" she cried, and ran to the door.

From her up-stairs window she watched him still standing there in the street. He did not know that she had seen him . . . nor did he know that she cried herself to sleep, as girls sometimes do.

During the next several days they passed each other on the way to high school, but Cecilia hurried by with averted face, while Edward flushed to his ears. And in youthful social circles it was whispered, "They're mad . . . Edward and Cecilia!"

She felt herself wrapped in mystery as she went into the little grocery store at "the corner" on an errand for her mother; she felt that these Flatbush folk must somehow know that strangeness had touched her life. But to her disappointment they did not seem to be talking about her; they did not seem even to be thinking about her.

Each evening she waited feverishly for the mail. But it was four or five days before it came, a thin parcel wrapped in brown paper and addressed to "Miss Cecilia Kirby" in a bold hand that once before had seemed to her like a romantic message scrawled across the white page of a young girl's experience.

AT DUSK, when her parents had gone to the lodge meeting and her brother was playing basketball, Cecilia was at last alone in the house. She approached the phonograph, holding in her unsteady hand a wax disk which was smooth on one side with a narrow series of grooves on the other. She wound the ancient machine and put the needle in place on the record . . . but before she turned it on she powdered her nose and nibbled an old chocolate she had found in her bureau. Then, tremulously, she seated herself in ceremony. . . . At first there was only a cold scratching, then came that voice she had listened to so many times—the weary troubadour.

"My dear little Cinderella," he said, "there are not many things I can say to you, for you have all things yet to say. You are very young, and life will listen to you. . . ."

There was a long pause as if the unseen speaker were considering something—and all the time the needle kept on scratching coldly.

"I thought I would sing to you," the troubadour went on; "but I do not feel like singing. Anyhow, song is only plain, everyday speech wearing the harlequin's mask of harmony, and since I sing for my supper, I would much rather talk to you, dear Cinderella. But what can I say? . . . That I shall never see you again?"

Her breath caught, but she leaned forward to catch every drawling word of that husky voice.

"Can I make you believe that it is best? For there comes a midnight to every Cinderella, and sometime, when you are older, my dear, you will know that the bright trappings of romance change all too quickly into the kitchen aprons of everyday life if you stay overlong at the ball. That is the reason why the Cinderella legend is still one of the greatest stories ever told. Because it is true. Do not forget that it is true, Cecilia, or life will sometime remind you when you are forty. . . . Now do you know why I shall never try to see you again?"

This time there was a pause so long that it seemed the minstrel was forever silent. Cecilia sat leaning forward, listening to the grate of the needle and, far away on the outside, the homely sounds of Flatbush. There were only a few more words:

"Cecilia, I hope that you will dance and be gay. That is all. Good-by, sweet child."

The needle wound its way to the end, and the machine turned off with an abrupt click.

CECILIA did not put on the record again that evening. She sat a long time before the phonograph, and when she arose the dusk had turned from mauve into a deep shadowy purple. She went out on the porch and stood there, a slim, still silhouette against the dimness of early night. . . . A little while she remained motionless upon the porch, but during those few minutes she left off being a girl and began being a woman. She would always remember to dance; but deep in her heart was buried her first fleeting love . . . and that is the way a young girl grows up.

It was not surprising that Edward came past; each evening he had been miserably pacing around the Kirbys' block. He saw Cecilia, and stopped short, in his embarrassment. And for the first time in several days Cecilia really noticed him.

"Hello, Edward," she said.

"Hello, Cecilia."

They looked at each other uneasily, pretending that nothing had ever happened.

"What are you doing tonight?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing."

"Let's go have a sundae."

"All right."

Arm in arm, they walked down the quiet street together under the first shy stars; and in the early darkness the echo of their footsteps sounded like faint whisperings.

"GIVE ME THREE YEARS," says Walter Damrosch, famous musical conductor, "and I will make America the most musical country in the world." Already the Damrosch radio concerts have intrigued millions of children and grown-ups. And this is only the beginning. Next month Graham McNamee explains the marvelous scheme for a great air university which will offer a thorough training in the cultural arts. "You may soon tune in," someone has said, "and get your college education at home."

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CORONA *for* Christmas

. . . the gift that is always appropriate

CORONA is sure of a welcome on Christmas morning.

Nearly everyone wants a portable typewriter—and everyone knows that Corona is the standard of quality in the portable field. It's the only portable with more than a million users!

See the new Corona today at any typewriter store. Notice the graceful flowing "streamline" of its frame—the surpassing beauty of its new Duco finishes. Compare Corona point by point with a standard office typewriter. You'll find that it has more big-machine features, more conveniences, than any other portable typewriter.

The keyboard is standard, both in arrangement and in size. The carriage is wide—the ribbon 12 yards long and self-reversing. Margin release and back spacer are on the keyboard. There are a real variable line spacer, stencil cutting device, paper guide and adjustable paper fingers.

Corona writes neat, clean letters—and writes them so easily! Its action is smooth, quiet and swift.

The price for black or colored Coronas is only $60 with case, and you may buy on easy monthly terms. For the Christmas season we have provided an attractive gift carton. Write today for the new catalog.

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Wives Are Either Tightwads or Spendthrifts

(*Continued from page 12*)

You can state as an axiom that money cannot be mentioned in the marital circle without a rumpus. It can't be done. The most innocent reference to dollars and cents will result in a most tremendous and recriminating battle, which may ramify far from the original *casus belli* but derives therefrom and therefrom only.

I was at a neighbor's the other night, and during the course of as amiable a conversation as I ever participated in the husband turned casually to his wife and said —not in a tone of complaint, not bickeringly or naggingly, but merely as one who makes an observation of casual interest— "Taxes come this month."

Now what could be more innocent than that; but the lovely lady sat erect, assumed the brave but suffering expression of a martyr and replied, "Then I sha'n't get that new dress, dear." She added the "dear" out of pure malice. I saw the husband wince. In fact, I could have predicted the wince, and knew exactly what he would say next, and he said it:

"What in thunder has that to do with it?"

"I didn't think when I said anything about that new dress that it was going to make it hard for you," she replied, keeping strictly to ritual.

"Now what in thunder have I said!" exclaimed the helpless and exasperated husband.

"Nothing. You didn't say anything. Of course you didn't say anything, and I don't want a new dress anyhow. I wouldn't have a new dress. If you were to bring a dozen new dresses in here this minute I'd—I'd throw them out of the window."

"You would, eh?" says the husband. "By heck, I'd like to see you. I'd like to see you throw a dress out of the window that I brought you."

Which moment I seized to withdraw. They never noticed my departure.

I HAVE seen the like happen so many times that I can repeat the dialogue word for word and letter for letter. Now, from observations of such scenes in all walks of life, from the cozy cottages of millionaires to the sumptuous apartments of day laborers, I am able to state positively that no man can mention money in his home without hurting his wife's feelings. Barring, of course, a raise in salary, or a profit of a hundred thousand in the stock market. But satisfy yourself with giving the good news and refrain from talking about what you will do with it, or the rug will be wet with tears, doors will slam, and the gentleman will go out for a long, disgruntled walk in the cool of the evening.

Forty years ago the situation was not so acute as it is today. In the first place, most folks so long ago as that didn't have much money to argue about. People used to live well, buy a home, and raise a family of children on fifty dollars a month, and a dollar a day was pretty good pay. Families took up so much time making both ends meet that they didn't have time to squabble about anything. The ordinary family didn't feel it had to keep a cook, a butler, a maid, and a chauffeur. And the husband and wife who could maintain a horse and buggy were of the high aristocracy.

But since then a lot of gadgets have been invented and the human race has progressed, in one direction or another— forward or backward. Take your choice. These inventions, such as motor cars and radio, and this and that and the other, have enriched the nation. But the most malign invention of all is the one which has made the world unsafe for husbands, and that is retail credit.

I say invention. There was such a thing as retail credit forty years ago, but it didn't amount to much. People ran weekly grocery bills and the like, but when the ordinary man went to get a suit of clothes he had his fifteen dollars ready in his pants pocket to pay for it, and when his wife went to get a new dress she bought the goods and had the family dressmaker make it for day's wages. There wasn't much credit, and the man who owed a bill was looked at in his town much the same way as the town drunkard. To owe money was almost as bad as to steal money.

As a matter of fact, to my weak, wavering intellect, it still is—if you don't pay it. I've never been able to see the difference between tunking a man on the cranium and departing with his watch, and buying an evening gown from him for which you never pay.

MARRIAGE, as someone has observed before, and very acutely, is a sort of a kind of a partnership. Now, according to the laws of the land, one partner may bind another by his acts or dealings if they be within the range of the business for which they have joined together. For what one partner does the other is responsible. The difference between a business partnership and a marriage partnership is right in this range of business thing. In matrimony there isn't any range of business.

This is particularly hard on the husband, because generally he is the half of the partnership which earns the money. It is his duty to earn it, and then to get himself the reputation for being a good husband by wearing a set of little old last year's pants in order that his wife may go to the Jenkins's dinner party in a shell-pink creation. It may be observed and objected to by wives—and there must be at least one to every husband—that this article is written from the masculine point of view. It is.

So here we stand with the situation something like this: A wife can go out and buy any dog-gone thing she can get, and charge it to her husband, and the poor wretch has to pay for it or go into bankruptcy. He is utterly helpless. All his defenses have been snatched away from him in the rising tide of woman's downward march from superiority to equality.

We have a legal state of affairs in which the wife can step out of a Wednesday afternoon and buy anything a merchant will sell her; she can tell him to send the bill to John, which he promptly does; and John has got to pay. There is nothing he can do. She can buy till it hurts—but it is John who gets hurt.

Women are all alike, only some of them are more alike than others, and one of the things in which they are alike was mentioned in glowing tributes by a couple of commuters going in on the train the other day, and I, sitting in the seat ahead, was privileged to overhear.

"I expect my wife to run bills," one man said to the other, "just as I expect it to rain. I know I've got to put up with that; but what sets me to biting the leg off the piano is that I can never find out how much she owes."

"Me, too," said the other man.

"She meets the postman," said the first speaker, "and swipes the bills. I never hear about them. Never, until she gets pushed into a corner and has to own up. But does she own up then?"

"She does not," said the second. "I know. I got hold of a bill I knew nothing about the other day—and it was a whopper. So I went to Elsie and says, 'What about this?' So she says she had been keeping it from me because she was afraid it would worry me, and she wouldn't have me worried for the world."

"I know that line," said the first.

"So I ask her if that's all she owes. I say to her, 'Let's lay the cards on the table. Tell me everything you owe, and I'll pay up and we'll have a fresh start.'"

"I've been there."

"So she told me, and I estimated what she told was, maybe, sixty per cent of it. But I was mistaken."

"It was about forty per cent," said the other.

"They can't tell you. It ain't in their nature. They'll hold back. That's the tough part of it: a husband never can tell where he stands or how much he owes, and he finds out always at the unhandiest minute."

"Sure. Just when you need money in your business along comes a letter from some lawyer telling you he'll have your blood if you don't pay some bill you never heard of."

WELL, that was that. It illustrates. No concern can do business if it doesn't keep books. It has to know its income, and it has to know how much it owes. No firm in the world could keep on doing business if it were subjected periodically to the necessity for paying large bills it never knew anything about. That would put the strongest business on the rocks; but the matrimonial partnership has to take it into consideration and weather it.

I was in my lawyer's office the other day to have a will drawn or a deed executed or my legal hair parted, and he heaved him a sigh and looked pretty glum.

"See that fellow who just went out?" he asked.

"He belongs to the lodge," said my lawyer. "And he's up against it. Just starting in business and needs every cent. Nice wife, too. He likes her. Everybody

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17 friends bid him "*Merry Christmas*" with *the same* pipe tobacco

Is there a timely suggestion for Pipe Smokers on YOUR Christmas list in this letter from Mr. Fitzpatrick?

Evanston, Ill.
Dec. 31, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Of course you know from your sales just how popular your brands of tobacco are, but perhaps what follows will illustrate something of the identity, so to speak, of the users of Edgeworth.

I happen to be blest with a host of very fine friends, mostly "highbrows"—professors, scientists, etc. Generally at Christmas time they show their remembrance and all that with some little gift—a box of cigars, fishing tackle, a book—all that sort of thing.

Well, last Christmas many seemed to centre on *tobacco*. Now, mark you, these fellows have no communication with each other. They live in widely separated parts of the country, so it was no "put-up" joke on me or anything like that. But here came seventeen boxes of tobacco, and sixteen of them the familiar blue "Edgeworth"! The seventeenth was a very flossy walnut, brass-trimmed box, but if I know tobacco, the contents were Edgeworth with a little perique in it.

Just coincidence, perhaps, but a queer one. Am not an habitual smoker of Edgeworth, so they weren't catering to any especial taste of mine. Looks like a consensus of opinion among the "highbrows"—or quite a batch of 'em—that Edgeworth is *the* stuff, the proper caper for a gift.

Sincerely yours,

F. W. FITZPATRICK

WHEN sixteen of a man's friends each send him the same brand of tobacco for Christmas, there's no doubt about what kind of a reception it's in for!

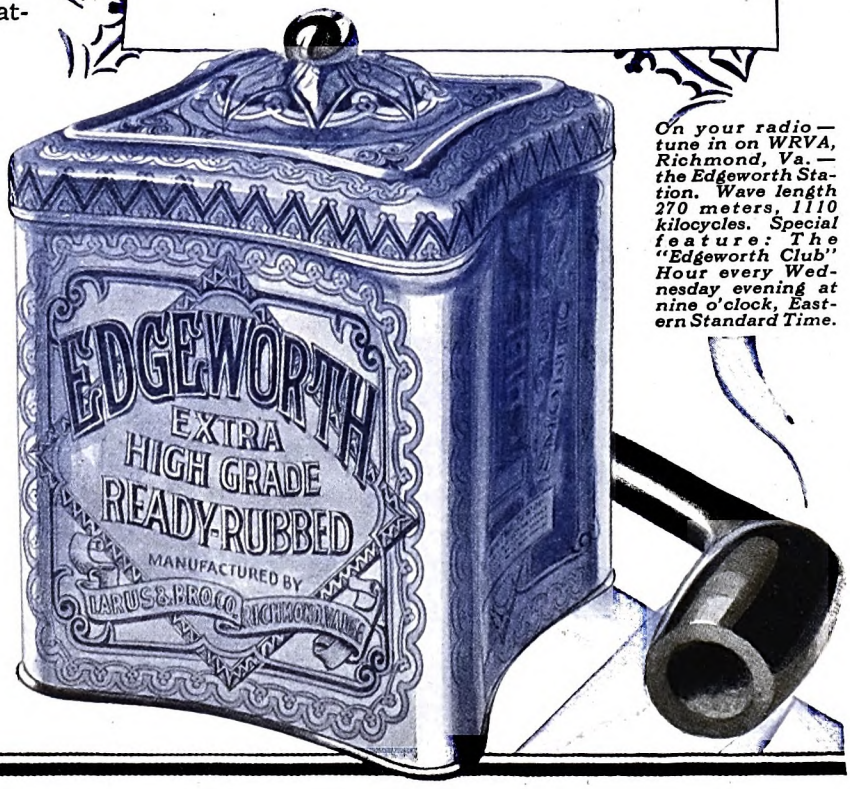
It sounds like a deep-laid plot of collusion. But it wasn't! Each of Mr. Fitzpatrick's friends knew what his own favorite smoke was and, as if by magic, sixteen blue humidors of Edgeworth were laid under the Christmas tree.

These men, like many other Edgeworth smokers, knew from experience that the quality of Edgeworth never changed in any season, and that if a man started smoking it, it would be hard for him to leave off.

In case *your* friends are perhaps not as well acquainted with Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice as you are, start them right this Christmas. We have prepared for you gaily decorated gift cartons of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in three forms—the standard glass pound humidor, and the attractive pound and half-pound tins. If your tobacco dealer will not supply you with these Christmas gift packages, we gladly offer this special service:

Send us $1.65 for each glass pound humidor, $1.50 for each pound tin, and 75c for each half-pound tin of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed that you wish to be shipped; also a list of the names and addresses of those smokers you wish to remember, along with your personal greeting card. We will gladly attend to sending these gift packages direct to your friends—all delivery charges prepaid.

To those of you who are not already acquainted with the charm of Edgeworth, we should also like to send—free—generous helpings of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Simply write your name and address to Larus and Brother Co., 45 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.



On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters, 1110 kilocycles. Special feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

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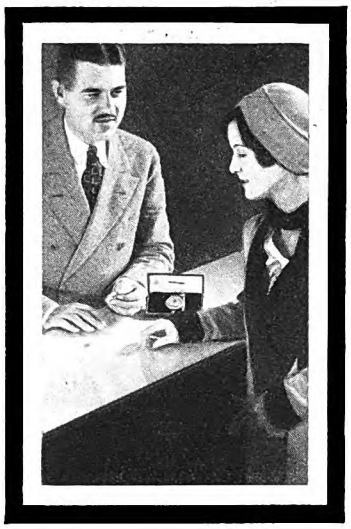


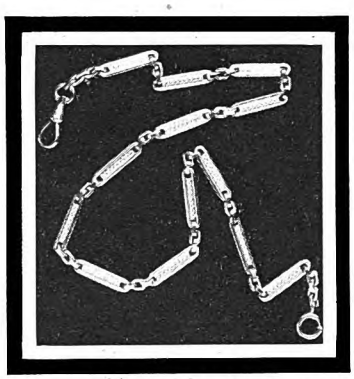
Sometimes you find the gift you'd like to keep yourself ~

THERE'S no denying that the feeling does come. You shop around busily, penciling the list, looking about for new gifts. Then—well, there it is. You'd really like to have that *one* present for yourself.

When you see this Simmons watch-chain, it's likely you'll have such an urge. Why not buy the chain for *your* watch? It is number 30044, green-gold-filled, coming also in yellow, white, or green and white combination. Quite obviously, it was made to look well across the vest. And the reasonable price—$9—makes it easy to choose another for a friend.

The ladies' wrist band (30522) presents another difficulty! Just who shall receive so pleasant a gift? Any wrist watch will fit this band; the band will fit any wrist. The glinting white-gold-filled surface is relieved at each end with a subdued sparkle of ruby, amethyst, emerald, sapphire, aquamarine, or topaz—whichever stone you prefer. The cost of the band is $5.25.

Both the chain and the band are made in our own factory under our own patents. . . . See your jeweler now. Whether you give to others, or give to yourself, you'll find both pieces mighty acceptable. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.



Watch-chain (30044) *at* $9

Ladies' wrist band (30522) *at* $5.25

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS
The swivel says it's a Simmons

likes her. But about a month ago he got a bill from some dress shop for six hundred dollars. He showed it to his wife, who said there must be some mistake, so she took it and assured him she would have it straightened out. She did. So yesterday he gets a letter from a collection agency saying they were going to sue if he didn't pay $1,234.76, and pay it quick."

"Yes, yes! Go on."

"He came around to see what he could do, and I told him, Nothing. Just pay and shut up."

"'But,' he asked me, 'hasn't a husband any way of protecting himself against this kind of thing?'

"'Not a chance!' says I. So he's got to go and borrow that money. It means he can't make some necessary improvements in his business, and he's up against it."

Following which, he went on to say that I'd be surprised if I knew how many husbands in this town came to him with the same trouble, and I said right back to him, as quick as lightning, that I wouldn't be surprised a bit.

WHICH brings us to the matter of credit. By credit, I don't mean this charging thing, but the credit which is reputation in the business world for paying your bills. I heard a man talking about that on the train the other day. He is one who has as high a regard for his credit as Queen Victoria had for her virtue, and he was seeing red.

"Me!" he shouted, "listed in every credit agency in town as a deadbeat! The idea! Look what it does to my credit. Here I've spent a lifetime building up an impeccable credit. I pay my bills on the first of the month, and I never miss taking a discount. If I owe a cent I can't sleep till it's paid. And here I discover, this morning, that my wife has bills at five places, and that they have been running over a year. Think of it! Over a year. And I never heard of one of them till I got a letter from a collection agency at my office! Never heard of them! And they amount to a couple of thousand dollars. I don't mind the money. It's unhandy to have to pay that much, but it's the effect on my credit."

"No woman ever had any idea what a man's credit means," said the other. "No bill ever bothers them until they're pushed to the point where they have to own up they owe it."

Which, if one may say so gently, is one of the worst aspects of the situation. Imagine a man who thinks his credit is A 1. Sometime he wants to use it, and goes to get money at a bank, or to buy a bill of goods for his store—and then discovers he is listed as a deadbeat! Not so good.

Add to this, that women can't buy. They can acquire things by purchase, but they can't buy, in the business sense of the word. A woman is what the bee lights on. She gets stung. The other day I saw an instance of this in one of our finest dress shops. In pursuit of knowledge, I went to this place with a lady, and when I say lady I *mean* lady. She was a pretty fair buyer, and went to try on a creation which she had bought for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. But then, she's in business herself. In this shop she met a friend who went into what women call raptures over the gown, and wanted to know if enmity would arise if she got one

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Living Gifts
that go on living

ONCE in a blue moon of Christmases a gift of gifts is placed under the big tree in your home.

That Christmas forever after is remembered as the Christmas when Father or Brother or Bob or Jim got his Hamilton.

For a fine watch like the Hamilton is really a living gift that goes on living. Year after year it ticks confidently away, marking the passage of time with almost uncanny accuracy.

The longer you carry a Hamilton, the more you regard it as something greater than a mere miracle of workmanship. A human meaning — an affection — attaches itself to this gift.

Here is a companion to consult many times every day of your life, a companion ready to serve you with such tireless constancy that you may rely just as surely upon its word as you would upon an old friend's.

Your Hamilton, in fine, *is* a friend. A living, beautiful friend that will go *on* living just so long as you gently impart strength to its tiny ticking heart.

Top . . . The "Ramsay" — With Romanesque numerals and octagonal bow combines a dash of modernity with exquisite simplicity. In 14k yellow or white gold, $100, $140, and $160, depending upon movement.

Upper Center . . . The "Piping Rock" — An ultra-modern strap watch. The numerals of gold, set in enamel, are a part of the case — not the dial. Available only in 14k yellow or white gold, with 19-jewel Hamilton movement, $125.

Center . . . The "Brunswick" — Designed with an eye to tomorrow — but not at all ornate. In 14k green or white gold engraved, with dial shown, $117 to $172.

Lower Center . . . The "Cushion" — Beautifully proportioned in line, with a welcome yet simple richness of appearance. In filled or 14k green or white gold, plain or engraved, $50 to $77.

Below . . . The "Hastings" — A watch with individuality — popular among sportsmen. In 14k filled yellow or white gold, and 14k gold, yellow or white, plain or engraved, with radial face, $55 and $85.

Let us send you a copy of the "Timekeeper" an interesting illustrated booklet telling something of the care with which Hamiltons are made. Also our specially attractive Christmas booklet showing a complete line of Hamilton models. Address Hamilton Watch Co., 883 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

Hamilton

THE WATCH of *Railroad Accuracy*

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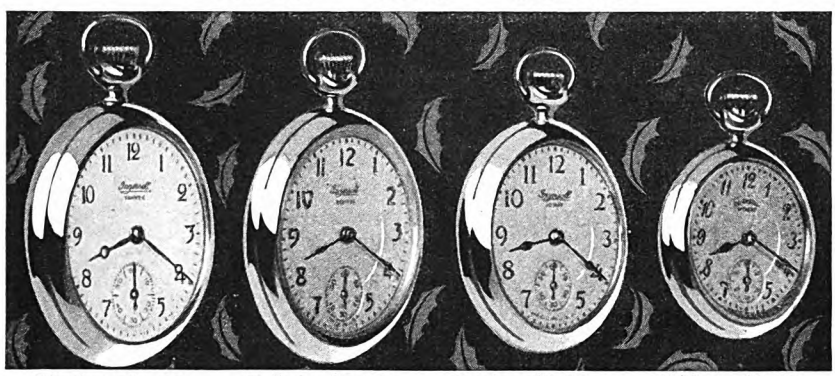
There's no Gift like a Watch

—nothing used so much, carried so long or consulted so often. And there's a new meaning now in that old Ingersoll Christmas-time message. For good as were the Ingersoll Watches of the past, those of today are very much better.

Better in looks, better in styling, with the same sturdiness and dependability that have made the name Ingersoll famous . . . And there's a gift suitable for every member of the family in the new, complete line.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

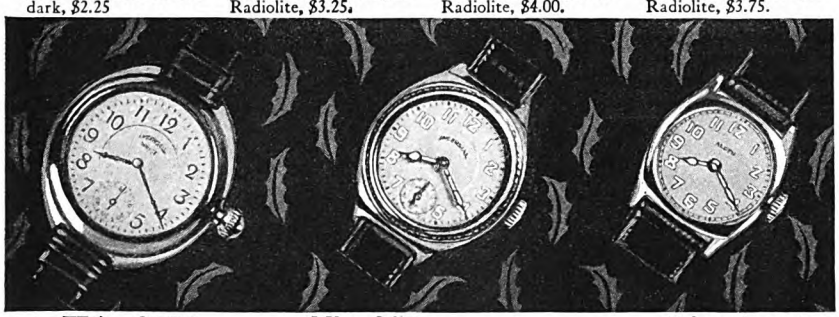


Yankee, $1.50
New improved model. Always dependable and sturdy. Yankee Radiolite, tells time in the dark, $2.25

Eclipse, $2.50
Smaller and thinner than the Yankee. Metal dial gives a quality appearance. Eclipse Radiolite, $3.25.

Junior, $3.25
The Christmas watch for boys. Small (12-size) and handsome. Metal dial. Junior Radiolite, $4.00.

Midget, $3.25
A handsome timepiece for the smaller boy or girl, and women, too. Metal dial. Midget Radiolite, $3.75.



Wrist, $3.50
Now with chromium finish back that won't corrode and mark your wrist. Mat finish metal dial. Wrist Radiolite, $4.00.

Mite, $6.50
New this Christmas. Very small ("0" size). Chromium finish case — engraved design or plain; radium dial; pull-out set.

Alden, $12.50
7-jewels . . . 6-0 size . . . radium dial. Chromium finish case. Small and fine—American made. Rolled gold-plate $17.50

Waterbury, $5.00
Jeweled movement . . . engraved design . . . chromium finish. Small 12-size. The best watch $5.00 can buy. With radium dial, $6.

Illustrations ¾ actual size

Ingersoll

just like it, only in another color. Having obtained this permission from my companion, she placed her order. On credit, of course, and John would have to pay. And what would John have to pay? I pause for a reply, and the reply is not one hundred and twenty-five dollars. No; this second lady, being known as a credit buyer and not as a shopper, was charged three hundred dollars for the identical gown for which my companion was paying one hundred and twenty-five dollars cash. Now, try that one over on your piano.

Don't think these nifty clothes shops don't know their husbands and wives. Particularly their wives. I am not so sure the poisonous state of affairs isn't more their fault than it is the fault of the women who go to them. Women love pretty things, and men love pretty women, and women love to be the pretty women men love, and there you are. What price expense if they get the result?

But these shops and even the larger stores, which should be comparatively reputable in their methods, don't care a hang for the poor husband as long as they can get a firm grip on the wife. They will give anybody credit if they look as if they had it. And everybody looks as if she had it nowadays. A woman can get trusted for anything. It is worse than that, she is urged to avail herself of the privilege. She gets letters from firms telling her she can come in and buy on credit. They have opened an account for her without her asking. They shove credit down her throat.

IT IS a well-known fact that the most astute person will buy more if he can defer payment than he will if he has to hand out the actual cash. And shopping women are not astute persons—they are creatures in a frenzy. Which frenzy is added to, multiplied and made more terrible by a race of hypnotic saleswomen and -men who know how to make the right gestures before the eyes of the subject.

Most women go into a store with good intentions. They are going to buy a cheap little dress, or something. Great! This is their day for economy, so they place themselves in the hands of one of these malignant psychological experts, and the expert puts them over the jumps. The woman is worked on, excited, flattered, bedazzled. Mannequins parade, conversation of a skilled kind is indulged in, other women are there, also being hypnotized in this atmosphere of mass hypnosis. With the result that the poor, well-intentioned wife goes perfectly blank, and comes out to discover that, instead of buying a cheap little dress for, maybe, fifty dollars, she had been hocused into obligating her husband to pay for seven hundred and forty-three dollars' worth of goods, wares, and merchandise which she didn't need at all.

So I'm not so sure that the women are to blame. They're not to blame even for being women. They're not to blame for anything, so far as I can see, and should be dealt with accordingly. I mean to say, they should be under some sort of guardianship and protection to save them from themselves and from the basilisk eye of the saleslady with the large bust and the charming manners, and the heart of a crocodile imitating a log at the edge of the

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Your jeweler is a gift specialist

Consult him for the helpful advice he alone can give!

AGAIN — that Christmas list! Bigger this year than ever before. New names taking their place alongside the familiar old ones. And the same limited budget that somehow *must* be stretched to include every one of them, new and old.

"What shall I choose for each one?"

This *is* a problem—when you try to solve it unaided. Yet with expert advice, gift-choosing can be a simple, enjoyable task.

Consult your jeweler! Go to him for help in gift-choosing as you'd go to any specialist for expert advice.

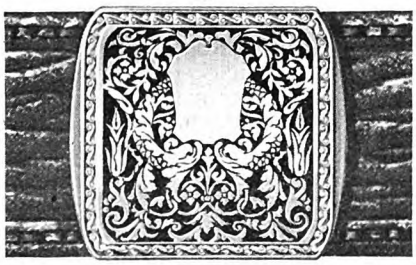
For your jeweler is a *specialist in gifts*—in the fine character and large variety of his offerings, as in his long experience in rendering helpful counsel to gift-givers.

He can quickly show you dozens of attractive things to fit both your prices and the persons in mind.

For months he's been gathering them—gifts in richest variety—gifts whose high character is illustrated by the articles shown on this page.

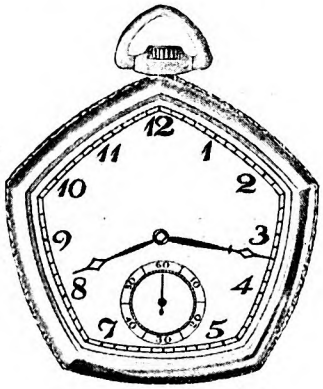
Why not, this year, make use of a helpful gift counsel that costs you no more, yet adds so very much in lasting satisfaction?

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky, Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements



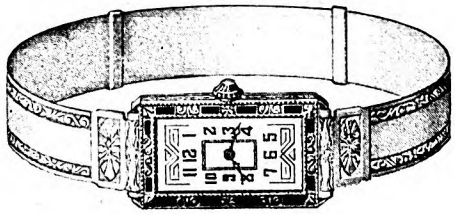
Wadsworth Belt Buckles are obtainable in many designs, in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chain. Buckles alone, in sterling silver, $3.25 to $7.50. Sets: $6.25 to $15.00

WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Lord Wadsworth Model
A new flexible band for men, affording an unusually trim, comfortable fit to the wrist. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled: $10



Man's Pocket Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH

WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Athena Model
Designed for women. Expands to slip over the hand, and is held securely by a snap lock. Gold filled: $7.50 and $8.50. Made also in solid gold



Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

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I'LL PAY 100 MEN The Same Money I Pay Louis George

$10,000 a year is what I pay Louis George, Illinois. I now need 250 more men who can earn from $6,500 to $10,000 a year in my organization.

STEADY WORK ASSURED at BIG PAY

Our new expansion program calls for an immediate addition of 250 reliable men to fill good money-making territories. Permanent, big pay positions await the successful applicants. *No experience necessary*—we will give a complete training in Fire Prevention. Our plans make it possible for the men to get started in a business of their own *without capital.* New, amazing invention replaces old type extinguishers everywhere. Allowance made for old equipment taken in. You can sell equipment on credit; we protect you against losses.

QUICK PROMOTIONS

Our men are given promotion to distributors as soon as they make good. Our organization is known as one of the country's highest paid sales organizations. We give you the training and cooperation that is responsible for this reputation. Every representative furnished with complete profit making plan worked out by experts.

BROAD MARKET

FYR-FYTER has universal acceptance—see list of customers on this page. We have a type of extinguisher to fit every type of hazard. Every school, store, hotel, home, hospital or factory is a prospect.

L. D. Payne, Iowa, earned $4,500 his first 200 days, Viles, Wisconsin, sold $50,000 in one year—many others averaging $6,500 to $10,000 a year. We will show you how to make this income.

AT ONCE

Appointments to territory must be made at once—send coupon today for information and details of representatives plan.

Ray C. Hahn
Director of Sales
FYR-FYTER CO.
1-M Fyr-Fyter Bldg.
Dayton, Ohio

READ

A FEW CUSTOMERS

Customers like these demonstrate the dependability of Fyr-Fyter extinguishers.

Int. Harvester Co.
N. C. R. Co.
Standard Oil Co.
Ford Motor Co.
General Motors Corp.
Bethlehem Steel Corp.
Detroit Edison Co.
Radio Corp. of America
Chicago Tribune
Diamond Match Co.
Cincinnati Fire Dept.
Sears-Roebuck Co.
Eastman Kodak Co.

—and hundreds of other nationally known users.

CLIP AND MAIL

Ray C. Hahn—Director of Sales
FYR-FYTER CO.
1-M Fyr-Fyter Bldg. Dayton, Ohio

Send full information and details of representatives plan and application for territory.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

stream where children come down to bathe.

There is one store which has discovered that, to do business one does not have to give credit. It has come to be one of the greatest retail stores in the world. And its name is blessed in the eyes of men married to women. You can't get trusted there for a spool of thread. It sells goods for cash only. It does not hypnotize women into buying what they do not want and cannot pay for. The success of this store should be, but isn't, a lesson to the rest. Just one hundred per cent of the nifty dress shops in the country would have to go out of business if they were forbidden to give credit.

And the number of peaceful, happy homes in our fair land would mount by leaps and bounds; divorce courts would have to advertise for business, and something like a financial millennium would come in.

We have heard a lot about relief for farmers and relief for corporations and relief for fishermen and what-not. But when did we hear of any legislative program looking to relief for husbands? The condition of the husband is pathetic. He sits on a keg of powder. He is helpless to get off. My own personal and private notion, which I am trying to make public by this article, is that something should be done about it. Something very, very legal. Instead of bothering about Teapot Dome or the Income Tax or Prohibition, the good and the wicked of this great republic should join hands to start something. They should put on the statute books a reasonable law that no retail merchant, or shoppe psychologist, or other vender of goods, wares, and merchandise could collect for things he sells to a dependent wife, unless he first had in writing the permission of the husband to extend credit to her.

What's unfair about that?

Kelland Doesn't Know What He is Talking About

(*Continued from page 13*)

husband John Smith. Now, if John Smith receives a bill from a store in which his credit has been established for some time, he will probably have to pay this outstanding debt before closing his account. But if he—or any other husband—receives a *first* bill at his office, all he has to do is to send it back to the store it came from, with a notation: "I have no account with you. Possibly this bill is intended for my wife. Her address is thus and so."

And when he goes home, he tells her in the bright lexicon of slang, "exactly where she gets off." Furthermore, this notice from John Smith to the store forces the latter to enter the account in Mrs. Smith's name unsupported by the credit of her husband.

Naturally, the store prefers to have the account stand in the husband's name, whether bills are sent actually to him or to the wife. If the husband declares his unwillingness to assume her liability, an account in her name would be classed as a "watch account." If the wife does not pay with reasonable promptness it is "suspended," meaning that her credit is canceled. In this event she *can't* "charge it."

In other words, Mrs. John's expenditure would be very quickly checked if John would stiffen his backbone and find out what Mrs. John may be doing with half of his name.

However, if John *still* feels insecure, surely, with all the measures constantly put through the legislature, he can get James and Tom and any number of Dicks and Harrys to take a little interest in protecting their credit, and have a law passed making wives responsible for their own indebtedness. Apparently it has not occurred to this poor, pathetic husband, created by Kelland, that a woman of today is a perfectly responsible, voting, and office-holding citizen. Why this fetish dragged from the Ark, that she be considered an irresponsible chattel?

The above advice as to "how to get out from under," is offered to husbands mostly as an emergency relief, although the insistence that a woman be held responsible for her own debts is one of the basic necessities of domestic solvency. A few of the other basic necessities are these:

A wife must know exactly how much she may spend. No woman should be held financially responsible unless she knows what her responsibilities are. Either she must receive a fixed allowance or, receiving no allowance, she must then be made a full business partner, and share in the decision and in the responsibility of what she and her husband spend jointly. The real cause of John Smith's financial situation—which has, of course, no more to do with the accidental factor of charging a few dresses, or anything else—is that a certain type of husband (the "100 per cent he-man type" especially) treats his wife as though she were a moron. Sometimes she is; but so, sometimes, is he. Seldom does he treat her (*train* her, if you prefer) as a partner capable of reasonable intelligence and loyalty.

I OFTEN wonder what is at the bottom of this treatment. Does the husband fear that discovery of momentary failure to keep always on the crest may belittle him in his wife's eyes? Is there distrust of her loyalty because she chose to cast her lot with his? And, after having picked her from many women, does he have so much contempt for her intelligence that he thinks her incapable of understanding domestic finance?

Of course, if a man marries a heartless gold-digger or a congenital imbecile he has to pay for his mistake—just as he pays for any other mistake he makes. But I would like to ask two questions of John Smith:

"How honest are you with your wife? How far do you go in telling her the truth about your affairs?"

I have an idea Mr. Kelland himself might be surprised at the evasion of the answers. And then, if I can persuade Mr. Kelland himself to ask each one of his

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villainously squandering female clients, relatives, and neighbors, "How much do you know about your husband's business? Have you any definite knowledge of what he can, or cannot afford?" I believe he might learn a thing or two to his advantage.

I doubt if more than one wife in ninety has the least idea—based on *knowledge*—whether her husband is amassing a fortune or whether he is on the verge of bankruptcy. It would be very interesting to have him find out whether the typical wife who "charges it to John" has any definite way of knowing that what she charges is out of proportion to John's income, or whether she has reason to suppose that John has plenty of money, and simply wants her to behave as if he had much less?

I AM not attempting to deny that money does quite frequently cause trouble between husband and wife, and that such scenes occur as those reported by Mr. Kelland. But I do contend that the money difficulty in family life is chiefly the fault of the husband, who, for reasons known only to himself and the Almighty, tells his wife nothing whatever, or as little as possible, about what he is doing, or trying to do, or failing to do.

In the dependent situation of sending her bills to his office—what *can* a wife do but guess by what her husband says and does, how much they may be, or how small they must be? How is she supposed to decide whether she may, or may not, do the house over, take the children to the seashore, buy a new carpet, or whatever she has in mind to embellish or beautify her home, her children, or herself?

How many men think it good business policy to appear prosperous? (It is an entirely logical policy, and I am not against it.) But if it is "appearance" rather than actual prosperity, the wife should be told the precise degree of this attitude and its object. Naturally, if a wife is kept in total ignorance of her husband's affairs, she takes it for granted that if John can afford a five-thousand-dollar automobile, she certainly should be able to get herself and the children smart clothes to wear in it!

In answer to the heart-rending sadness of Mr. Kelland's description of poor shorn-lamb husband in "little old last year's pants," while wife decked herself in a brand-new "creation of shell-pink," one might suggest that plenty of wives—not typical perhaps, but numerous enough to make a very telling percentage—are wearing much farther back than last year's clothes, and worrying themselves to death about every expenditure, even necessities for the children's well-being, when up drives husband in his expensive new car, clothed according to fashion's best and latest. Of course there *are* penurious wives— But more often than not they are the thrifty little partners, trying their best to keep the firm solvent despite whatever form of expenditure happens to be the policy—or weakness—of their men!

I have had long talks recently, with credit managers, department heads, and salesmen in the great dry-goods stores as well as the "specialty shops," in New York. And I present it, not merely as my own opinion, but as a well-known fact, that the reckless and unintelligent buyers

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"The hot mass poured over my arm . . ."

"I was working in a candy factory at Asbury Park. A large vat of hot candy was spilled over my hands and arms. The candy hardened immediately and the skin came off with it. I was rushed to a drug store nearby. The druggist applied Unguentine heavily. In an hour the pain was gone. A week or so later I removed the bandages. The burns were quite healed. I may add, *not a scar is left!*"

AT any moment the need may come: take no chances with even the slightest burn!

You can do as physicians do. At once, spread on Unguentine. Liberally. The pain stops. *Terrible infection is prevented.* Healing is normal, quick—almost invariably without even a scar!

For cuts, scratches and bruises, too. Bandage lightly when necessary. At your druggist's—50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada: 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Unguentine

The standard surgical dressing in American hospitals

FREE!

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. A-24, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

are not women but *men*. Every expert retail salesman (or saleswoman) knows that he can sell almost anything to the average man, but that the average woman insists on getting the best possible commodity for her money.

The great shopping districts of America, I discovered, are supported almost entirely by women. From seventy to ninety per cent of retail charge-account bills are paid with checks signed by women, and thousands upon thousands of women are independently rated "A 1."

Of course there are certain individual women who resort to finesse and petty chicaneries in order to obtain credit; there are others who are unreasonably insistent and persistent in their demands, but usually they are married to men of the type of John Smith. And apparently all that the John Smiths can do, judging from Mr. Kelland's article, is to air their grievances in public, not having the patience to train their wives in private.

As an example of what I mean by "training," I might as well cite my own, which began almost as far back as I can remember. I opened my first "charge account" at the age of four, when I ran up a bill amounting to five dollars for marshmallows and gumdrops at Sproul's, in Bar Harbor.

MY TRAINING was begun promptly by my father, who refused to pay the bill. It was mine, he told me, not his. I couldn't add, so my father filled a box with five hundred beans. I could understand each bean meant a penny of this terrible debt, which I was made to pay week after week out of an allowance. In other words, instead of being forbidden to "charge it," I was held responsible. For years I struggled with the impulse to charge and the knowledge that I must stay free of debt, or wear the collar of a slave around my neck. This last was nothing but a thin gold chain, but I was made to feel it such a badge of shame that to this day a gold necklace has a far from beautifying association.

Another child I knew had a sheet of wrapping papers on which was wax-penciled each item of her indebtedness, fastened first over her crib and then over her bed for years! But to have stopped her credit—what lesson would *that* have taught? As it was, she is now so bill-shy that she cannot endure a bill unpaid by return mail. A perfect instance of behavior "conditioning" since she, too, was a born spendthrift.

By which I do not propose that a husband train his wife as though she were a child of four, though the emphasis on her responsibility, instead of on the retail credit system, is the same.

Charge accounts are quite as much a convenience as forks to eat with, or any other convenience of civilization. Furthermore, it must be conceded that well-rated charge accounts frequently serve as the only available proof of credit. A friend of mine—one of those not unheard-of widows who had to sell her belongings to pay her husband's debts—took a clerical position and closed every charge account. At the end of five years she had an opportunity to establish herself in business—and found she had no credit. She told me she was handicapped for years, and in some instances was never able completely to restore the weakness of her "suspended credit."

In New York (and in other cities, I suppose) there is a huge book with the name of all retail charge customers, and their ratings. And I know that in many instances wives and husbands are rated separately. So again I ask why are none of the extravagant or predatory wives Mr. Kelland writes of "put on their own"?

The one argument I have to offer against charge accounts is that people rarely realize the leaps and bounds with which a few items run up to an important total. But it is easy enough to write down amounts as you charge them, and in this way keep tabs on the size of your bill.

How people charge bills and evade payment I've never had satisfactorily explained. The only business houses that I've heard of who allow charge accounts to run on unpaid for *years* are haberdashers and tailors for *men!*

Mr. Kelland's assumption that our grandparents led lives of primitive privations finds no echo in my own experience. If he said "modern pruning of all but essentials," it would sound truer to me, since the farther back many of us remember, the greater the ease and distinction. It is true that today we earn more; but that "more" just about stretches over necessities that outgrow their bounds yearly. Everywhere, big houses are being sold for business and their gardens cut up for building lots, because the cost of space and upkeep has become prohibitive.

On the other hand, it is true that millions of us can afford "modern conveniences," including such luxuries as electricity, plumbing, steam heat, radios, and automobiles. It is true that a thousand-dollar car seems to be within reach of all of us, where a thousand-dollar horse was once the rare expenditure of the few. But only a few among the once many can afford comfortably equipped houses of hospitable size. And the diminished household, even though it contain a chauffeur or butler or both and answers very well for today's company for cards or meals, is hardly comparable with that which once took care of innumerable guests who stayed for weeks at a time. No; it seems to me that the new art of furnishing with emptiness is a gesture of necessity. It also seems to me that the minimum is here!

Mind you, I don't think it has hurt anyone a bit to come down from big establishments run according to time-taking formalities that would drive us of hurried today to distraction! But it is an undeniable fact that never has the domestic problem of how to fit expenditure into income been greater. The only way to solve it at all is by frank and thoughtful discussion between the husband and his domestic partner, the wife.

THERE is no possible doubt of the basic fact that marriage, today more than ever, must be a partnership. And what sort of partnership can exist where one of the members has not the least idea whether the business is running at immense profit, or total loss; where not one detail is discussed, where no judgment is asked, where no say in any decision is permitted? Every day, certain men in seemingly modest circumstances die, leaving their widows in utterly untrained con-

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trol of millions; while others, who have sheltered their wives behind every protecting luxury, leave them to the equally unprepared necessity of earning their daily bread. I can name a number of the first, and a score of the latter, among my personal friends. And I confess that the latter have achieved a distinctly better average of success than the first.

The woman unprepared for great wealth, either by training or inheritance, seems inclined to turn hard—and sometimes yellow, like the gold that has made her so.

But with the new rich this article has really nothing to do. The new poor are, however, most important in adding another point in evidence of the stupidity of Mr. Kelland's husband. Among my personal acquaintances and friends I can name twenty-two women who had lived from thirty to fifty years without the vaguest preparation for money-making—not one among the entire twenty-two has failed to provide for herself and, where necessary, her dependents. How plentifully or how meagerly is not the point. The point is that, if one hundred per cent of purely hothouse-bred women have been perfectly capable of learning how to do the bill-paying alone and unaided, it is not unreasonable to suppose them intelligent enough to have been deserving of a somewhat higher rating than their husbands, if patterned by Mr. Kelland, would have been capable of granting them.

HIS suggestion that women be "under guardianship" or "protection" is too medieval even to answer. Wives must know *more*, not less, before charge accounts cease to make poor helpless husbands unhappy.

Moreover, whether she is spending money that is house allowance, clothes allowance, or money of her own, every woman should be *trained* from childhood not only in financial responsibility but in *knowledge of values in buying*. In this day things are too expensive to buy unknowingly. A woman who has made a study of values, whether as a professional buyer, or merely as one who buys very moderately for her own home, is not going to be led astray by any basilisk saleslady, though she have the persuasiveness of the original serpent in the Garden of Eden.

Woman-of-knowledge asks, "How much?" Saleslady cooes, "*Only* three hundred dollars—it cost us four to get it out of the Customs House!" Or, "It is a genuine antique from the Overseas collection." Woman-of-knowledge makes a calculation: "Quality, medium; Style, fair; Cut, American. Made down-town—value about $39.50." Or "Joinings, modern; Wood, new; worth $50 at most." Tempted? Not in the least.

A MARVELOUS SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE is related next month by Honoré Willsie Morrow, editor and novelist. "The Strangest Adventure a Woman Ever Had" is the title of her article. But it is more than a strange adventure: it is the story of a soul seeking the answer to a question which we all ask of ourselves as we go through life. And out in the great American desert Mrs. Morrow found her answer. This article will give you a great spiritual lift.

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knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

When others are still gift-hunting "travelo" givers have finished shopping

WHY waste time and money looking for gifts he *may* like? Give "travelo"—and make *sure*. Handsome . . . smart . . . warm . . . very moderate in price. Sold by 11,000 good men's wear stores. Write for "Portfolio of Styles" showing people you know in "travelo" knit jackets. Peckham-Foreman, Inc., 1911-1917 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Makers of the well known "travelo" SwimSuits.

THE MARK OF QUALITY

The greatest value you can buy at less than the cost of a "travelo":

Lido

KNIT JACKETS

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The Trail Eater

(*Continued from page 11*)

was making his exit, not in the slinking manner of a whipped cur, but in morose thoughtfulness, his brush hanging straight. As if suddenly becoming aware of Herrington's regard, he paused and deliberately looked back over his shoulder.

For a long, strange moment the two measured each other. Behind the bars of the muzzle the wolf-dog's eyes burned with an almost human hate.

The morning after the supper, Kerry rose after a few hours' sleep and, finding that his head was not as clear as it should be, he dressed and left his close cabin for the frosty sunshine out of doors. With half a dozen of his favorite dogs at heel he set out for a brisk walk down the coast.

On a four-mile jaunt his dullness vanished, and was replaced by a tingling energy, an exhilarating awareness of his own bodily vigor. His feet in native mukluks swung lightly over the hard-packed winter trail; the fallen hood of his reindeer parka lay about his throat like a ruff, its light fur accentuating the healthy tan of his face.

There was little in his appearance today to connect him with the pale stripling of twenty-three who had landed in Nome three years before—the Kerry Wayne whom the town, with rough pity, had dubbed a "lunger," because of his thin, rather stooping shoulders, and the slight cough he always tried to mask with laughter.

Those men who liked to preface their remarks with "I knew him when" remembered how Kerry, with a small patrimony, and big Rance Herrington, with not a dime in his corduroys, had arrived together and, continuing a friendship begun as cabin mates on the steamer, had batched in a tent on the beach; how Kerry had finally invested his small capital in the building that housed Nome's daily paper, and, after furnishing an upstairs room for the optimistic but impecunious Herrington, had slipped away to the high country back of the Range with Doorknob Balsh as guide, and Duna, a bright-eyed, roly-poly pup, riding the old man's pack.

AFTER Kerry had gone, the seesaw of fortune on which he had hitherto been the higher financial figure began slowly to swing. The Third Beach was struck, and Rance Herrington staked the Gray Wolf mine. Kerry, returning after a year's health-seeking, found empty the little room above the noisy press of the "Prospector." Herrington, in the idiom of the North, was "in the coarse money."

Kerry was poorer financially than when he landed; but his cough was gone, and the outdoor life that had straightened his shoulders and deepened his chest had also given him abundant vitality, which was thoroughly taxed by the four-day celebration the exuberant Herrington arranged in his honor.

Kerry found his friend lavishly scattering his new-found gold. High-handed, generous, and patronizing, Herrington took it for granted that Kerry would make his home at the luxurious Herrington apartment and accept the easy position awaiting him at the Gray Wolf. When the younger man, valuing his independence and freedom, quietly settled himself in a cabin out on the tundra and began reading borrowed law books and doctoring outcast dogs, the gold king's scorn knew no bounds.

It was months before Rance's thwarted generosity vented itself in verbal explosions and exasperated, affectionate oaths. When it came to money, he was always ready to share what he had with anyone; but he had other traits which made Kerry vaguely uneasy about him.

This morning, as he turned his steps homeward, he was recalling how Rance always rode roughshod toward the thing he wanted. It had been that way last night when he had brought the outlaw husky racer to the supper. The incident had left an unpleasant impression on Kerry, yet, despite it, all the morning he had been aware of another and quite opposite sensation, an underlying consciousness of a newness to life, a faint, youthful sense of expectancy, the reason for which had not yet occurred to him. Now, all at once he remembered—Barbee Neilan!

He swung along, wondering about this. . . . Twenty-four hours ago he had not known her; but now the mere fact of her presence there in the town ahead of him added an indefinable glamour to his world. His stride quickened. He had an absurdly happy feeling that he was looking at the country with a new vision. For the first time in his twenty-six years he felt a desire to share beauty with a woman—with Barbee Neilan.

KERRY was almost home again when far up the road a bright splash of color showed in the traffic. As it came nearer, it revealed itself a vermilion-painted tank mounted on a sled drawn by a team of gray truck-horses as shaggy in their winter coat of hair as Shetland ponies. From the back of the tank projected a faucet, which was kept from freezing by the charcoal stove attached beneath it.

On each side in white letters two feet high it bore the legend H_2O—Nome's terse way of announcing the presence of its winter water carriers. On top of the tank a small man in a drab fur parka sat beside a little Scotch terrier that resembled a very dirty chrysanthemum. Between these two was that intangible and comical likeness which often exists between master and dog.

Both contributed to the general jingle, for the dog's collar was ringed with silver bells, and the man had one dangling from the top of his fur cap. Yet, despite the gay circus-like appearance of the outfit, more lugubrious countenances never adorned man or beast.

"Hey, Lim! Going to run me down?" Kerry's laughing shout roused the meditating Phelim. As he brought his horses to a halt in the vapor of their own breath his long upper lip flattened in a smile that crept to the hazel of his sad, bovine eyes.

"Well—now! If it ain't Kerry—" He reached down to shake hands, while the diminutive Crooger thumped a welcoming tail. "Man dear, I'm glad to see you back wid us! Me an' Doorknob an' the pups has missed you. . . . But what have we here?" He cocked an eye and pointed a scornful, incredulous finger at Kerry's dogs frisking about in the snow. "Sure, *thim's* not the fine string of trail eaters you wiz writin' Doorknob about?"

"Those are them!" said Kerry with ungrammatical emphasis. "Knock the icicles off your lashes and take a good squint at them, Lim. . . . Here, Buster, Mukluk, Tong! Come a-running, Karluk! They're the thirteenth entry, Lim; and I'm telling you Duna's going to clean up the Sweepstakes with them!"

LIM gloomed down at the clumsy, happy band of new dogs, all rangy cross-bred malamutes showing traces of setter, hound, and what-not. "By the H-o-l-y P-o-k-e-r!" His voice was hoarse with disappointment. "Why, man dear, they're a worse bunch of siwashes than you ran last year—an' you payin' good money for 'em, too, belike! All of Nome will be after laughin' at you again, me boy. An' Rance Herrington—sure, he'll have a word to say whin he claps an eye on this bunch!"

"I expect as much—the old Crœsus!" There was a fraternal warmth in the younger man's tones. "He told me last night he wanted to see me about my dogs. I'm going to run up there now to find out just how the boy's been conducting himself during my absence."

"Him—conductin' himself!" Lim Phayden snorted. "An' how would he be conductin' himself wid Luce Barton, the lazy, leather-eared thafe, livin' wid him, hatchin' out schemes, an' the Gray Wolf rollin' the gold in on him faster 'n he can spind it wid his two hands? But that's not all. Yeste'day"—the Irishman leaned down, his voice sinking confidentially—"yeste'day, whin I'm deliverin' wather at Doc Kramer's, what does I see through the windy but Rance and the mistress—"

"Oh—shut—up, Lim! Cut the back-door gossip!" Kerry laughed indulgently, even as he was feeling a vague disquiet. So Luce Barton was occupying that spare room in Rance's apartment, the room Herrington had so often urged upon Kerry himself. . . . "Why, you blessed old bounder!"—he brought himself back to the affairs of the moment—"how are you and Bacchus making out these days?"

Everyone in Nome took a keen interest in Lim's wrestling with his periodic desire for sprees, and Lim was not a little proud of this interest. There was a tinge of gloomy satisfaction in his eye as he sorrowfully made reply: "Not so good, Kerry. Not so good, me boy. I wiz tellin' Crooger last night that the cravin' is comin' on me again. I feel it in me bones, so I do."

Kerry, who had often served as a prop to Lim's failing resolution, lingered to speak a few words of encouragement, then, whistling his dogs to heel once more, went on his way.

On the road Kerry met other men who

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OK BUT-

WHAT SHOES *would this man wear with a business suit* LIKE YOURS?

FORMAL SHOES LOOK BEST with formal dress. Certainly there can be no exception to this rigid rule of etiquette: strictly "formal dress," plain-toe footwear of black (preferably patent leather) should be worn with tuxedo or full evening dress.

PLAIN-PATTERN SHOES LOOK BEST with conservative clothing. Shoes of any smooth-finish leather (black or tans) look best with smooth-finish fabrics. Do not wear heavy shoes of "doggy" design with suits of thin, fine-textured weave.

BLACK SHOES LOOK BEST with dark clothing, with blues and all but the lighter shades of gray. The lighter weights are best for summer time, and the heavier shoes for wet and wintry weather. Wear black shoes *always in the evening.*

The gist of the whole matter is this: the best shoes for any man are those various TYPES of shoes that go best with the clothes HE wears and the things HE does.

It's easy to apply this broad principle to your own case. Consider the six national axioms of good usage in footwear illustrated on this page. How simple, how sensible and reasonable they are! These are by no means new "style recommendations"... merely new statements of long-established customs current in every community among leaders who dress as well as they do their work.

Follow your own personal whims as to patterns, brands and prices but always wear shoes of a TYPE appropriate to the rest of your apparel, if you would be known as one of those men who "wears his clothes well."

Remember these suggestions next time you dress... next time you go to buy shoes. Ask your shoe dealer or write to us for a copy of *How Well Dressed Men Get That Way,* an illustrated booklet of tips on the knack of getting the utmost in dress-value and satisfaction out of your own footwear.

THIS bulletin is authoritative... one of a series based upon a national study of current customs among well dressed men. It is sponsored by the combined Shoe, Leather and Allied Industries in co-operation with the National Shoe Retailers Association. *Executive Advertising Committee, 14th Floor, 260 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.*

TAN SHOES LOOK BEST with trousers of the lighter shades, with all the browns, *and in daylight.* For reasons of style, common sense, and comfort the heavier weights come into vogue with the felt hats and heavier suits of autumn.

FANCY-PATTERN SHOES LOOK BEST with woolly fabrics. Brogues and other standard fancy patterns go well with heavy suits, heavy weather or high old times in the open air. Novelty patterns go best with youthful togs and young ideas.

SPORT SHOES LOOK BEST with clothing comfortable and appropriate for out-of-the-city recreation. For general playtime wear men are offered almost unlimited range in their choice of special footwear that's smart and practical.

SHOE merchants who display this emblem are leaders. You may depend upon them always for honest values, up-to-date business methods, authentic styles and modern craftsmanship in shoemaking. Consult them for correct dress in footwear as well as for correct fitting.

SHOES MARK THE MAN

SHOES MARK THE MAN

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REVEALED . . . BY YOUR MIRROR

Dental arches (teeth and gums) differ. Each requires a different type of tooth brush to win gloriously white teeth, coral-firm gums. Read below how easy it is to let your mirror tell your type, to know exactly what kind of brush is best for you to use.

1—*Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. Most dental arches are full-formed and require this type of brush.*

2—*Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic. Scientifically designed for small, more sharply oval arch.*

3—*Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. For dental arch that has tender gums. Massages as it cleans.*

Give your teeth this *one* chance

Choose and use the Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush that is specifically designed for your dental arch

THANKS to the help and advice of the dental profession, Pro-phy-lac-tic now presents three new and distinctly different types of tooth brushes. All have won the hearty approval of leaders in the movement for greater care of teeth and gums.

To choose the right brush for yourself, simply spend ten seconds with your mirror. Decide what type of dental arch (teeth and gums) you have. Then choose and use the Pro-phy-lac-tic that is scientifically designed to bring your type the good health that is rightfully yours.

It's easy. If your mirror shows a dental arch of normal size as shown by a full-formed face and mouth — the brush for you is the new Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.

But if your mirror reveals a small facial contour, your dental arch, too, is small, more oval in shape. Then the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic is the right brush for you.

Now look again. Examine your gums carefully. If they are pale and lifeless-looking, you need the new Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. This brush massages as it cleans. It suits both large or small dental arches that require special care.

In a few weeks—the difference

Use your new Pro-phy-lac-tic for a few weeks. Then look into your mirror again . . . if you want to see how much the right Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush can do to give you whiter, sounder teeth—firmer, healthier gums.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Limited, Montreal

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

different in shape and size . . . alike in quality

greeted him with varying degrees of intimacy. Each one displayed a lively interest in the dogs he had brought back for the Sweepstakes; but since Nome believed in racing only thoroughbred malamutes or huskies, invariably each one echoed Lim Phayden's opinion of them. And after they had passed Kerry, the Nomeites discussed him.

IT WAS characteristic of the Trail Eater, they agreed, that he should be out romping with his dogs on his first morning in town instead of sampling the pleasures that awaited along Front Street for a man who had been prospecting all summer beyond the Range.

His return had already set Nome a-buzzing with anecdotes of the young fellow who talked to his dogs as if they were reasoning creatures, and who played his old banjo and sang to them of nights in that deep, lazy voice of his; of the young man who cared for every mangy, homeless malamute in the country, and who would part with his last dollar to buy any animal he found being ill-treated. Even in dog-loving Nome he was considered gullible, and many a crafty Eskimo had obtained a good price for a worthless cur by beating it when Kerry was near.

In an old frame barn on the tundra back of town he had, nearly two years before, fitted up a home for his charges and installed Doorknob Balsh as caretaker. He called his headquarters the Kashim, but Nome laughingly dubbed it the Poor-House. Derelicts, human or canine, always found a welcome there, and Kerry maintained that it was a self-supporting institution, since Doorknob did sufficient freighting with the strongest dogs to earn their food—walrus and whale meat purchased from the Eskimos.

The year previous, when the rich members of the Malamute Club had bought up the best dogs and drivers in the country to train them for the Sweepstakes, Nome had been more than ever amused at Kerry Wayne. Against the pick of the North he had audaciously entered a team—and every dog in it, with the exception of his leader, Duna, was an outcast from the Kashim!

On the morning of the great contest Kerry drove up to the starting post with easy confidence, his blue and gold colors fluttering bravely from the collar of Duna in the lead. But, despite the dashing manner of his arrival, the string of scrub dogs he lined up contrasted almost ludicrously with the strong, lithe racing teams of Rance Herrington and the other gold kings.

Believing him to be a clown or a fool, Nome laughed and hooted. Don Quixote some of them called him; others in derision dubbed him the Trail Eater. But he answered all their gibes with witty good nature.

Underneath its mocking mirth, however, Nome was puzzled and a trifle suspicious. The wary bookmaker who kept the betting board at the Golden Sands Saloon came to scrutinize Kerry again as he stood waiting; then, reassured by the sorry-looking team, he returned to his board and offered odds of ten to one that Kerry Wayne would never get a hundred miles from town.

For a time it looked as if the book-

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maker's judgment might be right. Kerry got away to a bad start, owing to a slight blizzard that was making. In addition, several hours later, when he unhitched Duna to readjust his collar, the remainder of the team broke away and, turning, ran with the wind back to town.

No bets were collected, because Kerry followed the culprits and, instead of giving up the race, hitched Duna once more in the lead of the runaways and calmly made a new start!

That first day he covered only ten miles, while the slowest of the other entries made sixty. The next day reports of his progress came in over the telephone from various stations along the way. To the surprise of all, he was keeping to the Trail in a growing blizzard that was trying the mettle of the strongest.

Later on, three other drivers, snow-blind and out of their heads with fatigue, quit the race at the village of Candle; but Nome learned with astonishment that Kerry and his team of gallant mongrels, though fully a hundred miles behind, were battling onward.

Slim Carvey, driving Herrington's victorious Siberian malamutes on the return trip, met Kerry, still outward bound and as cheerful as if he himself had been leading on the home stretch. He was resting in a tent; but he took his battered dogs from the shelter and insisted on Slim's tired team going in to rest, while he cooked lunch for his successful competitor.

Then he kept going!

Nome had not yet ceased to wonder how he urged his derelict team over that heartbreaking two hundred miles to Candle, where the racers turned to go back to Nome; yet he did it. Half of his dogs were exhausted, and others frozen in the flanks, so he attempted no immediate return. But after resting a day, he borrowed a gun and nonchalantly took his team off for a holiday caribou hunting!

Nome was still speculating about that move, for the sequel came three weeks after the Sweepstakes was over, when Kerry drove up to the Nome finishing post, and laughingly sent word to the judges that the Trail Eater wanted to check in!

He knew how to take a joke on himself, did Kerry Wayne, and the town joined him in his laughing; but those veteran sportsmen who talked him over in the seclusion of the Dog Room in the Golden Sands were more than ever puzzled—and suspicious.

FULLY aware of the comment he and his new dogs were creating, Kerry took his way through the town toward the corner where Nome's finest business block stood resplendent in the sun. The black and silver sign of the Arctic Bank and Trust Company surmounted the Roman arch of the entrance; a flag pole towered on its glittering roof; a cornice with fluted supports projected all the way round the top. The entire structure, which at first glance appeared to be of gray stone, was really covered with galvanized iron pressed into cunning imitation of granite blocks. The building had a second story, given over to the luxurious apartments of Midas Bernard, Rance Herrington, and other gold kings.

At the side entrance Kerry left his dogs

HOW MUCH LIFE INSURANCE DOES A MAN REALLY NEED?

FUNNY thing about the life insurance dollar. Most men seem to give it some sort of supernatural purchasing power that the ordinary dollar does not possess. And usually it is left for the dependents of a man to discover, after he has gone, the cold, hard truth that one hundred cents in life insurance won't purchase any more of the necessities of life than any other kind of a dollar.

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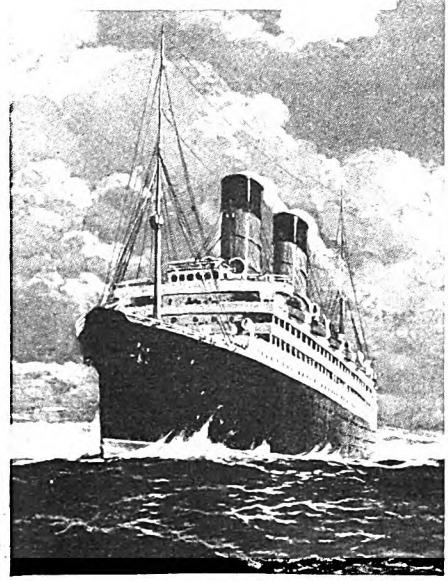

and ran up the steps to his friend's quarters. He was admitted by an Eskimo in a white duck jacket that incongruously topped a pair of sturdy mukluked legs.

"Hello, Amatook! It's good to find you still on the old job! Where's the boss?"

The Eskimo's brown, good-natured face broadened in a smile that lighted his slant eyes with welcome. He chuckled: "Lance? He p-l-e-n-t-y lazy again today!" Amatook was a genuine democrat, who had cast aside his whaling spear to become the major-domo of Herrington's ménage. With delighted grimaces he indicated the door across the hall:

"He plenty, plenty lazy all time, Kerry. You go ketch-um!"

Kerry crossed the threshold. The room was warm and dim and quiet except for the sibilance of escaping steam in a corner radiator and the distant prolonged whistle of the Electric Light Plant announcing the hour of noon.

Against one wall, on a polar-bear skin, stood an ornate brass bed with a white fox robe thrown over the foot; and in the middle of this a huddle of satin and linen both outlined and concealed the body of a sleeper.

KERRY stood a moment, wrinkling his nose at the faint staleness of liquor in the air; then:

"Wake up, precious!" he piped in an absurd falsetto, as he flung his cap at a dent in the pillows. "Wake up, sweet thing!"

There was a groan as two long arms shot out of the heap of amber satin.

"What 'n— Oh, it's *you!*" Herrington got his sleep-sodden eyes open, and roared a welcome as he laid hold of the younger man and shook him. "Lord, Kerry, I'm glad to see you! Didn't have a chance to talk to you last night. Sit down while I scramble into something."

He yawned mightily, swung his feet to the rug, and sat wavering, his palms pressed to his temples. With one foot he was reaching around under the bed for his fur-lined slippers. "Here, Am! Get me my slippers. Darn it—can't stoop over this morning a-tall. Dizzy. Gullet like a furnace too." He thrust out his chin and tenderly stroked his throat. "Must have gone the limit at the supper last night."

"It wasn't what you drank at the supper that made you blotto—though I'll say you took plenty. It was afterward. When I left you at four this morning you were buying 'alamand lefts' and champagne down at the Golden Sands!"

Herrington wrinkled his brow in momentary consideration of this information. "H'm, that's right! And you, you piker, deserted me just after Luce came in. By the way, Kerr, what's the matter with you and Luce? You acted as friendly as two strange malamutes last night." Without waiting for a reply, he continued: "Now, Luce isn't a bad fellow when you get to know him. Smart as they make 'em, too. You'll change your mind about him when you hear about the proposition I've declared you in on, Kerr. Luce has fixed it up—the finest little racing combine that was ever organized in Nome!"

Animated into forgetfulness of his throbbing head, Herrington got up and began pacing the floor. "Thirty thousand dollars in prizes! Think of that! And the betting, s-ay!" he made an expressive gesture. "If signs mean anything there'll be all of two hundred thousand change hands when the winner comes home! We are— But wait! I'll tell you the whole scheme while we eat."

Ten minutes later the two were facing each other over the table set at one end of Herrington's long living-room.

"It's a sure thing, Kerr! Luce and I have formed a sort of racing syndicate, and I want you in on it. We've got three teams already, and you're to put in the other—Duna, of course, and those new dogs you brought back. Heaven grant that they're better than those scrubs you have at the Kashim!" he interposed fervently. "Slim has already started to train our dogs. He'll drive a team in the race certainly; but the important thing is this, Kerry"—he tapped the table with his fork—"Slim can do things with pups; but you, darn you, have got a way that makes pups fall over themselves to do things for you! You got results even with those curios you picked up last year!

"Now, I figure that with you and Slim working together to condition the best dogs we can buy, one of our four teams is bound to win first money. Possibly another will come in for second, or third. Of course we don't want to hog everything. But it's in the betting we'll clean up! We've got sharpshooters and railbirds on the job already. Before April we'll have a line on the speed of every dog our competitors have, and we'll know which one of our own teams to back for a winner.

"But—now just a minute—" as Kerry tried for the third time to interrupt him—"you, my boy, are to get five hundred dollars a month while you're training the pups, ten per cent of the winnings on the books, and, in addition to that, we'll split any purse we win three ways. How's that for square?"

KERRY did not speak at once. It was not until he saw Rance's look darken into disappointment and suspicion that he reached across and laid a tanned, muscular hand over the other's white one.

"That's darned decent of you, Rance, figuring me in on this. And that five hundred a month looks like a million to me in the present state of my finances; but"—he hesitated the fraction of a second, then finished firmly—"you'll have to count me out this time. I'm going up against the Trail with my own dogs, old man."

"The thunder you are!" flashed Herrington. "Do you mean to say you're turning me down?"

"Keep your seat, Rance. There's no need to get all boiled up about this. I appreciate what you've done—or tried to do for me. You know that. But—well, I've reasons for wanting to go into this race absolutely on my own."

"On your own, eh?" Herrington's face cleared. "That's different. For a moment I thought someone else had roped you into an agreement of some kind. But, look here, Kerr!" He rushed into argument. "You're throwing away a sure stake. You won't stand a chance against the Syndicate. Why, for the last six months we've been combing Alaska and Siberia for dogs. We're in about fifteen

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thousand dollars already; but we own the pick of the country.

"Not only that, we've grabbed up everything else in harness that showed the least bit of promise, to keep them away from other entrants. Now, you listen to me—it takes money to go into this thing. Have you got it? I'll say you haven't! The only thing you have to put up is that flock of cripples at the Kashim and those new dogs you brought back with you. Oh, yes—there's Duna. I admit we have nothing in the way of a leader that can touch him. But one pup doesn't make a team any more than one swallow makes a drink. No, no, Kerr! You can't win! And—confound it, you blundering old Trail Eater, I—I think too much of you to see you make a laughingstock of yourself again this year."

Herrington's dark eyes softened with the look of friendship Kerry had not seen there since their first sanguine, happy-go-lucky days of poverty together. Emotionally deepened by months of solitude, he was touched; more than that, he was nearly betrayed into telling Herrington the truth about his racing—the truth he had so successfully hidden.

"YOU don't understand, Rance. It isn't exactly a case of win or lose with me—it's more than that. It's—"

While he faltered irresolute, Amatook poked his head in the doorway and grinned knowingly.

"Miss Barbee—she 'phome over!" he barked; and disappeared.

When Herrington rose and followed the Eskimo out to the telephone, Kerry sighed in sudden relief. He couldn't, after all, put the thing into words, this vague, tormenting thing that had lived in his heart since the last Sweeptstakes—this fear that he might prove a quitter on the Trail.

Had he a yellow streak in him—or had he not? Once again his mind went back to that first time he had suspected himself. It had happened soon after he landed in Nome, while he and Rance were still batching together on the Beach. He had not dreamed he had anything wrong with his lungs, not until the day he sought a remedy for a cold, and the army doctor told him. . . .

At first the verdict left him numb and uncomprehending. He trudged back from the Fort along the heavy sandy beach like one in a dream. But later, when he was all alone in the little tent—

He winced, remembering how he had gone to pieces. . . . If he hadn't a yellow streak in him, would he have gone down under the blow in such a way? By a spiritual effort so great it nauseated him, he managed to be sitting plucking the strings of his banjo outside the tent when Rance came home. It was Rance's turn to cook supper that day. Kerry waited until he was stirring up the batter for a bannock. . . .

"Well, Rance, the old sawbones down at the Fort says I'll have to leave the coast and beat it for the high country. Got a little touch of—" He hadn't been able to say the word, so he tapped his chest and then immediately twanged some chords, queer discordant things they must have been; but they helped him to a surface nonchalance. Rance never suspected that he was afraid.

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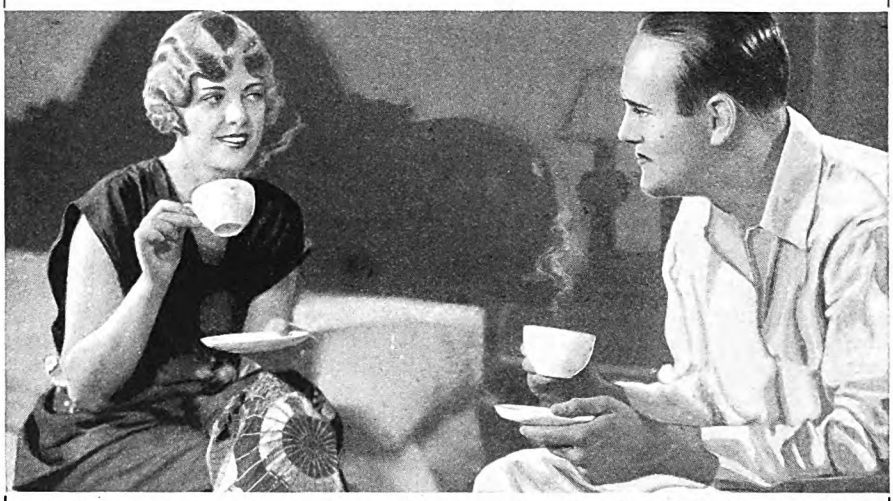

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OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

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In all the black days following, Rance meant a lot to him—his great healthy body, his hearty laugh, his strength; Rance, who had never known the humiliation of physical inferiority. Mentally, Kerry clung to the big fellow, though all the time he knew his salvation lay in getting back from the coast immediately. A year of careful outdoor living would do it, the doctor had said.

But now Kerry suddenly discovered another fear—he was afraid to get away from people; afraid to go out into the wilderness with its treed stillness, its solitude. So he stayed on in town from week to week, assuming that desperate cheerfulness that comes of being so scared of a thing you dare not think about it. . . .

Then genial, easy-going old Doorknob Balsh, who tented next door, began dropping in to chat. One day he gave Kerry a pup—Duna. He was the fattest, most optimistic little pup in the world, waddling about a fellow's feet in glad friendliness; looking up in wriggling puppy astonishment when he found himself hanging from a trouser leg where his tiny sharp teeth had unwittingly caught; whimpering in baby lonesomeness at night, until permitted to snuggle himself to sleep in a fellow's arms. . . . It was Duna and Doorknob who helped him finally to make the decision that sent him to the hills.

But all that was three years behind him now. He had won back his health. He had faced lonely places until he could laugh at his former sickly fears of the wilderness. . . . Yet he couldn't laugh at this other thing—this uncertainty as to his courage on the Sweepstakes Trail.

With sudden vividness Kerry was back again on that Trail, back at the handle bars of his racing sled, uncertain of every dog in his team except Duna.

He felt himself once more stumbling on through the blizzard, from the shelter of his parka hood singing to his failing dogs, jollying them along the grinding ice of Bering Sea, turning inland and cheering them over the tops of mountains where both he and they had to crawl on their bellies to keep from being blown over into canyons; coaxing them to creep after him and Duna across lakes of glare ice; dragging them up the face of glaciers, where he had to hitch the whimpering, frightened animals to his belt and climb with spiked feet. With the race half done, he had quit at Candle. It would have been unnecessary cruelty to whip them back over the Trail.

Yet, suppose he'd been driving a string of dogs as good as Duna, *would he have raced back over that two hundred miles of blizzard-torn course, where already three men had gone snow-blind and mad?*

THE question that had begun to haunt him after the race was over was: Had he really quit at Candle because of his dogs, or was he still in his heart afraid of the country? Tradition had it that where a driver or a dog once quits on the Trail, there, in exactly the same place, would he quit again next time.

Kerry knew he could depend on Duna, great-hearted, trail-wise Duna, to lead on; but could he depend on himself, the man behind the handle bars, to give the command? Well, a fellow had to find out about himself; had to know. The Sweepstakes Trail had somehow become the symbol of all he must overcome in this wild North country. And in addition he had fallen under the spell, the inexplicable fascination of the grueling course.

There was something strange about that. To the man who had once driven on the Trail, it remained a perpetual lure, an eternal challenge. Besides, since last night a new and pleasantly helpful interest had been added—Barbee Neilan! With a girl like that to—

"Holy Sailor, Kerr! Snap out of your trance!" Unnoticed, Herrington had come back into the room. His next words brought Kerry back to reality.

"I was saying you'd better think this syndicate proposition over carefully before turning it down. We'll let you drive in the race, if that's all that's troubling you." Herrington thrust a cigarette into his mouth and reached for a match box.

"No use, Rance," Kerry answered. "My mind's made up. Even if I did think favorably of your Syndicate, Luce and I could never get along together. I've no use for him— Oh, I know he's handling your affairs now—and I know also that this Syndicate scheme is of his hatching, But surely, Rance, you can see for yourself it just isn't good sport. It's nothing but an out-and-out money-making—"

"Just a minute!" Herrington stopped in the act of striking a light and took the cigarette from his mouth. "You don't mean to insinuate we're going to pull anything crooked in this race, do you?" At Kerry's look of surprise, he laughed apologetically. "Oh, of course you don't, Kerr! I'm cranky as a bear with a sore head this morning. But I'm disappointed, too. I wanted you in with us."

HE LIGHTED his cigarette, and after flipping the burned match into the fireplace, leaned somewhat dejectedly against the mantel. In the strong light from the window Kerry again took note of the unhappy changes six months had wrought in Rance. Remembering the old days when he had felt the comfort and protection of Rance's splendid health, his lean, eager strength, his optimism, Kerry felt a vague sadness, an impulse of regretful tenderness for this friend of his whose sudden wealth had somehow stripped him of his former zest for life. Impulsively he came to his feet, and crossing over placed a hand on each of Herrington's shoulders.

"Cut the Syndicate, Rance," he said rather huskily, because of the sudden tightness in his throat. "Be a real sport and drive your own team this year!"

Herrington shook his head. But Kerry went on, in growing enthusiasm for the idea: "Get into training with the rest of us and take some of that easy fat off you, Rance. As for excitement! Why, you poker-playing old walrus, cards aren't in it. Come on, Rance! Drive your Siberians this year yourself. And then keep your eye glued on me, for, so help me Mabel, I'll run my cross-breeds and beat you!"

"Ho, ho!" Herrington's laugh was both patronizing and unbelieving. "Like fun you will, you runt!" His big hand came down on Kerry's shoulder. "A fine chance you'd stand against me—if I went into the race. Look at that!" He threw out his chest and complacently flexed his great arms. "A month's hard training, and I bet even Slim would have to go some to beat my time!"

He glanced up over the fireplace, where hung the painting of himself at the handle bars of his racing sled. "I don't know, though," he considered. "That's not such a bad idea. But if I do go into this personally, Kerr, I've got my own ideas on dog-punching. 'A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree, the more you beat 'em, the better—' Well, you know the rest. Now, take Tokon, for instance. What I should have done to that yellow hound last night was tie him up and beat the daylights out of him then and there. But, of course, with the ladies present, I—"

"I think you got off on the wrong foot with Tokon." Kerry ventured the remark cautiously. In Nome, meddling with another man's dog had precipitated more fights than meddling with another man's wife. "I don't believe in humiliating a dog. A dog's a lot like a human being. If you chain him up and whip him, it robs him of his self-respect. And last night—darn it, Rance, that was poor business bringing that splendid, high-strung husky in for the amusement of the crowd."

"HUH!" scoffed Herrington. "You'll be telling me next that the pup has an immortal soul! As for business—I own the brute, don't I? Paid two thousand cold cash for him, didn't I? Well, then, I'll take my own way of making him know who's his master. Trouble is, he's had too many owners who've been afraid of him. But he can't buffalo me. I'll bet you, Kerry, inside of three weeks I have that yellow fiend eating out of my hand—either that or he'll be dead.

"What you shaking your head about? Don't think I know how to train a dog, eh? Well, just to show you, old boy, that you're not the only dog-man in Nome, I'll tell you what I'll do—not only will I make a good pup of Mr. Tokon, but I ll drive the man-eating son-of-a-gun *myself* in the next Sweepstakes!"

Kerry's expression was such that Herrington's dark face broke into a sudden triumphant grin. "Ah-hah! Took some of the wind out of your sails that time, Kerr! And you're not the only one who'll be surprised. Barbee's been at me for weeks to drive my own team in the Sweepstakes. The girl's crazy about pups. Of course I can't let her touch my Siberians; but she's got around Jack West, the mail carrier, in some way, and he lets her take his team out whenever he's in town. She wanted me to go driving with her this afternoon—that was she on the telephone a while ago—but"—he yawned—"I don't feel like galloping all over the country with this headache of mine.

"Besides, I've got to discipline that young lady. You know, Kerry, you could have knocked me over with a feather last night when I saw that little rascal at the supper. Gosh! I've done my best to keep her out of that set. Pretty swift, you know, for a motherless kid of twenty. Of course, later on it will be different. But a man likes to keep his future wife—"

"*Wife?*" blurted Kerry.

"Certainly!" Herrington glanced at him in surprise; then burst into his big laugh. "Ho, ho! That's one on me! I forgot to tell you the most important thing that's happened to me since you've been gone. The fact is, old lad, I'm going to marry little Barbee Neilan!"

(*To be continued*)

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God rest Ye, Merrie Gentlemen

LANCASTER is beaten. The white rose mocks the red. Another winter . . . another Christmas . . . and England lies under forgetful snow.

Yew logs blaze beneath tavern rafters. All night the sound of singing comes from the castle. The boar's head is crowned with rosemary. The spiced brown bowl is passed from hand to hand. Lancaster or York? Who cares? Noel.

* * * *

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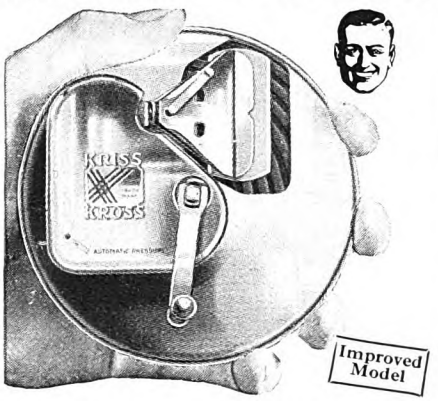

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Wilson—the Greatest War Leader of Them All

(*Continued from page 21*)

effect upon the morale of the French and British people.

"General Bridges did not say how many he wanted. Marshal Joffre said, 'Send a regiment, maybe a brigade. The Port of La Palice has already been set aside for you. It will do for a long time. Some day when your large war army of five hundred thousand is ready, we will give you other ports.'

"But we in America saw the need of a large army," Mr. Baker said to me. "Our ideas expanded under General Pershing's observations and recommendations, which he began to cable immediately after his arrival in Europe.

"As conditions there grew worse, his demands grew larger. The sixty-division program agreed upon as a minimum expanded to eighty divisions and then to one hundred. Finally, he was talking of the possibility of a hundred and twenty divisions. We were ready to give him as many as we could get across the ocean to him."

EACH of our divisions included 28,000 men, or more than double the average French, British, or German division. With army corps and field army and specialist troops, the 100-division program would have equaled 4,260,000 men. Mr. Hurley, the chairman of our Shipping Board, has given it as his opinion that, with the ship-building which was actually under way, 80 divisions, or 3,355,000 men could have been landed and maintained in France in 1919, the year which—in the summer of 1918—was expected to decide the war.

As a matter of fact, we did land approximately 2,000,000 equipped men in France before the Armistice. This was about four times as many as the Germans thought we could get there within that time. It is a better record than we, ourselves, thought we could make at the outset of the war; it is one of the greatest physical achievements in the history of troop-training and transportation—perhaps the greatest.

President Wilson and Mr. Baker clearly saw at the time the advantage of not sending over troops to France to be used in small quantities, unless, of course, in an emergency such as arose when the Germans made their smashing attack in March, 1918, and General Pershing immediately offered all our troops to the then General Foch for use in any way he thought necessary. Mr. Baker gives General Pershing the credit not only for this, but also for the tactical and strategical use made of our army in France.

He said: "From the time General Pershing went to Europe until the Armistice, he had the largest grasp of the situation and the truest and best-informed imagination of what was necessary to win the war of anybody on either side of the ocean, civil or military, with whom I came in contact.

"General Pershing will go down in history as a great commander. He has in a high degree the two qualities which are essential—imagination and daring."

It is one thing to plan having a large army; it is another thing to get it; it is still more difficult to get it quickly.

Therefore, I said to Mr. Baker: "In this country as in Great Britain there has been the mistaken idea in many quarters that only volunteering should be relied upon to raise an army, as there is something derogatory in conscription or compulsory universal military service. How was it, then, that we so quickly adopted conscription, particularly with a President who was a great liberal, and therefore opposed to compulsion in any form?"

Mr. Baker replied: "When I came to the War Department, I was unacquainted with practical military affairs. Therefore I had to rely upon the regular officers around me to give me all the facts bearing on any matter, and upon my legal training to sum up these facts and arrive at a correct solution.

"General Hugh Scott was then Chief of Staff, not yet having been retired for age. He was a most candidly honest and open man. His loyalty was touching." Here the Secretary leaned forward and became even more earnest in his address, saying: "I want to pause here to say that of all the memories I carried away with me from the War Department, and still cherish, nothing is more precious to me than the loyalty and honesty of purpose I found among the Regular Army officers I came in contact with.

"When it commenced to become evident that Germany intended to resume unrestricted submarine warfare, General Scott came to me one day, and said: 'Mr. Secretary, now that we are approaching war, we must have conscription.' He had a brief on the subject. Knowing his close friendship for General Wood, I suspected that it had been largely inspired by that general. On asking General Scott if this were so, he answered 'Yes.'

"At that time such impression as existed in my mind about conscription was largely limited to remembering that its enforcement during the Civil War had led to riots.

"However, after reading all the arguments I saw that it was not only logical from a military point of view, but in a democracy the only way really fair to the individual citizen. It distributed service justly, and prevented the individual who had a widowed mother or an invalid sister to support, or some other good reason for not going (which is none of the public's business), from becoming the target of suspicion and even abuse, which always happens under the volunteer system.

"I THEN went to the President. He listened to my argument carefully for about half an hour and then said: 'Plainly, you are right. It is the only proper thing to do. It is the democratic thing to do. Please have a draft of a law prepared, so that I may include it as a recommendation in my speech to Congress asking for a declaration of war.' I had the draft prepared in the War Department."

It is a matter of history that President Wilson and Mr. Baker, backed up by pub-

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lic opinion, quickly put the act through Congress.

Mr. Baker's answers had shown me a highly efficient war executive operating, as the Constitution had foreseen, as the coördinator of all our war activities toward the common end of beating the enemy. A national leader who relied upon subordinates, picked without regard to political or social standing but only upon their proven ability in their own lines, to furnish him the technical details. But how about the human side? Did this effective Executive have a personal interest in the war; did its surges toward defeat and victory emotionally affect him with depression in the first case and thrill him in the second?

Shortly before seeing Mr. Baker, I had asked this of Mr. Hurley, the chairman of our Shipping Board. This was the body which determined, by its supply of ships, how little or big was to be "the neck of the bottle" controlling the shipment of our troops to France. The fact that they gave the Army over a million dead-weight tons between January and June, 1918, and by December the same year over three million tons, shows how much they opened the neck.

Mr. Hurley replied, "Most emphatically 'Yes.' The President took at all times a direct personal interest in the progress of the fighting going on in Europe. He closely followed it. He was always thinking of means to increase our efforts.

"For example, the first of the great German drives in 1918 (against the British) greatly worried him. All the more so because the shipping we had available was not sufficient to carry the troops we had ready, and which were so badly needed in Europe. He sent for me. I found him thoughtful and anxious, but, if anything, more determined. He showed his strong purpose to get the American reinforcement to France in time, regardless of difficulties to be overcome. 'Hurley, we have simply got to go the limit!' he exclaimed."

MR. BAKER confirmed the President's personal interest in the progress of the fighting, and added that it extended to the officers and men in the Army.

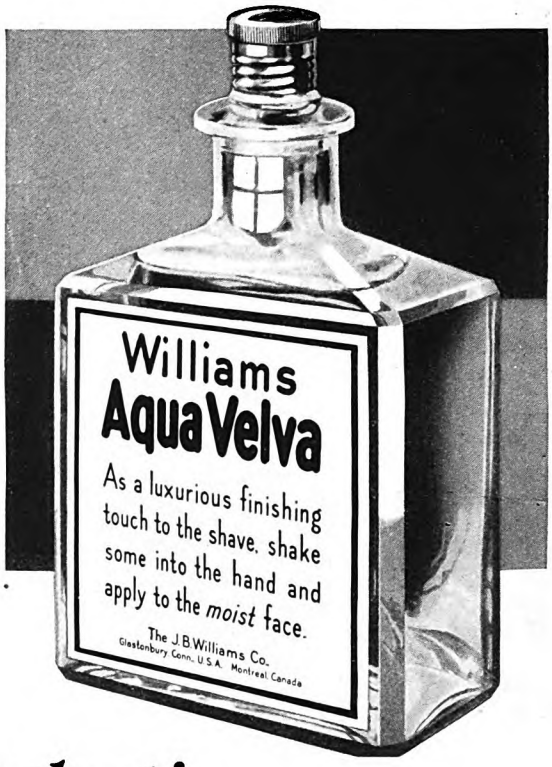
"I will tell you two of the numerous incidents which show this," said the former Secretary of War. "The signing of officer commissions soon became a physical burden to the President, because of the large number of men commissioned, and the constant promotions which were being made. You know, before the war was over, we had two hundred thousand officers in the Army alone.

"Even on Sundays, when the President was trying to relax by going down the Potomac on his yacht, the 'Mayflower,' he would take large piles of commissions and spend hours signing them.

"Therefore, one day I said: 'Mr. President, I must find a legal way so that you will be relieved of this constant and increasing burden.'

"He replied: 'Hope you won't do that, Baker. This is the only contact I have with these fine men who are in the Army. I want them to have my signature as an evidence of the fact that I constantly think about them.'

"He was extremely interested in the personal welfare of the enlisted men also.



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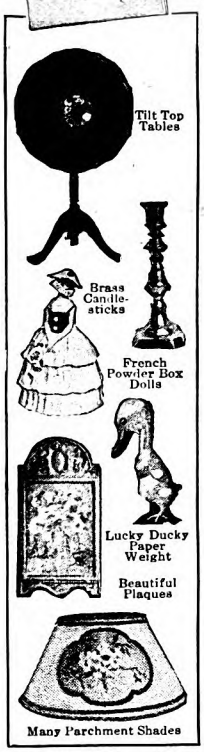

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He sent for me once and showed me a letter from a private at one of the camps in this country complaining that the shopkeepers near by scandalously overcharged the soldiers. He was obviously angry. He said, 'Can't you stop this contemptible thing? If there is no direct legal way, can't you publish a black list and pillory such scoundrels before public opinion? I won't have our soldiers taken advantage of in this way! They get little enough as it is.'"

"Mr. Secretary," I said, "you have shown clearly that President Wilson made and carried through decisions essential to victory in war, a necessity too seldom understood by the 'peace' minds of statesmen; but you have not told me why he had a 'war' mind ready for use when the declaration of war came."

Mr. Baker replied: "President Wilson had a richly stored mind. He constantly resorted to it in coming to a decision. The facts of history were at his finger tips. He did not have to go to a book shelf, get down some volume and hunt for them. The facts of war as shown by the history of wars were thus well known to him. He had the mental courage to accept them as facts, and the moral courage to use them as the basis of his decisions."

President Wilson knew well the mistakes that had been made in America's several wars, and in the wars of Europe; he knew, even, the mistakes that had been made by the civil heads of Governments in the Great War. His conduct as a leader of America during our participation in the Great War was a great tribute to his knowledge!

Jealous? We Should Say Not!

(*Continued from page 43*)

And since, as I thought, it was my destiny to be a second Ellen Terry and to earn twenty pounds a week, I proceeded to plan my life accordingly.

"When I was twelve years old, I went to London and stayed with one of my mother's friends who knew Ellen Terry, and who induced her to grant me an interview.

"ELLEN TERRY was an intense, extraordinary, fascinating person. And of course I was so excited that my heart was thumping madly.

"'Well!' said Miss Terry, with her characteristic impetuosity, 'get up! *Say* something! *Recite* something!'

"And," said Miss Fontanne, "of all things in the world which I might have recited, I chose Ellen Terry's own great lines as Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice'! You remember; the speech about 'the quality of mercy.'

"After one involuntary groan of despair, she resigned herself to listen; and evidently I wasn't too terrible, for she decided to take me as a pupil. Now, Alfred, tell about *your* pieces."

"They were very good pieces!" declared her husband. "Everybody thought so—until I spoke them. When it came to reciting, I was the world's worst performer. The worst, but also the most persistent. If lack of encouragement could have held me down I'd never have seen the footlights, except from the audience.

"Not a soul ever hinted that I would be a second Irving, or would earn even twenty cents a week as an actor. Yet I never was so happy as when I was trying to speak a piece, mumbling the words, and waving my arms, apparently under the impression that I was a windmill.

"But the age of twelve was a milestone for me as well as for Lynn. Our school was to have a piece-speaking competition; and in spite of my lamentable lack of success in that line I determined to be one of the contestants.

"It had been borne in upon me, however, that I wasn't exactly a dazzling success at my favorite indoor pastime of speaking pieces. So I went to an old lawyer who was a Shakespeare enthusiast. And, by the way, he was a Pole, which adds another nationality to those which have influenced me.

"He coached me in Wolsey's speech: 'Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.' And, thanks to my Polish friend, I actually won the prize. The only incident that dimmed the glory of the occasion was when my old nurse—and she was Irish—tearfully and loudly exclaimed: 'My darling, my darling! And he's only twelve!'"

"And after that triumph?" I prompted.

"Well, about that time, my stepfather decided to live in Finland. So, for about seven years, I spent my summers over there and my winters at school in this country. At Carroll College, in Waukesha, Wisconsin, I was the hardest worker they had—in the department of dramatics.

"That was my Oshkosh period. We used to go there to give our little plays before the patients in the insane hospital. A very appreciative audience too. At least they never stuck out their tongues at us, as they did at the calla lilies, which, for some unknown reason, always furnished the floral decorations.

"MEANWHILE, my family lost its money. But evidently we all retained our optimism, for I know I went to Boston, intending to study at Harvard.

"But Harvard never saw me. Instead, I got a job with the old Castle Square stock company to play extras at five dollars a week. I paid one dollar and a quarter a week for my room; and by taking frequent meals with some cousins who lived in Boston I managed to get along all right.

"After a while I was given small parts to do and was made assistant stage manager. My salary rose dizzily to thirty dollars a week. But no one ever led me to believe I would ever become a real actor. I was a sickly-looking boy, tall and gaunt, so all I ever got handed to me were old men's parts.

"As far as I can remember, I received just one bit of encouragement during the two years I was with the company. My lone admirer was a man who had been Margaret Anglin's stage manager. After seeing me once or twice, he told me he thought I was 'pretty good.'

"'This fall,' he said, 'I'm going to do a

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production for Miss Anglin. Perhaps I can get you a part in it.'

"I thanked him; but I thought it was just a passing bit of politeness. He would forget all about it, so I tried to do the same.

"Not long after this, I became so fed up with old men's parts that I threatened to resign if they gave me another. They did. So I quit. The management remained noticeably cheerful. But as for me, I was neither cheerful nor well, so I went home to Waukesha to recuperate.

"By some miracle of good luck, the man who had thought I was 'pretty good' didn't forget me; and that autumn I joined Miss Anglin's company. She was a great actress; and the two seasons I played with her were a wonderful help to me.

"Then followed several years with various companies, and a season in vaudeville with Lily Langtry as her leading man. The beautiful 'Jersey Lily' was sixty-three years old. I was around twenty-two. But I had a wonderful time playing with her. I'll never forget one thing about that vaudeville season. Before the curtain went up on the act, Mrs. Langtry always had the orchestra play 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.' Her charms certainly endured for a long time.

"Of course, this was all invaluable experience for me. Some people thought I was pretty good, but no one ever told me I was *very* good. Personally, I thought I was pretty bad. Anyway, bouquets did not come my way; so, perhaps in self-defense, I felt that personal bouquets didn't amount to much anyway.

"Time and again I saw plays fail, in spite of the fact that a big star headed the cast. Sometimes this happened with a play which would have succeeded if *all* the members of the company had done good work.

"If I had been inclined to grab glory for myself, this would have cured me. So long as you have to work with other people you've got to realize that the better *they* are, the better it is for you! If *their* work is done well, it helps *your* work. You are part of a human mechanism; and every part of that mechanism, even to the smallest cog, is important. I don't see how you can be jealous of a fellow-worker, any more than a wheel would be jealous of a cog, or a piston be jealous of a valve."

"But a human cog may want to become a wheel!" I said.

"I should hope so!" he agreed. "And in human mechanisms luckily they do become wheels—if they prove that they can do the work of a wheel. But you can't do that by trying to 'crab' the work of some other wheel."

THIS was the very subject I was eager to discuss. If we are honest, we must admit that it is hard not to be jealous of someone who gets more praise, more compliments, and perhaps more money, than we receive. Women are jealous of the admiration which other women, even their own sisters, receive. Men are jealous, even of their best friends, when their friends outstrip them in business, or in their profession.

A man is almost instinctively jealous of a woman who successfully competes with him in work. And a woman thinks that she doesn't have a fair chance against a male competitor. Each of them is pretty

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certain to be jealous of the other one.

But here are Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, man and wife, measuring their abilities, as I said before, side by side. Yet I had been told that there wasn't a spark of jealousy between them.

And naturally I wanted to find out how they managed it. Mr. Lunt's remarks about wheels and cogs seemed to shed some light. But I needed more background for the picture, so I asked Miss Fontanne to go on with her own story.

Her first appearance on the stage was when she walked on as a child at His Majesty's Theatre in London. Then she was graduated to minor rôles, which, however, didn't bring her within hailing distance of being a second Ellen Terry, or of earning anything like twenty pounds a week. But she kept on, more or less courageously, until the war came.

That upset the theatre, just as it did the rest of the world. People wanted music and laughter and dancing. They wouldn't go to serious plays; so Lynn Fontanne, out of a job, took to driving an army truck.

But before all this happened, Laurette Taylor, who was playing in London, saw Lynn Fontanne act. She was amazed at her versatility—Lynn Fontanne portrayed three sharply contrasted parts in one play. The two became great friends, a friendship which is still going strong.

ONE day, as Miss Fontanne was getting into her truck, a cablegram was handed to her. It was from Laurette Taylor, offering her a part in a New York production at one hundred dollars a week.

"How much is one hundred dollars in English money?" she demanded of the officer beside her.

"About twenty pounds," he replied.

She handed him the cablegram.

"Does that say what I think it does?" she asked incredulously.

In awe-struck tones he read it aloud. To an English soldier at that time, twenty pounds a week was a fortune. Half a dozen times during the day, he asked to see the cablegram again. He simply couldn't believe it.

But to Miss Fontanne it was the fulfillment of at least one of those childhood prophecies. It proved that Destiny was on the job.

And Destiny continued to be on the job. Under war restrictions, passports were difficult to obtain. Usually, months were required to get permission to leave the country. But now, in some mysterious way, red tape was cut to smithereens; and within ten days Lynn Fontanne was on the ocean, bound for America.

For several seasons she played in Laurette Taylor's company. The magic twenty pounds a week were hers, and she was attracting favorable notice; but she had by no means "arrived."

There is a curious similarity in the stories of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Both worked long, hard, and steadfastly. Neither achieved a quick, dazzling success. But, meanwhile, in each of them was growing a rock-bound belief in coöperation as the great essential to achievement. Don't forget this as we go on with the story.

Up to twelve years ago, they had not even seen each other, either on or off the stage, until one day Lunt saw Lynn Fontanne in "Wooing of Eve." In it she played the part of a weeping bride with a red nose. He thought her a superb actress, but he did not see in her his future bride.

Then, in 1919, Fate decided that these two talented young people should meet.

A famous dramatic critic, in describing this meeting, says, "Lynn Fontanne made such a deep impression on Alfred Lunt that in bowing low over her hand he missed his step and pitched backward down a flight of stairs."

HOW much of this record of their meeting is dramatic license, and how much is truth I couldn't discover. But without a doubt Mr. Lunt did *fall* hard for the lovely Lynn Fontanne the moment they were introduced.

"I thought she was the most amusing creature I had ever seen!" he said to me. "And after living with her six years, I still think so." (There's marvelous testimony for you.)

"And how about you?" I asked Miss Fontanne.

"I succumbed just as abruptly—and just as permanently," she laughed. "I was sitting at the back of the stage, waiting while Alfred rehearsed a scene in the play he was to appear in. I remember I was thinking how wonderful he was, when Sidney Toler, who was sitting beside me, said, 'That young man's voice is literally a gift from heaven. A voice like that can't be acquired. You have to be born with it.'

"Two weeks after our meeting," Miss Fontanne said, "Alfred proposed to me."

"But you weren't married until three years later, were you?" I asked.

"No," broke in Mr. Lunt frankly. "We couldn't afford to get married. Our salaries were not munificent. Both Lynn and I had certain family responsibilities, so we had a long engagement, during which we were together every minute we could possibly manage.

"I was playing leading man for Billie Burke in 'Intimate Strangers' and Lynn was the star of 'Dulcy,' when we finally decided to get married. I remember I had a bad attack of laryngitis and just managed to croak out the necessary responses. In fact 'Yes' was the last word I spoke that day.

"We took a little flat and proceeded to live happily ever after. The only furniture we had in it for a time was a bed, a gorgeous Spanish cupboard, which I had acquired in Cleveland while on a road tour, a bath mat, and, please make note of this—a complete set of kitchen stuff. Later on some friends asked us to store their phonograph for them. We did so gladly. As a matter of fact, it was a perfect godsend when we needed an extra seat."

MR. LUNT saw my eye wandering over the apartment. He laughed. "We've collected more furniture now, and we have moved into more spacious quarters. But it took us six years to do it. Most of the things you see were picked up by degrees at auctions, some at second-hand stores and some pieces abroad."

After a tour of inspection around the apartment, with the Lunts proudly showing off their cherished possessions, we got back again to the subject of their careers. "It was not until two years after we were

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married," said Mr. Lunt, "that we joined the Theatre Guild, and for the past four years we have with few exceptions appeared in the same plays."

"That's just the point I wish to get to," I exclaimed. "Most of the time, you have appeared together in the same plays. But suppose one of you has a bigger and better part in a play than the other one has. Can you live happily together under those conditions?"

They looked at me as if they didn't understand.

"Suppose Mr. Lunt has a more important rôle than you have," I said to Miss Fontanne. "It gives him a bigger chance to 'put himself over.' Naturally, he gets more applause; probably better notices from the critics. How can you help being a little bit jealous?"

"Jealous?" she echoed in genuine astonishment. "Why be jealous of *him?* He didn't write the play and make his part the most important one. Sometimes Alfred has the big rôle and sometimes I have it. Sometimes the rôles are about equal. We simply do the best with what parts we have, so that the *play* will be a fine and well-rounded performance."

"That's right!" exclaimed Mr. Lunt. "In one play, for example, I had the biggest part, while Lynn had the smallest one. Moreover, it was a rôle she didn't really enjoy, because it wasn't congenial to her.

"But do you think she would do it carelessly, just because it didn't appeal to her or because it wasn't what is called 'a fat part'? On the contrary, she did it marvelously. Incidentally, it made a big hit. But she wasn't *trying* to win a personal success. She was simply working to make the whole performance a good one.

"When she did make a hit, I was more pleased than she was herself. And not just because it was Lynn, either! I love to see good craftsmanship.

"But that isn't all. Just take the practical point of view, the actual bread-and-butter point of view. I'm working for a living. Other people are employed on the same 'job' with me. If we all pull together and make the job a success, I shall have my bread and butter; and if we make it a *big* success, I'll have jam and marmalade and extra trimmings too. That's the plain truth and I don't forget it.

"BUT if you want to know the real reason why Lynn and I can't be jealous, of each other or of any member of the company, it is this: We think first, last, and all the time, *about the work!* We are not scheming to get personal glory. It's a lot bigger and broader than that. We want to see the job itself a success. We've never talked about this; have we, Lynn? I don't think it ever has occurred to us to be jealous of each other. Sometimes she gets a better chance; and sometimes I get it. But what does it matter, so long as the *work* goes ahead?"

"Let's put it another way," I suggested. "Suppose that your wife, in spite of this honest teamwork, eventually wins more success and glory than you do. We will suppose it, just for the sake of argument. Will you be able to help feeling jealous then?"

"Some people can jump higher than others, can't they?" he said, after a moment's thought. "And some can run

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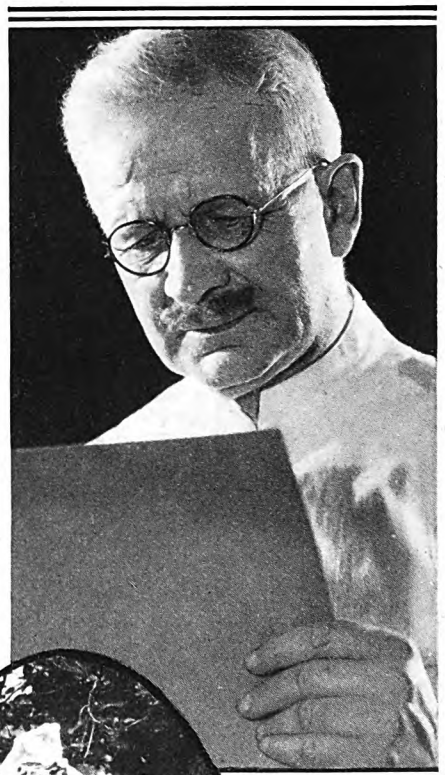

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faster. They can, because they have the ability to do it. All right! If I do my work the very best I can, and if somebody else—Lynn, for instance—does the same kind of work better than I do it—well, it simply means she can 'jump higher' than I can!

"It seems to me," he went on, "that the way to escape being jealous is to keep your mind on two things: When you are working on the same job with other people, think about making the *job* a success. And also watch your own work, to see how well you can do that! Everybody is climbing his own ladder. If he goes just as fast and as high as he is able to climb, he can be satisfied with himself."

"May I ask a very personal question?" I said.

"Go as far as you like!" they both replied.

"Well," I said, "don't you sometimes quarrel over little things? Most married people do."

"WELL, it all depends on what you mean by quarreling," sparred Alfred Lunt. "If you mean getting mad at each other, calling each other names and saying, 'I wish I'd never married you,' and all that sort of stuff—no, we don't quarrel. But," he said with a boyish grin, "we do argue, and we do disagree violently, but amicably, about things."

"What, for instance?" I asked.

"Oh, about clothes and about our parts—it is nearly always some detail connected with the theatre that we argue about.

"When we were playing 'At Mrs. Beam's,' Lynn and I had to stage a real scrap in one scene. She had to throw things at me, slap my face, push me around, and the situation got pretty rough for a few minutes. At least, it should have got rough, but I couldn't get her to scrap as if she really meant it. Consequently, the scene lacked realism. Lynn would deliberately miss me when she aimed, and as for slapping my face, all I got was a gentle pat.

"I was furious about it, and told her she had to make it a real rough-and-tumble fight. She burst into tears and wailed, 'But, Alfred, I may hurt you.' Well, anyway, after that everything she threw at me *hit* me, my face got slapped good and hard, and she finished by pushing me over a chair backward. In fact, she put so much vigor into her performance that even some of the Theatre Guild people used to wonder how we could go home happily together after such a scrap."

Having seen the "scrap" in question I could well understand how some of the Guild people felt about it. It was a grand fight.

I had seen the Lunts in nearly all their parts, and had been struck by their amazing versatility, and also by their marvelous memories. Naturally, I wanted to know if they memorized easily. I was soon enlightened.

"It is hard for both of us to learn new parts," said Miss Fontanne. "But, if anything, it is harder for me than Alfred. Of course, we criticize and coach each other as we go along. Luckily for us, our apartment has three floors, so that when we are in the final throes of memorizing I take the top floor and Alfred the lower, or vice versa; thus, we don't conflict with each other at all."

"WELL!" I said, "now that I know something about how you became actors and how you work, I should like to know something about what you do with your spare time."

This well-intentioned remark brought forth a shout of laughter. "Spare time!" gasped Miss Fontanne, "why, we haven't any! We are seldom outside the theatre except during the hours from midnight to eleven the next morning. And that often includes Sundays as well. Usually, we are acting in two plays that alternate every week and rehearsing a third one at the same time. And when we go on the road for a short tour, we have to brush up on the whole season's repertory. As you may well imagine, this routine keeps us pretty busy. And if we do happen to have a spare afternoon at our disposal, and there is a matinée playing somewhere, like all good theatrical folk we take in a show."

"But Mr. Lunt is so limber," I insisted, "surely he goes in for exercise."

Miss Fontanne laughed. "If Alfred took any more exercise than he gets at the theatre he'd kill himself."

I looked at Mr. Lunt. "That's right," he agreed. "My only form of calisthenics is opening the Sunday paper. But, seriously, some of the plays call for very strenuous action. When I was acting in 'Volpone' I had to crawl on my knees so much that I developed painful calluses, and I was plentifully covered with black and blue spots through falling over chairs, beds, and other stage furnishings. Yes, it is a strenuous life all right; but we do enjoy it, don't we, Lynn?"

I remembered that when I saw Mr. Lunt in "Clarence"—the comedy that Booth Tarkington wrote with him in mind for the part of the returned soldier—he had played both the saxophone and the piano. Imagine my astonishment when I found that he knew neither of those instruments when the part was offered to him. And I always had had a sneaking idea that an actor's life afforded plenty of leisure!

On their two months' vacation the Lunts generally go abroad. But even then, I discovered, they do not spend much time resting. "I always," said Alfred Lunt, "accompany Lynn to all the fall fashion openings in Paris—I like helping my wife choose her clothes; and when we are in London she goes round the men's shops with me."

THIS is a picture of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt as I saw them. Young, unspoiled, human, serious, funny; indefatigable workers, thoroughly in love with their jobs and with each other. I think they show up remarkably well as our hero and heroine. Certainly they are twin stars in the drama of human life, no matter what rôles they are playing on the stage.

"THREE LIVES IN ONE, and Always Ahead of His Time." That, briefly, sums up David Starr Jordan, scientist, educator, and crusader for peace. Few men living have wrung as much out of life as has Doctor Jordan. Next month you will read the story of his remarkable triple career.

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The Higher You Climb the More Lonely You Become

(*Continued from page 27*)

competitors and for us, too; so I stuck to my idea. Our silverware business has now grown to $14,000,000 a year. So perhaps," he smiled, "it wasn't a bad idea after all."

Almost from the time he went back to Kenwood, Noyes was in charge of the various departments of the business. In 1897, the office of general manager was created for him. In 1910 he became also the president of the company. He was the center not only of the business but of the whole community.

Those early years, when power and prosperity were his for the mere taking, were the most dangerous ones of his life. It was then that the sincerity of his decision about riches was put to the test.

It is comparatively easy, *when wealth is not being offered us*, to say that we don't care much about being rich, anyway. But to *know* that we can have great wealth, and to take only a competence instead—that is a test which few men can meet.

"This is the way I feel about it," says Mr. Noyes. "I want to be happy! But how in the world *can* I be happy, if the people around me are dull and drab and *un*happy? Just from a selfish point of view, then, I want to be surrounded by folks who are having a good time, getting pleasure and satisfaction out of life.

"Maybe it is a survival of the old Community spirit which I absorbed in my childhood. At any rate, I don't believe tremendous contrasts in material wealth are good for anybody. But I don't believe in a dead level, either! I think some people earn, and therefore deserve, more than others. But I don't believe in grabbing all you can get, just because you can get it. Give the other fellow a chance to have a share. It will be more fun to work with him, to play with him, and to live with him if he is an interested and happy companion.

"YEARS ago, the stock in the Community business was divided among the members. Nobody was 'gypped' out of his or her share.

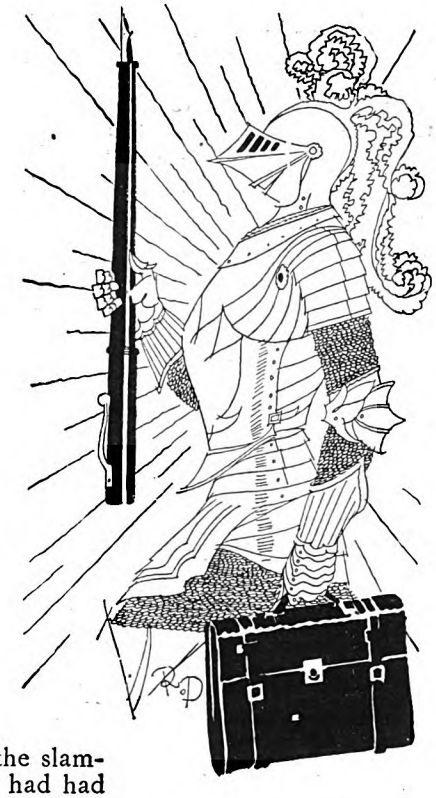
"Twenty-five years ago, I introduced the principle that no one person should own more than three per cent of the stock. We have adhered to that principle ever since.

"As the business increased, new stock was given to the shareholders. The original holdings have now been multiplied five times. But the *percentage* of distribution remains the same. No one individual holds more than three per cent of the total amount of stock.

"With the growth of production, we employed more and more help from outside. We have always paid our workers more than the union scale of wages; and I am just as interested in their being happy as in being happy myself.

"Most of them live in Sherrill, right across the creek. The O. C. L. owned the land there, and has sold it to the em-

A knight *of the dotted-line learns how to triple his* Earning Power



"A month ago, as I left home, the slamming door indicated my mood. I had had a good breakfast, but something was lacking. I met my first prospect with a cheerless 'Hello' and a forced smile. My talk was unimpressive, and I was turned down cold. That had a bad effect on my next interview and my next. At night I came home without a name on the dotted line and in a bad temper. I concluded I was a poor salesman.

"This morning I left home with a cheerful 'Goodbye', closed my first prospect after a mutually pleasant interview, and did a good day's business. I returned home with a box of candy for my wife and a cheery 'Is supper ready?'

"Later, my wife and I were trying to figure out why I had tripled my earning power, gained weight and become so much easier to live with—all within a month. We could find only one reason for it—during this month we have used Postum as our mealtime drink, in place of caffein."*

MIRACULOUS, you may say, that such an improvement in health, spirits and earning power could be effected within the short space of a month. Yet, when you come right down to it, it is not remarkable at all.

For the regular use of a caffein beverage at mealtime, with its continued irritation of the nerves and nightly interruption of sleep, has made many a normally cheerful man short-tempered and moody. And when a man is "in the dumps", he has small chance of impressing others favorably. But remove the cause of the trouble—substitute a wholesome drink for the harmful beverage—the world begins to smile again!

To prove it, eliminate caffein beverages from *your* diet—make Postum your mealtime drink for thirty days. See what a difference—what a wonderful difference!—this simple change can work.

For Postum can never get on your nerves, can never keep you awake, can never cause headaches or indigestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran—no trace of any artificial stimulant in it. You'll like Postum for its flavor, too—a rich, full-bodied flavor millions prefer to that of any other mealtime drink!

Your grocer has Postum. Or mail the coupon—we will send you one week's supply, *free*, as a start on your 30-day test.

**This letter, from a salesman in a Tennessee city, is representative of thousands of letters received from Postum users within the last few months.*

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. P.—A.M.12-28

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

Instant Postum ..... ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
Postum Cereal ..... ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

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ployees. Most of them own their homes. We help them to do this.

"They have their clubs, their community house, their golf links. I guess every family has an automobile! I know someone counted five hundred cars parked outside the factory. And they weren't all flivvers, either!

"I believe, too, in giving young blood a chance. It's good for the veins of a business. I don't want to have people sitting around waiting for me to die off! If a man makes himself really valuable, I believe in recognizing the fact.

"A good while ago I set up the principle that we all must have understudies. We must be selecting and training men to step into our places.

"And we mustn't hang on to our jobs indefinitely! Gradually get the other fellow in; and gradually ease ourselves out.

"I had been general manager as well as president until a couple of years ago. But for several years my son-in-law, 'Dunc' Robertson, had been qualifying for that position. Not because he was my son-in-law! But because he was the man for the job, and everybody admitted it.

"I TURNED it over to him and cut my salary. Other men in the organization have done the same thing. They have voluntarily reduced their income, given someone else an opportunity to have greater responsibility and correspondingly greater financial reward.

"The result is that we have the advantage of both the older heads and the younger ones. That's a good thing, because we need both. And it does away with abrupt breaks. We have a continuous flow of ability instead.

"When I came back here there were nine members on the board of directors. Well, every business man knows how hoary and hidebound a board of directors can become! Sometimes it's little more than an atrophied appendage of the organization.

"But our board of directors is anything but atrophied! When a man makes good, conspicuously and consistently, we put him on the board. We now have twenty-two members. It's a good thing for them that they are there. And it's a fine thing for the business to have them there, with their energy and brains and initiative.

"This idea of giving the other fellow his share—even if it is part of what you *could* grab as your share—makes things more interesting even outside of the business.

"Just for example: Suppose I had a whopping big income; so much bigger than anyone else's that I would be in a class by myself. How could I have any real companionship? People would either avoid me or toady to me.

"I might have my own private golf links, where the favored few would play lonesome games with me. If I had twice as good a car as anybody else, nobody would want to 'talk cars' with me. I couldn't swap experiences with the folks around me. I couldn't even swap cigars.

"What a life! The higher you get above people, the farther you are from their hands and hearts. What I want is *companionship;* mutual interests with the people around me; and the mutual ability to follow up our tastes."

In brief, that expresses what may be called "the social creed" of Pierrepont Noyes. I hope you want to know how it has worked out, because I am fairly bursting to tell. At least I can try to picture the results as they impressed me:

Here, then, is this little community of Kenwood. Technically, it is part of a larger town; but in reality it is simply a village with a few hundred inhabitants.

The factories—two of them—are present; but somehow they are invisible until you hunt for them. There is a big administration building facing a wonderful sweep of green lawn. And this stone office building is as beautiful as if it were the gem of a college campus.

There are forty or fifty houses, irregularly placed, not in formal rows. All of them are charming. The one occupied by the president is no larger and no more attractive than any one of a dozen others.

There is only one house which you would describe as a mansion; and that one is *the* Mansion. You never lose sight of its mellow red brick walls. It is always part of the visible picture.

Inescapably, too, it is part of the invisible spirit of the community. Even I, a stranger, was conscious of this feeling.

During the day, half a dozen people said to me: "We are like one big family."

I knew they were telling the truth, because I could feel it myself. They are like a lot of relatives, their lives all interwoven together.

Mr. Noyes's married daughter said to me: "Sometimes, of course, things seem a bit stale and dull. We wonder whether we're not getting rather fed up with one another. But it's only a passing mood. We soon snap out of it—especially if one of us gets into a jam of any kind.

"We are always dead sure of one thing: If we need sympathy, or help, we can count on every member of the entire clan. I know absolutely that if I were in trouble, every man here—or, for that matter, every man that was brought up here—would be as loyal and as helpful as if he were my own brother."

YES, they are like a big family; a family that is full of fun and of the vim which can be described only as "pep." They have the same interests—and as many—as we New Yorkers have.

They not only read books, some of them actually write books. Imagine the head of a great business finding time to write a novel! Yet that's what P. B. Noyes has done. He is the author of "The Pallid Giant," an extremely well-written and interesting book.

His daughter has written a mystery novel. I heard her father threatening to write one, too. He probably will! Some of these extraordinary folks write poetry. Moreover, it is published and paid for; and, as perhaps some of you know, many poems are written, but few are paid for.

They have their own little magazine at Kenwood. It is called "The Community Quadrangle"; a name which has an interesting history.

Almost entirely shut in by the rambling wings of the Mansion is a grassy square, shaded by wonderful trees. In the old days, the Community members gathered there for outdoor religious services. It was called "the Quadrangle"; and that name is now applied to this "family magazine" which is written by and for the members of the clan.

It is as delightful as it is remarkable. Old and young contribute to it. They make their own illustrations, write their own poetry. One of them, who is stationed in New York, reviews the latest plays. If some member of the community goes to Atlantic City, or Florida, or Alaska, or Europe, there is a live and interesting letter about it in "The Quadrangle."

All this, as I see it, is the direct result of the creed which Mr. Noyes has put into effect. Instead of making himself a multi-millionaire, he has made it possible for the people of his community to cultivate their tastes and to have a mutual enjoyment of the good things of life.

They read and paint and write and travel. They appreciate music. It seemed to me that everyone I met played some sort of musical instrument.

They play other things too. They have golf links and tennis courts. They ride and swim. As for jig-saw puzzles, they have a wonderful collection, including the largest one in the world. They made it themselves! It contains eight thousand pieces and is seven feet square. At least it will be, if they ever get it put together.

IN EVERY one of their activities, from the puzzle to their fourteen-million-dollar business, Pierrepont Noyes is their leader. And don't think it is a case, as the old saying goes, of choosing to be a "big toad in a little puddle, rather than a little toad in a big puddle." Mr. Noyes has been a big man in big places.

During the war he was First Assistant Fuel Administrator, a big enough job for anybody.

After peace came, he went to Europe to look after his business affairs over there. It was when the details of the Rhineland occupation were being settled and the American authorities were trying to decide on the right man to be our Commissioner at Coblentz.

Noyes happened to pass the Crillon one day, so he dropped in to say "How-d'ye-do" to Bernard Baruch, whom he had known in Washington.

He didn't get a chance to say even "Hello." Baruch practically made him Rhineland Commissioner at sight.

Mr. Noyes and his wife were at Coblentz a year. During that time he worked with the big men of other countries. He and his wife entertained, and were entertained by, distinguished personages. But here is something very characteristic of them both: It did not, for one moment, change their attitude toward life.

"When we were by ourselves," Mr. Noyes told me, "we used to laugh and say to each other: 'Isn't this just like the Wizard of Oz?'"

Instead of being intoxicated by that sort of life, instead of developing a thirst for being kotowed to as a personage, he came back to Kenwood when the Rhineland job was finished. Back to his home, his work, his people. Back to the creed in which he believes and by which he lives, the creed that he would rather be surrounded by happy and comfortable companions than to live in lonely grandeur behind a fence of gold.

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NEW

THE 50 BOX of Gillette Blades

EVERY TIME HE SHAVES IN 1929 HE'LL THANK YOU

A SMART, masculine gift box that's bound to be appreciated all over again each morning! Generous measure for generous shaving comfort! Not a short-lived present, not a frivolous one, but a soundly sensible, month-after-month gift that appeals to a man's practical nature.

And the distinctive thing about it is its newness . . . . it is presented by Gillette for the *first time* this Christmas. You can be sure when you choose the Fifty Box for him that he has never before received a similar gift for Christmas—or any other time.

P. S.—If the little chest with its regimental stripes attracts you, why don't you make a bid for it after he's used up the blades? It makes a charming cigarette box, stamp box, jewel case or general depository for the sewing or dressing table.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Brand new!

Fifty of the famous double edged Gillette Blades (one hundred shaving edges) tucked away in a sturdy, compact, colorful box. An original, personal way to carry your season's greetings far into the New Year.

$5 everywhere

The perfect gift

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..and the Christmas Spirit need never die

HERE'S a gift more welcome than all others combined—that keeps the happy holiday spirit alive not only during the Christmas period, but throughout the year. And best of all, it's a gift the whole family can enjoy—a Brunswick Billiard Table for the home—at a price you can afford to pay.

If you love laughter and liveliness, don't miss the entertainment that this great game affords. For billiards at home opens up a whole new world of fun, sport and recreation not only for adults, but for the children as well. More important, it makes the home a center of interest for growing youngsters and their friends. Keeps them under your guiding influence during their formative years.

There's a fascination and a lure to billiards that is hard to describe. If you have played it you know what it is. If you haven't played you'll sense it the first time you pick up a cue. Thrills, excitement, the uncertainty of the game—the ever-changing opportunities for making unusual shots, there's never a moment of dullness, of boredom in billiards. You're always eager to play.

Billiards offers great exercise, too. Eminent health authorities claim that it is the most sane and healthful form of exercise the average adult can take. Mentally refreshing, as well. Takes your mind off cares and worries. Gives you new interests, mental relaxation.

And now for the first time the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., makers of the finest club and commercial billiard equipment, offer a table in the juvenile sizes for as little as $8.95. Accurately made, built with typical Brunswick precision, it is sold—completely equipped ready to play—in leading stores everywhere.

The larger size Brunswick tables which can be seen at all Brunswick branches may be purchased on our easy payment plan. Only a modest initial payment required. They are available in sizes to fit every home—some with folding legs and others designed to conform with the costliest surroundings.

See the Brunswick juvenile tables at your favorite store. For information pertaining to the larger tables, visit the nearest Brunswick branch or write for complete descriptions and prices.

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Christmas—The Magic Season

(*Continued from page 40*)

this season is that such mishaps are taken as signals for jollification. Even Christmas dinner had been waited for us. We had it by candle-light, and with laughter over our adventure. . . . Delays usually make us irritable and puddle-browed; but because at Christmas all's well with the heart, all's well with everything else.

Since all my life has been spent in the country—most of it in very remote districts of southern South Carolina, because of the humble birthplace of Christ, and because the singular breadth of His humanity seems luminously to overshine all life, I have always been curiously interested in the relations of animals to Christmas. That there may be some relation, Marcellus, describing the vanishing of the Ghost in "Hamlet," thus expresses himself:

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

THERE is an ancient English superstition to the effect that on Christmas Eve every animal and every bird goes down on its knees in adoration of the newborn Master. Plantation negroes, than whom few people of any race are more spiritually aware, came to believe this legend, and they made me as a child believe it.

Convinced that what these dusky worshipers were telling me was true, and not a little impressed by the grandeur of the phenomenon as it was described, I went one Christmas Eve at home to the stable yard, and there sat blinking drowsily with a negro comrade, while the stars blazed, and the pines grieved, and the moss banners from the live-oaks sighed grayly in the gentle wind. As midnight, the mystic hour, approached, we became restless and alert, and our nervousness was probably communicated to the various creatures in the ample old barnyard. The roosters crowed with uncommon assurance and vigor; the hogs roamed about, grunting with unwonted enthusiasm—but with too much disconsolateness, I thought; and the sheep bleated with uncommon pathos.

After a while, from the mournful depths of the pine forest, where we had with some trepidation heard him weirdly intoning, we saw a great horned owl beat his noiseless, imposing flight. And he alighted *on the ground*, not far from us. He was only foraging, but we believed he was getting ready to worship—this ancient sage of the wildwoods! Shortly after we saw the owl, thrillingly we became aware that an old ox near us had taken a notion to get up. You know how an ox seems to lie down in order to rise. For a moment he assumed a most singular position: his back and his hind quarters were up, but his head was quite low. As a matter of fact, as my awed comrade tremblingly pointed out, the ox was actually kneeling!

I remember how we two children were impressed; how much more mystical the Holy Night seemed because of this strange corroboration of our belief. I remember how, next morning, when we told the older folks of what we had seen, we were not laughed at. We were left to our faith and our wonder.

THE world says, a foolish superstition! Technically, yes. But the world is so full of miracles, and all life is so essentially mysterious that I should be the last to assert that wild creatures have no consciousness of God. We do not know what they know. They sometimes look at us with eyes of fathomless sagacity; and so serene and ordered are their lives, so joyous and sustained their philosophy, that there is good reason to believe they may be in far closer touch with the Divine Spirit than we have been in the habit of supposing they possibly could be. It is something akin to this thought that David Morton has so beautifully expressed:

The mild-eyed Oxen and the gentle Ass,
By manger or in pastures that they graze,
Lift their slow heads to watch us where we pass,
A reminiscent wonder in their gaze.
Their low humility is like a crown,
A grave distinction, they have come to wear—
Their look gone past us—to a little Town,
And a white miracle that happened there.

An old, old vision haunts those quiet eyes,
Where proud remembrance drifts to them again,
Of something that has made them humbly wise,
—These burden-bearers for the race of men—
And lightens every load they lift or pull,
Something that chanced because the Inn was full.

Because my memories of Christmas are so closely associated with plantation life, I treasure fondly some of the quaint beliefs of the dusky humble companions of my boyhood years. Often as a lad I sat up on Christmas Eve, somewhat to the inconvenience of those playing Santa Claus—sat up because I wanted "to hear Christmas fall." And it always fell, somehow or other, though not precisely as the negroes declared it did. I never heard it; but the truly faithful always did. Ears that are dutifully attuned to hear something supernatural usually find it distinctly audible. My hearing, I suppose, was too gross; but I used to be immensely impressed by the far spiritual advancement of those negroes who declared that they had heard the remote and mystic detonation.

I RECALL a very remarkable statement about Christmas made to me by one who might well be supposed to have no heart for so joyous a season. This was a solitary old negro, who, having long outlived his own generation, resided remotely and alone on the borders of the great swamp near home. While I used to take him food and clothes, I never did quite understand how Old Weston lived. The members of his own race were afraid of him, as they usually are of age and sagacity. They insisted that his familiars, the hiddle-diddle-does (horned owls), brought food to him. At any rate, I always found him serene and cheerful.

Late one Christmas afternoon I went over to take him a basket of things, and during my visit I tried to get his "slant" on Christmas. His eyes seemed to me to be seeing things invisible to mine.

"You have Christmas once a year," he said; "but I have it all the time."

"How so, West?" I asked.

"You live with your people and friends, and they act one way all the year, and another way at Christmas. Since all my people have gone from me, I have been living with God. He acts the same to me all the time. He acts just like people do at Christmas."

Since Old Weston gave me that thought, our great holiday has had a new and more sacred meaning, and he helped me to learn to go to simple, elemental people for some of those observations on life most worth remembering.

What Christmas means to me matters only to the degree to which the experiences of others corroborate my own. I shall tell what certain Christmases have actually brought me—not in my dutifully hung stocking, but rather in the stocking of my heart. Thus may I be able to echo the songs that you yourself have sung. Our experiences at such a sacred and joyous time are especially likely to be similar, at least in spirit; and at no other season is there so much awareness of our universal brotherhood.

BECAUSE, since earliest childhood days, I have had a ruling passion for nature and a love for all wild creatures, Christmas has had for me an especial appeal as a naturalist. No man who roams the woods and fields, who would rather spend an hour in a solitary forest than an afternoon at the matinée; no man who feels in the resplendent order and beauty of the universe the touch of the Hand Divine can come to a season like Christmas without feeling that it is just and right thus to commemorate the birth of the Son of God.

The naturalist has, or should have—though making no claims for myself—the integrity of insight of the true mystic. He knows that creation is a miracle. He longs to account for it. Christ as the Son of the Almighty accounts for it. Therefore, the naturalist welcomes Christmas as a time when we, with eminent sagacity, acknowledge and rejoice in the birth of the child of our Creator.

When asked if he saw anything more in a sunset than the subsiding of a red disk, the poet William Blake said he could only answer that he saw far more; he saw an innumerable company of the Heavenly Host crying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!" And that is what every human heart should cry, not alone at the gorgeous spectacle of sundown, but at sight of the tiniest bluebell, the frailest wild white violet, the faintest star that gleams in the immense mansions of "the huge and thoughtful night."

I once knew of what a whole countryside considered an inveterate strife between families terminated in rather dramatic fashion. This feud had as its origin the deep injustice done by one family to

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I know three sides of one problem

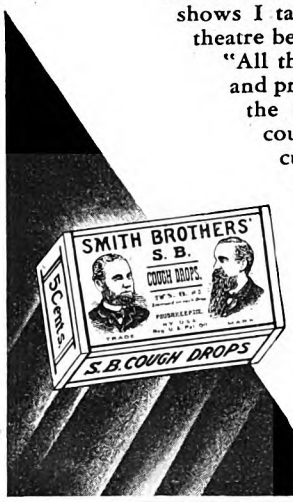
which my "Scandals" must meet

George White . . .

[producer of the famous revue — the "Scandals"]

"I know audiences because I am often one of them . . . I know players because in most of my shows I take an active part. And I know the theatre because I am a producer.

"All three of me, therefore—spectator, actor and producer—would feel better if coughing in the theatre could be eliminated. But since coughers will always be with us, a good way to curb the evil is by giving audiences Smith Brothers' Cough Drops. And I, for one, am looking forward to the day when my chorus will toss S.B. cough drops over the footlights instead of flowers, confetti or candy kisses."



* *

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another, in years long before I was born. Throughout my boyhood there was a continual warfare between these two clans—bloodshed once, irremediable hatred always. . . . I remember that in school the girls of one house would never look at or speak to the boys of the other. To such limits go human folly and human sin.

When Christmas came, all this trouble gave a falsetto note to the otherwise joyous season. Finally came *that* Christmas:

At one o'clock on Christmas morning, while all the world lay dreaming in the silver light of moon and star, while the sense of the presence of the coming of Christ made the night holy, the head of one of the hostile clans stole from his house, passed down the silent village street, walked through a dim lane, and paused before a gate that he had not entered in forty years. Here he rapped loudly, and to his summons there was an immediate response. Uneasy lies the feudist.

The man at the gate was bareheaded, and he was unarmed. The man at the window had a high-powered rifle grimly gripped in his hands.

"John," said the midnight visitor, standing there in imminent peril of his life, "this is Christmas night, and I've come over to end all this business between us and our families."

"What do you mean by 'end it'?" the voice at the window asked suspiciously.

"Come down here, John. Let's shake hands and make up."

Ten minutes later the strange conference was over, and the feud was buried forever. The spirit of Christ, the spirit of Christmas, had prevailed. The next day our whole village rang with the glad news; and I have lived to see several really perfect marriages between those families which formerly had been implacable enemies.

CHRISTMAS, that blessed, frantic time of joyous and hectic excitement that we can associate with no other season of the year; Christmas, that cure of the heart's homesickness for love, is with us once again. Awakening in us spiritual joy, it seems to make all spiritual hope possible, all transcendent faith simple and natural and utterly certain.

From earliest childhood, this noble festival of Christmas has been my favorite; and I have long since formed my idea of an ideal one. Nor do I believe that, save in a few exterior details, it will differ from the ideal Christmas conceived by millions of other human hearts. But before telling what kind of Christmas I should like to put in everybody else's stocking, perhaps it would be well to make a declaration of faith; for whether we can in any degree celebrate this great festival aright depends in a critical measure upon the integrity of our belief. Being distinctly a religious commemoration, it can have no real meaning for the dismal heart of the atheist, who seems to imagine that the universe created itself. No man lacking a downright belief in the divine can ever *feel* Christmas. The superb "Adeste, Fideles" is a summons to the loyal to adore, not a general invitation to promiscuous revelry.

That marvelous life which began at Bethlehem we know to have been different from any other life ever passed upon this earth. It would be impossible to account

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for it save by acknowledging a miracle. The more experience in life we have, the more infallibly we learn to count on the certainty of the impossible. I believe in the Virgin Birth; I believe all the other miracles; I believe in the Resurrection. Nor is credence given merely for the supine reason of conformity, nor even of spiritual comfort. I accept Christ as divine because my reason and my instinct reject every other possible interpretation of Him. He cannot sensibly be classified with other sages and saints. He is a figure of solitary splendor. His greatness is not of this earth. His character is of that celestial quality to be communicable only from one spirit to another spirit.

And now once more we celebrate His birth.

CHRISTMAS is, however, a celebration which far antedates the birth of Christ. Long before Jesus was born, the ancients fixed upon December 25th, or thereabout, to signify the winter solstice. It was the turning point of winter and the beginning of spring. We have taken over, dignified, and spiritualized this pagan feast by making it Christmas; and perhaps our own Christmas takes on yet more meaning because of the little known fact that it has a natural significance of universal appeal, and a background of illustrious remoteness. We love the idea of the long inheritance, and in this instance we have done nobly by it; for we have taken an ancient heathen festival, and made it our chief religious celebration.

Because my traditions are Southern, I have always associated Christmas with the outdoors, and, as a result, with nature. Until I spent some winters in the North I had always supposed that the general arctic condition of things would prevent in midwinter a real communion with the field and the forest. But how often in this life do we learn that our opinions are wrong! I know now, and I love the beauty of a white Christmas. Perhaps there is a sleetstorm, when all the trees will glitter as if hung with crystal chandeliers. Perhaps a snow will sift down from the gray skies, magically piling pearly ridges on the fences, burdening the hemlocks and the pines, softly smothering the tawny dead grass and the patient little bushes.

There is an inviting loveliness in the snowy Christmas. There's a fascination in watching a snowstorm, especially one at Yuletide, that is unsurpassed by the charm of any other aspect of nature. Snow is beauty obliterating the world; its glamour is akin to that of moonlight, steeping the visible universe in radiant bloom. There is a power of gentleness that we seldom dream of; infinitely more effective than the mightiest blows from the hammer in the hands of Thor. Snow is gentleness, chaste as the mountain air, virginally cool, compassionately adorning the faded earth.

There's a wood of hemlock and pine close by my house in Pennsylvania where I now live, and when we have a white Christmas, nature decks scores of Christmas trees far more delicately and beautifully than can be adorned by human hands. And when night falls, these wild Christmas trees are hung with real stars. I remember gazing at a hemlock that wore Orion for a crown!

Many a Christmas Day I have spent in the wildwoods, in the mellow, delicious

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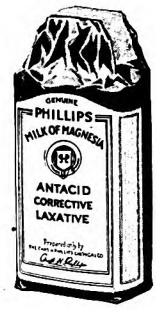

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sunshine of the Southern winter. I recall one day especially that so typically represents the charms of the outdoor Christmas of Dixieland that I wish it could be hidden in the toe of everyone's stocking!

By daybreak I was awakened by two voices of nature: A phœbe bird, that eerie little flute-player, was calling plaintively and persistently from the dead limb of a wild-orange tree just outside my window. The appeal of his song was drowsy, befitting the roseate misty air of the dim dawn. But after a few moments, as if to put to rout the phœbe's wistful, pathetic song, a gay Carolina wren began, in his wild ecstatic fashion, to carol madly from the garden fence. There is no resisting the infectious delight of such a spontaneous lyric; nor in all nature do I know a bird song so piercingly joyous.

I went to the window, and saw both tiny minstrels, Christmas choristers, each expressing his heart—one in a minor key, and one with robust optimism. The human hymn is nearly always the melody of these two tones.

AT HOME we always made much of the Christmas breakfast, for Christmas dinner would not be served until the candles were lighted for the evening. I went downstairs to a typical plantation dining-room: an immense old fireplace, wherein light-wood crackled redly under a huge live-oak backlog; where holly and smilax and mistletoe, gathered from the home woods, festooned the pictures and the frieze of stags' horns; where the negro servants, not unaware of the practical advantages of Christmas to them, moved about their duties with that abandoned excitement that is one of the privileges of this carnival of affection. . . .

Said one hungry man to another on a certain occasion: "Please don't mention anything good to eat, unless you have it with you." But this kind of breakfast is so different from that ordinarily served that perhaps it should be recorded. We had oranges—grown by a neighbor in his own front yard; cold sliced wild turkey and canvas-back duck; hominy, snowy and steaming; brown cornbreads made from white-flint corn; venison sausages; flapjacks about half an inch thick; fragrant coffee. I remember that we were breaking in a tiny negro boy to wait on the table. The ordeal was very hard on him. He bumped a plate of cornbread against my chair, dropped the plate, and forthwith vanished! He crawled under the table and snuggled up against my knees, where I could feel him palpitating.

After breakfast, we exchanged the simple Christmas gifts that we had; then I mounted my horse and went to ride the woods—real woods, too, where one may go forty miles without seeing a single human habitation save, perhaps, the humble cabin of some negro dweller in the pinelands. . . . To go into wastelands and wildernesses has always been a passion with me; and to be able to do so on Yuletide is an especial delight; for then, to the ordinary pleasure of observing the Green Mansions of God, there is added the consolation of religion—the feeling of infinite comfort, perhaps felt nowhere so certainly as on the flowering, fragrant breast of nature that "So God loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son to the end that all that believe in Him should

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not perish, but have everlasting life."

All that Christmas Day I roamed the sweet greenwood, breasting through aromatic myrtle thickets, passing under huge patriarch oaks, riding down the solemn aisles and the fabulous naves of the stupendous cathedral of the forest. . . . Wild things I saw in their beautiful home: shadowy deer, stately wild turkeys, flocks of bluebirds, chickadees, hosts of robins, and one superb illustrious eagle, soaring momentously in the far blue sky. . . .

It was sundown when I got home. Lights gleamed in the windows—windows that had welcomed me since earliest childhood days. The whole west behind me was redly magnificent. Along the river night had already begun to pitch her misty tents. . . .

After our Christmas dinner all of us came out on the broad porch to watch the stars and to listen to the far, sweet singing of the plantation negroes, breathed to us over the dewy starlit fields. . . . The night was radiant with constellations. They never mean so much to the mortal spirit as at that Holy Time.

That was a Christmas Day of birdsong, of the sacred and home-felt delight of family affection, of simplicity, of communion with the beauty of nature, of faith, of the quiet assurance through the loveliness and the order of the universe of the character of God. . . . It is the kind of Christmas I'd like to leave among everyone's other Yuletide gifts!

The Finest Christmas I Ever Spent

Prize Contest Announcement

CHRISTMASTIDE, with its warm spirit of fellowship, its renewal of old friendships, its generosity and jollity, is always an occasion to be remembered. But, looking back over all the fine Christmases you have spent, undoubtedly there is one that stands out high above the rest—a Christmas that had everything that Christmas should have, plus that something which made it memorable to you. Maybe it was the first reunion after the family had been separated for years; maybe it was when you took a bunch of poor youngsters into your home and gave them their first real Christmas; maybe it was when you got the one present in the world you wanted most.

It is always pleasant to recall good times, so write and tell us about the finest Christmas you ever spent.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer the following prizes: $30, first prize; $20, second prize; $10, third prize. Competition closes December 20th. Winning letters will appear in the March, 1929, issue.

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Ten Games That Will Give Life to Your Party

(*Continued from page 35*)

"A No. One" party-thrower to have, in addition to several of the short party stunts, a repertory of games of major importance, any one of which can be relied upon to save that awkward moment, or to take a party over the top when the deadly zero is reached.

And what is so ghastly to contemplate, whether host or guest, as the possibility of that frightful gap in the evening known as the "After-Dinner Breach"? This is especially menacing when the dinner is given before a dance. The dinner is over shortly after nine. No one dares show up at the dance until ten-thirty. The time spent *en route* will scarcely be over half an hour. There is nearly an hour to be accounted for. What to do?

ONE of the most successful devices for taking care of an emergency like this is "Lottery." We learned it from Sidney Lenz, the international champion at auction bridge. Briefly, it goes like this:

There are two decks of cards, one red and one blue—or other contrasting colors. The dealer can be selected by cutting or voting, if the host does not take the deal. The dealer takes up the red deck and shuffles it. From the top he deals out, face down, three cards in a row, which will later indicate the winner of the first three prizes. (This game can be played step by step by following these instructions.) The next three cards he puts in a second row for the booby prizes. There are now six cards on the table, face down. Then he puts the red deck aside.

The dealer picks up the blue deck and prepares to auction off the cards in little groups of three or five, or even a single card, to the highest bidder among the guests. Real money is involved, and a written record is kept by an assistant of the names of those bidding and the amounts bid.

Let us rush to say that this is not gambling: it is merely a redistribution of wealth. And, anyway, if anyone feels sensitive about it, it is perfectly permissible to name a pet charity and let the proceeds go to it. Or the game may proceed as we describe it.

"What am I bid for these three splendid cards?" the dealer asks. "Three cards with perhaps the lucky first prize among them! What am I bid?"

The bidding is brisk and exciting.

After the entire blue deck has been auctioned off to the players, the total amount bid for the cards is added up and divided into the prizes. The first three cards are the big prizes, and the second three are only for pennies, or, at most, something less than a dollar each. The players pay up, and the money is actually placed on the respective cards.

When all this has been done, the dealer picks up the forty-six cards left in the red deck, which he had put aside after laying out the six prize cards, and which are still face down and unknown. The tension is terrific. The dealer turns up the first card in the deck he now holds in his hand, the red deck. Let us say it is the Ten of Hearts.

"The Ten of Hearts," he announces. "Who has the Ten of Hearts?"

The person who holds in his hand the Ten of Hearts from the blue deck, discards it onto the table.

This proceeds, card by card, until only the six red cards lying on the table and the six blue duplicate cards held by the players, remain.

The dealer then turns up the red card on the table which has the lowest money value on it.

He announces what that card is, and the player who has the blue card to match it puts it down and collects the lowest booby prize.

The prize cards are turned up one by one until the highest of all the prizes is claimed by the lucky player, and the game is ended.

On those occasions where a group of people gathered together are verging toward topics of conversation dealing in caustic personalities, this tendency should be capitalized and legitimatized by playing the favorite game of Frank Crowninshield, editor of "Vanity Fair." It is called "Averages," and is fiendishly popular with such friends of his as the critics, Alexander Woollcott, Heywood Broun, Ruth Hale, and Robert Benchley; the novelists, Alice Duer Miller and Edna Ferber; the poet, Johnny Weaver; and Alma Gluck, the soprano.

TO PLAY "Averages," ten qualities are written down on two pieces of paper. One of these is given to the person elected, or volunteered, to be averaged, and one is for the crowd. The person to be averaged goes off by himself, and sincerely tries to rate himself on the qualities given him, on a basis of ten for perfect in each quality, and five, or perhaps less than five (as agreed on by all) for average.

While the victim is doing his self-appraising—in another room out of hearing—the crowd are averaging him, and doing it in perfectly good faith. The game is valuable only when it is played earnestly; it is then quite thrilling. One by one, those in the crowd individually express an opinion on each quality of the absent one in turn, and on each quality a mark is put down which is the average, or consensus, of their individual opinions. The person who is being averaged is called back to the room when all are finished, and asked his total mark. This he gives, and then hears what the crowd thinks of him. He is then asked, quality by quality, what he honestly rated himself on this and that, and is told in return for each what he was rated by his friends (?). The very danger of it all is what makes it so fascinating.

We have compiled special lists for the use of readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE who may be brave enough to risk playing this game.

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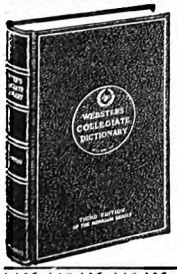

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Sometimes games of sheer nonsense are quite in order. There are other times, sunny and warm, when outdoor games are the only suitable thing. We know some excellent ones in each category; but with the long winter evenings coming on, and the short days, when we all work harder, games that entertain indoors will doubtless prove more useful here now.

We encountered a dandy, called "Getting Your Number." All those desiring to unstring their nervous systems may begin by sitting in a semicircle. Their chairs are numbered from one up to the number of those playing. It is the chair and not the player that is numbered; the player takes his number from that of the chair which he occupies.

Number One then begins quietly by calling the number of another chair represented in the series playing, say, "Four." The player in chair four must call another number without any delay. And so it goes until the wrong player answers, or a person calls out his own number, or until through fatigue of concentration, or general prostration, the player relaxes and fails to answer promptly.

When any one of these things happens, the player who fails goes to the bottom of the line and the other players all move up one place as far as the place left vacant by the demoted player. Those above that place stay where they are. Without pausing to recount, the game goes on, each player trying to remember his new number until carried, kicking, and screaming, and frothing at the mouth, violently out of the room. The object is to get to be Number One, and stay there.

THE great latent desire in all mortals to tell a story, or write a play, gets a magnificent outlet through two games that at first glance look somewhat alike. As a matter of fact, they are closely allied, although they are really quite different. One of these is called "Murder" and the other is called "Crime." "Murder" is the favorite game of Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor of the New York "World." The New York group most frequently found playing it together consists of such notable folk as Neysa McMein, the artist whose magazine covers are known everywhere; Alexander Woollcott, the dramatic critic; Robert Sherwood, F. P. A., the columnist of the Conning Tower in the "World"; Robert Benchley; George Kaufman, the playwright; and Harpo Marx, the comedian.

There is absolutely no cause to be alarmed over the scintillating sponsorship of this game, however, for we have tried it frequently, and with no small measure of success, in groups of less public eminence. One person is elected District Attorney, preferably someone with a good memory and a calm brain. Someone volunteers to report the murder. The person murdered should be known to those present though not actually one of the party. It is assumed that the murder has just been committed; that there can be no eye witnesses; and that the guilty one is among those present.

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District Attorney orders all to be seated, as he is going to conduct an immediate investigation. He proceeds to get the story in detail and questions all the guests, as circumstances arise. Everything said in evidence must be admitted as the Truth. The guests must explain away, as best they can, all incriminating evidence that is brought against them. At the same time, it is up to the accused to plant evidence that will incriminate someone else.

The object is to build up a chain of circumstantial evidence so convincing that the guilt of one person is clearly established.

LET us suppose that we are the guests of Mr. Swope at his home on Long Island. We might take part in a game that would swing along something like this:

Miss McMein, in a state of great perturbation, reports the murder of the actress, Jane Cowl. Instantly, the guests are in an uproar, and Mr. Swope assumes his place as District Attorney.

"I am sorry, but no one can leave the room until this matter is fully investigated," he commands sternly. "Please be seated. Tell us in your own words, Neysa, just what you saw."

Miss McMein improvises carefully: "I felt a slight headache and thought that perhaps the fresh air would make me feel better. Fifteen minutes ago, I went out and walked down the drive. As I reached the gate, there, in the light of the electric lamp, I saw the lifeless form of Jane Cowl, lying in the road."

"In 'The Road to Rome'?" asks Mr. Woollcott, unable to resist a crack about Miss Cowl's success in Mr. Sherwood's play. He is promptly squelched, not only for making a poor jest, but because it is against the rules to kid the game which gets its biggest kick from being played seriously. However, the interruption gives Miss McMein an idea. She continues:

"I rushed forward, as soon as my first fright was conquered, and there I found a walking stick with the name of Alexander Woollcott engraved on the handle and an inscription, something about the esteem of the Actor's Equity, I could not make it out exactly because"—and here she shudders at the recollection—"because it was covered with blood."

She pauses, while all turn with an unavoidable animosity toward Mr. Woollcott. He tries to look jaunty and unimpressed. In reality, he is thinking hard.

"Is there anything else?" asks Mr. Swope.

"Yes. On my way in before dinner, I came in just behind Mr. Woollcott and Jane Cowl, who arrived together quarreling violently. I heard him threaten her. He had in his hand the cane I found by the body."

Mr. Swope fixes a baleful glance on the caustic dramatic critic. "Well, Woollcott, what have you to say for yourself?"

Mr. Woollcott may get himself out of this in any one of several ways. In doing so, he may resentfully try to incriminate Miss McMein, or he may aim his evidence at Robert Benchley, his deadly rival as the actors' favorite dramatic critic. As the game progresses, the players may suggest questions for Mr. Swope to ask, but no witness need answer any question not put to him or her by the District Attorney and no alibi can be offered, except when the player has been asked to testify.

Sometimes conflicting evidence is unintentionally introduced, but the District Attorney rules this out and sticks to the original evidence on that point. A knowledge of the law is not at all necessary. Imagination is the essential qualification. You must bear in mind that the game is an investigation, not a trial.

In "Crime" two detectives are chosen and sent out of the room. The remainder of the party plan a crime, such as the theft of a necklace, and decide on who committed it and how it was committed. The evidence is agreed on and planted around the room. After the detectives are once called in on the case, none of the evidence can in any way be altered by the players.

When all have fixed in mind the plan of the crime, the detectives are called in. They are told of the robbery, and may then quizz anyone in the room. They may establish the identity of those present, who, for instance, is maid, butler, husband, guest, and so on. They may search for traces of evidence and clues. A little mud on the soles of a shoe might indicate that the wearer had been out of doors, and that in itself might lead to the solution of the crime.

The detectives cannot seize and search anyone unless they first show convincing reason for its necessity. They then can ask the suspected person whether he has the stolen article on him, and that person must answer with perfect honesty, "Yes," or "No." The apprehension of the thief and the recovery of the stolen article ends the game.

AN OUTDOOR game that satisfies all the healthy instincts to yell, perspire, and harass your opponent, is "Keeley-Eye-Over." This game is sometimes referred to as "Aunty Over the House." All those who wish to exhaust themselves in it divide into two sides. Between them must be an opaque obstruction such as a wall, hedge, shed, or garage. Shouting the warning cry of "Keeley-Eye Over," a player on one side throws a tennis ball over the shed or wall toward the players on the other side. These try to catch it. It is not necessary to catch it, but it saves time. When one player gets the ball into his hands, he runs around the obstruction and tries to hit one of his opponents with it while they are scattering. If he succeeds in getting one of them, that player is captured and must return to the other side and play with them. But if he misses the misser must stay with his opponents. Each side takes turns throwing the ball over the house. The object is to get all the players on one side, and that side wins.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE'S article next month gives you delightful glimpses of wild life, showing how the feathered and furred mothers instill the ancient and necessary virtue of obedience into the heads and hearts of their frisky babies. "Almost daily," says Mr. Rutledge, "wild creatures are called upon to make life and death choices; and they usually choose with celerity and wisdom . . . their mothers taught them to do so."

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"Three Big Things I Learned from My Father"

(*Continued from page 25*)

the best gentlemen drivers of trotting horses in New York. As often as possible he used to come up from the office to drive in Central Park before dark. Frequently one of us children would accompany him; and I recall how keenly he enjoyed a lively brush in the park with his brother William, or some friend with a fast horse.

"It is very vivid in my mind how other drivers would sometimes lose their tempers when their horses broke or pulled hard. But I cannot remember that Father ever did this. If a horse was excitable or difficult, he always kept his temper, and patiently, quietly, worked with the animal until he had it under control.

"I have observed him under all kinds of circumstances, concerned and serene, wrestling with difficult problems, happy in their solution. His temperament never changed. He has always been calm, deliberate, fair, kindly.

"It was his superb self-control that most impressed me at the time when I was first called to the witness stand. He had always been regarded as an extraordinary witness; I knew I could not hope to equal him. One thing I determined, however, that I could, and would, do as he did, and that was to keep my temper, and I did. Self-control is the very basis of coöperative and constructive relations with one's fellows.

I SOMETIMES think of my father as a man who can wait longer and with greater patience than any other man I have ever known. I have heard him say in connection with some problem we were discussing that the course we had decided upon was right and would work out, though we might have to wait twenty-five years or more for the final results.

"Nor have I ever known Father to be resentful. Though he was bitterly attacked for his part in inaugurating the corporate form of business which is so widespread today, he was never perturbed. The course he had entered upon his judgment and conscience approved, and he was willing to weather any storm, waiting with the utmost patience for the just appraisal which he knew would ultimately come.

"It has happened at times that in talking over with me the ingratitude of someone whom he had helped, or in speaking of an injustice which someone had done him, he would express himself with the vigor of a man disappointed and roused; but always he would turn quickly from such feelings, and say that we must not judge that person, for we could not know what difficulties, what disappointments, what bitterness he had suffered.

"I recall that on one of our trips to Europe, the courier whom Father had engaged before going abroad cheated him outrageously. When he had accumulated adequate evidence of this, Father said to the courier, mildly and pleasantly, that thereafter he himself would pay all the bills. Instantly, the courier replied, 'In that case, Mr. Rockefeller, you will have

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no further need of my services.' In the same friendly manner, Father accepted the man's resignation, paid him in full, and secured a release from him for the unexpired period for which he had been engaged. Of course the man was bluffing when he suggested that he would no longer be needed, but the bluff was so pleasantly called that before he knew it he had signed his own discharge.

"After this dismissal of the courier Father worked very hard in managing the party. I can see him now, going over the long French bills, studying each item, many of them unintelligible to him. Coming to an item in the bill which he did not understand, he would turn to me and ask what *poulets* were. Or again, he might say, '*Bougies! Bougies!* What in the world is a *bougie*, John?' And so on down the bill.

"Father never has been willing to pay a bill which he did not know to be correct in all its items. Such care in small things might seem penurious to some people; yet it was the working out of a life principle, and a big nature was coupled with it. It was the same when as a boy he was employed as a bookkeeper. He verified every item in each bill to make sure that the addition was right, so that his employers might not be cheated or subjected to loss through carelessness.

"Thus I came to realize that extreme carefulness has been one of the foundation stones of my father's success. Care in small details is not necessarily pettiness. On the contrary, it may be due to an unwillingness to shirk any responsibility."

I ASKED Mr. Rockefeller if he thought that the simple methods by which he was brought up as a boy were applicable by fathers and mothers today. "Yes, with some modification," he replied. "We are applying them with our own children." (He has six, of whom five are sons; and one of these is now in Princeton and another in Dartmouth.) "However, I think I must admit that with the diversions and distractions of automobiles, motion pictures, radio and the like, the problem of the rearing of children is more complicated than when I was young."

And here, in condensed form, I am going to append certain further remarks made by Mr. Rockefeller on the problem of child rearing, for I think that many fathers and mothers will want to discuss them:

The essence of the problem, it seems to me, is this: that the will of the parents should not be arbitrarily imposed upon the child. Until the age of eight or ten, it is impossible to discuss the reason for many things, but after that parental guidance can increasingly take the form of discussion and suggestion.

Children should be helped to form the habit of doing things for themselves—things that need to be done—whether they like to do them or not. I think that many children of today are not developing the will power and self-mastery that are essential in the solution of life's problems.

My father had to chop wood and do the milking. He probably didn't like doing the chores any better than most boys, but he acquired the habit of doing the things he did not like to do. His will was trained, and it helped him cope with other difficulties.

It is essential that children should know what to spend, how to spend, what things cost, whether a thing is worth buying; in short, the value of money.

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This, and keeping accounts, is important because of the principle underlying. It is of value to any child to hold to the rigid fundamental principles of economics.

At seven or eight, my children each received an allowance of thirty cents a week. The understanding was that out of it they were to save and to give as well as to spend.

I explained the importance of keeping accounts. At the end of the week I audited the accounts. A few years later they were getting a dollar a week, and to teach accuracy in keeping accounts rewards and demerits were given. If the account book was correct the child got $1.05 the following week, $1.10 the next and so on; if incorrect, only 95 cents, then 90, and 85.

Education used to mean cramming the mind. Education really is learning to use the mind; and the child should be taught as early as possible to grapple with the problems of his own little world.

I believe it is a good thing for any boy to work his way up from the bottom. I have sometimes regretted that I did not have that sort of chance, and covet it for my boys.

BACK in 1917, soon after the United States had entered the war, the elder Rockefeller contributed through the Rockefeller Foundation many millions of dollars to help toward the victory. Following this event, his son was appointed chairman of the United War Work Campaign for Greater New York.

In this capacity he had the responsibility of raising thirty-five millions of dollars of the one hundred and seventy millions which was sought throughout the United States. Subscriptions came up to within seven or eight millions of the amount required, and then lagged.

It was at this juncture, as you may recall in view of the many newspaper stories at the time, that the Rockefellers, father and son, jointly guaranteed that five million dollars would be forthcoming from them if necessary to make up Greater New York's total. One question I asked Mr. Rockefeller had to do with the circumstances of this guarantee. His answer is particularly interesting in the light of what I have told you about his father's carefulness in small things. Here, in contrast with the courier incident narrated above, we have one showing his generosity in large affairs. It brings to my mind that old rule which says that if we take care of the little things the big ones will take care of themselves.

"Toward the close of the campaign when subscriptions were lagging," observed Mr. Rockefeller, in answer to my question, "I felt that if we could get a guarantee of the last five millions, this guarantee, added to the subscriptions still to come in, might be expected to carry the campaign to its goal. With the hope of getting them to join in underwriting the five millions I went to several men of large means. These men felt that they had given all that they could. Then it began to look as though the last five millions might not be covered.

"At length, one morning before breakfast, when I was in despair lest the goal set might not be reached, I telephoned my father, who happened to be at Lakewood, New Jersey. Having laid the situation before him, I asked if he would join with me in guaranteeing the necessary sum. I told him that I confidently expected that, if the guarantee could be secured, the amount would largely be taken care of by general subscriptions; but that, on the

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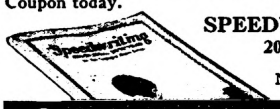

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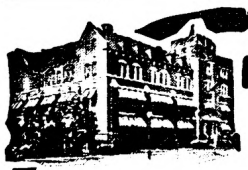

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other hand, the guarantors might be called upon to pay heavily, or even all.

"Apparently Father realized how hard I had been working for the success of the movement; that I had come to him only as a last resort, and that I was reluctant, not only because of the war need, but also for the reputation of the family, to fail in the accomplishment of the task. He asked me only one question—whether I thought it was all right, and when I answered yes, he said, in his quiet, reassuring way, which fills me with confidence and makes the impossible seem almost easy, that he would back me to any extent.

"That was all there was to it. I was so overcome by the bigness of his spirit in lifting the burden from my shoulders, and by his limitless confidence in me that all I could do was to thank him, with a lump in my throat, and hang up the receiver."

Subsequently, the five millions covered by this guarantee was largely made up from pledges and later subscriptions, so that the guarantors were called upon to pay only between three and four hundred thousand dollars.

I have already spoken of the plain simplicity of the elder Rockefeller's character. Instead of simplicity, I might have used the word "humility." Some years ago, when he was asked by a member of his family to sit for two portraits to be done by the famous portrait painter Sargent, he inquired, before consenting, what the expense would be. Feeling that the sum mentioned was very large, the elder Rockefeller demurred, pointing out that among his friends in Westchester County were a number of artists who would be glad to undertake the work for five hundred dollars. "Why should I have my portrait painted by this expensive artist?" he asked. "What have I done? It happens that I have made a lot of money, to be sure; but there are many others who have done as much." However, when it was brought home to him that the members of his family particularly desired him to sit for this famous artist, he withdrew his objections, permitting his son to arrange for the portraits and at the latter's expense.

STRANGE as it may seem to most of us, though John D. Rockefeller has given more than fifty million dollars to the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, an enterprise devoted to making the lot of his fellow men happier and healthier, he has seldom been inside any of the buildings of this institution. Some years ago, when father and son were walking up Fifth Avenue, the junior Rockefeller suggested that if his father would care to inspect these buildings, which up to that time he had never seen, he would be glad to show them to him.

In consequence, the elder Rockefeller made his first trip to the East Side at Sixty-fifth Street, where the institute is located. Here, father and son stood on the sidewalk, and the various buildings, the administration building and the laboratories, were pointed out to the donor by his son. Only one question was asked by the elder Rockefeller at the time—whether the buildings had proved properly suited to the purposes for which they were intended. When asked if he might not care to go inside and inspect them, he said that he did not think so. Thereupon, with no one associated with the institute any the wiser concerning this visit, father and son unostentatiously got into their taxicab and went home.

No one who knows of the intense interest with which the elder Rockefeller has followed the far-reaching activities of this great institution can suspect for a minute that this incident betrays a lack of concern for its achievements. Here we see the attitude of a man interested not in a plant by which results are achieved, but in the main thing—the *results*. Incidentally, it seems to me that he was living up to a maxim once coined by him out of a vast experience:

"The true economy of life, I have learned, is to find the man who can do a particular thing, and then leave him to do it unhampered."

In nothing that I have ever heard or read about the elder Rockefeller have I come upon an instance when his conduct or utterance seemed tinged with boastfulness. On the other hand, he has frequently depreciated his own achievements. Once, when asked the secret of his success, he said:

"The time and chances then were favorable. Then everything accumulated for us. One did not need to know much."

"But," it was suggested, "there were many who at the same favorable time did not reach their objectives."

"I never thought I would get this far," was the response. "Of course there are always a few who hold the entire structure together."

AT THIS moment there flashes into my mind a scene that took place in March, 1928, when the elder Rockefeller was spending the winter at Ormond Beach, Florida. Over the sparkling hills, along the edge of the palms and great pines, the morning sun was shining. A group of golfers moved across the green. All gathered in suspense around one player. How carefully he aimed at the distant hole as a gloved hand tightened on his club! Then he swung, and the next instant all were applauding; and the player himself lifted his arms high in the air, happy and care-free, ready to embrace the world in gratitude for his long-distance, lucky shot. Presently, in a somewhat expansive mood, the plain country gentleman from Pocantico discussed with a visitor some of his fundamental ideas on longevity, thrift—life. These utterances, pungent, maxim-like, oracular, together with certain observations made during the course of the years, may be accepted, I think, as the kernels of John D. Rockefeller's philosophy, which, however, so far as I know, has never been formally expounded:

Do not attempt to grow old before your time. Maintain an interest in life, and in all living things.

There is no feeling in this world, I think, comparable to that of self-reliance, without which we can do nothing. Do not sacrifice it to anything else.

Persevere. If you make mistakes, remember that it is only human to err; but try again and try harder.

Golf is the best exercise with which to rid one's self of one's balance of vanity.

I advise every man to save.

Live within your means. One of the swiftest toboggans I know of is prepared for the young man, just starting in life, who goes into debt.

I think it is a man's duty to make all the money he can and to give all he can.

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When I was fourteen years old, and working ten hours a day for a farmer and always saving small sums, I learned that in twelve months I could get as much interest for fifty dollars lent at seven per cent—the legal rate in New York at that time—as I could earn digging potatoes ten days. The impression gained ground with me that it was a good thing to let the money be my slave, and not make myself the slave of money.

I have tried to remember that in every sense money is a good thing, if we know how to use it properly; but harmful to many people, because they do not know how to use it properly.

Children must be taught the right attitude toward money. They must learn to earn it themselves. That is what I am trying to teach my grandchildren.

A clear conscience is a greater comfort and worth more than a great fortune gathered by dishonorable methods.

When I was young, I sought nothing else but the opportunity to work.

I once knew a very rich man who did not have the capacity to give. He said it was physically impossible for him to open his hand. Therefore, he was a poor man.

To give is an art. To give to everybody who asks is an injustice, because often in this fashion one takes it away from a more deserving one.

Yes; I am lucky that there are times when I can say "No." I pray to God that He may always give me enough sense to find the right people—those who really deserve it.

LUCK! THERE IS PLENTY OF IT going the rounds. The question is how to match it up with the time, the place, and the man. Next month, Irving Bacheller, in a series of pithy anecdotes, shows how several noted men made luck synchronize with their circumstances, and bent it to their purpose. You will learn something from Mr. Bacheller's article, just as he learned from the famous men about whom he writes.

To Get Thoroughly Married Takes Time and Trouble

(*Continued from page 53*)

this time for damages due to a fall down a stairway, the plaintiff's witnesses swore the stairs were dark as a pocket. The defendant produced six witnesses who swore emphatically they were lighted by a window at the top. I called an automobile and took all the witnesses to the house. The plaintiff and his witnesses stepped up to one doorway; the defendant and his witnesses stepped up to the doorway of the house adjoining. The defendant owned both of the houses and had been mistaken in the one in which the accident had occurred.

"When there is a doubt about a fact we look it up for ourselves. Getting at the basic truth is the secret of getting families together and re-starting folks aright.

"Several years ago a young couple appeared before me. She was a pretty little spitfire with flashing eyes and a spunky tilt to her chin. He was a six-footer, a good, clean-cut young fellow, but just as independent as she was. The wife accused the husband of deserting her and their baby. The husband accused the

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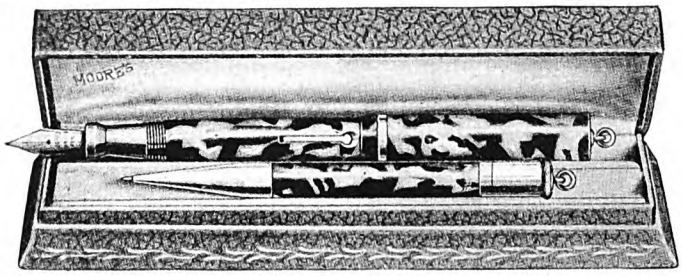

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"I aint" "He don't"
"It's me!" "You was?"
"Can't hardly"

What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

They may offend others as much as these offend you

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make different mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To *you* they may seem correct, but others may know that they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think.

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wife of owning a private mail box and of being in love with another man.

"'What are you going to do about it?' I asked.

"'He's impossible,' snapped the wife. 'I intend to divorce him at once.'

"'And as far as I'm concerned,' spoke up the husband, 'she can get a dozen divorces. I'm through.'

"'How long have you been married?' I inquired.

"'Almost two years.'

"'Then, less than two years ago,' I said, 'each of you believed that the other was the finest, sweetest person in all the world, the one person with whom you cared to spend the remainder of your life. If you were mistaken then, how do you know that you are not mistaken now?'

"'She's in love with another man!' stormed the husband.

"'I'm *not* in love with him!' retorted the wife. 'I—I—'

"THE tears began to come. The husband squirmed and twisted his hat. By and by the real story came out, just as I had it before me on my private report.

"One day, quite by accident, the husband had opened a letter addressed to his wife. It was an unimportant, inconsequential letter which she admitted she would have shown him anyway. But she was convinced he had opened it purposely and started a rumpus. Whereupon he asserted that he'd open all her letters, just to show her who was who in that house.

"The wife's counter to this was the rental of a private mail box at the nearby branch post office. She made no secret of the rental. On the contrary, she gloried in it. The husband now began to suspect that his wife *did* have some reason for being so particular about her mail. He smelled a rival.

"Now, there really wasn't any rival. Most all of the wife's relatives and friends lived in the city, and she received but few letters, and those were in handwriting familiar to her husband. To remedy this situation and further arouse her husband's jealousy, the wife began a harmless flirtation with a young salesman. Of course, when the salesman was out of town he promised to write to her, and it happened he was out of town most of the time. One of his letters, left purposely where the husband would find it, started that couple headlong toward the divorce court. Fortunately, because of the child, they had to make a detour through me, and *they* found the mole hill under their mountain.

"It's these little things which smash bones," repeated Judge MacNeille. "In another case the trouble started over the husband picking his teeth with a penknife after meals. He was stubborn, so was his wife. One thing led to another, and before they saw how foolish they were they found themselves in court. Another husband wore spats, which his wife detested. A third left his false teeth on the buffet. A fourth snored his wife into irritability; a fifth forgot the date of his mother-in-law's birthday, not once, but persistently; and a sixth balked at wax-pointing his mustache in emulation of another man his wife admired.

"All of these cases came to court, and several of them resulted in divorce. An unwillingness to sacrifice or, to put it bluntly, selfishness, is the cause of nine out of every ten rows.

"Very often it is an obvious selfishness, even an admitted selfishness. I have in mind a splendid young couple with two charming children. He was an actor and she an artist. Their divorce action was already under way. They wanted me to find a home for the children.

"'You mean that you wish these children put out among strangers, into an institution?' I demanded.

"'That's the only solution,' said the husband sadly. 'I can't take care of them, for my profession prevents it. My wife won't.'

"'I have my career,' defended the wife.

"I suggested that at the worst they could send the children to a private school, or at least give them over to some relative. The mother did not want them in a school because, in the final analysis, she still would be responsible for them. She added that no relative cared to take them.

"'But, madam,' I argued, 'these are your children, your own flesh and blood. Does a career mean more to you than they do? Can you say that it does, as their mother?'

"She looked me straight in the eye. 'It does!' she said. 'It wouldn't be fair to those children to leave them in my charge. I won't jeopardize my career for them.'

"They got their divorce. We took care of the children, at the husband's expense. I know of no more cold-blooded example of selfishness, and I've seen more than the average man's share of it. Many such cases would soon destroy one's faith in human nature if there were not examples in contrast. Fortunately, there are.

"Go on," I urged.

"IT WAS another family, of seven children. The father was a sailor and away from home for weeks at a time. The mother was in a hospital suffering with an incurable disease, which left the disposition of the children to us. A neighbor woman, an old friend of the mother, asked us to let her care for the three smallest youngsters and the oldest, who was a girl of fourteen in high school. The remaining three were sent to a farm for children in central Pennsylvania.

"Several months went by. To my surprise one morning I noticed the case of the family listed again.

"'I thought we had disposed of that family,' I remarked to a social worker who had originally handled the case. 'What's the trouble now?'

"'None,' the social worker explained. 'It's simply this: The eldest girl, who, by the way, hopes some day to be a lawyer, is here this morning to ask you to place *all* of the children with this neighbor who has been caring for the four. Personally, I think it is too much, and I am opposed to making any change.'

"'We'll hear the case anyway,' I said.

"References to records at my elbow told me that the neighbor had a modest, good, Christian home. She was a widow, already had reared a fine family of four boys, who had married and were doing well. A small income came to her from her husband's estate and her sons also contributed to her support. She was a practical, capable, motherly woman. The one claim the children had upon her was that she was their mother's friend.

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"The fourteen-year-old girl presented the case. The ablest attorney could not have done better.

"'We want to be together, as we were before Mother was taken sick,' she said simply. 'Father says he will give us nearly all of his wages. Mrs. Crane says that she loves us and wants to have us. It isn't right to keep us apart, Your Honor, when it is possible for us to be together. Those you have sent to the farm are our own brothers and sister, and they want to be with us, in one home.'

"'Do you want them?' I asked Mrs. Crane. 'You are doing more than your share now. Do you want to do more?'

"'Yes, Judge, I'd like to have them,' she said. 'They are good children. I have an empty bedroom up-stairs. There's plenty of room for all of us.'

"'We can help one another,' broke in the girl. 'I can do much of the work myself before and after school.'

"When I told her that her argument was unanswerable and that her brothers and sister would be returned to her, she burst into tears. Would that we had more Mrs. Cranes!

"THERE is such a thing, however, as too much sacrifice by parents. This was the case of a bright, active, handsome lad just entering his teens. His parents worshiped him. Their whole lives were wrapped up in that boy.

"That he might be dressed as well as other children, these poor folks gave up every little pleasure, and even denied themselves sufficient food. They had come here as immigrants and had had little schooling. Their knowledge of English and of American ways was limited. The result was inevitable; the boy became ashamed of his parents.

"At home he played the tyrant. On the streets he ran wild, and quickly became the leader of a trouble-making gang that began to terrorize the neighborhood. The parents became alarmed and begged the boy to change his ways. He answered by laughing at their ignorance, their poor clothes, and their broken speech. One day, after an escapade more serious than his others, he landed in my court. With him came his fear-stricken father and mother. The father begged that *he* be sent to jail in place of the boy.

"'Have you ever punished this boy?' I demanded of him.

"The father protested that he had never so much as lifted a finger against him. 'The law of this country prohibits it,' he said through the interpreter.

"'Oh, no, it doesn't,' I told him. 'The law of this state doesn't prohibit any parent from disciplining his child as long as he does it in a reasonable manner and doesn't injure the child.'

"'Then,' stammered the father, 'I—I'll whip him.'

"We sent a probation officer home with them to see that the whipping didn't exceed humane bounds. I've said he was a bright boy. That whipping, reluctantly given as it was, woke him up. For the first time he saw the love of his parents and realized what they had been doing for him. Almost overnight he became a different boy.

"The gang of which he was leader voluntarily broke up and reformed, largely through his influence. Today he is help-

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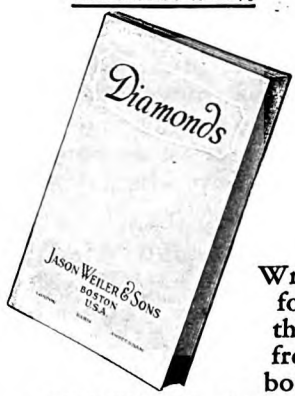

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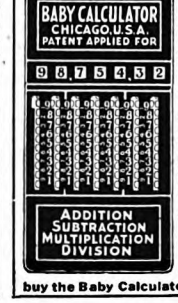

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ing his parents instead of holding them in contempt.

"I don't believe in corporal punishment as a rule. With children properly reared it is seldom necessary. But I would rather order a boy whipped by his parents than order him sent to a reform school where a keeper would wield the rod. When a whipping will save a boy it becomes a duty to see that he gets it, but it should be inflicted by one who has the proper love for him. The moral rather than the physical lash is what most hurts.

"In another case a bunch of boys was arrested for throwing stones at a passenger train as it passed—a very serious offense likely to lead to the permanent injury of someone on the train. One of the fathers bitterly denounced the railroad detective who had made the arrest.

"'He don't know boys,' the father complained irately. 'Just because a boy doesn't know any better, he isn't a criminal.'

"'You're right,' I said to the father, 'the boy isn't criminal, but *you* are! You are criminally negligent in the upbringing of your boy. He should know better, and you are the one who should have taught him. If these boys are not punished now I don't know what may become of them.'

"'I've ordered mine to stay at home for thirty days,' spoke up another father. 'And I'll be responsible for his conduct hereafter.'

"'That's a good sentence,' I decided. 'I'll sentence every one of these boys to thirty days' confinement at home. They may go to school, and get one hour of exercise each afternoon after school in the company of you fathers. The remainder of the time they are to stay in the house. And,' I added, 'during those thirty days you fathers had better do something in the way of constructive thinking. You can't keep a healthy, normal boy out of mischief by walling him in with blind "don'ts." Give him some "*do's*".'

"I MEAN that for girls as well as boys. The adage about all work and no play making Jack a dull boy applies just as well to Jill. Nine out of ten of the youngsters who have been brought up before me were the victims of parental ignorance. They had been told not to do this and not to do that, but what they might do had been left to their imagination.

"A few years ago a certain congested district in Philadelphia was sending up to this court an average of ten and a dozen boys a week. We got busy and had a playground put in that district, equipped it with the kinds of things boys and girls like, and put in charge some people who know children. Within six months the number of juvenile cases dropped to *one* a week. Today we seldom get a case from that district.

"Another difficulty with parents is that they set a high standard of conduct for their children, but fail to live up to it themselves. They forget that youth learn by example rather than by precept. Untold hundreds send their children to Sunday-school, and themselves never go near church.

"The basis of the home is love, and the basis of love is respect. The two must go together, whether it be between man and wife or between parents and children. The child is the keenest judge on this earth of those traits of character which *do* command respect, and the child is the quickest to react to those traits which don't!"

"WHAT," I asked, "is the most important problem in home-making?"

Judge MacNeille brought his fist down on the desk with considerable emphasis. "Real marriage!" he replied. "We don't need new divorce laws. We do need new marriage laws. And we need more old-fashioned, godly parents!

"Not long ago a father and mother came before me with their daughter and a young man. They were what we call 'good people.' Anyway, they lived in one of the best sections of the city, had an automobile, chauffeur, and servants, were regular attendants at the opera, and all of that. The daughter was eighteen; the youth with her, nineteen. They were charged with having run away and spending several nights at a hotel as man and wife.

"'We are man and wife,' declared the daughter. She produced her marriage certificate to prove it.

"'She is a minor and so is he,' spoke up the father. 'The marriage must be annulled.'

"'Have you ever sat down with this girl and talked with her seriously about marriage?' I demanded.

"'Not directly,' the father admitted. 'But she has been given the best of training. We have sent her to the finest private schools.'

"'Yes,' I interrupted, 'you spent plenty of money to send her away to school—that was easy to do. But if you and her mother had spent some *time* on your daughter, and had opened your hearts as well as your purse to her, she never would have rushed off into the most important contract of her life without consulting you.

"'But the damage is done. They're married. My advice to you is to let the marriage stand. If you think you have done your duty by your daughter, you should be content with the choice she has made. If she has failed in that choice it is because *you* have failed as parents.'

"The young man spoke up then. He wanted an order upon his father-in-law for his bride's clothes. I informed him he would get no such order. 'Either you will get yourself work and buy her clothes, and support and love her as you pledged yourself to do, or I'll give you work on a stone pile,' I threatened. 'Now, get out, get a home, and try to make a go of it. Show this girl's people that you are a *man*!'

"I DON'T know how they will make out. It is too early to tell yet. But I do know that three fourths of our divorces are the consequences of too hasty marriage or lack of parental instruction before marriage.

"'I believe a boy twenty-one years old is competent to pick his own wife,' one father declared to me heatedly. The boy had picked, but picked wrongly.

"'Would you consider a boy of that age competent to set himself up in a business venture without your advice?' I inquired.

"'That's different,' he replied.

"But is it different? A business failure is nothing worse than a chance to start again fortified by experience. A failure in

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marriage, on the other hand, with its attendant bitterness, homeless children, and harmful effect upon public morals is a blight that frequently ends only in the grave. If parents took the same care in preparing their children for home life as they do for business and social life, we wouldn't be worrying over the divorce evil today.

"Understand, I am not disapproving of early marriages. Many of them turn out all right. But it might be well for the law to make a legal requirement that at least five days elapse between the issuance of a marriage license and the actual performance of the contract. Even such a small check as this would save untold unhappiness and regrets.

"I have in mind a young man of good family, brilliant, but a little wild. He met a girl at a party. As soon as she discovered who he was she schemed with her family to marry him. They got him drunk. When he sobered up it was to find that he was a husband. That happened a good many years ago. Today he is an eminent citizen. But the shadow of that old mistake, which a delay would have prevented, still stalks at his side in the form of a worthless son.

"No," the judge went on meditatively, "we don't need new divorce laws. No law should tie two people together when they have only disgust for each other: that is enslavement. If their own religious and personal principles can't hold them together that home must go on the rocks. What we do need is a few generations of campaigning among parents to teach them their duty. Not one family in a thousand seriously discusses marriage with its children. Marriage should be no hit-or-miss affair. It takes time, thought, and trouble to get thoroughly married, and it is up to parents to see that their children are trained to make a permanent job of it. Nowadays far too many young people are doing their courting in the automobile seat and on the park bench, because the bridge parties of their elders have crowded them out of the home parlor."

THE "Poor Man's Court," or "Court of Arbitration," was the joint conception of Judge MacNeille and officials of the Philadelphia Department of Welfare. Its sessions are held in the evening whenever twenty or twenty-five cases have accumulated. There is no jury. Lawyers are permitted, but not invited, and seldom come except as spectators. In advance, each of the litigants signs an agreement to let the court arbitrate his difference, which binds him legally to accept the verdict without appeal. No fees are exacted. Judge and attendants alike conduct the court in their spare time and receive no pay for services.

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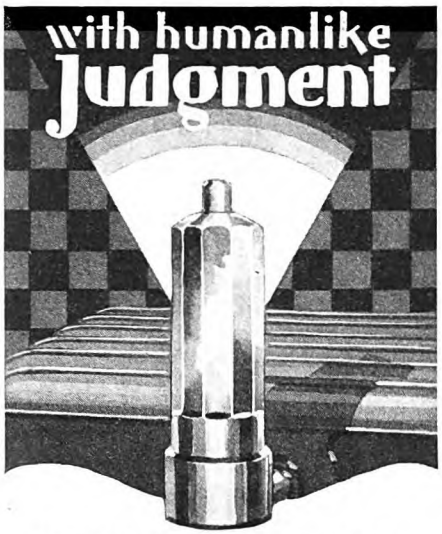

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(*Continued from page 51*)

in the other room and play with the trains. Jennie, take the baby upstairs, will you, please?"

She was beginning to organize the morning with a burst of energy taken from some reserve store, when Frank's talk over the telephone arrested her attention.

"As bad as that?" he was saying. "Did I do that? It never occurred to me. I knew I had lots of oil, you see. Well, if you've got to, you've got to. Can't get at it today, I suppose? . . . Well, rush it tomorrow. A doctor has to have a car. Could you rent me one? . . . Sure, send a boy right out with it. . . . That's fine. I'll drop in tomorrow and see how the old car looks. Don't do more than is necessary."

He turned away from the telephone and found Mary at his elbow, haggardly waiting for calamity.

"What happened was that the oil pump froze up, and in trying to force those gears and drive as far as we did, I seem to have bent the transmission shaft and burned out some of the bearings. It's quite a mess."

"When something happened to the bearings on the old car, it cost more than a hundred dollars," she said, delving into memory and coming up aghast.

"Can't help it now. It's Christmas. Let's forget it!"

"But where's the money coming from, Frank? The Christmas bills will be coming in, and you have insurance in January. And everything!"

"Come," he said, in his usual phrase, "you're tired out. Wait and see what you get for Christmas."

SOUNDS of stress came from the living-room, where the two children were playing. The doctor, welcoming distraction, went in to see what was happening. Mary returned to the kitchen, where the sight of the big turkey seemed to be a reproach now. Why hadn't she got chickens? Why had she bought so many things? What were they going to charge for that car? And why was Frank so terribly easy-going? He was going to work himself to death, and that would be the end.

The telephone began to ring furiously. Someone wanted to talk to the doctor at once. It was serious. Mary called Frank and went back to her work. These hysterical women always thought it was serious. She heard Frank talking to Doctor Allerby, and then he looked in on her to call a quick good-by and hurry out to where the car was waiting for him—the expensive hired car.

It was Christmas morning; but when Mary looked again at her living-room it seemed a tumbled place. The mystery of the night before was gone. Dust slanted in on the over-bright sunlit rays. In the heat of the radiators the cedar wreaths were beginning to curl up their edges, and the children's toys, scattered over the floor, looked tawdry.

The children themselves were already disheveled, their white stockings, which she had hoped would do for the day, dirty at the knees. Where had they been and what were they doing? She heard herself speaking sharply to them, and was instantly miserable that she had done so. Christmas was no time for irritation.

For two hours she hurried, disposing of all the tiny obstacles that love to breed in each other's train. The table had to be lengthened with extra boards, and then she found that the silence pad which was to go under the cloth had shrunk in the washing, and was not quite long enough. Two smaller pads had to be used instead. Jennie found the whipping cream had tipped over in the ice box and only a cupful of it could be salvaged, too little to make the dressing Mary had wanted for the salad molds. The turkey seemed to be overfat, and began to drip yellow grease too profusely as it roasted.

And the narcissuses which Mary had bought for a center-piece—with four pink roses, because Christmas wasn't Christmas without roses—were no sooner taken out of their box and put on the table than they began to droop a little. She tried salt and aspirin, but they were not spirited flowers, and nothing could make them so.

THERE was something else that kept bothering her. The Allerbys had sent them a Christmas card, and nothing more—one of those very expensive engraved Christmas greetings which enclose an etching of a pine tree in a parchment envelope. That seemed to Mary just another symptom of the little regard in which the elder doctor held his colleague.

Her temper and hurt pride rose together as she thought of the hours she had spent hunting for a suitable present for the Allerbys. She had found one, a volume of Chinese travels with beautiful decorations; but it had cost fifteen dollars. Frank had insisted that it wasn't a bit too much, and, remembering that last year the Allerbys had sent them a case of Christmas records for the phonograph, Mary had bought the book.

It wasn't that she wanted value in return, thought Mary hotly. She wasn't cheap enough to measure cost by cost. But it was so humiliating to send an expensive present like that, and be remembered casually by an engraved Christmas card. Frank would be hurt, though he wouldn't say a thing about it. He'd done a lot this year. He'd saved that baby of the Youngstons, although of course Doctor Allerby got the credit, being head of the pediatric department in the clinic.

"This is Christmas," her holly wreaths, her bedecked tree, her steaming turkey, reminded her, and her mind said wearily and quarrelsomely: "What if it is! It's just another burden. . . ."

"Oh, Betty, you didn't break it! Don't cry so, darling. Oh, what a pity!"

Betty *had* broken it. The baby doll, which looked so real, and which she had adored when she found it looking over the top of her stocking, had a shattered face.

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"Why didn't I get the cheaper one," mourned Mary to herself. "The fifty-cent one would have done just as well. I mustn't scold the poor baby. She feels bad enough. But there's another two dollars practically thrown in the ash can. The doll isn't paid for yet. The bill won't come in before the first of January."

And she took a broom and went in to sweep up the fragments and comfort Betty. She had hoped to steal half an hour to go off by herself and wheedle her nerves into greater placidity, set her mind in order, with the great central thought of the Nativity in the middle, where it belonged.

BUT there was to be no time for that. It was after twelve already—the children had to be dressed for dinner now. There was pleasure in that at least. The soiled stockings were whisked off, the roughened hair brushed, and Betty's irrelevant, not-to-be-relied-on curls stood out bravely all over her head today. She had a new dress, her first silk one, which Mary had made herself, of soft pink crêpe de chine. Betty smoothed its ruffles and forgot the broken doll.

The guests arrived shortly. There were the usual Christmas ones, the very immediate relatives: Frank's mother and father, Mary's aunt, and her widowed sister, Ethel, the one who had married so well and had a touch of social and financial splendor which she had never allowed anyone to forget.

The grandparents came first, very merry indeed, very full of Christmas mischief, with a teasing way about packages, and a desire to slip candy to the children, because, after all, Christmas was Christmas, and children had a right to be sick if they wanted to on that day.

The aunt, Josephine, came up the walk puffing. She nearly slipped on the last step outside, and, being a large woman, the thought of it both unnerved her and furnished her with preliminary conversation as to why they didn't try sand or, at least, ashes on those terrible steps. Ethel came a little later, just after one o'clock, with a faint air of intimating that no holiday could be a holiday for her; but she didn't want to spoil the pleasure of anyone else.

She took off her coat in Mary's room and smiled pathetically at her sister.

"Five years ago today," she remarked reminiscently, "Perry and I were dining at the St. Germains'. I passed their house as I came down. There were automobiles lined up outside for half a block. I suppose they never have less than twenty-four at Christmas dinner. I remember—"

"Don't," said Mary. "Come down and see how pretty the tree looks."

She was sorry for Ethel, but sometimes she was also irritated into wondering whether Ethel grieved more at being widowed of a husband or of a social position.

They sat around the living-room, Mary making frequent little trips to the kitchen to make sure that everything was all right. Jennie, stirring gravy, looked pointedly at the clock.

"It's one now, Mrs. Knight," she said.

"I know it is, Jenny. The doctor ought to be here any minute."

Fifteen minutes, twenty minutes, with

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every second adding to the grievance and nervous worry in her mind. Then came the telephone, and Mary went to it, determined to head off any calls for an hour or two.

It was Francis.

"Mary," he said, in that hushed voice which meant that he spoke from someone else's house, "I'm sorry, but I'll be held up for a couple of hours. Don't wait for me."

"But, Frank, dinner's ready. The family's here."

"Just go ahead without me. I'll be home as soon as I can. Sorry. Wish them all a Merry Christmas for me."

He hung up the telephone, and she sat there beside it for a minute, anger and fatigue and disappointment all fighting for possession of her. She knew she might cry. She knew she might say anything. On Christmas! Doctor Allerby would be home. He wouldn't be ruining his wife's Christmas dinner.

Why did Frank let everyone impose on him! If some child was sick, why didn't he tell the mother what to do for it, and come home. He had a family of his own. Why had she planned any dinner, when she might have guessed in advance that something like this was sure to happen?

Almost unconsciously Mary braced herself, and went to her guests.

"Frank's held up, as usual," she said. "We'll have to eat without him."

"Oh, can't we wait?" urged his mother.

"It's no use. He didn't know when he'd be home. Besides, I told Jennie she could go out," answered Mary, with a certain stiffness that brooked no denial. "Will you carve, Father?"

Mr. Knight said he really didn't know whether he could or not. It was a long time since he'd carved a turkey. But he could find a drumstick for everyone, he was sure of that. And merrily, merrily, he led the way to the dining-room and merrily carved the turkey, which seemed to fly in all directions.

HE WAS not an adequate carver, but he was a gay old gentleman who stood up at intervals and reached down the table to put something on Ethel's plate which she didn't want, or did the same by Aunt Josephine, and insisted that it was Christmas, and therefore all right to stuff the children.

Everyone grew hot. A pinkish flush seemed to spread from cheek to cheek. The warm slices of turkey, the vegetables, began to have a dulling, uncomfortable effect on the dinner party, which even Mary's cranberry sherbet, which hadn't quite hardened, or her salad, failed to mitigate.

The children grew greasy, and uncontrollably, almost hysterically, greedy for new and untried parts of the turkey. The baby up-stairs began to cry, and Mary had to leave the table. She knew as she went that she never wanted to come back to it. But of course she did, for there was more food to be served, ice cream in shapes, and nuts and raisins.

Grandfather Knight's ice cream was in the shape of a holly wreath, and, being somewhat over-frozen, it slipped from under his spoon and dropped on the carpet, which gave him an occasion for jocosity, and he went about the dining-room hanging it on various knobs, to the screaming delight of the children, and leaving sticky places everywhere.

Ethel looked tolerant, and Mrs. Knight beamed at her jolly old husband. As for Mary, she didn't know what her face was doing. If it looked like her mind, she knew it was sick with disappointment and a haunting responsibility for the cost of this miserable dinner, which Frank hadn't even been able to come home to enjoy.

It was over at last and she marshaled her guests back to the living-room, still listening for the noise of a car, or that quick, comforting sound of Frank's footsteps. More than anything else, it hurt to think of him, missing his dinner, missing his night's sleep, working, working, working for people who didn't appreciate him.

Half past three, and the children were querulous. They must exchange the presents, or Christmas would be over before they got to them.

"We must begin to take the presents off the tree, I think," she said.

"Oh, can't we wait for poor dear Frank?" cried his mother, as before.

"I think poor Mary," said Aunt Josephine tartly, "might like to get these children put to bed. They're getting wild. No one knows when Frank will get here."

THAT was the spirit in which the gift giving began, and all the jocosity of Mr. Knight could not remove that trace of something that wasn't quite rancor, but more like acute disappointment, which was tearing at them all: At Mrs. Knight, because her poor boy wasn't home; at Aunt Josephine because Mary, whom she secretly adored, looked tired and worn; at Ethel, because she didn't have a home; at the children, because they were exhausted; at Mary, because Christmas Day wasn't perfect, and she had failed to make it so, and been forced to spend it without her husband.

There were many gifts. Dozens of things which represented the work of months and the careful thought of affection. But for Mary, all glamour had gone as she saw them unwrapped. She suspected that Ethel didn't really like the negligee. Mary had made it herself, and thought it rather lovely, in the making. But now—perhaps it was a trifle tawdry, the orchid not quite Ethel's color. And the money she had spent on the old people, the fine knitted scarf for her mother-in-law, the fur cap for the old man—probably a check would have been much more to the point.

The children had lost all sense of discrimination now. They were interested in quantity, in the excitement of unwrapping more tissue-paper. It seemed to their mother that they were acting like savages, grabbing, tossing aside one present after another. They had too much. Mary realized that she could have saved half the money she had spent on them. Three copies of "Johnny Crow's Garden"—each one expensive—for Betty. Enough doll dishes to set up a colony of dolls in housekeeping. A quilted silk bathrobe for the baby from Ethel.

"Oh, Ethel, that's too nice. You shouldn't have bought that."

"I wanted to," said Ethel, half sulkily.

With bath toys, games, electric trains, things being stepped on, things being casually received, boxes from out of town

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being opened, the old man capering with three new neckties about his neck, the confusion mounted. Through it, trying to remember the proper forms of gratitude and renew her pleasure adequately, Mary untied ribbons and struggled with knots in silver cord.

Her own presents lay in a heap beside her. Gloves, china, a needle-point chair set from her mother-in-law (nice, but where was the chair?), rhinestone buckles from Ethel (she had no slippers fit for them and no money to buy new ones), books, handkerchiefs, useless things. There was just such a pile for Francis, stockings and ties and mufflers, no doubt. The mess of it all—the fatigue of it all. Would it ever get cleaned up, she wondered?

The baby was crying now. She had been brought down to see her presents and had clung to her old arrowroot stick and slapped everything else away. Mary wondered, as she carried the little year-old child up-stairs, if Cathy were going to be sick. Cathy had caught the general excitement by this time and was hard to quiet. Her mother bathed her, and put her down at length in the darkened little room to go to sleep. Then, waiting to see if Cathy would be still, Mary sat down on the cot bed beside her.

Outside, vesper chimes began to play in some church. "Noël, Noël," they called gently, sweetly, remindingly. The tears came to Mary's eyes, as she thought of that first Mother and her Child in whose honor this day had been set aside. How she had fumbled in celebrating it, and now it was gone. . . .

WHEN she woke, she had lost all memory of the day. She knew that someone had made her warm. There was a soft quilt over her. She knew it was Francis's hand on her forehead. Even in the darkness, she always knew that soft, firm, surgeon's, husband's hand.

"Nice sleep, old girl?"

She sat up, horror-struck, remembering.

"What time is it? Have I been asleep?"

"You only took a couple of hours off."

"But supper—"

"It's all ready. That's why I came to call you. Want to get up?"

She was up in an instant, feeling amazingly refreshed. He was home. He hadn't been very late, after all. That was the way she always felt when he came in. They went into their own room, bright with lights; and she saw that he had changed his clothes, shaved again, looked tired but somehow satisfied.

"Too bad I missed dinner," he said. "I was sorry, but I couldn't help it."

"It was all right. Your father carved."

"He's a great carver, isn't he?" chuckled Francis, and quite casually remarked, "We saved the Whittaker baby."

"Did that baby come! But—"

He nodded. "Early. Wanted to spend Christmas with his folks. He had a few bad hours, but he's steaming along all right now. That's why I missed Christmas with you, darling. Had to get the kid breathing right. They've had rather bad luck in that family with babies."

"She's lost two children," said Mary soberly, thinking of the wistful, rather pathetic face of young Mrs. Whittaker, who had fought so hard for the one thing

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her money couldn't buy or her husband's adoration give her. "Isn't that wonderful? And you did it, Frank! But I thought she was Doctor Allerby's case?"

"He turned it over to me. He was in and out more or less."

IT CAME to Mary's mind that Doctor Allerby would get the credit too. No one would give it to his assistant who had stayed there all day. With a vigorous sweep she brushed the thought away.

"I'm so proud of you, Frank," she said, pulling off the wrinkled dress she'd slept in and slipping into a thin one that Frank loved.

His lips brushed her neck.

"You keep me going, Mary!"

That was all they allowed themselves, coming quickly back to the immediate affairs before them.

"Isn't it terrible to go to sleep with a houseful of guests?"

"They've had a grand time," Frank told her. "They were hushing each other furiously when I came in, an hour ago. Mother got the supper, and Ethel's down there trying to make the dining-room look like the Ritz."

Ethel was. She had laid the table, using all the best lace and silver. The tall violet tapers that someone had given her for Christmas were lit, and between them a vase of roses lifted proud velvety blooms.

"Where did the flowers come from?" asked Mary.

"A man sent them to me," said Ethel, trying to cool her voice to indifference but not quite succeeding. "They delivered them here and I thought we'd use them."

Mrs. Knight bustled in from the kitchen, a great platter of cold turkey in her hands.

"That husband of mine simply hacked this turkey," she said, smiling, "he never did know how to carve! But it's there, all the same. It's a beautiful bird, Mary."

For some reason, it did look better now. Slices of white meat, slices of dark meat, crisp edges of skin, touches of parsley. Mary felt hungry, and picked off a little piece.

"Nice flavor, isn't it?" asked her mother-in-law.

"Nice flavor," agreed Mary. "Where's Aunt Josephine?"

"Up-stairs dressing Betty and Peter. Let her alone. She adores doing it. She read them to sleep and they've had good naps."

"WHAT dears you all are," Mary said happily.

Why had she thought her living-room anything but beautiful? As she entered it now, the big tree, with its electric lights glowing, winked and glittered with a very profligate Christmas spirit. The fire was burning easily and restfully, and all the tissue paper had been picked up and thrown away. Gifts everywhere, on the tables, on the chairs, things she had seen but hardly appreciated before.

Through the doorway in the hall she saw her father-in-law trying on his new fur cap before the mirror, fancying himself unobserved, his old wrinkled face suffused with pleasure. "We couldn't," thought Mary, "have found anything to suit him better."

Frank came in, as if hunting her.

"Did you like your presents?" she asked. "What did you get, anyway?"

"I got a pair of grand driving gloves," he said, "that must have bankrupted you. First fur-lined ones I've had in years."

"Like them?"

"Didn't I? Did the kids have a good time?"

"They were drunk with presents," said Mary.

"Which reminds me that I haven't given you one."

She had been aware of that, not admitting it to herself, wondering if he really couldn't afford anything, or hadn't had time, determined not to care.

"I don't want one, Frank! It's too utterly nice to have you home tonight. That will be my present."

"I was going to give you a check, a little one," he went on, and she fancied he was apologizing for not being able to do it, "for I knew all this to-do must be making you run close to the wind. But then this came along." He pulled an envelope out of his pocket. "I wanted to give it to you last night when you were so worried about the car and so tired. Then I thought you'd prefer it if I held off until today. And I nearly gave it to you this morning, but I was counting on a grand presentation scene this afternoon. Served me right not to get home. And, would you believe it, for the past half-hour I forgot it!"

She had opened the envelope, drawn out its contents, and looked stunned.

"A THOUSAND dollars! But, Frank, what for?"

"It came to me from the clinic. I've endorsed it over to you, and you can do as you please with it. Doctor Allerby gave it to me last night. He said some nice things about this year's work. But that's not the best of it, old girl. He and his wife are going to Austria next year, so he can study, and I'm going to have charge of the department. He was quite pleased about it today. He likes to feel, in a case like that, there's someone he can count on."

They looked at each other for just a minute, sharing it. Then the children came in, refreshed and riotous, with Aunt Josephine excessively proud of her handiwork in dressing them. Old Mr. Knight made a joke. Mrs. Knight insisted imperiously that everyone must come to supper. Ethel was smiling back of her eyes as she looked at her roses. And Mary's heart was singing.

She asked herself if it was just because of the money, the triumphant outcome of a troubled day. No—she had been happy before that, happy when Frank had wakened her with his hand on her forehead. It was because of her children's faces, the sleeping baby up-stairs, the hospitality at her table, the sparkling tree; because Frank was home and these kin of hers were happy.

There was a song in her head, the one the chimes had left there as she fell asleep, a wordless song made up of the memory of the crèche in the church, the little living Whittaker baby, of winter snows and struggle, of peace that comes at last—Noël, the hymn of birth and home.

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Out Where the Highways End!

(*Continued from page 47*)

who talked of a New Russia. Many of Dorizas's best friends were of these Young Russians. Already revolution was boiling in the Empire of the Czar; in the East was the first faint red glow.

Vacation time came again.

"I'm going into Russia to see for myself these things of which you speak," said Dorizas to his Russian friends.

"They won't let you by the border," they protested, alarmed for his safety. "And even if you get by, you'll be killed or sent to Siberia. Every village and town in the Caucasus is full of Cossacks and secret police, and word will go ahead that you have been friendly with us."

But Dorizas, at seventeen, alone and afoot, went into Russia.

He made his way up through the Caucasus, following the shores of the Caspian Sea to the mouth of the Volga. Then he turned west and southward through the land, eating in peasant huts and sleeping by the wayside. Chechen and Laze looked in amazement upon this audacious foreigner who bore no arms, took no sides, expressed no opinions, and who almost daily was searched by the police and soldiers.

"At the entrance to every town," said Dorizas, "I was halted by guards, who pointed their rifles and ordered hands up. Then I would have to state the purpose of my visit, and show what was in my knapsack. Officials would question me, for they were suspicious of anyone who came from the outside. But I spoke frankly and always they let me go on. A man on foot, with only a knapsack in which were a hammock and a light sleeping-bag, couldn't be very dangerous. Some days I was stopped four and five times.

"I learned the necessity of the hammock and sleeping bag during my first trip in the Balkans," he explained. "Peasant huts and beds aren't always just as clean as you'd like them to be. Yet one must sleep somewhere.

"The hammock serves me when I sleep indoors; I simply swing it in my room, whether that be in house or stable. And if the house is too dirty and the weather is clear, I pitch my sleeping bag on the ground outdoors. In larger cities, of course, I go to a hotel; but seldom is it a big hotel. I keep as close as I can to the people I'm studying."

AT SEA, he travels in the tourist-cabin class. On trains in Europe, he buys a second-class or a third-class ticket, rarely a first.

"The less money I spend on luxuries," he added, "the farther I can travel, and the oftener I can go. The country is just as interesting and the journey just as quick in the third-class compartment as in the first-class one. And all Europeans, except the rich, travel by second- or third-class coach. In a few countries there is fourth-class. I've tried them all."

"How about when your clothing wears out?" I asked.

"I buy new," he laughed. "The good

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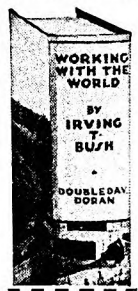

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traveler is he who travels light. Clothing can be had anywhere."

"What you wear," he went on, "matters little. It is what you carry in your head that counts, for nobody takes any more out of a country than he takes in. Go into it empty-headed, and you come out empty-headed. My greatest preparation for a journey is the study of the land and people I am going to visit. I never go into a state, a city, or even a village without first learning all I can about it. Knowledge doesn't come unbidden through a car window."

So, for an afternoon in the quiet of his university study, and for an entire evening in a little Greek restaurant where the coffee is as thick and sweet as sirup, I followed this school-teacher around the world. We talked of men and things and adventure. We leaped oceans and continents, all on a school-teacher's salary and in a teacher's spare time, made up of summer vacations and special "leaves."

After Russia, on that first trip, Dorizas had gone into Egypt, the Sahara, Asia Minor, Albania, Syria, and Persia. Swinging northward into Europe, on another journey, he had finally tramped the roads of Sweden and sailed the Atlantic to America, before he was twenty-one! Then, at twenty-three, he had located in Philadelphia, to make that city his base, from which to rove into Mexico and South America, into Canada and Alaska. On one trip of sixteen months he girdled the globe and visited thirty-five countries. He has been in India, Manchuria, and the Gobi Desert. All told, he has visited most of the one hundred and four listed nations of the world!

"TELL me of your first real adventure," I urged.

He got to it finally, and, oddly enough, it had happened within twenty miles of home while he was a teacher at Robert College in Constantinople. Turkey at the time (1908), was over-run by irregular bands of Young Turks, and the guerrilla warfare that went on ceaselessly between this element and the government troops supplied a great opportunity to outlaws and bandits. The latter, masquerading as Young Turks, made life a nightmare in the hills. Homes were pillaged, and people murdered at the first sign of resistance.

Late one afternoon, Dorizas and a young student companion were exploring in the hills. They were on horseback and following a narrow roadway along the edge of a cliff. An armed horseman appeared suddenly in front of them and in menacing voice ordered, "Hands up!"

The man was an Albanian, and alone, but what most attracted Dorizas was his horse. It was a splendid and fiery animal, and one that could have come from only the finest of stables. Furthermore, it wasn't at ease with the rifleman on its back. At once Dorizas concluded that it had been stolen, and that the mounts of himself and companion were the thief's next objective.

"Instead of putting up my hands," Doctor Dorizas related, "I asked the fellow what he wanted. He now saw that we were unarmed, whereupon he ordered us to accompany him, and threatened to shoot us on the spot if we hesitated to comply. For myself, I had no objection to going with him, but I was concerned over my companion. I told the fellow as much.

"'I'll go along with you,' I said, 'provided you'll let this boy turn around and go home.'

"He looked at me for fully a moment, and I looked at him. Apparently, he didn't like my size and my attitude. At any rate, he took aim with his rifle and was about to fire; but just as he loosened his reins to do this, an operation that demanded the use of both of his hands, his horse reared up angrily. He had to grab the reins to control it.

"Again he tried to get his rifle into position, but again the horse diverted him by its plunges. In that narrow road, on a rearing horse, it was impossible for him to fire. Nor could we turn for a run, due to our position. The man had us hemmed in. The duel between thief and horse continued for five minutes or more, while my friend and I sat on our own horses, looking on.

"Then, to our astonishment and relief, the man suddenly wheeled his horse and bolted. Not for some little time did we discover why: A detachment of soldiers rode up. We hadn't seen them, but evidently he had. They told us that the horse had been stolen and that the fellow riding it was one of the country's most notorious bandit leaders. He was captured a week later, after being traced through the horse."

I LOOKED at Dorizas's iron arms, at the curve of muscles under his light coat. In his travels about the world, I wondered, had he ever been required to bring his strength into play? I asked him.

"In Mongolia," he said, and smiled reminiscently.

"I wanted to do some studying in the Gobi Desert," he related, "and to get some first-hand knowledge of the Mongols. They are an ancient people, you know. At one time they ruled the world. They are polyandrists; that is, some of the married women have two or more husbands. The basic reason for this, of course, is the fact that the country has more men than women.

"I hired an American-made automobile with a Chinese driver, and went into the Gobi for seven hundred miles, as far as the capital city of Urga. At every stop I was warned of bandits, who preyed on travelers whenever there was promise of loot. However, I wasn't especially concerned, for I had nothing to loot; and though one lone traveler less in the Gobi would have meant nothing to the bandits, I couldn't see how they would find any profit in shooting a harmless school-teacher.

"It is a rugged, barren, and forbidding part of the world. I carried a rifle, not for defense, but to provide us with food. We slept in the open, for no white man would think of sleeping in a Mongol *yurt*, or tent, with its native occupants. What money I carried I had hidden between the soles of my shoes. In appearance I was far from a rich prize, but still I kept my eyes open when off the beaten roads, though these latter were barely perceptible trails.

"I hunted with the Mongols, and what astonished me most about them was their uncanny sense of location. One day I shot an antelope. I bled the carcass and swung it over my shoulders to take it with me on my pony. My Mongol companion made signs that I should leave it on the ground,

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and that we would return for it at sunset.

"I looked about. In every direction swept the desert. There wasn't so much as a bush to mark the spot, not a single locating sign. After we had moved on a short distance I glanced back to where the antelope was lying. I could see nothing. I said to myself, 'Good-by, antelope.'

"And yet, after hunting throughout the day, during which we covered fifteen or twenty miles of desert, the Mongol led me straight back to the dead animal, as unerringly as if we had left it at a designated street address in a city. He didn't approximate the spot but came to it directly, and from a direction opposite to the one we had gone in the morning.

"I took many side excursions, by horse and camel, to villages and Mongol encampments. On these my Chinese chauffeur did not accompany me, and it was on one such excursion that I encountered the bandits. I was on camel-back searching for a Chinese village of peculiar origin, when I noticed a party of four or five horsemen. I concluded it would be best to avoid them, and this I succeeded in doing. But I had no more than done so when I ran into their main body, and was almost immediately surrounded.

"There were about forty of the bandits. Some of them wore remnants of Chinese army uniforms, from which I concluded they were former soldiers; but they were commanded by a Mongol chief. Fortunately, I had succeeded in hiding my rifle before capture and their search of me disclosed nothing of value. At this, a great jabbering set up among them in mixed Mongol and Chinese.

"I hadn't the slightest notion what they were talking about, but guessed there was an argument over what should be done with me. Various members spoke heatedly, others more indifferently, and an expert or two looked over my camel. The chief himself merely listened.

"THEN I had an idea. Primitive peoples and especially the nomadic tribes who live by plundering those weaker, have an almost reverential respect for physical strength. Some years before, in an Arab village, I had almost achieved the rank of a prophet by lifting the chieftain above my head by grasping the lower part of his legs with my hands. This Mongol chief didn't weigh any more than one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

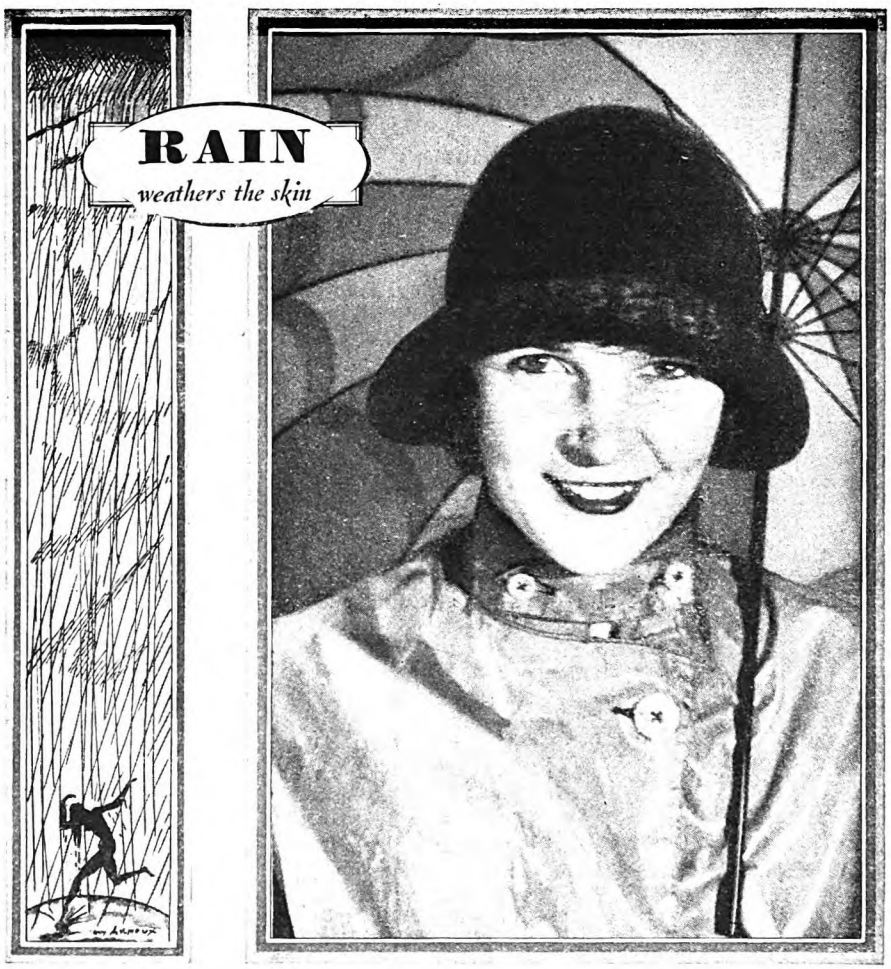
"I spoke in Russian, and the chief understood. I flexed my arm and asked him to test the hardness of the muscles. At once his eyes opened in admiration. The jabbering stopped.

"'Now I'll lift you,' I said. 'Make your body rigid.'

"Whereupon I seized his ankles and hoisted him upright, high above the others, and held him there.

"The bandits were delighted. They laughed and approved like a lot of boys. When I put the chief down he, too, was all smiles, and he made his decision, as did all of the band, by using the ancient Roman gesture of 'thumbs up.' And so I got my freedom."

With an American friend, in 1912, Doctor Dorizas had started a trip around the world. Reaching Russia, they followed the Volga River to the Caspian Sea, went on to Baku, and then crossed into Persia. There Dorizas's companion was taken



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seriously ill with typhoid fever and had to be brought back to Baku, where Dorizas tried to nurse him through the crisis of the disease.

It was summer, and the Caspian summers are hot. Evenings, after he had spent the day at his friend's bedside, Dorizas formed a habit of going down to the water front to enjoy the breeze from over the sea. Standing on a dock one evening, he was attracted by the actions of three seamen from an oil tanker drawn up near by. The seamen, all big rough fellows, had accosted two Jewish girls after thrusting aside the girls' escort. The men had been drinking and the girls were in need of help.

Dorizas admonished the men. Hot words followed, and a blow. The three leaped onto the "foreign meddler" to make short work of him:

"What happened then?" I asked.

The big, good-natured doctor twisted and grew red in embarrassment. "I knocked one fellow out and tossed the other two into the sea," he confessed.

"And then what?"

"The whole ship's crew came at me," he admitted, "seven of them. I tossed a couple more into the sea. I hit two or three more, and they went down and stayed down. One had a crowbar. I took it away from him as he approached, and threw it into the sea. He might have killed somebody with that crowbar."

At the first blow, the girls' escort had run for the police, leaving Dorizas to face the seamen alone. The crew of the oil tanker was rapidly strengthened by sailors from other boats, until more than a dozen men were in the battle. When the police finally arrived, our school-teacher was down on his back unconscious, but he wasn't down alone. A half-dozen seamen were sprawled about the dock, and at least four others were engaged in dragging themselves out of the sea.

Once the story was out, Doctor Dorizas laughed, shrugged his huge shoulders, and ventured that he had been lucky.

"Lucky?" I repeated.

"Sure," he nodded. "It was lucky that it happened in Russia. The Russian fights with his fists. He doesn't resort to a knife. In many ports of the world—swish! And that would have been the end of me. I was lucky!"

I WAS looking at some photographs in Doctor Dorizas's room. One had been riddled with bullets.

"Oh, that," Dorizas laughed, "is a souvenir of South America. I happened to get caught in a revolution down there, and that picture was hanging on the wall of my hotel room at the time.

"It was in 1922," he related, "in the early part of the same trip that later took me into Mongolia. I was having a most interesting time. I had come down through Mexico and Central America, poking about into odd places in search of remnants of the ancient Indian civilization. My curiosity led me naturally to Cuzco, the ancient Inca capital, in Peru, which, archæologically, is the most interesting town in South America.

"I considered myself fortunate in getting a room in the hotel directly across the street from the governor's palace, and on the hotel's top floor. There were whispers of trouble brewing, but one isn't inclined to take such matters seriously in South America. In fact, nothing would have pleased me better than to be a spectator in a revolution, but at the moment I didn't know that I was literally sleeping under one.

"I awoke one morning to the zip of bullets through my windows and the rattle of machine-guns below and above my head. It seemed to be raining bullets into my room. You can guess that I lost no time in getting to a safer place.

"Investigating, I found this to be the situation: A detachment of the revolutionists had stationed themselves on the roof of my hotel directly over my room, and from that point had opened fire on the governor's house. The governor's soldiers had immediately replied by training their machine-guns on the roof, but their aim had been a trifle low for a time. I counted more than fifty bullets lodged in the walls of my room, and the windows were riddled.

"The damages that morning were sixty men killed and sixty-odd wounded. But the revolution failed, Cuzco became its old peaceful self again, and the hotel keeper was profuse in his apologies for the 'temporary inconvenience.'"

ON ONE other occasion Dorizas's life was endangered. This was in Syria during his mission there with the International Commission, immediately after the war. He was taking across country an automobile truck loaded with valuable records of the commission, and also with six or seven large cans of gasolene. One of the gasolene cans leaked and Dorizas issued strict orders against smoking on the truck.

A Syrian, riding in the rear of the truck, nodded solemnly at the no-smoking order, and as soon as Dorizas took his seat in front with the driver proceeded to light a cigarette. Nothing happened, so the Syrian passenger lighted up again, this time just as the truck was zooming along at forty miles an hour on a long hill. Above the roar, Dorizas heard a shriek. He turned to see the Syrian sprawling in the road and flames bursting from the truck's rear!

The doctor finished the account thus:

"We got the truck stopped. I jumped into the rear and threw out the gasolene cans, and managed to get the fire out before it had damaged the papers. Then I loaded the gasolene back, and we went on."

"Weren't you pretty badly scared, with fire lapping around that leaky can?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes," he assured me. "You see, the records of all of our work were in danger. It would have been very bad had we lost them."

I asked him a series of questions, then, that I felt were of general interest.

"Who are the most hospitable people in the world?"

"Mountaineers, anywhere," he answered, "and especially those of the Balkans and Greece. They are offended if you offer them money for entertainment."

"The politest people?"

"The French, but they don't always mean it. The French are also the most contented, which is why they don't leave home. And they are the best cooks, which is why they are so contented.

"The Mohammedan peoples, too, are contented, but in an entirely different way. An instance or two will tell you what I mean by this. I asked an Arab how old he was. 'Seventy,' he replied. I protested. 'Well, sixty then,' he said. 'But you are not even sixty,' I insisted. 'What difference does it make whether I am fifty, sixty, or seventy?' he demanded. 'I have lived so many years, and I will live so many more. How old I am is of no importance.'

"Even death doesn't move the Mohammedan. I was in northern Persia during a smallpox epidemic. The whites were doing everything to check it and save life, but the natives remained utterly indifferent, though dying in droves.

"'You Christians are fools,' the old gatekeeper at Teheran told me. 'A tree has both sound and weak apples. A storm comes, and it shakes the weaker apples from the tree. Man cannot stop the storm, nor can he save the apples to the tree. This, too, my friend, is a storm, and the apples are men. The weak will drop from the tree of life, the strong remain. Only the fool defies the storm of Allah.'

"I am often asked who are the most beautiful women. Perhaps I take my life in my hands when I say that I have seen more beautiful women in the little South American country of Uruguay than in any other part of the world. The women of the United States and England enjoy the most freedom and independence, consequently these countries also have the most old maids.

"The Japanese are one of the most cleanly peoples, and the Mongols, beyond a doubt, are the dirtiest. The Mongol wears a long tunic, and he wears it, without benefit of bathtub or laundry, until it wears out, which usually is for a period of ten or twelve years. His chief food is boiled mutton fat, which speaks for itself.

"The most melancholy and those who feel most deeply are the Russians. Read their literature, listen to their music, and think of their long winters. The Albanians are the most diffident, and the Greeks are the most democratic. Every Greek deems himself as good as every other Greek. Your mule-driver will sit down to eat with you as his right, and the bootblack is as good as the prime minister. This extreme of democracy has been one of the nation's greatest drawbacks, for the real Greek resents it if another rises above him.

"THE most fearless men, as a class, that I have seen anywhere in the world are English officers. Courage is bred into them from the cradle until it is second nature. Fighting with them is a business, and danger is a sport. It 'just isn't cricket' for the English officer to be afraid, or to show that he is afraid, if he is."

"And where do we Americans come in?" I inquired.

"The Americans are the most generous, the most prosperous, and the most progressive," was Doctor Dorizas's reply. "I believe that my estimation of the American is best expressed by the fact that I, a Greek born in Turkey and fairly familiar with the world, am an American by choice and adoption."

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The Man Who Lived in Eternity Now!

(*Continued from page 39*)

But she understood thereafter why this man never gave way to his grief, except in the privacy of night. When Jim Pumpton, up the road, lost his wife, and Jake Hadley went up to spend a night with him, she understood Pumpton's tribute to Hadley at the Whipple Hollow store next day. . . .

He could smile and tell jokes with his associates, however. He led no morbid, hermit's existence. Only a steady serenity permeated his mind and heart and face.

The years 1915, 1916, and finally 1917, made consciousness of the war almost a human habit, an accepted item in the world's daily life. Then America got into the blood glut, and Jacob Hadley's serenity was best demonstrated the evening of the day when Seba Hadley left for Camp Devens.

Amy had not gone to the station to see Seba off. Somehow, she couldn't. Besides, there was Nellie, who must be stayed with. It was late in the evening when Hadley returned.

"Well," he said simply, hooking his hat very deliberately on its nail behind the range, "he's gone, Amy. And may God and his mother watch over him."

Amy was leaning back against the sink. When Jacob turned around, she had her hand at her throat.

"Suppose," she choked, "suppose he . . . he never comes back?"

"Well," returned Jake, in his calm voice, "then he'll only just be away a few years on a visit, that's all. A visit . . . to his ma. What if he *should* happen to go see his ma a spell, from the war? 'Twouldn't be any different than as if she lived in some foreign country, would it? He'd still be in existence somewhere, wouldn't he? That's the way we must look at it."

"I wish, oh, how I wish! . . . he might have been my boy . . . off at the war!" She could not see him for her tears.

"Do you, Amy? Well, if it's any comfort to you, the last two or three years I've sort o' carried the idea around that he *is* your boy. You've certainly done enough for him to have more'n a housekeeper's interest in him."

HE MOVED into the sitting-room. It was a long time before she dared trust herself in there with him. She saw him through the open door, seated in his evening rocker by the table, his head in his hands. She saw him reach into his hip pocket after a time, and draw forth the tiny pair of battered covers. He opened them, and looked long and earnestly inside.

The light of the lamp shone sideways on his face. And as Mrs. Pressey watched, she suddenly saw his eyes clear, his mouth grow so firm it was beautiful. A strange effulgence seemed to come from his countenance as he drew a deep breath and sank back in his chair. . . .

To get to her room she had to pass him, where he sat with his chin thrust deep in

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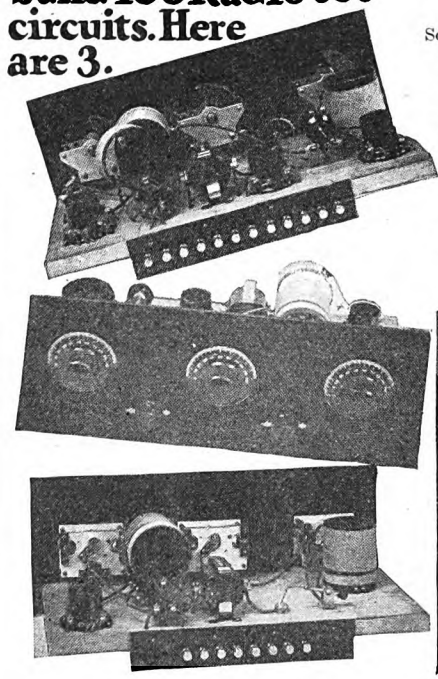

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his chest. He lifted his hand, and its touch on her arm arrested her.

"Amy," said he, "I don't know how I can ever repay you for the interest you've taken in me and my children." His eyes remained set straight ahead, however. Their glances did not meet.

"You don't have to think of that, Jacob. You've already repaid me . . . more'n you'll ever know."

"I've tried to give you all I could, Amy. Things haven't gone easy, with the children to raise. Are you really satisfied?"

Was she? Again the brief, sharp struggle. "If I hadn't been, Jacob, I never could have stayed."

"I know a lot of folks hereabouts wonder why I've never asked you to . . . to . . . really be mother . . . to Seba and the rest. . . . I mean, legally."

"Well?" she managed. She felt herself beautifully resigned to whatever might come.

"I think I ought to tell you, Amy. . . . I owe it to you. . . . I never felt I had the right to do that. Because . . . it would look as though I'd be imposin' on your kindness, sort of. I'd be askin' you to tackle this job permanently, with no chance of ever pullin' out if you got dissatisfied. If 'twas only myself, 'twould been different. We might . . . we might o' had children of our own. But putting four or five children belongin' to another woman on you— 'Twouldn't be square, and I just couldn't do it. I wanted you should know."

She might have answered then, "Not if I cheerfully wanted to shoulder that load, Jacob, because it's yours?" But she didn't. She couldn't. Not *that* night. Somehow, she sensed it would savor of taking advantage of his distress over the day's parting with his boy. So she waited.

"Amy!"

"Yes, Jacob."

"You've made me think the same way toward you, all the same. I wanted you should know that, too." He swallowed with difficulty but resumed, "If you want to stay, Amy, till . . . till there aren't any more youngsters 'round here needin' a housekeeper . . . so I won't feel the way I do in respects to them . . . maybe when they're gone, Amy, and there's only you and me—"

"I understand, Jacob."

"Amy . . . will you . . . stay?"

"So long as you're alive and need me, Jacob. After what we've been through together the past two or three years, I'd rather . . . I'd rather die than leave. I hope . . . I hope I *do* die to leave!"

"Then it's . . . it's understood between us?"

"Understood things, Jacob, don't have to be talked about."

"Thank you, Amy."

She got to her room. Thus began their "engagement."

IN 1918, Dot Hadley was eighteen years old, graduated from high school and assistant office girl in the "Telegraph" plant. They had taken her father from in front of a knitting machine to help erect some new buildings for the mill, down along the river. Which explains how it came about that Sam Hod had to be the one to break the news to Jacob that thenceforth America would ever be his debtor.

The Western Union boy brought the Government's telegram to the office to give it to Dot. But Seba's sister was absent, collecting some bills. Sam gripped his courage and tore open the fateful envelope.

"I'm going down to the new buildings to see Jacob," said he. "Tell Dot, when she returns, she can have the week off."

Sam found the carpenter off in a corner where the beams of a new warehouse were yellow pine against cerulean cobalt. Bent over a "horse," he was sawing a board. He laid his big steel square on the board, drew a heavy black line with the stub of a pencil, then thrust the stub under his cap.

"Howdy, Samuel," he called in greeting. Then he must have read something in the editor's eyes. His glance dropped to the sinister yellow paper. He picked up his saw and sighted along its teeth. "Have you . . . have you come over, Samuel, . . . to tell me that . . . that Seba's with his mother?"

"Yes, old friend. The boy is with his mother."

JACOB started the saw on the edge of the board. He sawed slowly, steadily, with clean, even strokes. The sawed piece fell down in the gravel. The carpenter brushed his horny palm along the under edge of the cut to take off the fuzz. Then he laid aside the saw, picked up the board, carried it across to the growing wall, and started driving nails.

"Jacob!" whispered the editor, when he returned. "What can I say?"

Jake's eyes smiled gently. "Say? Why, there's nothing to be said. He's been Eva's as much as mine, hasn't he? Why should I be selfish and want him all his life?"

At once the blind daughter began having obsessions.

Very soon after the news of Seba's death the Armistice came. The boys returned home. The Hadley household out on the back road became resigned to the realization that Seba would always "be away" . . . if it had ever been otherwise. But the eldest girl frightened Amy Pressey and the neighbors half out of their senses with her sudden insistences that Seba was often right there in the house.

"He comes to me in the night," the blind girl confided to Mrs. Hod. "He says, 'Nellie, Mother's waiting, waiting for you . . . till she can have you and Father and Tommy and Myra and Jeanie and Dot all with her, along with Bobby and me.'" Bobby had been the name of the infant drowned with Jacob's wife.

"But it would be wicked to do anything to yourself that took you away from your father," Mrs. Hod protested.

"Wicked to go to Mother and Seba and little Bobby? Aren't we all going, sooner or later? Besides, I'm so useless to everyone, and somehow . . . somehow I feel that when I go to where Mother is, I'll be given back my eyes!"

It was on a February night about half-past ten, and freezing cold, that Amy Pressey missed Nellie from beside her in the bed. The father had driven Tommy and the other girls into town for a picture show. Mrs. Pressey, wearied with the day's labors, yet finding a blessed satisfaction in them, had gone to bed shortly after the Hadley pung-sleigh had driven from the yard. Nellie had gone to bed an hour before, and was apparently asleep.

A draft of icy air blowing through the house had finally awakened Amy. Outside, in the shed, Tommy's Airedale dog was barking savagely. The housekeeper leaped out, thrust her feet into slippers and caught up a wrap.

The night wind from the opened porch door had extinguished the lamp she had left burning against the family's return. But a vast, white, lunar plate hung high above the mountains. With eerie clearness it showed yard, buildings, and surrounding country. Forgetting her own exposure, Amy Pressey ran out toward the barns.

She knew that if Nellie were river-bent, the girl would get her bearings by starting at a point between the wagon shed and corn crib. She had done it before. And so bright was the moonlight, that on arriving there the frantic woman discerned telltale footholes freshly broken in the snow crust down across the river pasture.

That crust cut her naked ankles like glass, as she fled on numb feet to overtake the fugitive. A great rent was opened in her nightdress when she finally climbed the low wall of boulders. Great black splotches against white ice disclosed treacherous air holes, where the current was swift. Amy half ran, half slid, down the slight incline to where something alive was moving near the edge.

"Nellie! For God's sake, Nellie! *Come back!*"

But instead of halting the half-crazed girl that warning only galvanized her. She trod out unsteadily toward a vast, tragic, black place.

A pile of old timbers lay along the embankment. Amy Pressey got one loose by superhuman strength. If the ice gave way, the heavy board might float—or give her something as "purchase" by which rescue might be effected. She got out on the ice.

A queer, hollow, crackling noise began to snap all around her. Water she scarcely felt was swirling around her ankles. It grew deeper—up to her knees. The edges of the nightgown floated on it. Then she lost hold of the board!

A triangular piece of ice somersaulted under her—with Nellie also wading in knee-deep water not twelve feet ahead of her. Amy's shrieks were heard by the Pumptons, living on the hill top. . . .

Jim Pumpton and his two eldest boys came down with lanterns a few minutes later. They recognized the meaning of the twin footholes in the snow crust leading to the river's edge, of the mute board out on the ice, bobbing in the broken place.

THE Pumptons were waiting for Jacob and the girls when they drove into the yard around midnight.

"Brother Hadley," Jim said huskily, "I'm 'fraid there's been an accident."

The children sat horrorstruck. The father looped his reins about the dashboard.

"Is it the house or the river, neighbor?" the carpenter asked steadily.

"The river, Mr. Hadley."

"Where's Mrs. Pressey?"

"We got her body out of the second water hole. But I guess the blind girl's gone down to the dam."

"What do you mean, second water hole?"

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A Christmas Gift . . .
that comes twelve times a year

What gift could you offer your friends this Christmas, more welcome or expressive of your heart's good wishes than a year's subscription to The American Magazine?

Make Christmas mean more than a day

Some friends of yours have just married. They are planning ahead. All along their way your gift of The American Magazine will help, advise and bring them happiness . . .

Some friends of yours, parents of growing children, will thank you for the wholesome influence, the fun, the rare good spirit of this gift . . .

Some friend of yours, in business, will welcome the wise counsel which your gift brings from leaders in American life . . .

There is a lover of nature to whom your gift will come as an ever-welcome, genuine treat . . .

There is one, perhaps tied down by work or home affairs, who dreams of travel. Let him journey with this gift of yours . . .

And others who enjoy the thrill of fascinating stories, who like to follow the new novels, who read for the sheer joy of reading. Your gift will make their year a happy one.

The American Magazine, sent as your gift to any one or more of these friends, will be a message of good will straight from your heart—a gift that speaks directly to their interest, their welfare, their happiness.

It conveys your Christmas message of good will and happiness not once only but twelve times, from this Christmas until next. Those friends you send it to, will know that your gift has come from the heart.

As they enjoy The American Magazine all through 1929—absorb its wise counsel, delight in its rollicking yarns and fascinating novels, its nature and health articles, its popular science and human interest stories—they will know that your greetings are not confined to Christmas day but reach out and touch with happiness all the other days of the year.

Give your friends this wise gift, this lovely, thoughtful, happy, year-long gift.

A beautiful Christmas Card announces your gifts

Every friend to whom you send The American Magazine this Christmas will receive, in your name, a lovely Christmas card specially painted by Herman Pfeifer.

It depicts "Christmas at Mount Vernon" and shows George and Martha Washington standing in the historic doorway to welcome their guests. The dignity of the characters, the beauty of the Colonial costumes, the blue-white colonnades, the snowy roof rising against the evening sky, make a rich and colorful picture finely adapted for framing.

This beautiful card will arrive in your friends' Christmas mail, announcing that you have instructed us to send, as your Christmas gift, a year's subscription to The American Magazine.

Our Special Christmas Offer

The regular price of The American Magazine is $2.50 a year. But during the present Christmas season we are making you this special offer: your own subscription and one for a friend as a Christmas gift, both for only $4.00. And you may add as many more Christmas gift subscriptions as you wish, at $2.00 each. (Your own subscription or one gift subscription is $2.50.) Send in your orders now.

Use this coupon to send your gift subscriptions

The Crowell Publishing Company, *Springfield, Ohio*

Please enter my own subscription to The American Magazine and also send it for a year with the Christmas card announcing my gift, to the following.

Enclosed you will find $.....in full payment.

(Fill in the amount—$2.50 for one; $4.00 for two; $2.00 each additional one.)

	(Send, with Christmas Card, to)
My Name.....	Name.....
My Address.....	Address.....
City.....	City.....
State.....	State.....

If any name you send us should already be on our subscription list, the new subscription will start when the present one expires. But we shall announce your Christmas gift just the same. If you send more than one Christmas gift subscription, pin your list to this order form and add $2.00 for each. 891

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"Current carried her under the ice. We found her a quarter-mile below . . . by the Foxboro ice houses. We went down there lookin', when we see the footprints in the snow crust with blood on the edges of some."

Jake alighted from the pung, walked across, and sat down on the edge of the porch. He pulled off his cap and wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. Jim Pumpton joined him.

"Try and keep your grit, Hadley," Jim consoled. "It's a horrible wallop, I know. And seems to me you've had about all the hard luck you deserve in this life. 'Bout time things broke. If they's ennything the boys and I can do—"

"I'll be all right in a minute." He laid a hand on Jim's friendly knee. "These things happen, neighbor. We've got to be prepared for 'em. The Almighty always makes *His* readjustments suddenly. Because that's all they are . . . just readjustments."

"Good heavens, Hadley! How can you always take things so peaceful-like?"

"Neighbor, when you once get the idea thoroughly into your head that all of us are livin' in eternity *now*, these things that people call tragedies won't seem half so terrible as they might. Readjustments, that's what they are. Just readjustments."

JACOB came into the "Daily Telegraph" office next day to smoke a pipe with Sam Hod, after making arrangements for the double funeral. They sat in the inner room, where no one came, and talked as men will talk.

"Samuel," said he as they came to break up, "I've been privileged to know two of the finest women who ever walked this footstool. They're together now, and somethin' tells me they've got acquainted and like each other. How could they help it?"

"What are you going to do now, Jacob?"

"Well, our family's a bit divided: Eva havin' three of the children with her and the other four bein' here with me. But then, it's not goin' to be forever. Real reunion we're going to have somewhere, one o' these days. I've got to take as good care of Tom and Myra and Jeanie and Dot as I know Eva's takin' of Seba and Nellie and little Robert. And it sort of helps a lot to recall that when I've sawed enough boards and drove enough nails, we're all goin' to gather together again in the Evenin', without any breaks in the circle, and look back on the Day and its Work, and see that God's plans for human folks aren't so haphazard as lots of people imagine."

"It does seem sort of unfair, though, for some folks' lives to run to trouble continually, while a lot of others seem to have it so easy . . . people that never do a thing to deserve it. Take you, for instance—"

"Me? I haven't had trouble. Why take me?"

"But first you lost your wife and baby, then the boy in the war, then Nellie and—

"Death isn't trouble, Samuel!" And the carpenter's face held a look of surprise. "I've had lots of good luck. I've had children; I've prospered in my trade; I've had my home. All that's happened to me is havin' my family divided, sort of, right here in middle life. You don't consider it trouble, do you, when your wife goes out to St. Louis and visits her sister all winter, like you was speakin' about? It's trouble for you perhaps, in the inconvenience of her not bein' 'round when you need her to home. But you don't begrudge her the going. It's the same with my Eva, and then again, Amy. 'Tisn't as if I wasn't ever goin' to see 'em again. Seems to me that folks who weep and wail around about death are awful selfish at times. Because they can't have their dear ones right with 'em every minute, they've got to make everybody miserable, and act as though 'twas the end of the world!"

"It is—for some people," said Sam Hod solemnly. "Anyhow, Amy Pressey did a noble thing in trying to keep Nellie with you. All over town today folks are talking about it. Doc Pressey hit Joe Summers an awful wallop in Edwards's cigar store around one o'clock when Joe made some remark about Amy's early escapades."

"Samuel, I've been privileged to know two of the finest women that ever lived on this earth—like I said before. Amy Pressey was the second. She was a loyal, earnest, hard-workin' woman who deserved more and better than I was able to provide. Wherever she and Eva are, they're talkin' things over. And I'll be glad to see both of 'em again, and tell 'em—unashamed—that I loved the two of 'em. Somehow I reckon Eva'll understand!"

He went out of the office finally. When the door had closed on him, Sam said ruefully, "I'll bet when he first met his wife she wasn't one whit better woman than Amy Pressey.

"But a woman couldn't live long around that sort of man without showing herself a thoroughbred. He's such a thoroughbred himself!"

"Kind o' fantastic ideas he's got about death, though," declared George Kenyon, the paper's make-up man, who had entered, to hear the last of Jacob's philosophy.

Sam Hod arose, stood by the window. "George," said he, "do you call yourself a Christian?"

"I try to be," the foreman answered. "I go to church—"

"Yes; you're tenor in the Methodist choir and superintendent of the Sunday-school." (Sam watched Jacob Hadley going up the opposite side of Main Street.) "But, George Kenyon, there goes a man who believes in immortality. The trouble with the rest of us Christians is, *we don't!*"

IN 1921 Dorothy Hadley left her newspaper job to marry Frank Stevens, eldest son of John Stevens, owner of the local Process Works. Two years later Myra and Jeanie married the Ryker boys—brothers—in a beautiful double wedding that was the talk of the town for a year and a day. Ethan Ryker is now superintendent of the Thorne Knitting Mills, while Malcolm is a chemist in a college in Ohio. All three of Jacob's girls did well in the matter of husbands and, so far as is known, are reasonably happy. Tommy Hadley has lately been living in Boston, where he's training himself to be a commercial artist.

About half past four of an afternoon in the past September, a wild-eyed boy fell into the "Telegraph" office and exclaimed:

"Hey! . . . Jake Hadley—the carpenter's—been knocked for a goal. That stagin' they had up in front o' Blake Whipple's store has all tumbled down, and Hadley's had his back broke!"

Sam Hod ran up Main Street without his hat. They had carried the carpenter as tenderly as possible up into Doctor Johnson's office in the Hawks Block. But as his poor broken body was being borne up the stairs, the soul of the man had slipped away into the eternity he believed in so serenely.

THE editor came back to his office. Jacob Hadley had lived fifty-seven years in this world. He had loved greatly. He had suffered much. Now he knew the secret of life and its essence. Thenceforth, his grizzled editor friend was to think of him as standing by a Gate, looking off down across Fields Beautiful, waiting for children who were late in coming, yet approaching in some fine sunset up across those Fields where the harvests had been garnered and life's sheaves stood in shocks.

Along toward six o'clock, Blake Whipple, the undertaker, came in the office.

"Isn't it funny, Sam," said he, "what little, little things keep some of us mortals going, when the path of life seems dark and all sorts of troubles rag us?"

"Just what do you mean, Blake?"

"I guess most of the town thought that Jake Hadley was lugging around his wife's picture in that extra wallet of his that he glanced at now and then. But it wasn't a picture. I happened to look at it when I removed the contents of his pockets. Maybe I'm an undertaker, Sam. But burying Jake Hadley is the hardest thing I've ever had to do. Look!"

Blake laid the open leather fold before the editor. A sear, faded, dog-eared little motto card was disclosed.

"Think of it, Sam. He carried it because it was the last word he ever got from his wife. That's why it meant so much."

Sam pulled the frail post card from its cover. On the front side, on the left of the line separating the correspondence space from the address, was written in a woman's hand:

DEAREST:
Starting Home tomorrow with Bobby.
Best love, EVA.

"And she did start home, didn't she!" Sam said huskily. "He must have carried it for its double meaning."

"Look on the other side."

Sam turned the card over. In a fancy border he read a motto—the motto the wife had chosen to send—her last earthly word and message to her husband:

God won't look you over for medals, degrees, or diplomas—but for SCARS!

The undertaker left. Sam bowed his head on his hands. It grew dark in the office. And Paul Lyman found him there, at his desk, when he came back after supper to write some items.

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"Cream of the Crop"

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

"Reach for a Lucky and not for a bonbon."
Fannie Ward

Fannie Ward,
Famous for Her Ever Youthful Appearance,
says:

"'Reach for a Lucky and not for a bonbon.' That's been my policy ever since Luckies started—my way of retaining the figure I need to be known as the ever youthful Fannie Ward. So I say to you women who want to cheat time as I have done, 'Reach for a Lucky and not for a bonbon.'"

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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He Chose the Way to Larger Success

In Peoria there lives a man named Paul F. Bourscheidt, who a number of years ago began to set his plans for bigger earning power—larger success.

At that time Mr. Bourscheidt was Assistant Actuary of the Peoria Life Insurance Company, one of the outstanding insurance companies of the Middle West. He wanted to broaden his knowledge of business, so as to fit himself for larger responsibilities. So he enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Business Management.

"As a result of my training," wrote Mr. Bourscheidt, eleven months later, "I notice a big improvement in my work and my ability to cope with difficult situations. Already I can report a promotion and an increase of 30 per cent, which in these days is no small item."

A year or so later, realizing the importance of legal knowledge in business, he enrolled again with LaSalle—this time for home-study training in Law. He set as his goal the Illinois Bar examinations, which he passed successfully in the fall of 1924.

Was it merely by chance, do you think, that in October of that year Mr. Bourscheidt was made Assistant Secretary and Office Manager of this great company, or that today he is being entrusted with greater and greater responsibilities?

Significant of the worth of his plan—in the eyes of Mr. Bourscheidt's associates—is the fact that 23 other people in the Peoria Life Insurance Company have enrolled with LaSalle for home-study business training. These other executives—both men and women—are out to compel larger success through the speeding up of practical experience.

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- ☐ Higher Accountancy
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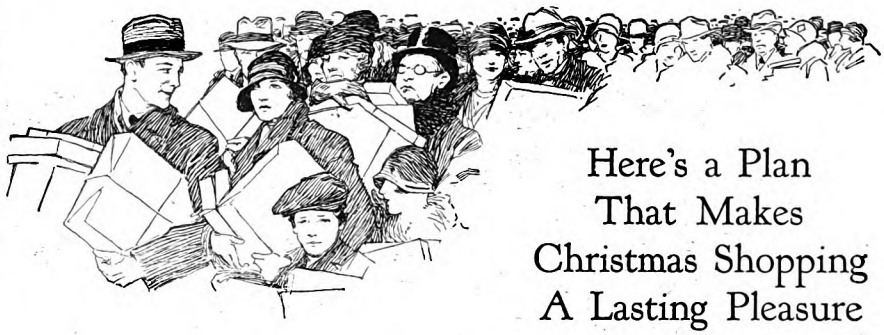
- ☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Telegraphy
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Stenotypy—Stenography
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence

Name .....

Present Position .....

Address .....

THE FAMILY'S PROBLEMS



Here's a Plan That Makes Christmas Shopping A Lasting Pleasure

MY WIFE has more relatives than anyone else in the world, with the possible exception of her husband. I have never made a calculation showing how far the sum total of our relatives would reach if they were laid out, end to end; but I have sometimes wished that I might lay out some of them in exactly that way. However, I do not intend to write about our kinsfolks—it is our solution for one of the great Christmas problems superinduced by kinsfolks that I am eager to pass on.

After years of frantic shopping, we hit upon a scheme that saves time and temper. Better still, this scheme of ours is actually educative for us We now delight in doing our Christmas shopping, no matter whether we do it early or late. The multiplicity of our relatives and friends forced us to be intelligent about shopping.

Our Christmas-present list contains more than forty names. If you set out to buy forty presents, with no plan of procedure, you soon run into trouble. You waste time, you get desperate, you postpone the buying until the last few frantic days, and then you buy articles that cost more than you had planned to pay for them, and without much regard to their appropriateness.

I know, for haven't I come to within ten days of Christmas, and still had thirty-seven presents to select? Five years ago that was exactly the situation I was in, for my wife was ill that winter, and the whole load of shopping fell on me. It was after that experience that I set about to solve the problem of "What'll we give 'em this year?" And here's the solution:

SEVERAL weeks before Christmas, or even several months, we decide what type of present we shall give that year, and all of the presents we buy come within whatever classification we decide upon. For instance, this year we are giving pictures. Last year we gave articles made of leather, the year before that, miniature reproductions of famous pieces of sculpture, and three years ago we gave linen. Next year we shall give books. (In making a present to a small child, we sometimes depart from our rule, but not often.)

This plan of ours has many things to recommend it, in addition to its virtues as a saver of time and temper. We can now put some of our own personality into our gifts, which is not possible when haphazard shopping is resorted to. But the thing that delights us most of all is the cultural effect this scheme has had upon us. I knew nothing of linen when we set out to buy forty-six linen presents; but I knew a whole lot about linen before we got through! I had learned where and how it is made, and had come to appreciate the art in designs worked out in linen.

Similarly, I knew very little about plaster casts and other reproductions of famous sculpture before we bought about forty of them. In fact, I was none too well informed about sculpture, and could not even identify many of the most famous pieces. But now I know quite a bit about the world's masterpieces in marble and bronze and stone, and I know which firms make the best reproductions.

AT PRESENT, we are engaged in the selection of fifty pictures. (Our list is larger than usual this year, because we have made some new friends since our circle of interests was enlarged.) I was amazed at the rapidity with which a man's taste in pictures changes. When we started out two months ago to buy all the pictures we would need, I had fairly good taste, I thought. But some of the pictures I then liked I do not care for now. They were fine for a time, but lacked the staying qualities of the Old Masters.

Perhaps I should add that we are not rich, and that we do not give any present that costs more than five to ten dollars. You can get excellent pictures for that, though they may be small reproductions. Seeman prints of all the famous pictures may be had for less than a dollar each, but the frames cost a lot, which always hurts my feelings; it doesn't seem right for the frame to cost more than the picture. Plaster and other reproductions of classic pieces of sculpture cost from three or four dollars, up to as high as you care to go.

But the point is that *good* things, real art, may be had for the price of silly novelties. We select these gifts, of course, with reference to the tastes and desires of the persons receiving them, and it has been our experience that their very novelty goes far toward ensuring them a cordial welcome in the homes and hearts of those to whom they are addressed.

I do not know what your problem is, but I do think very strongly that, whether you are rich or poor, and whether you give many presents or few, you can profit in time saved, in education gained, and in pleasant shopping adventures if you adopt some such plan as the one my wife and I are so crazy about. And the Christmas presents you give will not cost any more under this plan than they would under the "grab-as-grab-can" method.

J. C. D.

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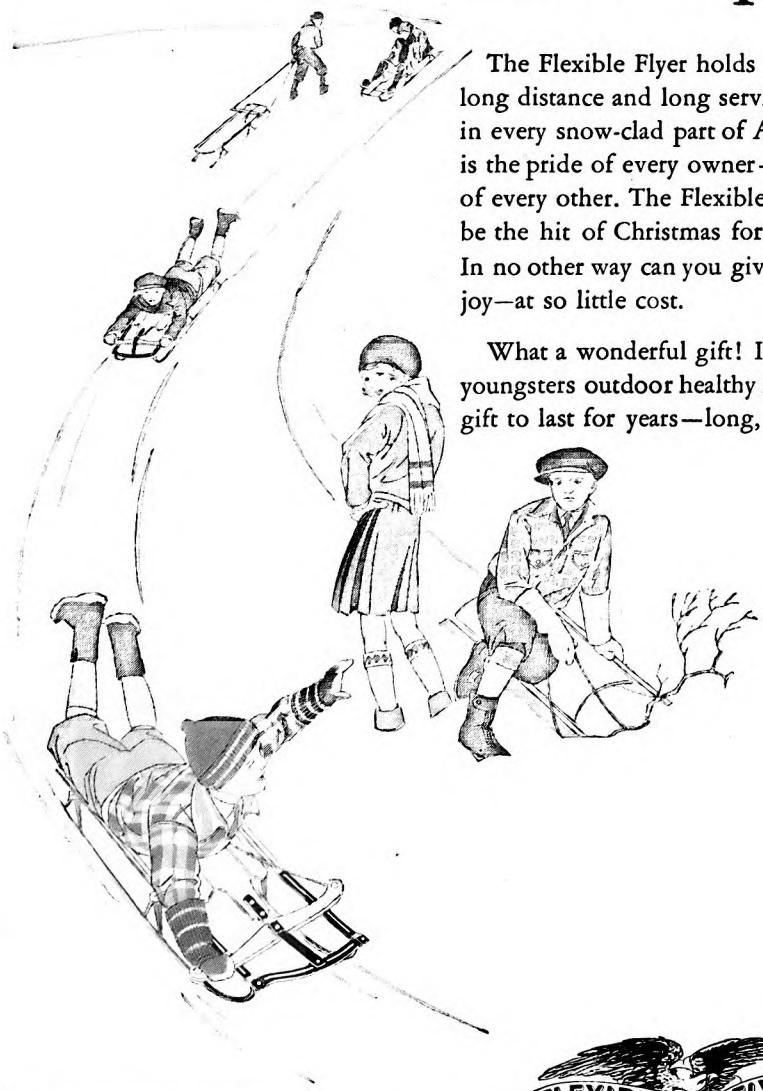

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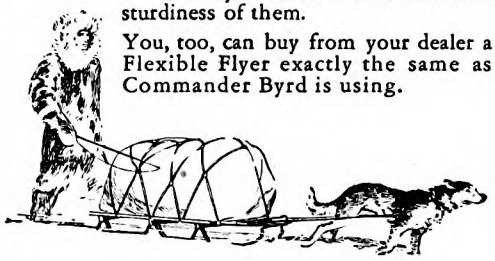

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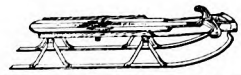

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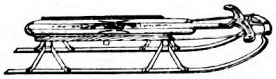

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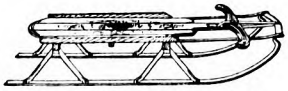

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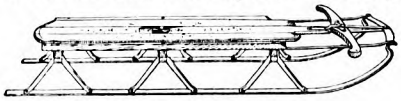

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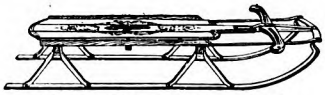

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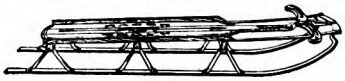

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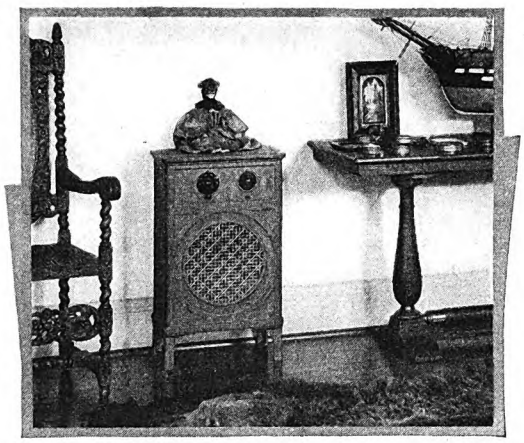

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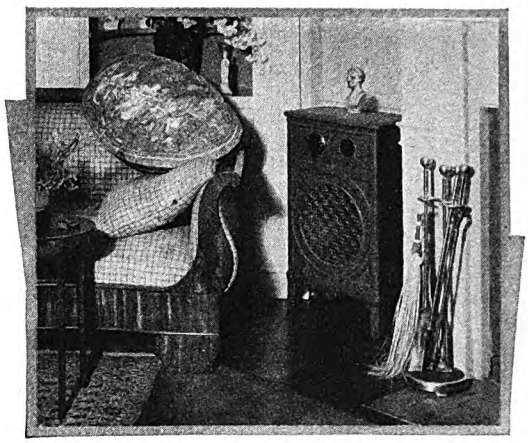

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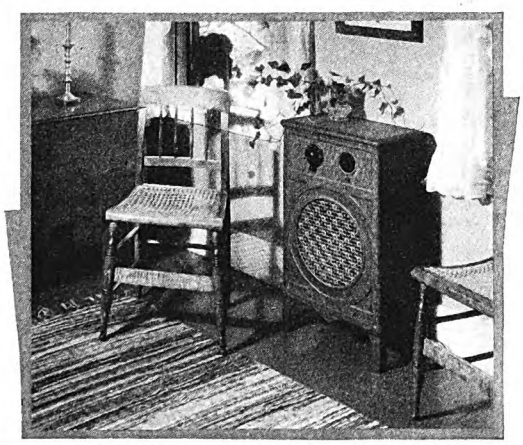

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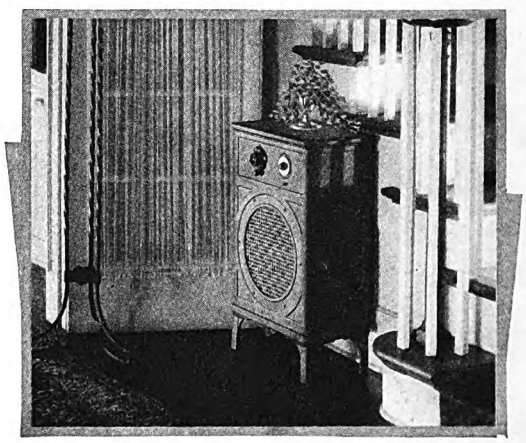
ATWATER KENT RADIO



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NOT only all-electric but all-Atwater Kent. Atwater Kent makes every part, matches them all for harmonious action, tests every set 294 times. Only the largest factory could offer fine radio at such a price—$117 (without tubes).

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4702 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* Philadelphia, Pa.

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The American Magazine

Contents for December, 1928

Merle Crowell, *Editor*
James C. Derieux, *Managing Editor*

DID you know that Christmas Day was not always celebrated on December 25th? That for hundreds of years after the Nativity people celebrated a "movable festival" and enjoyed Christmas in other months?

While none of us would be willing to dispense with our happy Christmas Day, there are many who would like the spirit of that day carried on over into January, February, March, and all through the year.

Only the other day a friend said to me, "We all worry about Christmas gifts, yet Christmas itself comes and goes so quickly. Of course it's easy to find gifts if you're satisfied to drop into a store and select the first thing you see. But I want to give my real friends something that will last, something that will prolong Christmas."

He was expressing unconsciously something very much like the idea of the "movable festival." And why not? You can give your friends a Christmas every month. Send them THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—something you yourself enjoy, something that comes twelve times a year—as your Christmas gift.

When you send your friends this gift, you make Christmas not quite a movable festival but certainly a lasting one. You express your good wishes not simply for December 25th. You give a present that enriches the life of your friends for twelve long months, carrying on the radiance and happiness of Christmas all through the year.—THE EDITOR.

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These are the new Marmon Straight-eights

If you had $3000 to spend for an automobile undoubtedly you would insist upon an eight. Why not use the same care in investing $1500 or $2000?

It is no longer necessary for the medium-price buyer to compromise—for Marmon now offers two great new straight-eights at prices no higher than you have previously been asked to pay for sixes.

Straight-eight results are immediate and unmistakable. Were it possible to drive a car blindfolded to make comparison, there could be no mistaking which cars were fours and sixes and which were straight-eights. You couldn't fail to sense and feel the difference in smoothness and the more immediate power at your command.

To try these new Marmon straight-eights, the New Series 68 and 78, is to get an entirely different interpretation of what a motor car can really do.

Acceleration is instant—never a gap, never a flat-spot. Just put your foot right down. No need to "feed-up" a Marmon straight-eight motor.

On hills—This is where you really find out about the eight. You have to meet a mountain before you need a gear-shift.

And all day long—These cars are not the flashy, sensitive kind that need constant care and adjustment. Just put a Marmon up to your usual driving speed. Leave it there all day if you like. And this goes even for those inclined to be "heavy-footed."

Easy riding—the same famous Marmon characteristic developed even further. Now, more emphatically than ever, "the easiest riding cars in the world."

In the matter of dependability and low upkeep costs, the more than 30,000 Marmon Eights now in the hands of owners have proved conclusively that straight-eight transportation is not one cent more costly than six-cylinder transportation.

In addition to smart lines, Marmon has provided every modern utility and fitment. Then are added color harmonies well away from conventional applications and in the height of good taste.

Won't you try a New Series Marmon 68 or 78 and find what modest money it now takes to purchase really fine car transportation? Any Marmon dealer will gladly place one or both of these new cars at your disposal for any demonstration or comparison you may wish to make.

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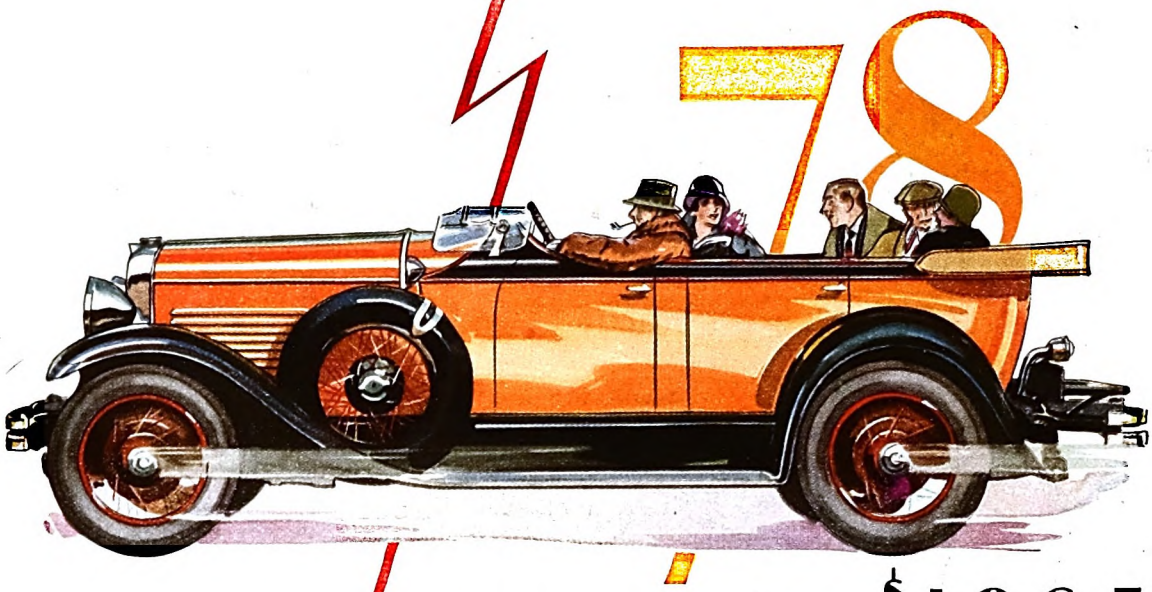
Marmon



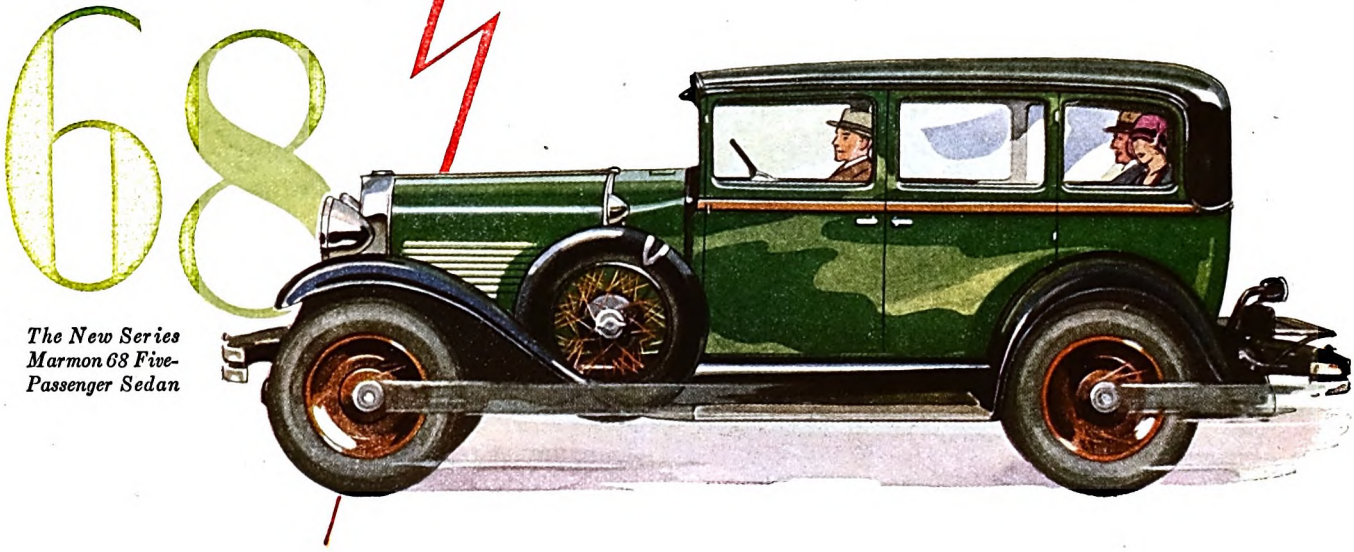
$1965

Above, New Series Marmon 78 Speedster for six passengers

IMPORTANT NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN NEW SERIES 68 AND 78

LARGER motor—more power—in the "68"; even smoother operation in both cars. New colors. New interior harmonies. Double chromium plating of exposed metal parts—radiator, lamps, etc. (requires no polishing). New body styles as exemplified by smart Six-Passenger "78" Speedster, illustrated above. New, more massive front end appearance. New and effective ensemble of radiator, lamps and lamp mountings. New conveniences such as coincidental lock on instrument board which simultaneously locks both ignition and transmission. Horizontal louvres and "piano-type" hood hinges. New development in carburetion which has tendency to "super-charge" gas mixture. New instrument panels with large numerals, legible from the tonneau. New bumpers of individual Marmon design. New flush type lock and carrier when wheels are carried forward. *Prices*, New Series 68 (Standard Sedan), $1465. New Series 78 (Standard Sedan), $1965. All prices f.o.b. factory, de luxe equipment at moderate extra cost. Convenient time-payment plan.

$1465



The New Series Marmon 68 Five-Passenger Sedan

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Ready for a New Day

When the bright morning sunshine slips between your drowsy eyelids, it is saying —"It's time for doing people to be up!"

So off with the soft, warm covers—and a brave sprint for the tub. Into the cool water, to tingle drowsiness away! Oh, it's good to be awake . . . to curvet and splash and make of your tub a mighty ocean!

And Ivory is the floating buoy that cheers you on. When you come spluttering from the first splash, Ivory bobs within your hand's reach, ready to cover you with its gentle, cleansing foam. Then, with a swash of your sponge, the cheerful bubbles rinse instantly away.

What a brisk person you have become . . . ready for breakfast, ready for the day, ready for everything!

Ivory has speeded "doing" people from their morning tubs for 50 years. Most of these people met Ivory first as babies, when a pure, mild soap is tremendously important. Now that they know the value of bath-happiness in their daily adult life, they choose Ivory as the surest means to achieve it.

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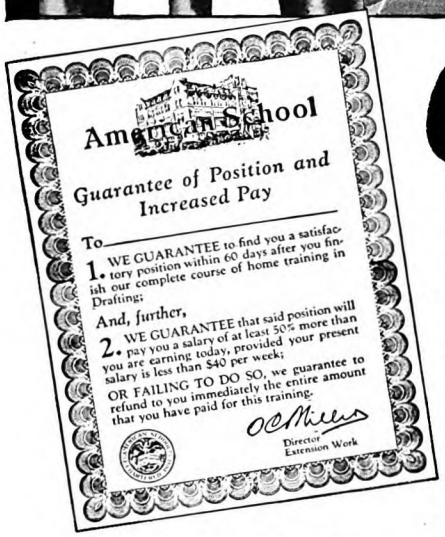

Come into Drafting!

Men who can read blue-prints and draw plans are "sitting pretty" these days. No wonder, when you consider that every machine, every building, all industrial activities *start* on the Drafting table! Intensive production, record-breaking construction operations, have created a great demand for expert Draftsmen capable of designing and calculating original plans.

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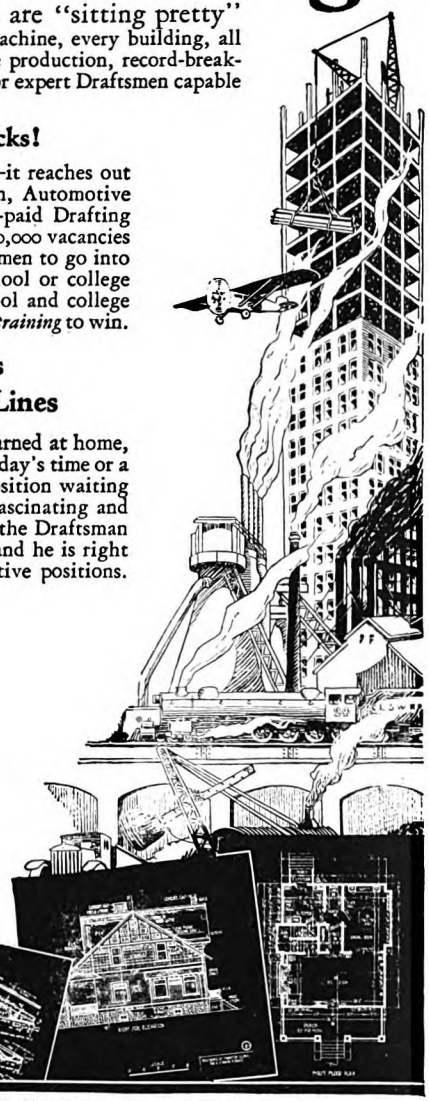
Get this point—that Drafting isn't just *one* line of work—it reaches out into the Electrical, Manufacturing, Building Construction, Automotive and Structural industries. That is why you'll find well-paid Drafting positions advertised in all industrial centers of the U. S. 70,000 vacancies reported in the past 12 months. And that is why I advise men to go into Drafting, particularly if handicapped by lack of high-school or college education. Today you are in competition with high-school and college graduates for the better-paid jobs. You must have *specialized training* to win.

The Entering Wedge to Success in all Building and Manufacturing Lines

I recommend Drafting, too, because it can be QUICKLY learned at home, in spare time—without quitting your job, without losing a day's time or a dollar in pay. Because you're sure there will be a good position waiting when you are ready for it. And because the work is so fascinating and offers better-than-ordinary chances for advancement. For the Draftsman is in close contact with important work and BIG MEN, and he is right in line for promotion to Superintendent and other executive positions.



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Now, at a cost you can afford, on terms of only $6 per month, you can actually BUY a fine Drafting position and a 50% increase in pay. A million-dollar institution contracts to give both—the training, then the employment. *Under money-back penalty.*

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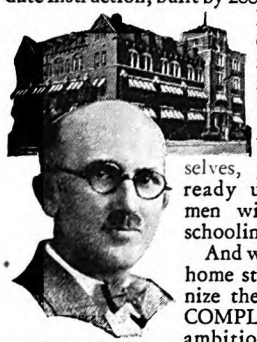

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to prove you can learn at home, in your spare time!

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Age..... Occupation .....

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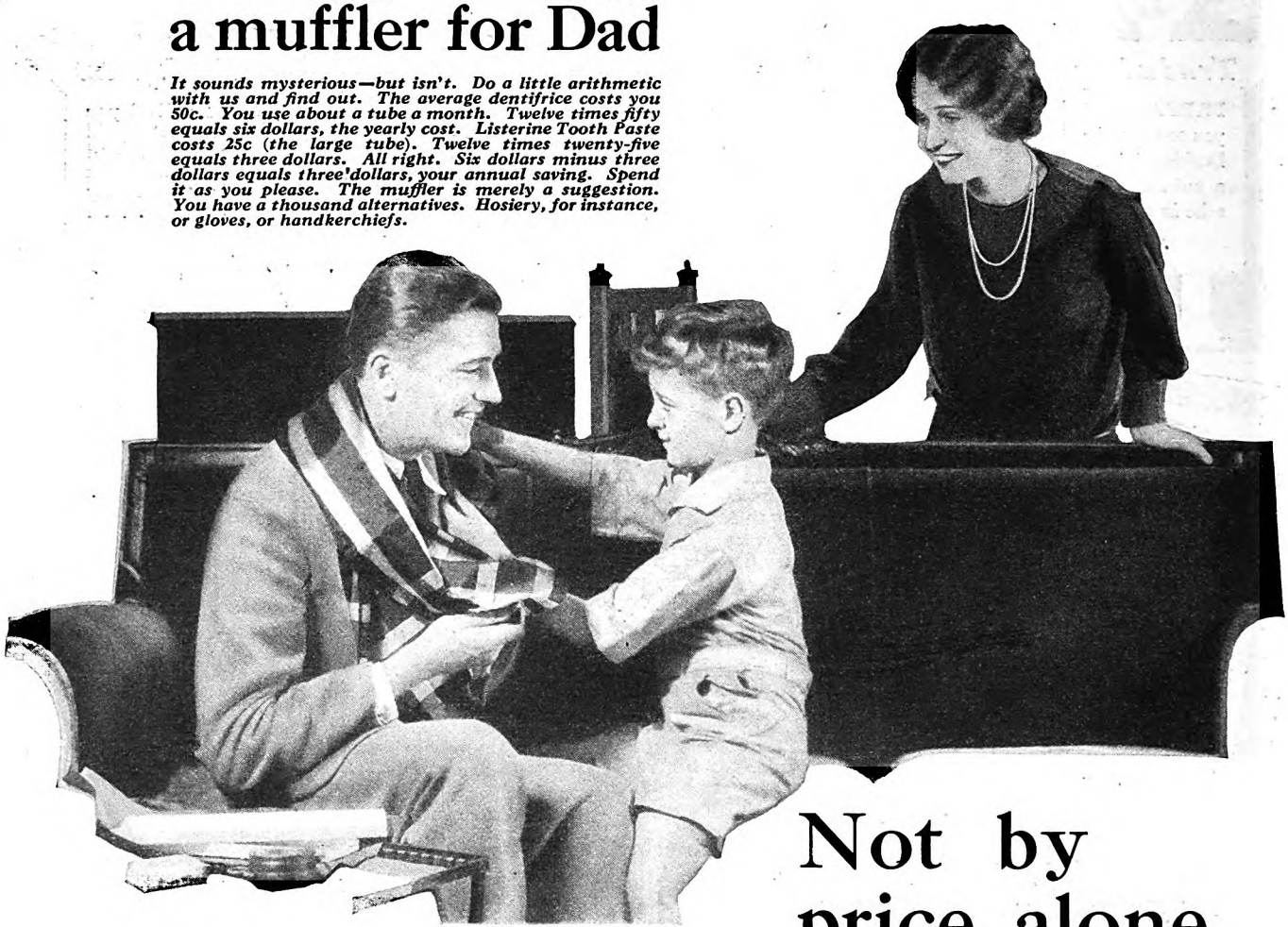
Tooth paste buys a muffler for Dad

It sounds mysterious—but isn't. Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please. The muffler is merely a suggestion. You have a thousand alternatives. Hosiery, for instance, or gloves, or handkerchiefs.



Not by price alone did this dentifrice seize popularity

WHAT accounts for the immediate success of this speedy new dentifrice? Certainly not the price alone.

While it is true that at 25c, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, over dentifrices costing double that amount, this would not carry it so quickly to a position among the leaders.

It is the combination of outstanding quality, unquestioned results, and a reasonable price, that has done the trick.

Naturally, such a price for such a paste is made possible only by ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. It will be a revelation to you.

Note how white it makes your teeth. How gently it polishes them—yet how speedily. Note, too, how cool, sweet and refreshed your mouth feels long after the brushing is over—that cleanly taste you associate with Listerine.

We are proud of this product, and we ask you to compare it with any paste, at any price, and judge by results alone. At all druggists. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

Large Tube
25c

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Three strong carbon copies is a Lifetime° specialty

No two leaves could be more exactly alike than the clear-cut duplicates that the Lifetime pen makes. It is a carbon-copy specialist. Its master-built iridium nib will easily make three clear replicas of your personal letters and notes. Yet the Lifetime pen is ideal for the Palmer system of handwriting because its ink flow is instantaneous, never failing and responds to the LIGHTEST TOUCH. Guaranteed unconditionally for a lifetime, this pen of unbreakable radite and brilliant gold is a faithful servant as well as a thing of beauty. Buy a Lifetime and get the carbon-copy habit—especially for confidential matters.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25

De Luxe "Lifetime" pen, $10, pencil, $5. Others lower

At better stores everywhere

Onyx or Italian Marble Lifetime Desk Fountain-pen Set, $11

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Built in Akron, Ohio, by the General Tire and Rubber Co.

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

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